



Our Lady of Sorrows

Traditional Catholic Mission Central Texas

Upcoming Mass Details:

Monday, February 7, 2022 and Monday, March 7, 2022

Mass – 6:00pm, Confession – 5:30pm

Vintage Villas Hotel & Events

4209 Eck Lane Austin Texas 78734

Contact information:

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Dear Faithful,

Christmastide has officially come to an end with the celebration of the Purification, i.e. Candlemas, which we celebrated this past Wednesday. The groundhog of Punxsutawney saw his shadow, while a darkness descended upon the Cincinnati area with the arrival of driving rain. However, as Fr. McGuire described in his sermon that evening, everything in this world is a battle of good and evil; Christ and anti-Christ; darkness and light. And so, we thus drove away the dark (and eventually the rain) with the light of Christ, represented by the blessed and lighted candles which we processed with around the church and our cloister during the Solemn High Mass for offered that evening.

Following the Candlemas ceremonies, there were several nice soups to warm us. Not only were we filled by the soup, but the warm and friendly atmosphere of a good ol' Catholic party always cheers everyone up. It was quite fun, and all were able to return home before the conditions worsened outside... and become worse they most certainly did.

That night, rain gave way to an old-fashioned Cincinnati ice storm. Freezing rain eventually turned to sleet and built up several inches of granular ice covering everything. It looked like snow from afar, but in truth, the only snow came after midnight into Friday morning, and only maybe an inch of it. But with the heavy ice, the damage was done, and the roads were made difficult for travel. Rare is the mass at St. Gertrude's with no attendance. However, all of Thursday's Masses and my early morning Friday Mass were attended by only the angels... and those on the internet.

And now comes the cold. Plummeting temperatures have even this skeptic of rodent meteorology wondering if there isn't some sort of reality behind that tubby little fur ball eclipsing the sunshine...Or perhaps, every year we manage to forget that February is still a winter month.

In Christ,

Fr. McKenna

Prayer to Our Lady of Lourdes

O Holy Mary, Mother of God, who to reanimate the faith of the world and draw men to thy divine Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, didst deign to appear at Lourdes; thou who, in order to render more manifest thy maternal tenderness, and to inspire our hearts with greater confidence, didst choose a simple little child as the confidant of thy mercy; thou who didst say: "I am the Immaculate Conception" to make us understand the priceless value of that innocence which is the pledge of the friendship of God; thou who by eighteen successive apparitions didst not cease by thy actions and words to urge men to prayer and penance, which alone can appease Heaven and ward off the blows of divine justice; thou who, by a moving appeal to the world, hast reunited before the miraculous grotto an innumerable multitude of thy children; behold us, Our Lady of Lourdes, prostrate at thy feet, and confident of obtaining blessings and graces from God by thy most powerful intercession. Those who love thee, O Mother of Jesus Christ, Mother of men, desire above everything to serve God faithfully in this world, so as to have the happiness of loving Him eternally in Heaven. Listen to the prayers which we this day address to thee; defend us against the enemies of our salvation, and against our own infirmities; together with the pardon of our sins, obtain for us perseverance in the determination never to fall away again. We implore thee also to take under thy protection our friends and benefactors, and of these in a very special manner those who have abandoned the practice of their Christian duties. May they be converted and become thy faithful servants. Amen.

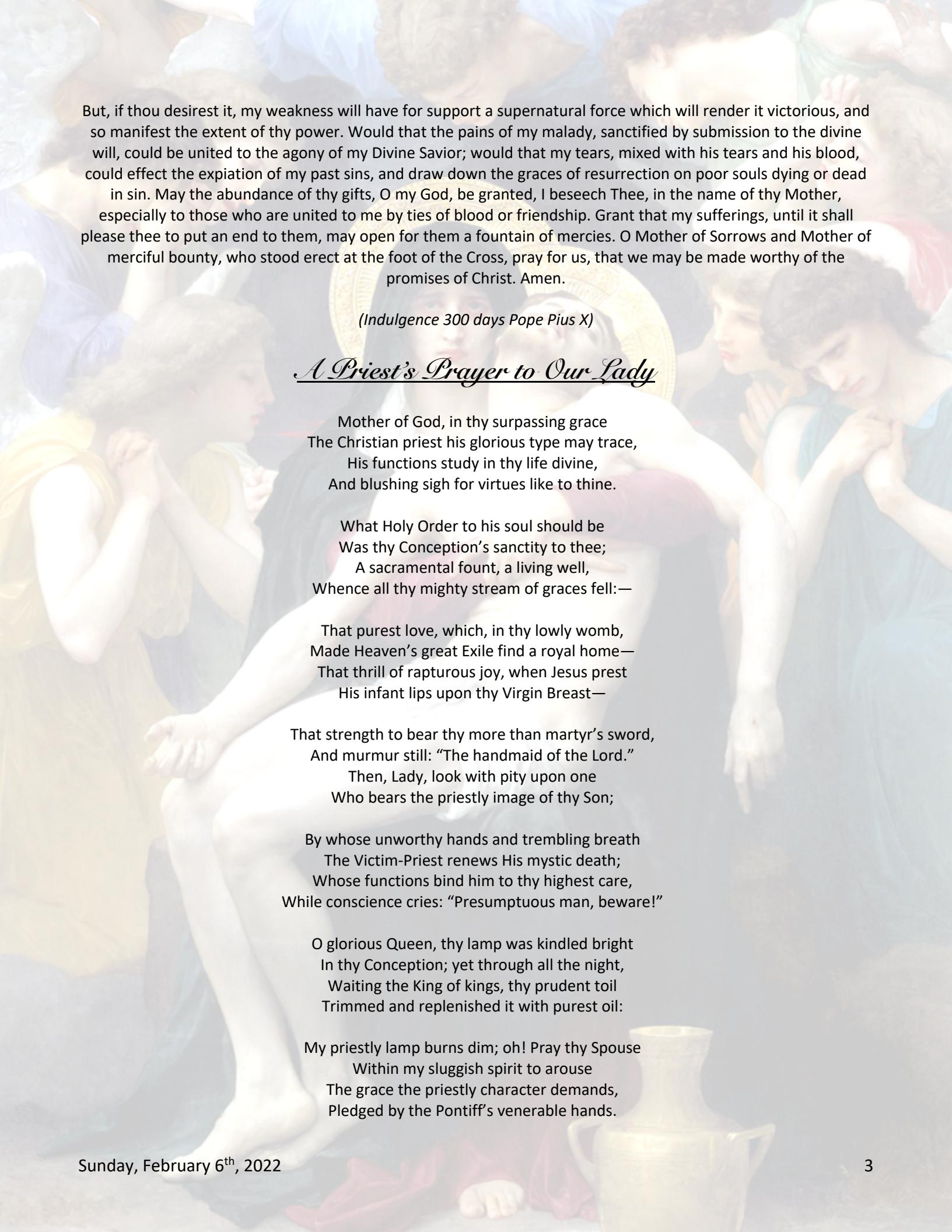
(Indulgence 300 days, Pope Leo XIII)

Prayer to Our Lady of Lourdes for a Sick Person

O Mary, conceived without sin, our Lady of Lourdes, who dost draw from all parts thy children to the Grotto of the apparitions; thou never ceasest to encourage, by innumerable benefits, the filial confidence of those who have responded to thy invitation. Suffering in body and soul, I come in the company of thousands and thousands of poor sick people to throw myself at thy feet and implore thee to heal me. O Mother of goodness, and all-powerful with our Lord, grant that I may be delivered from my infirmities, and that I may be able to consecrate my renewed strength to the service of God and of my brethren. How sweet it would be for me to proclaim that I owe to thy intercession the restoration of my health, which, while bearing witness to thy goodness to me, might be also a motive of conversion for many a soul.

But I desire, above everything, to abandon myself into thy maternal hands. If it be the will of Jesus Christ, my divine Savior, to which thy will is ever united, that the chalice of my sufferings should not at present depart from me, I desire the grace to say, with resignation and love, that I, too, will the same. Cause me, then, to be penetrated to the depths of my heart with a full and perfect acceptance of that consoling and heaven-sent doctrine: that the God of goodness loves us infinitely, always and under all circumstances, but especially without doubt when he associates us with the sufferings of Jesus Christ and fastens us to his Cross.

O Immaculate Virgin, our Lady of Lourdes, Mother of a God Who was a man of sorrows, thy divine Son wished thee to be at his side on Calvary, whilst He suffered and died for us. He loves thee as only God could love a mother, and yet He willed that thy soul should be pierced with a sword of grief, so that thy love for Him should be revealed, and expand by sharing in his inexpressible sufferings. Obtain for me this grace, our Lady of Lourdes, consoler of the afflicted, health of the sick, that I may love God more and more, in proportion as He prolongs and aggravates my trials. This would be a miracle greater than my sudden and complete restoration. To restore my health a single word would suffice, spoken by thee in the name and with the power of Him Who is thy Son, while He is also thy God; but that the grace of resignation in suffering should make me accept with joy my sickness and its many painful consequences, this I feel to be in an eminent degree the work of the Most High. I see that it is in some sort easier for God to heal my sufferings than to make me love them.



But, if thou desirest it, my weakness will have for support a supernatural force which will render it victorious, and so manifest the extent of thy power. Would that the pains of my malady, sanctified by submission to the divine will, could be united to the agony of my Divine Savior; would that my tears, mixed with his tears and his blood, could effect the expiation of my past sins, and draw down the graces of resurrection on poor souls dying or dead in sin. May the abundance of thy gifts, O my God, be granted, I beseech Thee, in the name of thy Mother, especially to those who are united to me by ties of blood or friendship. Grant that my sufferings, until it shall please thee to put an end to them, may open for them a fountain of mercies. O Mother of Sorrows and Mother of merciful bounty, who stood erect at the foot of the Cross, pray for us, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. Amen.

(*Indulgence 300 days Pope Pius X*)

A Priest's Prayer to Our Lady

Mother of God, in thy surpassing grace
The Christian priest his glorious type may trace,
 His functions study in thy life divine,
 And blushing sigh for virtues like to thine.

What Holy Order to his soul should be
Was thy Conception's sanctity to thee;
 A sacramental fount, a living well,
 Whence all thy mighty stream of graces fell:—

That purest love, which, in thy lowly womb,
Made Heaven's great Exile find a royal home—
 That thrill of rapturous joy, when Jesus prest
 His infant lips upon thy Virgin Breast—

That strength to bear thy more than martyr's sword,
And murmur still: "The handmaid of the Lord."
 Then, Lady, look with pity upon one
 Who bears the priestly image of thy Son;

By whose unworthy hands and trembling breath
 The Victim-Priest renews His mystic death;
 Whose functions bind him to thy highest care,
While conscience cries: "Presumptuous man, beware!"

O glorious Queen, thy lamp was kindled bright
In thy Conception; yet through all the night,
 Waiting the King of kings, thy prudent toil
 Trimmed and replenished it with purest oil:

My priestly lamp burns dim; oh! Pray thy Spouse
 Within my sluggish spirit to arouse
 The grace the priestly character demands,
Pledged by the Pontiff's venerable hands.