

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: October 4th – Oct. 12th

Sat. 4 5:00 p.m. Alberto Celio †
And Hugh Pendergast †
Sun. 5 9:30 a.m. Joan Polan † & Lorie-Ann Pay. †
Mon. 6 8:30 a.m. Clinton Bell † & Cathy Ortelle †
Tues. 7 NO MASS
Wed. 8 8:30 a.m. Maria De Martini †
Thurs. 9 8:30 a.m. Lillian Sanders †
Friday 10 8:30 a.m. Bobbi Scanlon †
Sat. 11 5:00 p.m. Felix C. Mapa †
And Michael Tompkins †
Sun. 12 9:30 a.m. Don & Barbara Carlson †
& Paul & Rae Zraggen †

FISCAL LOG: September 27 / 28

Sunday Collection: \$ 2,860.
Spare Change Fundraiser: \$27,048.95

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Oct 3/4 SLBC Tournament & Banquet
Oct 4/5 2nd Collection – St. Leo's Dev. Fund
Oct 12 Annual Autumn Festival, 12:30PM, LSW
Oct 18/19 2nd Collection – World Mission Sunday
Oct. 19 FREE Flu Clinic, after 8am & 9:30am Masses
Oct 21 Men's Club Dinner Meeting, 6PM, LSW

SANCTUARY LAMP
Dedication for September
In Memory of
Bill Maffei, Ray & Andre Levesque



2nd COLLECTION THIS WEEKEND:
The first weekend of the month is dedicated to the St. Leo's Development Fund. Donations to this very important collection pay for the upkeep and repairs needed in the parish compound.

COFFEE & ASSORTED GOODIES: This weekend an assortment of goodies will be offered in the LSW.

FLU VACCINE CLINIC BEING OFFERED, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19th: Sonoma Valley Hospital will offer free Flu vaccines after the 8a.m. and 9:30a.m. Masses.

WOMEN'S RETREAT 2026: A committee is being formed to create a women's retreat for next year, July 2026. We are seeking reliable women seeking to create a wonderful retreat for the women in our diocese. Interested? Please respond to pguevara-otwell@srdioocese.org no later than October 10, 2025.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY is an international organization that addresses the two great commandments: Love of God and Love of neighbor. Our Mission Statement is: A network of friends, inspired by gospel values, growing in holiness and building a more just world through personal relationships with service to people in need. The St. Leo Conference would like to invite you to become a member. We meet monthly on the 4th Wednesday of the month. Contact Mary Swisher, 707-935-9725 or Patti England, 707-938-9126 for additional information.

SAVE THE DATE: Our parish community is invited to our Autumn Festival on Sunday, October 12th starting at 12:30pm at the East wing parking lot. A feast like this is a chance for us to gather as a family. Extra handicap parking spaces will be available.

THE MEN'S CLUB AND THE BOCCE CLUB would like to thank those who generously gave to the Men's Club Bocce Tournament fundraiser, and who supported our Tournament: Mark Stornetta, Pete Ahern, Sonoma Door and Sash, Silverado Contractors, Patt's Copy World, an anonymous donor, and all the volunteers who worked to make the Tournament a success.

The Men's Club invites all the men of the parish to the monthly dinner and meeting on October 21. Cocktails start at 6:00pm and dinner is at 7pm.

GOLDEN HARVEST SENIOR RESOURSE & WELLNESS FAIRE: Saturday, October 11th, from 10:00a.m. to 2:00p.m. at the Sonoma Community Center. There will be a soup cook off, Flu Vaccination, Raffles and guest speaker. All are welcome.

Meditations from a Life Raft

A long time ago I picked up Thomas Helm's *Ordeal at Sea* about the sinking of the USS Indianapolis in World War II. It was July 1945. The war in the Pacific would be over in two weeks. But that was not foreseen by the cruiser's 1,196 officers and men who, after their unescorted departure from Tinian en route to the Philippines, were either on watch or trying to sleep - when at one minute after midnight on July 30 two torpedoes struck, sinking the ship in less than twenty minutes. For five days and nights the survivors floated in life jackets and rafts over a ten-mile stretch of the ocean without water or food, subject to frequent shark attacks - until on the fifth day 317 were left.

Besides the agony of their ordeal, what especially impressed me were the fantasies that set in among the men. One thought the ship was only twenty feet below and that the cooks were still in the galley dishing out meals. Another thought he felt a freshwater river welling up from the bottom of the ocean. Others believed an island was only thirty miles away and kept paddling against the wind toward a vision of its sun-drenched beach and coconut palms. In other words, I was struck by how active human faith becomes in situations of distress. These men were now reaching out with hyperactive imaginations in every direction to anticipate a happy ending to their plight.

And I thought: what a perfect metaphor of our own collective situation on this tiny globe (which is little more than a life raft adrift within a vast ocean of space) subject as we are, if not to frequent shark attacks, then to disease, war, accident, confusion. And what have we humans been doing down through the ages but envisioning scenarios of rescue. I mean, what are the works of Homer or Chaucer or Dickens or Flannery O'Connor or so many poets but aspirations of a positive outcome to our mortal existence? And what, especially, is the Bible but a heritage of creative faith telling us, by way of the story of Noah and the Exodus and Jonah and Christ's resurrection that, far from our being hopelessly lost in time and space, we are enveloped by grace and that ultimately Christ will come walking toward us upon the water?

Of course, many practical people consider our biblical interpretation of life of no scientific validity, no more than a hallucination. But such nihilists would have never been as welcome at later reunions of the Indianapolis survivors as was Lieutenant Wilbur Gwinn, the pilot who finally spotted them and initiated their rescue - who said on one of these occasions: "What were the chances you would be found? . . . What were the chances that Wilbur Gwinn would fly a course that would take him directly over you? . . . The odds . . . were one in a million. Yet somehow he was chosen as the instrument to overcome these astronomical odds. Some of my reflections have been so startling as to make me think of miracles. Sometimes I believe we are living in a world of miracles."

Still, one may ask, "What about the other 879 whom Gwinn came too late to save?" But to ask that is to underestimate the full scope of Christian faith and hope as expressed, for example, in the closing verses of the *Apocalypse* where the poet says: "Then I saw the heavens opened and there was a white horse; its rider was called Faithful and True . . . And the earth and the sky fled from his presence - and the sea gave up its dead. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. For the former heaven and the former earth had passed away. And there was no more sea."

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Geoff Wood