

Gathering Song:

Christ in Me Arise

BB#525



Christ in me a-rise and dis - pel all the dark-ness. Christ in me a-rise with your pow er and your strength.

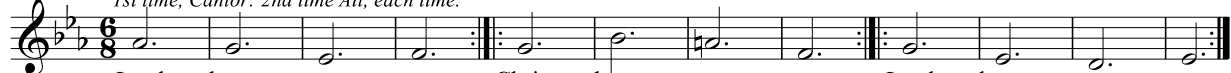


Christ in me pour out your bless-ing and heal-ing. Christ in me a-rise and I shall rise with you

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Penitential Rite:

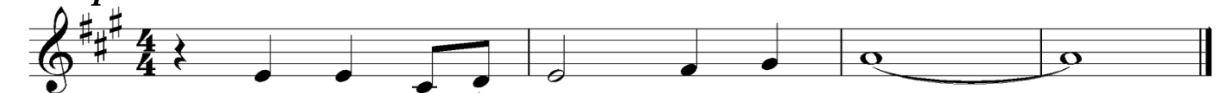
1st time, Cantor: 2nd time All, each time.



Lord, have mer - cy. Christ, have mer - cy. Lord, have mer - cy.

Responsorial Psalm:

Psalm 51: Create in Me



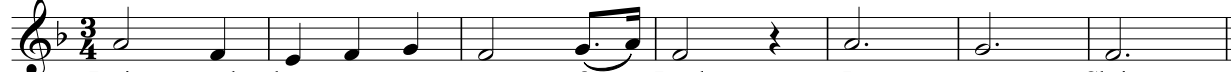
Cre - ate in me a clean heart.

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Gospel Acclamation:

Lenten Gospel Acclamation

BB#901



Praise and hon - or to you, O Lord Je - sus Christ.

Music: *Mass of Glory*; © 1998, 1999, Ken Canedo and Bob Hurd. Published by OCP. All rights reserved.

Preparation of Gifts:

Unless a Grain of Wheat

BB#504

**Refrain: Unless a grain of wheat shall fall upon the ground and die,
It remains but a single grain with no life.**

Mass:

May We Be One Mass

(Mass card in the pew pocket)

Communion Song:

With the Lord There is Mercy

BB#816



With the Lord there is mer - cy, and full - ness of re - demp-tion.

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Closing Song:

Stand By Me

BB#399

Refrain: Stand by me, stand by me. Lift me up from the restless sea.

When I am lost, when love can't be found, when no one cares, Lord, stand by me.

5th Sunday of Lent

March 17, 2024



If the SPIRIT of GOD
who raised JESUS from the dead
dwells in you, GOD will give life
to your mortal body also,
through his SPIRIT dwelling in you

Rev. Jojo Puthussery, MF

Pastor, (707) 996-8422 ext. 13

Email: office@stleesonoma.org

601 W. Agua Caliente Rd., Sonoma, CA 95476

P.O. Box 666, Boyes Hot Springs, CA 95416

Parish Office, (707) 996-8422 Fax, (707) 996-3984

St. Leo Catholic Church

Website: www.stleesonoma.org



Mass Times

Saturday Mass: 5:00 p.m.
Sunday Masses: 8:00 a.m. Spanish
9:30 a.m. English
11:30 a.m. Spanish

Confession: 4:30 p.m., Saturdays
6:30 p.m., Wednesdays

Our website: www.stleosonoma.org

Weekday Mass:
8:30 a.m. M, W – F (no Mass on Tuesday)
7:00 p.m. – Wed. – Spanish Mass

✠ Sacraments ✠
Baptisms and Weddings
Call the office, (707) 996-8422

MASS INTENTIONS: March 16th – March 24th

Sat. 16	5:00 pm	Richard Facciola † and Michael Manning †
Sun. 17	9:30 am	Deceased members of the Byrne, Lynch & Boyle Families
Mon. 18	8:30 am	Josefa Noróna † and Celestina Correa †
Tues. 19		NO MASS
Wed. 20	8:30 am	Celestina Correa †
Thurs. 21	8:30 am	Celestina Correa †
Friday 22	8:30 am	Celestina Correa † and Jojo Ancheta, Special Intention
Sat. 23	5:00 pm	Margarita Ramos †, and Albert Celio †, Celestina Correa †
Sun. 24	9:30 am	Bill Maffei †, and Renan Dominguez †

FISCAL LOG March 9 / 10


Sunday Collection: \$ 3,450.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Mar 17	St. Patrick's Day
Mar 19	Men's Club Monthly Meeting, 6PM, LSW
Mar 22	Parish Lenten Reconciliation Service, 6:30PM
Mar 22	"Pasión de Cristo" Movie, 7PM, LSW
Mar 29	Good Friday, Office Closed
Mar 31	Easter Sunday
Mar 31	2 nd Collection, 5 th Sunday ~ St. Vincent de Paul

SANCTUARY LAMP
Dedication for March
In memory of
Mario Alioto, Jr.



A SPECIAL IRISH TREAT THIS SUNDAY: 
In Honor of St Paddy's Day, Mary Pat tells us that instead of donuts today there will be free Irish Soda Bread and coffee offered. Open to all, Irish or not.

2nd COLLECTION THIS WEEKEND: Catholic Relief Services & Catholic Campaign for Human Development. 25% of your contributions to the CCHD stays in our diocese to create opportunities to help end poverty.

MEN'S CLUB DINNER MEETING: Tuesday, March 19th in the Lillian Sanders Wing. Cocktails at 6p.m. and dinner at 6:30p.m. All men of the parish are welcome to attend. Questions? Contact Steve Rogers, (707) 771-9290.


LENTEEN RECONCILIATION SERVICE: Friday, March 22nd at 6:30 p.m.

LENTEEN MOVIE NIGHT: On Friday, March 22nd at 7:00p.m., the Hispanic community will be showing the Lenten movie, "La Pasion de Cristo" ("The Pasion of the Christ"). Open to all, free admission. Goodies to enjoy while you watch will be on sale.

HISPANIC COMMUNITY FOOD TO-GO SALE: Next Sunday, March 24th the Hispanic community will be selling "Food to Go" after Sunday Masses until gone. Grab yours while they last.

LENTEEN SPARE CHANGE FUNDRAISER: The label on each jar explains what this year's fundraiser is for. Thank you in advance.

LENTEEN STONES: On Good Friday, when you come to venerate the Cross, bring the stone with you. Put it in the basket at the foot of the Cross, giving the stone and all it holds in care of Jesus on the Cross.

LILIES IN MEMORIAM: As Easter draws near, it is an appropriate time to remember our loved ones who have gone before us. If you would like a lily in memory of a special person, please send your check of \$10 payable to St. Leo's Ladies Guild along with the loved one's name. Please send to Michelle Levesque, St Leo's Parish, PO Box 666, Boyes Hot Springs, CA 95416. The list with names of those remembered in this thoughtful way will be published in our bulletin after Easter. 

MAD HATTERS NEED YOUR EXTRA YARN. If you have extra, happy colored yarn, please drop off in Ushers Room or bring by the parish office.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, . . . he leads me beside still waters.

Wallace Stevens, a Hartford, Connecticut insurance lawyer who died in 1955, will likely be remembered as one of the great poets of the twentieth century. For Stevens, a true poet must be committed to "finding what will suffice".

Now we live in a world that tempts us to think that money should suffice to make us happy; or that fame and political power should suffice. But what is it King Henry V says on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt? *I am a king . . . ; and I know / Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball, / The sword, the mace, the crown imperial . . . / No, . . . / Not all these, laid in bed majestical, / Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, / Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, / Gets him to rest . . .*

But if crown imperial and pomp do not suffice, what will? Here's my take on it. When I was about nine years old, I was sitting one evening on our front porch swing on Corlies St. in Philadelphia. It was summer. Kids were playing hopscotch up and down the block of some sixty attached houses. Radios could be heard through screened windows playing dance tunes. My grandmother sat on a rocker opposite me, while my sister chatted with Peggy Dean on the front steps. The sun must have been about to set for there was a violet, twilight tone to everything. And then, suddenly, I burst into tears.

I mean really - tears! I couldn't control myself. The sobs came from deep down. My grandmother, sister, Peggy Dean and other neighbors gathered around me curious, solicitous. "What's wrong?" they asked. "Are you sick?" The crying did not subside. I found myself taking deep breaths between the sobs, only to explode again with unfathomable grief. The episode must have lasted a very long three to four minutes. When it was over, I was asked again, "Why were you crying?" I was as bewildered as they; I said, "I don't know."

I've never forgotten that experience. I suppose some psychologist would trace the episode to a trauma of my infancy. But, as I look back, I don't think there's any great mystery to solve. I think that boy fell apart (much the way Gregory Peck fell apart in the movie *Twelve O'clock High*) because the boy somehow sensed his world was full of violence and loneliness. There was parental friction; a grandmother bitter over the failure of two marriages and the need to house the family of her unemployed son. There was schoolyard thuggery and the tension of classroom and marketplace performance and competition. War clouds overshadowed Europe and Asia. There was the economic violence manifest in the Great Depression. There was the prospect of a literal hell hereafter. There was everything but the one and only thing that would suffice: some irrefutable assurance that he was welcome, that he belonged, he was not expendable but of immortal value, that what he might do or say really mattered.

And that craving for what would suffice finally erupted into sobs, tears that testified to his radical need, his unconscious dream which caused the Psalmist (also in exile from the one thing that would suffice) to lament: "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down and wept, when we remembered Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land? If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember you, if I do not set Jerusalem (that universal city of absolute mercy and mutual love) above my highest joy."

(Reprint from 03/26/2017)

Geoff Wood