

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.stleesonoma.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. 24th – October 2nd

Sat 24	5:00 pm	Bill Maffei † and Raymond & André Levesque †
Sun 25	9:30 am	Anita Hines † & Jerry Maioli † and Tomasine Amaral †
Mon 26	8:30 am	Cosme Ramirez †
Tues 27	8:30 am	NO MASS
Wed 28	8:30 am	Frank Molzuk † and Afonso Valim †
Thurs 29	8:30 am	Lorraine O'Hern †
Friday 30	8:30 am	Martina Ginanni †
October		
Sat 1	5:00 pm	Hugh Pendergast † (b-day)
Sun 2	9:30 am	Kathleen Valim †

FISCAL LOG September 17 / 18

Sunday Collection: \$ 2,832.
Monthly Chg. Card Plate: \$ 1,866.
Diocesan Seminarians: \$ 1,172.

2022 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN:
118 Parishioners pledged: \$118,462. 82%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Sept 24/25	Bethlehem Handcrafts on sale
Sept 28	SVDP Meeting, 9AM in Finnegan center
Sept 30	Bocce Food Truck Party
Oct 1 / 2	2 nd Collection: Development Fund
Oct 13	Ladies Dinner, 5:30PM, LSW
Oct 15	Men's Club Bocce Tournament

ST VINCENT de PAUL NEWS:

On Wednesday, Sept. 28th the group will meet at 9a.m. in the Finnegan Center. All members are encouraged to attend.

WOMEN OF THE PARISH DINNERS TO

RESUME: Fr. Jojo has offered to prepare the meal for the **Ladies Dinner on Thursday, October 13th**. Doors open at 5:30p.m. with dinner at 6:00p.m. Menu is still in the planning stage, but you can count on good food and an enjoyable evening. Tickets are on sale following Mass, in the parish office or call (707) 996-8422 to reserve. The cost is \$15, and includes dinner, salad, and refreshments.

2nd COLLECTION NEXT 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 of the parish compound.

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**. 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.

ST. LEO'S BOCCE CLUB NEWS:

The St. Leo's Bocce Club End of Summer Food Truck party will be on Friday, September 30th, from 4:00 until dark. **The party is open to everyone.** Please come out and spend a beautiful sunset evening with friends and neighbors and support our new club. Picazo's Food Truck will be available from 5 -7:30p.m. in addition to ongoing games and music. Pick up a flyer in the back of the church for details and to RSVP. No need to pay in advance, just fill out the Summer Sunset Bocce Ball Party form, leave at the office or mail in.



SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for September

In memory of Bill Maffei,

Raymond & André Levesque

MINISTRY of BETHLEHEM HANDCRAFTS:

A representative from this ministry will be here the weekend of **September 24th & 25th** selling their beautiful hand wood carvings.

Not Funny

Politics can become heartless in its interplay between opponents. What could be a serious and courteous debate soon degenerates into maneuvers that blindside contenders. A recent example is the transporting of migrants to distant locations apparently without proper consultation with all the parties affected! Such tactics delight one side and set the stage for a counterpunch by the other. And what becomes of the pawns involved?

In 1938 Nathanael West published a novel about a New York newspaperman who writes a daily feature under the pen name "Miss Lonelyhearts" - (*Are-you-in-trouble? Do-you-need-advice? Write-to-Miss-Lonelyhearts-and-she-will-help-you*). It was an idea cooked up by the paper's editor, Shrike. It's apparent purpose was to offer advice to the readers of the metropolis, but its real purpose was to increase circulation; to capitalize on human suffering. Everyone at the paper saw the column as a joke - even the fellow assigned to play "Miss Lonelyhearts". Then the letters started coming in.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts - I am in such pain I don't know what to do sometimes I think I will kill myself my kidneys hurt so much. . . I have 7 children in 12 years and ever since the last 2 I have been so sick. I was operated (sic) on twice . . . cry all the time it hurts so much and I don't know what to do . . . Sick-of-it-all.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts - I am sixteen years old now and I don't know what to do and would appreciate it if you could tell me what to do. When I was a little girl it was not so bad because I got used to the kids on the block making fun of me, but now I would like to have boy friends . . . and go out on Saturday nites, but no boy will take me because I was born [deformed] - although I'm a good dancer . . . and my father buys me pretty clothes. I sit and look at myself all day and cry. . . What did I do to deserve such a terrible bad fate? . . . Sincerely yours, Desperate.

The godless editor Shrike thought the letters hilarious. After so many years in journalism the futility of human existence *amused* him. Life was obviously a cruel joke; so *why not laugh* instead of cry? So he would lean over "Miss Lonelyhearts's" shoulder while he typed and nag: *The same old stuff, . . . Why don't you give them something new. . . ? Tell them about art.* Then he would sneeringly dictate platitudes like: *Do not let life overwhelm you. When the old paths are choked with the debris of failure, look for newer and fresher paths.*

But over time "Miss Lonelyhearts" himself began to react differently. The more he read the letters, the more his replies seemed sacrilegious. Individuals living out there in the tenements or commuting on subways; or children anxious over domestic violence - how could he ever adequately respond to the unique pain of their misspelled petitions? Then he began to realize his letter writers were not looking for solutions to their problems. In the privacy of their anguish what they wanted was *someone to care*. What they were pleading for was love - a love that reaches right down to the soles of your feet and guarantees you are not expendable; that your life has been no joke. He trembled to think what they were asking of him - a care that was divine. Yet the summons was so attractive: this call to transcend himself and the Shrikes and the politics of this "whirl-d".

Geoff Wood