



Our Lady of Sorrows

Traditional Catholic Mission Central Texas

Upcoming Mass Details:

Date/Time/Location:

To be announced for May 2025
Confession 4:30pm – Mass 5:00pm
Courtyard by Marriott Austin Dripping Springs – Meeting Room #2
1002 Rob Shelton Blvd, Dripping Springs, TX 78620

Contact information:

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Note From Father

Dear Faithful,

We have arrived at the start of Holy Week. I often think of this time of the year to be like a spiritual tunnel that we enter...our opportunity to accompany the Sorrowful Virgin Mary and walk along with Our Lord and bear witness to the work of Redemption. To shut out the distractions of life, as much as our circumstances allow, and share in a small way with His Passion.

It all begins with the beautiful ceremonies of Palm Sunday, marking Our Lord's final entrance into Jerusalem. He has raised Lazarus from the dead and the people now welcome and praise Him as their king, laying palms beneath Him, as a sign of their unworthiness. However, the Church reminds us that the price of sin must still be paid for and that Heaven must still be opened for us. The pharisees, in their true wickedness, and the Jewish people, in their fickle nature, will soon see to this end by sentencing Our Lord to death on a cross, come Friday. For this reason, we read St. Matthew's account of the Passion in the Mass (we will read all four by the time the week is out). It is also the symbolism of the ceremony at the door of the church at the end of procession of the palms. We are kept outside, while chanting the praises of the Gloria Laus to the angels inside the closed doors until finally the Cross knocks and we pass through to Paradise.

May your Holy Week be a truly reflective, prayerful, and fruitful time for you.

In Christ, *Fr. Stephen McKenna*

Set Your Missal

Palm Sunday, Holy Cross Preface. Reading of the Passion.

Prayer for a Good Confession

O my God, help me to make a good confession. Mary, my dearest Mother, pray to Jesus for me. Help me to examine my conscience, enable me to obtain true sorrow for my sins, and beg for me the grace rather to die than to offend God again. Lord Jesus, light of our souls, who enlightenest every man coming into this world, enlighten my conscience and my heart by Thy Holy Spirit, so that I may perceive all that is displeasing to Thy divine majesty and may expiate it by humble confession, true contrition, and sincere repentance. Amen

-St. Alphonsus Liguori

Days of Grace

Seemingly, Mother Church has made an inventory of her bridal treasures, choosing the finest and fairest in music and memories, in script and souvenirs, to envisage and acclaim for the many-hundredth time the triumphant march of her Bridegroom, the King of Israel. She has brought forth the antique tomes of Moses, the scrolls of the prophets, the Psalms of David, the parchments of her mediaeval poets. The sanctuary is filled with fragrant palm and olive branches. Amid the choicest prayers, jubilant melodies and colorful rites we witness a stirring dramatization of the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem.

And why all this lavish demonstration? There are many reasons, but for one, the Church can never forget the sweet melody of her cradle song of long ago: “Now, this was done that what was spoken through the prophet might be fulfilled: ...Behold, thy King comes to thee” (Gospel of the Palms). When Pope Pius XI instituted the Feast of Christ the King, some people wondered, others scoffed. Poor, ignorant worldlings! They did not understand the perennial vitality of our liturgy. They did not realize that Palm Sunday had been the Feast of Christ the King from the Church’s early days.

They have even forgotten that when they cheer or welcome their own heroes in sport or game, their champions in politics or leaders in military exploits, their vociferous “Hurrahs” or “Hoorays” are nothing else but corrupted forms of the joyful Hosannas that greeted the Savior at the gate of ancient Sion. Perhaps no other church festivity has so deeply penetrated Christian life and routine as has Palm Sunday. And hence it is hardly right to call it superstition when some forlorn immigrant trudges to church on Palm Sunday—the only time in the year—to carry away his cherished palm. His faith may have been badly shattered, but this tiny spark of loyalty will not be forgotten by the Great King. Nor should we ourselves disdain to treasure the sacred sacramental of the palm in our homes, that “those who dwell in the place may obtain Thy blessing” (second oration); that it may be a holy keepsake to us until next Ash Wednesday, when it will serve as the symbol of our mortality.

Palm Sunday is children’s day. So it was decreed by the King Himself when He answered the cantankerous, jealous Pharisees: “Yes; have you never read, ‘Out of the mouth of infants and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise’?” (Matt. 21:16). What a bright spot it was in the heaven of our own childhood when, as some of us recall, on the days before Palm Sunday we would scour woodlands and swamps to find the loveliest greenery and flowers with which to greet the King of glory! And how in spirit we mingled our youthful cheers with the jubilant melodies of the ancient Pueri Hebraeorum—the Hebrew children bearing branches of olives, spreading their garments in the way and crying out: “Hosanna to the Son of David!” May the frigid and mechanical stress of this bustling day never wholly chill and kill our youthful spirit and outlook as children of the Church. And listen to this: “Behold, thy King comes to thee meek and seated upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of a beast of burden.” What gloomy pessimist is there among us who is not stirred to the core when he sees the kindly Savior riding upon the humble beast, the little colt meanwhile trotting beside her mother; the children leading the procession, waving palm and olive branches, and singing their jubilant Hosannas!

– “*From Sunday to Sunday*”

Poetry Corner—Lament for a Donkey

Oh, little donkey with such grave, tired eyes!
Oh, small plush-coated beast! What legends rise
From your long lineage of servitude!
Yet now I find you in this attitude
Of patient doggedness; the long ears set
Awry, head drooping. Do you then forget
How centuries ago some grandsire bore
Upon his stolid back a burden more
Precious than figs or wine? She was a stranger

In Bethlehem's dark streets, seeking a manger.
Years later it was one of your race that came

Into a city bearing Him whose name
Was like a singing and a sudden glory
To certain Jewish hearts. There runs a story
Of how Christ's creature stepped upon spread palms
Daintily while dark children chanted psalms.
Today you draw these peasants to His feast,
A half-forlorn and stubborn little beast,
Trundling your burden of a two-wheeled cart
With what old grandeurs sleeping in your heart!

– Sarah Litse

Prayer for Holy Week

O my powerful God and merciful Father of my soul, Creator of all the things of the earth! Since Thou art my only good, I firmly believe without the possibility of doubt that I am to be saved through the infinite merits of the Passion and death of my Lord, Jesus Christ, no matter how very great may be the sins of my youth and all that I have committed since then. Thou, Lord, hast created me and hast given me my body and soul and all that I have; and Thou, my God, hast made me to Thy likeness, and not the false gods of the gentiles. O Christians, let us give thanks and praise to God, Three and One, Who hast given us to know the faith and true law of His Son, Jesus Christ! Weigh, Lord, my sins against the merits of the Passion and death of my Lord Jesus Christ, and not against my few deserts; and I shall thus be delivered from the power of the enemy and shall go to enjoy forever the glory of paradise. Amen

--St. Francis Xavier

