

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

Sunday Masses are Live Streamed
on Facebook, YouTube, or
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: Call the office, (707) 996-8422
Weddings: Call the office, (707) 996-8422

MASS INTENTIONS May 7th – May 15th

Sat 7	5:00 pm	Garland Pendergraf †
Sun 8	9:30 am	James Garvey †
Mon 9	8:30 am	the People of St. Leo's
Tues 10	8:30 am	NO MASS
Wed 11	8:30 am	Lorraine O'Hern †
Thurs 12	8:30 am	Bob O'Keefe †
Friday 13	8:30 am	Marina V. Mapa, R.S.C.J. †
Sat 14	5:00 pm	Marty McDonagh † & MaryJane McMahon †
Sun 15	9:30 am	Frank Lynch † & Joe Byrne †

FISCAL LOG April 30 / May 8

Sunday Collection: \$ 4,221.

2022 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN:
96 Parishioners have pledged: \$80,997. 56%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

May 8	Mother's Day
May 14/15	2 nd Collection – Catholic Home Missions
May 15	Bocce Courts Blessing
May 15	Winning Raffle ticket drawn
May 19	Memorial Mass for Marianne Paul, 11AM
May 26	Confirmation Rehearsal, 4:00 to 8:00 PM
May 27	Confirmation 7PM

SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for April

*Deceased Members of the
Cunniff Families*

Happy Mother's Day

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEWLY ELECTED MEN'S CLUB OFFICERS:

Steve Rogers, President / Tom Byrne, Vice President / Jon Foreman, Treasurer / and Board Members, Steve Nylund & John Peterson.

THE MEN'S CLUB / BOCCE CLUB will be hosting a Blessing of the new Bocce courts and Horseshoe Pits, on Sunday, May 15th following the 9:30 a.m. Mass until 1:00 p.m. **All are welcome. FREE coffee and donuts will be offered.** Game Demonstrations. Fun for all! Questions, please call Rick Schuhriemen at (707) 217-9710.

BOCCE CLUB NEWS: The club has a new email address. If you want to be added to our upcoming emailing list, get information about future club plans, sign up to play, be part of an organizing committee, then send your contact information to stleosbocceclub@gmail.com.

SANTA ROSA CREEK PILGRIMAGE:

On May 21st the day starts with 8am Mass at St. Eugene's and ends around 11:30 a.m. Stephen Morris will lead a 4 mile pilgrimage walk on a section of the Camino de Sonoma. A celebration of Santa Rosa history, Coastal Miwok and Pomo settlements, early church communities, and the missions. RSVP/info: dsryouth@srdiocese.org or (310) 849-2342.

RAFFLE FUNDRAISER FOR UKRAINE:

A parishioner has graciously donated a knitted beautiful blue and yellow (Ukraine's Flag colors) Afghan to be raffled off. Tickets are \$2. each and 3 tickets for \$5. If you'd like to buy raffle tickets or see the Afghan, stop by the office, M-F, 9a.m. to 12:30 p.m. daily. This weekend and next, tickets will be on sale after the 5PM Mass and 9:30AM Masses. The winning ticket will be drawn on Sunday, May 15th. Remember that this a fundraiser for Ukraine.

COMMITTEE NEEDED FOR BOCCE CLUB: The Club is looking for individuals who would like to serve as part of the team that develops the operational policies and rules for managing the facility. If you are interested, contact Steve Rogers at steverogers10@sbcglobal.net.

2nd COLLECTION NEXT WEEKEND is for Catholic Home Missions.

Remembering my Mother

I was curious that I felt so little emotion as I knelt many years ago in a front pew close to my mother's casket, while a strange priest recited the prayers of her funeral Mass. Actually I felt numb, too weary to fabricate pleasant thoughts or in any way fill the void while my own soul felt so empty. But isn't that the way it is with death? Its initial impact seems to bring us up short, to cancel all thought of business as usual. I mean, here was a life worthy of a novel! A sad faced 3 year old girl in a 1912 photo; a 1920's flapper, complete with Louise Brooks hair style; a waitress at Abe's Oyster House, whose tips got us through the Depression; then playing Rosie the Riveter circa 1943; still bowling while practically blind in her 80's; and so on - and then. . . It makes one pause and wonder.

"Wonder about what?" says the "cynic" within my breast. "What did you expect? Oblivion awaits us all. We'll no more be remembered within this silent universe than last week's headlines." Or to allow that more classic materialist Buck Mulligan (the swaggering medical intern in Joyce's novel Ulysses) to express it in his terms: "And what is death, your mother's or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond . . . It's a beastly thing and nothing else. . . Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over."

Yet while I kneel there gazing unseeing at the sanctuary floor, the celebrant's voice begins to infiltrate my benumbed brain. His words become clearer. "Now I am going to tell you a mystery," he says. "In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the last trumpet . . . the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. Then will the saying of Scripture be fulfilled: Death is swallowed up in victory." And again: "Lord of mercy, may our sister Mary, whom you called your daughter on earth, enter the kingdom of peace and light where your saints live in glory."

And I think: here is the great gift of my tradition, this defiance, this refusal to remain numb in the face of Death, this power of imagination to envision realities that lie beyond the evidence of our senses - - to take events like birth, marriage, sickness and death and turn them into sacramental moments, embroidering them with ritual and poetry and prayers that reveal them to be so much more than ultimately meaningless biological or physical or economic phenomena. And I say, "Yes - this and not the fatalism of Mulligan is what speaks to my heart and therefore tells me the whole truth and nothing short of the truth!" And I thank the celebrant in my heart and the lady in the choir and the people on their knees around me who testify to that traditional vision and I turn once more to look at my mother's casket next to me, later remembering another fragment of verse of that New England saint, Emily Dickinson:

A Coffin - is a small Domain / Yet able to contain / A Citizen of Paradise / In its diminished Plane. // A Grave - is a restricted Breadth / Yet ampler than the Sun / And all the Seas He populates / And Lands He looks upon. // To Him who on its small Repose / Bestows a single Friend- / Circumference without Relief- / Or Estimate - or End-.

Geoff Wood