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

ശ Sacraments ശ

Baptisms: Call the office, (707) 996-8422 Weddings: Call the office, (707) 996-8422

MASS INTENTIONS October 22nd - Oct. 30th

Sat 29	5:00 pm	George Slevin †
Sun 30	9:30 am	Glen & Olga Pursell +
Mon 31	8:30 am	Richard Lyman +

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Nove	ember	
Tues 1	9:30 am	ALL SAINTS' DAY
Wed 2	8:30 am	Sandra Shine +, ALL SOULS'
Thurs 3	8:30 am	Kathleen Valim +
Friday 4	8:30 am	Ed Scanlon † & Antonio Troia †
Sat 5	5:00 pm	Mike Brocco †
	and Giuse	ppina & Mary Elizabeth Brocco +
Sun 6	9:30 am	Felix C. Mapa +

FISCAL LOG October 22 / 23

Sunday Collection: \$ 4,490. 2022 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN: 118 Parishioners pledged: \$118,462. 82%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Oct 3	31	Н	al	lo	we	e	n	_	BOO
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Nov 1 All Saints' Day, Holy Day of Obligation

Nov2 All Souls Day

Nov 6 2nd Collection-St. Leo Development Fund



SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for October In memory of The Deceased of the Parish

2nd COLLECTION THIS WEEKEND:

For St. Vincent de Paul. The 5th Sunday of the month a 2nd collection is for our SVDP Society. Money collected helps to keep the Food Pantry stocked with staples for anyone in need of food.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL NEWS: The Thanksgiving Give Away will be November 19th, starting at 11a.m. This year there is no client sign-ups at the parish. It's first come, first served. NEW Participants are asked to contact the Redwood Empire Food Bank Connection Resource Center at (707) 523-7903 to register BEFORE the event.

THE MENS CLUB BOCCE TOURNAMENT WAS A SUCCESS: The Men's Club would like to thank all the sponsors that made this event possible. Please patronize and thank the following for their sponsorship.

PLATINUM

Silverado Contractors Anonymous SILVER

Pete Ahern, DMV Lennon Heating & Airconditioning Mark Stornetta – Compass

> FIRST PLACE AWARD Bill Shea

SECOND PLACE AWARD

Silverado Contractors

SANCTUARY LAMP DEDICATION: If you are interested in having a month long Sanctuary Lamp dedicated to a loved one, please contact the office. The cost is \$40 a month.

ALTAR FOR THE DEAD: You are invited to bring a picture of a deceased loved one to be placed at the altar for the dead on All Souls' Day, Tuesday, November 2nd. The altar has been set up in the Lillian Wing.

SPANISH ALENON in Matthews Hall meet Friday evening 6:30 – 8p.m. All are welcome.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

NOTE

Time

change

A Holy Day of Obligation
Tuesday, November 1, 2022
39:30AM Mass in English

7:00PM Mass in Spanish

All Saints Day

ALL SOULS' DAY

Wednesday, November 2, 2022 8:30AM Mass in English 7:00PM Mass in Spanish



Oh when the Saints go marchin' in . . .

Clifford Pyncheon (in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables*) had just been released from prison for a crime he did not commit. He had entered as a young man. He now returned to his sister Hepzibah's home - gray, hardly able to put one foot before the other. To his young cousin Phoebe the expression on his countenance . . . *seemed to waver and glimmer*, . . . *like a flame* . . . *among half-extinguished embers*. When introduced to Phoebe he could not recall who she was. All he wanted to do now was confine himself to an upstairs room and fade away.

But ever so lightly the musical airs sung by Phoebe from downstairs would transfigure his face with pleasure. He became less despondent. There was something so real about her, he began to recover his trust - within the walls of Hepzibah's house. As for the world outside, he could only view it with dismay from an arched upstairs window.

Then one day the banners, drums, fifes and cymbals of a parade swept past the house, a mighty river of life, massive in its tide . . . calling to the kindred depth within him. He shuddered; he grew pale, he threw an appealing look at Hepzibah and Phoebe, who were with him at the window. And then, with tremulous limbs, he started up, set his foot on the window sill, and, in an instant more, would have been on the unguarded balcony. . . . Had Clifford attained the balcony, he would probably have leaped into the street; but whether impelled by the species of terror, that sometimes urges its victim over the very precipice he shrinks from, or by a natural magnetism, tending towards the great centre of humanity - it were not easy to decide. Phoebe and Hepzibah had to restrain him. His sister cried out, Clifford, Clifford, are you crazy? to which Clifford replied, I hardly know, Hepzibah, - but had I taken that plunge, and survived it, methinks it would have made me another man!

That's precisely what Clifford needed to do - lay aside the bitterness and self pity that kept him still spiritually a prisoner despite his physical release and join that parade, which to my mind is nothing less than a metaphor of that grand parade which in our traditions began with God's call to Abraham, picked up momentum in our Hebrew scriptures until in today's Gospel (and in our liturgy) emerges with quickening pace led by Jesus himself through the streets of Jericho - where we come across another fellow named Zacchaeus, who doesn't want to be left behind.

Zacchaeus was also a person who had chosen to isolate himself from people around him - to pursue his own self-interest at their expense. The price he had to pay was loneliness, the loss of his humanity. And now here comes this parade with Christ as its drum major! He had to become a part of it. But how? He was so stunted! Nevertheless he knew a lot about upward mobility! So, he climbed a tree [which my son Adam so often did as a boy]. He diverted the parade right into his domicile, where he demonstrated a new found wholesomeness four times over.

That parade remains accessible to you every day if you have the depth of being to sense it. It may take a leap of faith but — you could soon be joining in that chorus: Oh Lord, I want to be in that number, when the Saints go marchin' in . . .

Geoff Wood