



Our Lady of Sorrows

Traditional Catholic Mission Central Texas

Upcoming Mass Details:

Sunday, February 1, 2026

Sunday, February 22, 2026

Confession 4:30pm – Mass 5:30pm

Courtyard by Marriott Austin Dripping Springs – Meeting Room #2

1002 Rob Shelton Blvd, Dripping Springs, TX 78620

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Announcements

Next Sunday we will have the blessing of throats after each of the Masses in honor of St. Blaise, whose feast day is Tuesday, February 3rd

Note From Father

Dear Faithful,

Well, for once the weather we received lived up to the hype which was built up before the storm. I hope you all made it through alright. We received over a foot of snow here at St. Gertrude's. The biggest issue was that it started late Saturday and continued throughout the day on Sunday. Because of this, we only had between 40-50 people attend Mass on Sunday (it is usually more like 450). The plow man came early and often and kept our parking lot accessible, but it was very difficult for people to actually get from home to the parking lot. It was very quiet throughout the day here. It was also quite surreal to preach throughout the day to nearly empty pews... I kept reminding myself that the eyes and ears are there but just veiled by the camera's lens.

With lots of snow, came our fair share of shoveling. We had to extricate our own cars from the areas the plow could not reach, the walkways and other common areas, and the long walk from the rectory to the church offices all required multiple passes. Fr. Brueggemann and I also had to go liberate Sr. Eulelia's car after she got stuck on the street in the neighborhood across from the church, which was not plowed until sometime on Monday. There was a slight incident during this work where our rescue vehicle was backed up into Sister's car, though thankfully not causing any damage. I won't tell you which of us was backing up the rescue car, but since I am relating the story and could have said nothing, I will let you draw your conclusions, haha! To be fair, the visibility was poor and Sister's car is small.

It seemed to certainly be the correct, (although undesirable), decision for me not to travel down to Dallas last Sunday, as well. I saw pictures and videos from down there and it seemed like there was quite a bit of ice which coated everything and ground the city to a stop. In fact, it seems air travel was a disaster for several days in and out of Dallas. Sometimes discretion is the better course of valor, and I think it was a prudent for me to not attempt to travel down last week.

However, Fr. Simpson did make it down for this weekend. He endured cold last week in Milwaukee but managed to miss the snow... the young Father seems to be charmed when weather is involved.

In Christ, *Fr. Stephen McKenna*

Set Your Missal

Septuagesima, second collect of St Ignatius, third of the Octave of St Francis de Sales. Trinity Preface.



Meditation Sixty

1st Corinth 10:1-5 “For I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that our fathers were all under the cloud, and all passed through the sea. And all in Moses were baptized in the cloud, and in the sea: and did all eat the same spiritual food, and all drank the same spiritual drink: (and they drank of the spiritual rock that followed them, and the rock was Christ). But with the most of them God was not well pleased.”

Ye Angels bright, pluck from your wings a quill.

Make men a pen thereof that best will write.

Lend me your fancy, and angelic skill

To treat this theme, more rich than rubies bright.

My muddy ink, and cloudy fancy dark,

Will dull its glory, lacking highest art.

An eye at center righter may describe

The world's circumferential glory vast

As in its nutshell bed it snugs fast tide,

Than any angel's pen can glory cast

Upon this drink drawn from the rock, tapped by

The rod of God, in Horeb, typically.

Sea water strained through minerals, rocks, and sands

Well clarified by sunbeams, dulcified,

Inspid, sordid, swill, dishwater stands.

But here's a rock of aqua vitae tried.

When once God broached it, out a river came

To bath and bibble in, for Israel's train.

Some rocks have sweat. Some pillars bled out tears.

But here's a river in a rock up tunned

Not of sea water nor of swill. It's beer.

No nectar like it. Yet it once unbunged

A river down it runs through ages all.

A fountain open, to wash off sin and fall.

Christ is this Horeb's rock, the streams that slide

A river is of aqua vitae dear

Yet costs us nothing, gushing from his side,

Celestial wine our sin-sunk souls to cheer.

This rock and water, sacramental cup

Are made, Lord's Supper wine for us to sup.

This rock's the grape that Zion's vineyard bore

Which Moses rod did smiting pound and press

Until its blood, the brook of life, run o'er.

All glorious grace, and gracious righteousness.

We in this brook must bath: and with faith's quill

Suck grace, and life out of this rock our fill.

Lord, oint me with this petro oil. I'm sick.

Make me drink water of the rock. I'm dry.

Me in this fountain wash. My filth is thick.

I'm faint, give aqua vitae or I die.

If in this stream thou cleanse and cherish me

My heart Thy praising pipe shall be. -Edward Taylor



St. Alphonsus Liguori's Prayer to Our Lady for the Feast of the Purification

O holy Mother of God, and my Mother Mary, thou wast so deeply interested in my salvation as to offer to death the dearest object of thy heart, thy beloved Jesus! Since, then, thou didst so much desire to see me saved, it is right that, after God, I should place all my hopes in thee. O yes, most Blessed Virgin, I do indeed entirely confide in thee. Ah, by the merit of the great sacrifice which thou didst offer this day to God, the sacrifice of the life of thy Son, entreat Him to have pity on my poor soul, for which this Immaculate Lamb did not refuse to die on the cross. I could desire, O my Queen, to offer my poor heart to God on this day, in imitation of Thee; but I fear that, seeing it so sordid and loathsome, He may refuse it. But if thou offerest it to Him, He will not reject it. He is always pleased with and accepts the offerings presented to Him by your most pure hands. To thee, then, O Mary, do I this day present myself, miserable as I am; to thee do I give myself without reserve. Do thou offer me as thy servant, together with Jesus to the Eternal Father; and beseech Him, by the merits of thy Son and for thy sake, to accept me and take me as His own. Ah, my sweetest Mother, for the love of thy sacrificed Son, help me always and at all times, and abandon me not. Never permit me to lose by my sins this most amiable Redeemer, Whom on this day thou didst offer with so bitter grief to the cruel death of the cross. Remind him that I am thy servant, that thou wilt my salvation, and He will certainly graciously hear thee. Amen

Prayer for the Start of the Septuagesima Season

O most benign God, who, out of pure grace, without any merit of ours, hast called us, Thy unworthy servants, to the true faith, into the vineyard of the holy Catholic Church, and dost require us to work in it for the sanctification of our souls, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may never be idle but be found always faithful workers, and that that which in past years we have failed to do, we may make up for in future by greater zeal and persevering industry, and work being done, may receive the promised reward in heaven, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Lord. Amen.