



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:

Fr. Stephen McKenna: email: fr.stephenmckenna@protonmail.com cell: 978-764-6599
Coordinator: email: coordinator@olosorrows.org cell: 512-827-8776
website: www.olosorrows.org twitter: [@OLOSTexas](https://twitter.com/OLOSTexas)

Note From Father

Dear Faithful,

I have returned home to Cincinnati after quite an eventful second half of my long mission run, which took me to the northern missions. Arriving in Fargo, I picked up my rental car and began the journey up to Grand Forks, usually about an hour's long drive. However, I quickly realized that this drive would be a little adventurous, as I could feel the wind pushing the car as I set out. What started as light snow blowing across the highway, deteriorated into complete whiteout conditions in the 40+ mph winds. I could barely see the road (and sometimes actually couldn't). It was what they refer to as a "ground blizzard", where there is no new snow falling, but when the wind picks up old snow and creates the whiteout. And perhaps the only thing whiter than my view out the windshield this day were, perhaps, my knuckles as I gripped the steering wheel. However, I eventually made it to Grand Forks and even was briefly rewarded with the beautiful sight of sundog illusion. This is when blowing snow filling the air causes the sunlight to refract in a way that makes it look like there are three suns...rare and beautiful.

After a few very cold days up in North Dakota, I arrived in Milwaukee, where I set out to make a couple of sick calls at hospitals. The first was a great success, as I was able to bring Viaticum to a dying parishioner, give her the blessings of the Church and pray the beautiful prayers for the dying with her, to which she made answers and responses, at times, most devoutly. She lost consciousness soon after I left and would die early the next morning.

I had less success at my second sick call, as I was refused entry into the hospital to visit the sick parishioner...victim of the Covid ward of the hospital. I pleaded my case to the head nurse, who was, not only unflinching in her resolve to keep me out, but also unsympathetic in her approach or explanation. I pointed out why it didn't make sense, especially because an outsider had been granted entrance without question right before me because she represented a "crisis situation" group, who was there to deal with a mental health problem in the Covid ward (probably caused by being denied all

visitation rights), but I was still denied. The only thing I earned by my protestations was an armed escort out of the hospital by their police. It was the second hospital I wasn't allowed into in as many weeks. So sad...so evil. May God have mercy upon the people depriving people of their spiritual rights under the false claim of "health and safety".

In Christ, Father McKenna

Candlemas Memories of Old Ireland

The second of February was announced from the altar before which you worshipped in boyhood as the feast of the Purification. The announcement came from Father James Moloney the Sunday before, at the half-past eight and the eleven o'clock Masses. He spoke of the event at some length, explaining its meaning and purpose year after year to people who walked across the hills to the chapel at the south side of the parish.

Everybody round about you who spoke of church feasts at all, classified the second of February as Candlemas Day, just as they called the first Wednesday of Lent Ash Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of September, Michaelmas, and the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, Shrove Tuesday. People who referred to the second of February as the feast of the Purification were either in Holy Orders, or seminary students' home for holidays, or nuns, or schoolteachers, or people of some pretensions.

The reason for this is easy enough. What imagination can catch hold of easily, memory can keep. We visioned the feast of the Purification as a day when candles are blessed and distributed and taken, one to every home, to serve for a year as a holy flame of protection when there would be sickness or thunder or vivid lightning or a windstorm from the northwest.

Not everyone went to Mass on Candlemas morning. As a rule, the men did not go. You could not imagine a grown man going to Mass on a week morning, unless to the Stations** to make his Easter duty and pay his Station dues. Think of an adult field worker, his hands hard and rough from spade, shovel, and plow, coming down the hills of a week morning holding a blessed candle in the clench of his fist! You may if you insist, picture him carrying a bishop's crozier in a graceful mastery of technique across the ditches from field to field; and you may also picture him with the blessed candle. But in each case, it will be strictly fiction.

In every normal family, mothers went to Mass on Candlemas, usually taking a number of candles to be blessed. Of these candles one, or perhaps two, were taken home for domestic spiritual and temporal protection, the others were left with the parish clerk for altar use. In the home neither pressing emergency nor a stingy economy ever justified the use of the blessed candle to minister to secular purposes. If the lamp which lighted you to bed had burned up all its oil, if the last unblessed candle had put itself out in the socket of its candlestick, go to bed in the dark. If you had no other light but that which would come to you from a blessed candle to find the collar button that rolled into the dark corner where the dresser stood, borrow a button, or use a pin.

Candlemas Day at the present time in the present place is musical, impressive, stately in Gothic vestments, smoky with incense, shining with lights, patterned in exact liturgy. Yet here and now the picture you cherish most over the hills and of all the years, which comes to you as a new possession when the day of candles returns, is a windswept second of February, the trees in the chapel yard wailing dismally, the Latin prayers of Father Moloney monotonous and awesome coming to you in hushes between wind gusts. You should like to live one such morning over again, if only you were in your own morning for a little while.

— Ave Maria

***During the persecutions when there were few churches the priest would offer Mass in a home in the different districts of his parish. This was “the Station,” done faithfully for centuries, especially before Christmas, and for the Easter Duty. The priest as entitled to his breakfast, and a stipend, and all went to the Sacraments.*

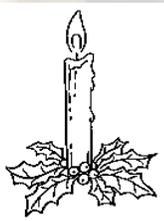
The Grace to Overcome Our Divided Selves

None of us can become the master of our own soul in a short time or hold it firmly in our grasp from our very first steps. We should be content to gain small victories over our most unruly passions from time to time. We must bear with others, but first of all, we must exercise forbearance toward ourselves and be patient with our own lack of perfection. Is it right for us to want to have interior peace without having first passed through the ordinary struggles of life?

Keep up the following practices. In the morning, prepare your soul to be at peace. Take care throughout the day to remember that resolution and to reaffirm in. should you become disturbed, do not lose heart and do not be pained by it, but having recognized the situation calmly humble yourself before God and attempt to restore your mind to peace. Say to your soul: “Now, friend, we have made a misstep, let us proceed more carefully.” And each time you fall, do the same thing. When you are at peace, make good use of the time, making as many acts of humility as you can, however insignificant they may be. For as Our Lord says, *he who is faithful in little things will have great ones entrusted to him.* Above all, do not lose your courage, but be patient, watchful, and ready with a spirit of compassion. God will hold you in His hand, and if He lets you stumble, it will be only so that you realize that you would collapse entirely if He did not hold you, and thus to make you tighten your grip upon His hand.

– St. Francis de Sales

The Blessing of Candles



Light is pure, penetrates darkness, fosters life, moves with incredible velocity, and illumines all around it. Therefore, it is an emblem of God, the All-Pure, the Giver of life and enlightenment. It represents Our Savior, “the Light of the World.” Wax is spotless and typifies Christ’s spotless Body. The wick enclosed in the wax is an image of His Soul. The candle flame is a figure of the Divine Nature united to the human in one Divine Person. Candles are blessed solemnly, February 2nd, the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. In pagan times this was a festival day, with processions and lights in honor of the gods. The Church chose it for the blessing of candles because on that day Mary made an offering in the Temple, and because the prophet Simeon foretold that her Son would be “a light to the revelation of the Gentiles.”

All candles are blessed. They are dedicated to holy use by prayer which is said in the name of the Catholic Church. Thus, they become “sacramentals,” as is fitting for things which approach so close to the presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

One candle has a special place. It is usually in a large glass container of red color, mounted near the altar in a decorative stand or hung by a chain from the ceiling. This is the “sanctuary lamp.” It burns whenever the Holy Eucharist is preserved. Since this is usually all year, except for Good Friday, the sanctuary lamp is practically a perpetual flame.

Before Mass or a service beings—or immediately afterwards—you may see some of the congregation lighting a “votive” candle. They are kept on stands in the body of the church, usually in front of statues or pictures of the saints. Catholics usually make a small offering, light one of the candles, and then kneel and say a short private prayer, praying for a particular favor from Almighty God.



Even though one leaves after lighting the votive candle and saying a prayer, the candle goes on burning. It is a living thing consuming itself in honor of God or one of His saints. It seems to say, "I continue the prayer of the one who lit me." While we are about our everyday duties, it stands before God as a sign of our good intention. It is a silent prayer in concrete form—a small thing indeed but very appropriate.

Prayer in Honor of St. Agnes

St. Blase, gracious benefactor of mankind and faithful servant of God, who for the love of our Saviour didst suffer so many tortures with patience and resignation; I invoke thy powerful intercession. Preserve me from all evils of soul and body. Because of thy great merits God endowed thee with the special grace to help those that suffer from ills of the throat; relieve and preserve me from them, so that I may always be able to fulfil my duties, and with the aid of God's grace perform good works. I invoke thy help as special physician of souls, that I may confess my sins sincerely in the holy sacrament of Penance and obtain their forgiveness. I recommend to thy merciful intercession also those who unfortunately concealed a sin in confession. Obtain for them the grace to accuse themselves sincerely and contritely of the sin they concealed, of the sacrilegious confessions and communions they made, and of all the sins they committed since then, so that they may receive pardon, the grace of God, and the remission of the eternal punishment. Amen