



Our Lady of Sorrows

Traditional Catholic Mission Central Texas

Upcoming Mass Details:

To Be Announced for April 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,

Here at St. Gertrude the Great, we had a wonderful feast of St. Patrick, the patron of all of us Irish, whether on the island or spread abroad. It is persecution...religious, political, and cultural...which forced so many of the Irish to leave behind their homeland. But their faith; they took with them and held fast to it, which saw them through so much hardship. So, it is no wonder that the patron saint of the Irish, St. Patrick, receives so much celebration, even though his feast always falls during the season of Lent.

Only two days later, we returned with another Solemn High Mass to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph. The Italians like to claim St. Joseph for themselves. This is simply in reaction to the Irish having a special Lenten feast day. In reality, as we learn when we celebrate his solemnity once Lent has ended, St. Joseph is really the patron of the Universal Church, and thus for all of us to celebrate. Despite never having a spoken word written down in the Scriptures, we find so much inspiration from this great saint. His obedience to God, his love of the Holy Family, the model he gives to husbands, fathers, and workmen, and his exercise of virtue in life, to the degree that we refer to him as “the just man”, are just some of what we all can draw from his example. However, so long as the Italians allow us to share in the eating of the zeppole on St. Joseph’s Day, I will let them pretend he was an Italian saint!!

Next week, we revisit, briefly, the mysteries of Christmas again, with the feasts of St. Gabriel the Archangel and then the Annunciation. This marks us being nine months away from the Nativity of Our Lord and, on the surface, may seem a little incongruous with the spirit of Lent, where they almost always fall. However, like so much of the liturgy, they fit perfectly. The Annunciation and Incarnation were the very beginning of the acts of redemption of mankind...The end of that journey finds us on Calvary. Our Lord’s life, from beginning to end...it was all for that one purpose...it was all one long act of redemption.

In Christ,

Fr. McKenna

A Favor of Our Queen

The following striking instance of the Blessed Virgin's care for those who confidently invoke her aid is recorded by a zealous Polish priest, a resident of Eastern Siberia:

"Whilst on a recent tour of visitation among the villages of my extensive parish, I stopped at a small hamlet, where I was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained at the house of a family exiled in 1865 by the Russian Government. Before their banishment they resided at Grodna and were in easy circumstances. The father has now been dead some years; the management of a farm in the vicinity of the village, on the produce of which the family mainly depend for their means of subsistence, is carried on by his sons. One room in their house is set apart to serve as a chapel, and it is here that the priest says Mass whenever he passes that way. Far removed as they are from any church or chapel, and able only at long intervals to approach the Sacraments, these people are all exemplary Catholics. The mother especially is an excellent woman, a veritable valiant woman such as the Gospel eulogizes; and Heaven seems to reward her piety by extending over her household a special protection.

"Whilst I was there, I was told that not long ago, at the time when their corn was ready to be cut, the sky suddenly became overcast, and it was only too apparent that a heavy thunderstorm was approaching. Alarmed at the ominous sights and sounds, the eldest son hastily entered the room where his mother was sitting and exclaimed: 'Mother, there is going to be a terrible storm! Our crops will be destroyed, —we shall be ruined!' The mother rose and looked out of the window; she saw that her son's fears were indeed well founded. In fact, rain, mingled with hailstones, was already beginning to fall. Turning to her children, she said, with unruffled composure: 'My children, we can do nothing to avert this catastrophe. If Almighty God is pleased to take from us what He has given us, may His holy will be done!' She then ordered the shutters to be closed; and, after lighting the blessed tapers before the images in her little oratory she called together all the members of the household, and, kneeling down, recited with them the Litany of Loreto. This ended, they sang some hymns in praise of the Blessed Virgin. Meanwhile large hailstones were heard pattering upon the roof and beating violently against the shutters; and when, their prayers being concluded, they once more looked over the fields in the near vicinity, they bore the appearance of a sheet of ice.

"As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated, the eldest son mounted his horse and rode out to the farm to ascertain the extent of the damage that had been done. To his astonishment he found that his crops had not sustained the slightest injury; whereas the surrounding lands were in a most pitiable condition, whole acres of ripened corn having been beaten down and entirely spoiled by the violence of the wind and rain."

Which is it easier to believe: that our Blessed Mother heard the prayers of the widow and her sons, or that the hailstorm, which wrought destruction on all sides, *by mere chance* suddenly stopped the very moment it reached their farm? Surely the question admits of but one answer. — *Ave Maria, 1934*

Irish Blessing

*I wish you not a path devoid of clouds,
Nor a life on a bed of roses.
Nor, that you might never need regret,
Nor that you should never feel pain.*

*No, this is not my wish for you. My wish for you is:
That you might be brave in times of trial
When other's lay crosses upon your shoulders.
When mountains must be climbed and chasms crossed,*

*When hope scarce shines through,
When every gift God gave you might grow along with you,
And let you give the gift of joy to all who care for you.*

*That you might always have a friend who is worth that name.
Whom you can trust.*

*And hope will be, in times of sadness,
Who will defy the storms of life by your side?*

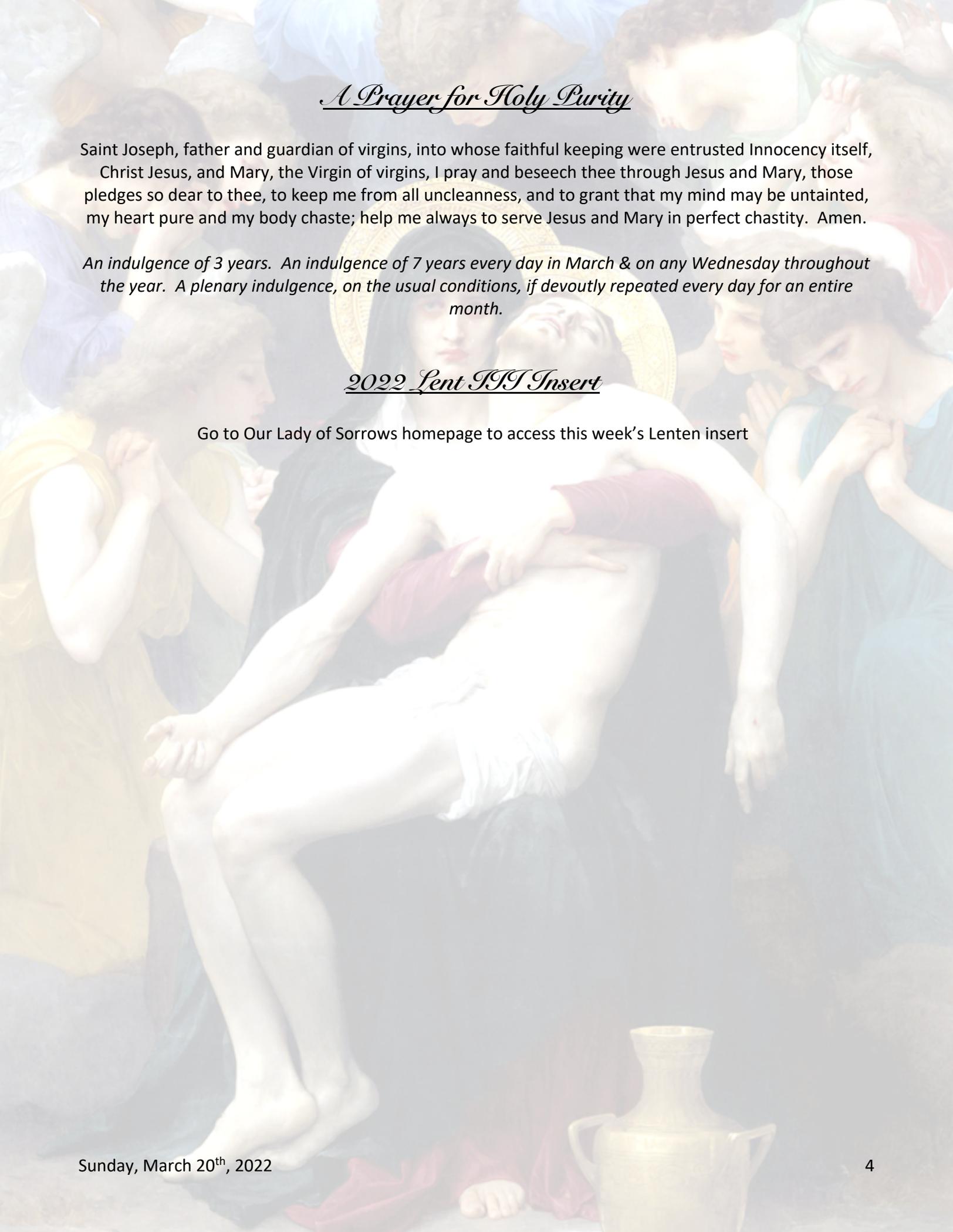
*One more wish for you:
That in every hour of joy and pain, you may be close to God.
This is my wish for you and those who are close to you.
This is my hope for you, now and forever.*

– Author Unknown

Veronica's Triumph

Among the many legends that are recorded in the apocryphal Gospels concerning the Passion and Death of Our Blessed Lord there is a rather detailed account of Veronica's striking love for the Savior and her thankfulness for the great favor she received. After this woman's heart had been touched at the sight of the bruised and bleeding Victim as He was driven by the howling mob toward Calvary; after she had braved the fury of the Roman soldiers by giving Jesus a towel that He might wipe His bleeding countenance, she went immediately, we are told, to her home to hide away her precious relic, and to procure, if possible, something that might alleviate the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. The only thing she was able to find in her home was some very old wine that had been hidden away for years, in the hope that it might someday be used to bring relief to some poor suffering creature who was undergoing untold agonies. Taking a precious silver cup which had been an heirloom in her family, she quickly filled it with the scented wine, and having spiced the potion pungently she hurried over the road that the Master had traversed with His cross.

When she reached Calvary the moment of the crucifixion had nearly arrived. Jesus was seated on a stone removing His garments, and the soldiers stood around ready to grasp them as soon as they should be taken from His body. Veronica, who had already shown that she had small fear of those rough soldiers, looked over the situation carefully, and decided it would be a sheer impossibility for her to break through them at this moment in order to offer her cup to the Savior. She believed, however, that there might be a chance to bribe one of the guards, for she had been told that these vile men would stop at nothing to procure money. Calling one of the soldiers aside, therefore, she offered him a rather large sum of money if he would deliver her precious potion to Jesus. The guard took the bribe, received the silver goblet from her hands, and with a raucous laugh drank the wine before her eyes, depositing the cup in his pocket. Her heart was almost broken when she saw that all her efforts had come to naught, but as she turned her eyes toward Jesus, she perceived that He was looking into her soul, telling her in that look that He understood everything, and that her act would not go unrewarded. In spite of the horror and ignominy that surrounded her; in spite of the keen sorrow that was turning in her heart like a knife, she realized that this was her hour of triumph, and that the Master's look had meant for her what His words would mean later on to the dying thief: "Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."



A Prayer for Holy Purity

Saint Joseph, father and guardian of virgins, into whose faithful keeping were entrusted Innocency itself, Christ Jesus, and Mary, the Virgin of virgins, I pray and beseech thee through Jesus and Mary, those pledges so dear to thee, to keep me from all uncleanness, and to grant that my mind may be untainted, my heart pure and my body chaste; help me always to serve Jesus and Mary in perfect chastity. Amen.

An indulgence of 3 years. An indulgence of 7 years every day in March & on any Wednesday throughout the year. A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, if devoutly repeated every day for an entire month.

2022 Lent III Insert

Go to Our Lady of Sorrows homepage to access this week's Lenten insert