

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: May 18th – May 26th

Sat. 18 5:00 p.m. Joseph & Anna Vagnozzi †
Mary Jane McMahon † & Marty McDonagh †
Sun. 19 9:30 am the People of St Leo
Mon. 20 8:30 a.m. Antonette Kuhry & Tom Haeuser
Special Intentions
Tues. 21 NO MASS
Wed. 22 8:30 a.m. Ellie Dossee †
Thurs. 23 8:30 a.m. Gloria Reynolds †
Friday 24 8:30 a.m. Bill Maffei †
Sat. 25 5:00 p.m. Frank Field †
and Richard Facciola †
Sun. 26 9:30 am Bill Thomas †
and Amanda Conti Haver †

FISCAL LOG May 12 / 13

Sunday Collection: \$ 4,589.
NEW 2024 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN UPDATE
98 Parishioners pledged: \$87,359.38 60%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

May 18/19 2nd Collection, Priest Benefits & Welfare (D)
May 19 Synod meeting, 10:30AM, BR
May 21 Men's Club Dinner Meeting, 6PM, LSW
May 22 SVDP Meeting, 9AM, FINN
May 26 Adult Ed, 10:30AM, BR
May 27 Memorial Day, Office Closed

SANCTUARY LAMP
Dedication for May
In loving memory of
Geoff Wood



2ND COLLECTION THIS WEEKEND:

Priest Benefits & Welfare. Funds from this collection provides the support for retirement benefits, medical expenses, assisting in the cost of nursing home stays, and group living expenses for the diocesan priests who have served our diocese.

HISPANIC COMMUNITY FOOD TO GO SALE:

This Sunday, May 19th the Hispanic community will be selling "Food to Go" after Sunday Masses until gone. They will be offering enchiladas and gorditas. Grab yours while they last.

MEN'S CLUB DINNER MEETING: Tuesday, May 21st in the Lillian Sanders Wing. Cocktails at 6p.m. and dinner at 6:30p.m. All men of the parish are welcome to attend. Contact Steve Rogers, (707) 771-9290.

SVDP MONTHLY MEETING: Wednesday, May 22nd at 9:00 a.m. in the Finnegan Center.

ST. VINCENT de PAUL SOCIETY OF ST. LEO'S:

Anyone In need of food can call the office Wednesday thru Friday to order from the pantry. Clients must call the parish office, (707) 996-8422 by 11a.m. to place an order. Pick up time is 11:30a.m. Every Tuesday, our SVDP and the Redwood Empire Food Bank distribute "Groceries to Go" in the parking lot from 8:45 – 9:30 a.m. The food distribution is first come, first served. No need to call, just show up.

LENTEN SPARE CHANGE FUNDRAISER: If you have not returned your jar, please do so when possible. **To date the total is \$12,183.98.** Thank you in advance.

MEETING ON THE SYNOD TODAY: Many folks have been meeting and gleaning information on the Synod that occurred last October. The folks will host another discussion on the Synod. We invite all community members to join them in the Benziger Room after the 9:30am Mass. Printed material packets "More Information on Synodality" are located at the back of church,

ADULT EDUCATION: On Sunday, May 26th, the Adult Ed will host another of its LGBTQ+ Discussion Groups. We invite any interested community members to join us in the Benziger Room after 9:30am mass.

JOB OPPORTUNITY: Kolbe-Trinity, a TK-12 Catholic school in Napa, is seeking a full-time teacher for a combined 7/8 grade classroom. Pay ranges from \$50,000 - \$60,000, dependent on experience. If interested, please send a cover letter and resume to: Phillip Duncan, Principal, pduncan@kolbetrinity.org

Of dappled things and stipple upon trout

Back in the 1950's I picked up a book for recreational reading compiled by Alfred Hitchcock. In it were stories he thought scary. And I must say, if you think *watching* a horror film is scary, just try *reading* one and expect to go to sleep afterwards. I remember turning out my light after a couple of short stories in Hitchcock's anthology and lying alert to every sound in the room. The images I retained literally *haunted* my imagination. I can't capture its scariness in an essay but the gist of one story went like this: an old aunt welcomed her nephew to dwell at her house while he attended college or began a job (I can't remember which). At some point she decided to take up painting – as an amateur. So every day, as he left for his occupation, she put up her easel, got out her pallet, oils and brushes and chose a subject to paint.

First it was an apple on the table. Concentrating hard, she drew its outline, focused on its details . . . kept at it for a few days – and then became impatient. The apple was beginning to lose its freshness, color . . . it was decaying. So, she scrapped that effort and chose a second apple, which she enclosed in wax to keep it looking fresh. This pleased her. Then she wanted to do a tree in her front yard. She sat outdoors working at its branches, leaves – but the tree wouldn't hold still due to the wind and even the play of shadows and sunlight upon its branches. The next day her nephew came home to find the tree had been cut down and placed upright in the living room where it made nary a move – and there was its picture on her canvas, leaves hanging limp but perfectly drawn. She then decided it would be a real challenge to paint her dog. After one day's effort, you guessed it! The nephew came home next day as the dog arrived from the taxidermist – just right for painting in record time. Once she had finished painting Rover she then turned to her nephew and asked if he would pose for her. He left town the next day.

I can actually identify with that story because around that time I was residing at a friend's summer cottage on Chesapeake Bay and decided to paint. The object was a vase, pretty but probably off the shelf of Woolworth's. I bought the watercolors, brushes, set up a blank pad and went to work. I was scrupulous about capturing everything visible, even minor fracture lines, flower images exactly, everything three-dimensionally correct, until there on my easel appeared the vase – a perfect copy. I had proved I could paint.

Actually, all I proved was that I could copy not paint. To paint you don't stare at a thing from just the outside. You fall in love with what you're looking at in a way that makes the vase itself awaken, cease to be an object, reveal its often-hidden charm, and oddly enough reveal to you your own hidden charm as if the vase were painting you. I don't know how to express that but the world out there is not passively waiting for you to copy it; it's there to tell you (as if it were the very voice of God) that *you* (odd though you may feel) are yourself a unique portrait of God – the greatest artist of all. Something the Jesuit Gerard Manley Hopkins – who painted in words – was aware of when he wrote:

Glory be to God for dappled things - / For skies of couple-color as a brinded cow; / For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim; / . . . finches wings; / Landscape plotted . . . – fold, fallow, and plough; . . . // . . . things counter, original, spare, strange; / Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?) / With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim; / He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: // Praise him.

(Reprint from 05/21/2017)

Geoff Wood