

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 Sept. 10th – Sept. 18th

Sat 10	5:00 pm	Joan Polan †
Sun 11	9:30 am	Lorraine O'Hern †
Mon 12	8:30 am	Val Matthews, Improved Health
Tues 13	8:30 am	NO MASS
Wed 14	8:30 am	Patricia Ramirez † and John F. Shine †
Thurs 15	8:30 am	William Hotchkiss †
Friday 16	8:30 am	Louis F. Bugno †
Sat 17	5:00 pm	Margaret & Thomas Kelly †
Sun 18	9:30 am	Frank Lynch † and Joe Byrne †

FISCAL LOG September 3 / 4

Sunday Collection: \$ 3,399.
August Online Donations: \$ 2,481.
2022 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN:
118 Parishioners pledged: \$118,462. 82%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Sept 11 Bocce Player Clinic, 4-6PM
Sept 17/18 2nd Collection – Diocesan Seminarians
Sept 20 Men's Club Dinner meeting, 6PM, LSW
Sept 24/25 Bethlehem Handcrafts on sale

MEN'S CLUB MONTHLY DINNER:
Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 6p.m. in the LSW. All
men of the parish are welcome.

MEETING FOR EUCHARISTIC MINISTERS:
All Eucharistic Ministers are invited to an
information meeting on Saturday, Sept. 24,
10a.m., in the church. We'll discuss protocols
and preferences for ministers distributing the
Host during liturgies. Call the office, (707) 996-
8422 to sign up.

2nd **COLLECTION NEXT WEEKEND** is for
Diocesan Seminarians. This collection provides
financial support to help defray the cost of
education young men in the seminary who are
discerning a call to the priesthood in our
Diocese.

MEN'S CLUB BOCCE TOURNAMENT: The
St. Leo's Men's Club will be hosting their 1st
Annual Bocce Ball Tournament on **Sat.,
October 15th**. Cost for a foursome team is \$300
and \$75 for additional player. Flyers are located
at the back of the church. Price includes a
Cocktail Party Reception and Dinner following
the day's events. For information contact Club
president, Steve Rogers at 707-771-9290 or
email him at steverogers10@sbcglobal.net.

BOCCE CLUB NEWS: Few spots left!
Beginner – Intermediate player clinic: Longtime
Coach / Player Nancy Dito will be hosting a
beginner to intermediate player clinic here
today, September 11th from 4 – 6p.m. Improving
your game strategy, short game and how to use
the walls, will be covered. These clinics are **NO
CHARGE** to all members. To reserve your spot,
email stleosbocceclub@gmail.com.

MORE BOCCE CLUB NEWS:
**The St. Leo's Bocce Club End of Summer
Food Truck party will be on Friday,
September 30th**, from 4:00 – 8:30 p.m. Pick up
a flyer in the back of the church for details.

MINISTRY of BETHLEHEM HANDCRAFTS:
A representative from this ministry will be here
on Sept. 24 & 25 selling their beautiful hand
carving.

SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for September

In memory of Bill Maffei,

Raymond & André Levesque



WOMEN OF THE PARISH DINNER TO RESUME:

Fr. Jojo has offered to do the first Ladies Dinner in October.
Menu and date have not yet been set but you can count on
the food and evening to be great as always. Ticket cost to
follow once we set the date.

Lost and Found

In his poem called "Michael", William Wordsworth tells of a shepherd in England's mountain
country who had a son in his old age. Over the years the shepherd taught him all there was to know
about pasturing. And then along came bad news. A relative had defaulted on a loan. The shepherd
had been a co-signer. The only solution: the son's going off to London to work off the debt.

On the day before his departure the father took the son to a meadow where he intended to
build a sheepfold. He asked his son to lay the first stone as a way of recalling his son to mind while he
was away. *When thou return'st thou in this place will see / A work which is not here, a covenant / 'Twill
be between us - but whatever fate / Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last.* Off went the young man,
wrote cheerful letters - and then silence! He had fallen in with bad company and sailed off to some
distant continent, never to be seen again. The poem then tells of the father's visiting the unfinished
sheepfold every day until he died.

I had a similar experience with my younger son who – in the lingering mix of the Haight – at
age 14 – became lost amid the drug culture of the 1980's. Unlike the father of Wordsworth's poem, I
went looking for him – indeed got to know the nooks and crannies of San Francisco very
well. Eventually enrolled him in a program that made a difference, but too late. He died at age 23. My
lost sheep, my prodigal son.

The Gospels have some very wise things to say about human existence – things linked to
what we call nature, organic metaphors. As human beings we arrive scattered all over this world like
seed thrown. Some take root, finding good soil, becoming productive, a humanity that is true,
chastened by experience, caring, roots sunk deep into wherever we came from – the Being that
characterizes all things. Others fall upon worn paths, swept up upon the thruways, avenues, crowded
venues, super-this and super-that: lost and faceless, a statistic. Others succumb to the appetites of
the birds of the air: robocalls, digital communication (press 1 etc.) designed to *prevent* communication,
twitter, celebrating transient celebrities. Others of us fall upon rocky ground, no moisture, we tend to
shriveled up; the world is too much for us. Others fall among thorns: everyday conflict, clashes of
personality, us versus them, the strife of politics – and we choke on it.

We have somehow lost any deeper sense of why we are here, what is our essential reason for
being. Even institutions like churches get worn down over time in a routine that's forgetful of why a
church exists – for instance to reveal we have souls, some kind of grounding in a Source more intimate
to you and me almost beyond belief! – akin to that intimacy we experience with someone we love that
can make such love profound. In other words: we are rooted somewhat like that bush Moses saw in
the desert that burst into flame. So too each of us has grown out of an abyss of light emerging from
the veils of a mystery of which Jesus said: *So let your light shine [become unveiled] before men, that
they may see your good works*, experience your own creative, mysterious being.

PS: Re my "lost" son, in searching for him I also found my "lost" self – we discovered each other at a
level more inexpressible than biological.

Geoff Wood