Our Lady of Sorrows

Traditional Catholic Mission Central Texas

Upcoming Mass Details:

Date/Time/Location:

Sunday, April 16, 2023 – Confession 5:30pm, Mass 6:00pm **NEW TIME***

Chapel at Star Hill Ranch – 15000 Hamilton Pool Road, Austin TX 78738

Contact information:

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Note From Father

Dear Faithful,

I wish you all a very blessed Easter. Holy Week is always such a whirlwind of long ceremonies, study of rubrics and chant, preparation for sermons, work in the sacristy, coordinating with the choir and with the servers, etc., that there is little time to do much else. You eat when you can, drink entirely too much coffee, and peel your eyes open for whatever is next. But with all that said, it is a really beautiful time… perhaps my favorite time of the year.

Of course, the complex and lengthy ceremonies necessitate a "all hands on deck" approach to them. Thus, Frs. Lehtoranta, Brueggemann, and Simpson were needed to be the sacred ministers for the Pontifical ceremonies at St. Gertrude's and I came to our church in Milwaukee to perform all the ceremonies at St. Hugh of Lincoln. But fear not, my dear mission parishioners… you have not been forgotten. After a couple of days of much needed recovery, we will soon return to the road to bring you the sacraments! Until then, know that you are all always in my prayers. May your Easter be filled with many graces and blessings.

In Christ,

Fr. McKenna

Angel of Easter

To an angel, the Resurrection would not be a mystery, but His death would be. For man, His death was not a mystery, but His Resurrection would be. What had been natural to the angel, therefore, was now made the subject of the announcement. The angel was one keeper more than the enemies had placed about the Savior's grave, one soldier more than Pilate had appointed.

The angel's words were the first Gospel preached after the Resurrection, and it is the one that went back to His Passion, for the angel spoke of Him, as "Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified." These words conveyed the name of His humanity, the humility of His dwelling place, and the ignominy of His death; in all three, lowliness, ignominy, and shame are brought in comparison with His rising from the dead. Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem are all made the identifying marks of His Resurrection.

The angel's words: "Here is the place where they laid Him," confirmed the reality of His death and the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies. Tombstones bear the inscription: *Hic jacet* or "Here lies." Then follows the name of the dead and perhaps some praise of the one departed. But here in contrast, the angel did not write, but expressed a different epitaph: "He is not here." The angel called on the women to behold the place where their Lord's Body had been laid, as though the vacant tomb was evidence enough of the fact of the Resurrection. They were directed to hasten immediately and give intelligence of the Resurrection. It was to a virgin woman that the birth of the Son of God was announced. It was to a fallen woman that His Resurrection was announced.

Invincible Love

Ordinary human language is inadequate for the Church to express her Easter gladness, but from her heart, ecstatic with jubilation, breaks forth a mystic word: *Alleluia!* During the entire Easter octave, the Church seems not to come out of her unspeakable rapture.

Paschal joy is the gladness of triumphant purity, the gladness of Jesus risen, which pours forth upon the world such an abundance of happiness that, as someone has said, "There should never again be sadness upon the earth after the Resurrection of the Lord." What are our poor miseries and sorrows, even those that distress us most, compared with that immense reality of the definitive triumph of sinlessness over sin, of light over darkness, of love over hate? The Passion was a combat, a gigantic duel between life and death, between sinlessness and sin. The Easter Sequence sings of it thus: *Death and life / In a strange conflict strove, / The Prince of life who died, / Now lives and reigns.* Life by dying seemed conquered, but death was defeated forever.

Jesus, divine purity, the whiteness of eternal light, impelled by an unutterable love, came to seek souls lying in the mire of sin. Only He could free them only light can touch mire without being stained—only He is so pure that He can destroy our sins with the splendor of His purity. But it pleased Him to come as a mighty wrestler, as a grand conqueror, first in His own Heart and afterwards on Calvary. The Heart of Jesus was broken by indescribable sufferings, His Blood-stained Body appeared as a cluster of grapes squeezed out in the winepress, upon the cross were heaped up all ignominy and suffering; the power of darkness, in its transitory but terrible hour, threw all the forces of evil upon the Immortal Victim.

Satan seems to sing his victory over a lake of pain and blood when Life dies, when Jesus inclines His head under the immense weight of man's injustice and of God's justice. Our Lord's sad disciples saw the precious Body of the Master disappear beneath the stone of the sepulchre, for their tear-filled eyes did not even faintly perceive the tremendous mystery. But a woman whose heart beat with a fathomless, invincible love,

returned from the sepulchre, radiant with jubilation, on the luminous Resurrection morning. From the depths of suffering and death, sinlessness arose victorious over sin to bestow upon the world the divine gift of joy.
– Luis Maria Martinez

The Glorious Wounds of Jesus

My risen Jesus, I devoutly kiss and adore the glorious wound of Thy left foot, and pray Thee to give me grace to fly from all occasions of sin, and ever more to walk in the way of Thy commandments. *Glory be to the Father…*

My risen Jesus, I devoutly kiss and adore the glorious wound of Thy right foot, and pray Thee to give me grace to walk constantly in the way of Christian holiness till I come to the eternal dwelling-place of the saints. *Glory be…*

My risen Jesus, I devoutly kiss and adore the glorious wound of Thy left hand, and pray Thee to deliver me from all evil, whether of the body or of the soul, and most especially from the unhappy fate of the wicked who shall stand at Thy left hand at the day of judgment. *Glory be…*

My risen Jesus, I devoutly kiss and adore the glorious wound of Thy right hand, and pray Thee to bless my soul, and after death to open to me the gates of heaven.
My risen Jesus, I devoutly kiss and adore the glorious wound of Thy side, and pray Thee to kindle in my heart the fire of Thy love here, that I may hereafter love Thee eternally in heaven. *Glory be…*

Set Your Missal

Easter Sunday; Sequence, Preface of Easter with special Communicantes and Hanc Igitur.