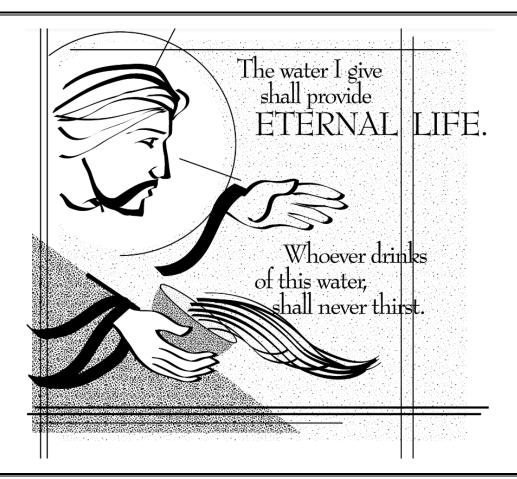


3rd Sunday of Lent March 3, 2024



Rev. Jojo Puthussery, MF Pastor, (707) 996-8422 ext. 13 Email: <u>office@stleosonoma.org</u> 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.stleosonoma.org



CONFESSIONS DURING LENT By appointment, call (707) 996-8422 or before the Saturday, 5:00 p.m. Mass.

Mass Times

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

<u>Confession</u>: 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

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

MASS INTENTIONS: March 2nd - March 10th

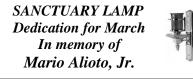
Sat 2	5:00 pm	Mary & Ralph Pujolar †
	and	l Emme Field †
Sun 3	9:30 am	Jennifer Laking †
	and	Peggie McCarthy +
Mon 4	8:30 am	Rose Naber Hall +
Tues 5		NO MASS
Wed 6	8:30 am	Diane Marino 🕇
and Bob & Ramona Marshall +		
Thurs 7	8:30 am	Patricia Bentosino 🕇
Friday 8	8:30 am	Val Matthews †
Sat 9	5:00 pm	Joseph Hurley †
Sun 10	9:30 am	Kara Mazza + & Diane Marino +

FISCAL LOG February 24 / 25

Sunday Collection: \$3,712. 2023 APC- 124 have Pledged \$124,613.11 @ 86%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

- Mar 10Daylight Savings Time StartsMar 17St. Patrick's DayMar 19Men's Club Monthly Meeting, 6PM, LSW
- Mar 24 Palm Sunday
- Mar 31 Easter Sunday



DON'T FORGET TO SPRING FORWARD: Next Saturday, March 10th starts Daylight Savings. Move your clocks 1 hour ahead so that you don't miss Mass.

HISPANIC COMMUNITY FOOD SALES TODAY: Tamales and Pozole will be available for sale after Masses this weekend while supplies last.

 2^{nd} COLLECTION THIS WEEKEND The first Sunday of the month our 2^{nd} collection is for the St. Leo's Development Fund. Money from this collection goes toward the maintenance of our facility. One project we're working on is painting the west outside wall of the church.

LENTEN SPARE CHANGE FUNDRAISER Grab a jar on your way out for your spare change this Lenten season. The label on each jar explains what this year's fundraiser is for. Thank you in advance.

LENTEN STONES

As you enter the church, you will notice a basket of stones: Please take one as you leave. Think of the stone as a sponge soaking up all the things that worry you. 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. Know that with His suffering, Jesus has redeemed you and given you the love and strength you need to face each day.

LENTEN TREE OF PETITIONS

Cards on which to write your petitions are on the table at the entrance of the church. You may hang your petitions on the tree where they will remain until Holy Saturday.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS Every Friday during Lent following the 8:30a.m. morning Mass in English. Friday's at 7:00p.m. in Spanish.

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 Happy colored yarn is needed for our Mad Hatters. If you have extra, please drop off in Ushers Room or bring by the parish office. PLASTIC EASTER EGGS NEEDED FOR RE Rosa is seeking donations for empty plastic eggs for the Religious Ed. students. Donations can be dropped off at the parish office or in church. Please no candy.

"Miss." – "Yes, sir, how can I help you?" – "I think the elevator has stopped."

Eight years ago I was trapped in an elevator for an hour and a half. I was in Eureka to present a class to deacon candidates; I had left my hotel room and entered the elevator at 6:45 AM. (A lot of Eurekans I knew at the time were surprised to learn there *was* an elevator in Eureka.) I had descended some seconds when the thing stopped between floors and the lights went out. PGE had closed down the electricity in the area and so there I was suspended within a space 3 paces wide. There was a phone, so I was able to communicate my situation and get calls from the lobby that help was coming. In the meantime I just leaned against the wall and reviewed the story of my life. The Otis elevator people finally brought me down and loudly removed bolts to open the door. They were impressed at how calm I had been. I said, "At the age of 80 one doesn't have the wherewithal to panic; you just trust in the passage of time and the wider world outside your confinement to be filled with helpful people."

And of course an imagination frequently nourished by stories can also generate hope. I mean if you have read stories about Tom Sawyer's being lost in a cave or can remember the rescue of those sailors from the sunken submarine Squalus back in 1939 (as I could at my age), if your memory retains images of such escapes, you're apt to count on something similar happening to you.

Which says something about mental health. A favorite Jesuit writer of mine named William Lynch wrote a book called *Images of Hope*. It's about mental illness and among the things he says about the mentally ill is their sense of hopelessness. It's as if time has stopped for them. They feel stuck (as if in an elevator). Nothing new is possible. And he says what they very much need is help *to expand their sense of time and space*, to revive memories of past redemptive experiences, memories of history itself that show that time does not stop, that bad times usually give way to good times, that one's elevator need not remain suspended, that space is wider than a three paces by ten foot box.

They need remembrances of the Rocky Mountains or the skyline of San Francisco or a field of sunflowers. And they need to hear voices that prove there is another world out there – the way the telephone in my elevator spoke to me in the musical voice of the young hotel woman in the lobby which made me feel 21 instead of 80 and in the deep male voice of the Otis man, so loaded with competence, assuring me he would get me out. And of course, aren't we all more or less depressed, obsessed with something that shrinks the world around us, stops the clock? And so don't we *all* need ways of recovering a wider sense of reality, some way of stepping out of ourselves into a world stocked with hope?

Which is why we cherish our liturgy, because during the liturgy the revelations of biblical events, the Exodus, resurrections, prophecies, songs, proverbs speak to us (confined as we are within our three paces of moodiness), to infiltrate our minds, our imaginations in such a way as to widen our sense of space and time infinitely – and what a release that can be. Horizons appear, each the threshold of a new insight, a deeper sense of reality; and our sense of community widens to include generations past and still to come. We are assured we are not alone, that we are not simply nowhere but going somewhere grand. Isn't that why we come to Church – to Mass – to be gathered up into the "kingdom of grace" out of the isolation produced by the morning commute and newspapers called something like *The Times*?

(Reprint from 03/6/2016)

Geoff Wood