

Gathering Song:

Be With Me, Lord

Be with me, Lord. Be with me, my Lord.
 When I'm in trou-ble_ and I don't know where to go,_ be with me, Lord.
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Lenten Penitential Rite

1st time, choir; 2nd time, all

Ky ri-e, e - le - i - son. Chris - te, e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e, e - le - i - son
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Responsorial Psalm:

Psalm 91: Be With Me, Lord

Be with me, Lord, when I am in trou-ble._ Be with me, Lord, be with me._
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Gospel Acclamation:

Lenten Gospel Acclamation

Glo-ry to you, Word of God, Lord_ Je - sus Christ!_
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Preparation of Gifts:

Be Still and Know That I Am God

BB#461

Mass:

Mass of Creation

Holy: #868, Memorial Acclamation: #869, Amen: #870, Lamb of God: #871

Communion Song:

In Times of Trouble

Refrain: In times of trouble, we call your name.

We bring our sorrows to you, Lord.

We bring our shame. Oh Lord, heal us. Oh Lord, heal us



Closing Song:

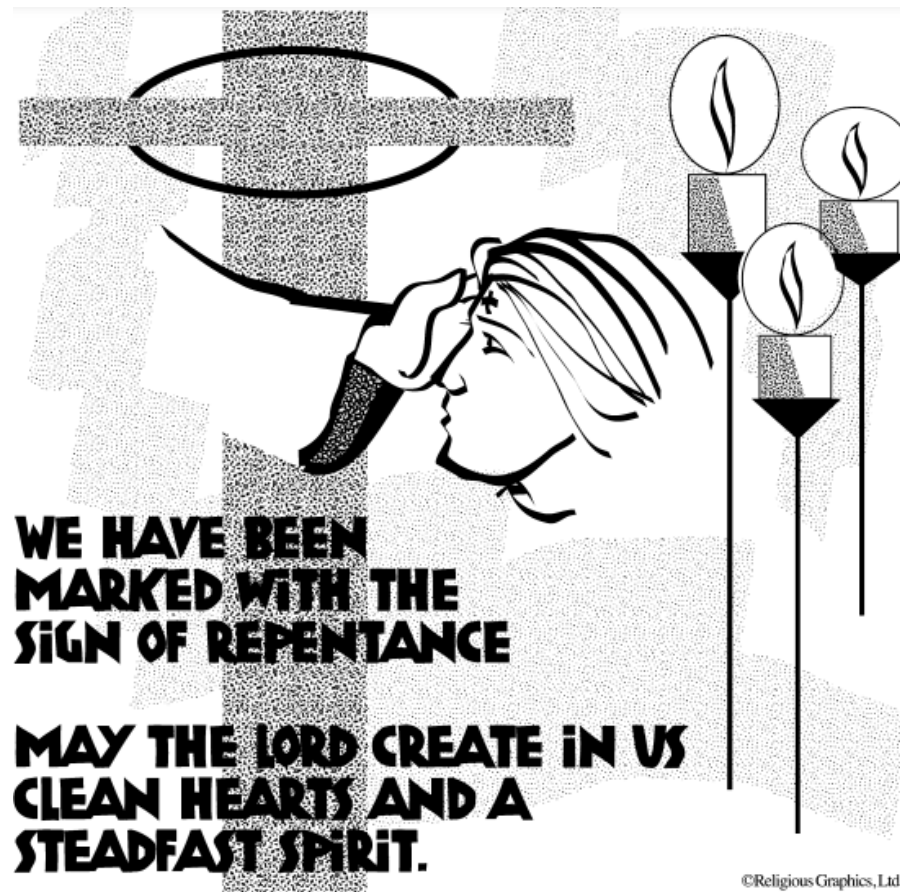
We Belong to You

BB#635

Refrain: We belong to you, O Lord of our longing, we belong to you.

In our daily living, dying and rising we belong to you.

**1st Sunday Lent
March 9, 2025**



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St. Leo Catholic Church

Website: www.stleosonoma.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 8th – March 16th

Sat. 8 5:00 p.m. Gregory Ingrassia †
Sun. 9 9:30 a.m. Vanessa Wardwell,
Special intention
Mon. 10 8:30 a.m. Gloria Reynolds †
Tues. 11 **NO MASS**
Wed. 12 8:30 a.m. the People of St. Leo's
Thurs. 13 8:30 a.m. Ellie Dossee †
Fri. 14 8:30 a.m. Anne Mary Cifelli †
Sat. 15 5:00 p.m. Dick Finaly † and
Kevin Tompkins †
Sun. 16 9:30 a.m. Joe Byrne †, Frank Lynch †
Deceased members of Byrne, Lynch, Boyle families

FISCAL LOG: March 1 / 2

Sunday Collection: \$ 4,424.
Development Fund: \$ 2,994.

2024 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN UPDATE
130 Parishioners pledged: \$124,919.38 86%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

March 15/16 2nd Collection: CCR & CCHD
March 16 St Patrick's Day Dinner



SANCTUARY LAMP
Dedication for March
Familia Veloz



LENTEN TREE OF PETITIONS: Cards on which to write your petitions are located near the entrance of the church. Once your petition or prayer is written, you may hang it on the tree where it will remain until Holy Saturday.

2nd COLLECTION NEXT WEEKEND:

The 2nd Collection next weekend is for **Catholic Relief Services**, which provides funding to the USCCB Offices of International Justice and Peace and other relief work. And the **Catholic Campaign for Human Development** collection helps not only other communities but also our own, because 25% of your contributions remain in our diocese.

SPARE CHANGE LENTEN FUNDRAISER: This year the funds will support the construction of a chapel at the orphanage served by the Missionaries of Faith. Currently, two classrooms are being used for Mass, limiting space for education. By relocating the chapel, these classrooms can be repurposed to accommodate more students or even serve as a library. Jars are available at the entrance of church.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER

When: Sunday, March 16th

Time: Doors open at 5:00p.m.

Open wine and beer bar with appetizers
Dinner at 5:30 p.m.

Cost: \$45 per person, (sit down)
\$25 per take out order

Tickets: Available after Masses and in the office

Menu: Corn beef, Cabbage, Potatoes and Carrots,
Salad, Soda Bread, Dessert, and Irish Coffee

Take out will be available by advance order only
Pick-up: 4-5 p.m.

Delivery: For our homebound parishioners, we will offer free delivery.

This is a fundraiser for the parish put on by members of the parish. We're asking the congregation for help with ticket sales, set up, decorating, and clean-up. If you're able to help in any way please call the office, (707) 996-8422. Thank you!

LILIES IN MEMORIAM: 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 to: Michelle Levesque, St Leo's Parish, PO Box 666, Boyes Hot Springs, CA 95416.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS DURING LENT:

Friday morning following the 8:30 a.m. Mass, **English**
En Español: Fridays at 7 p.m. in Spanish

LENTEN STONES: As you enter the church, you will notice a basket of small stones: please take one. Think of the stone as a sponge soaking up all the things that worry you. On Good Friday place the stone in the basket at the foot of the cross, giving all it holds in care of Jesus. Know that with His suffering, Jesus has redeemed you and given you the love and strength you need to face each day.



Freshman Orientation (Title of a poem by John Savant)

I've lived long enough in the Sonoma Valley to have seen babies born to fellow parishioners in the 1980's grow into young men and women bound for college – many to the East Coast or other distant locations. And I've witnessed the emotion of parents who for the first time have to deal – long term - with an empty room, still furnished with what will soon become relics of an irretrievable presence, of Johnny or Jane at three or six or eleven or fifteen years of age. The expression of such emotion by a friend once made me go searching for a poem by John Savant which captures the feelings of a parent on such an occasion. I sent it to my friend.

In the poem the father is silently addressing his son from a college parking lot, having just said goodbye to him and watched him disappear into the gothic portal of his assigned dormitory. The father regretfully reflects upon his son's farewell to boyhood allegiances of play and whimsy. *You . . . / . . . would, of course, / welcome this entry, this // opening of clouds, this proud / clamoring of distances. / You, more than I, who / leave you in a parking lot // beneath your dorm and the long / shadows of learning – You / more than I will ache for this / air, for flight in it . . .*

The poet has not only begun to miss his son but to have misgivings. After all, the father represents old values, a somewhat settled creed achieved after much experience, questioning and thought. He knows that the modern academy, especially in the humanities and social sciences, offers a tussle of as much opinion as of fact and that his son's heritage of faith, still untested, may be dismantled (or as they say nowadays: deconstructed) by campus theories, often so enthusiastic as to seem arrogant. He fears: *You // My Son, will denounce all / mediocrity, our slightly shamed / concordats with survival. You / will filibuster for unlikely // consecrations, lift the trumpet / to our first rare energies, . . .*

The father senses the difference in their generations. He senses it in the musical taste of his son: *a noise too / vibrant for wisdom, too / insistent for doubt.* Of course, his own father might have said the same about the poet's taste in music when he was eighteen – a music that by now has become the Muzak of high-rise elevators. In other words, the father senses a tension – the possibility that his own too settled, perhaps too comfortable philosophy of life might stand in the way of his ever knowing his son again, once he has been exposed to other "parental" influences. But what can he do? He was young once; he was exposed to new ideas, to the unsettling effect of scholarly criticism upon old creeds, customs and ethical values. Yet he came through, not unsettled but stronger in faith, clearer about the inadequacies of prevailing "novelty". He learned that it's not only the popular music of today that becomes the Muzak of tomorrow. The same fate usually awaits trendy ideologies.

And so, the father concludes: why hobble his son with his misgivings as he takes off into a future where the father's own creed declares God's Spirit will be as active as ever – the source of possibly fresh insights his own generation never dreamed of. On which note the father concludes his poem: *I, your father, // who, though he well knows / how the body settles upon / itself, how the mind reads / sorrow like a first tongue, // knows, this moment, no / thing better than to set / you, like an eaglet, on this / precipice, this wild, uncertain // apotheosis of dream – You, / knowing little of this, / rising into new light / on some mystery of wing.*

(Reprint 03/13/2016)

Geoff Wood