



Our Lady of Sorrows

Traditional Catholic Mission Central Texas

Mass Location:

Vintage Villas Hotel & Events - Travis Room
4209 Eck Lane Austin Texas 78734 Austin, TX

Mass Schedule:

Friday, May 28th, 2021 Mass - 6:00pm, Confession – 5:30pm

Contact information:

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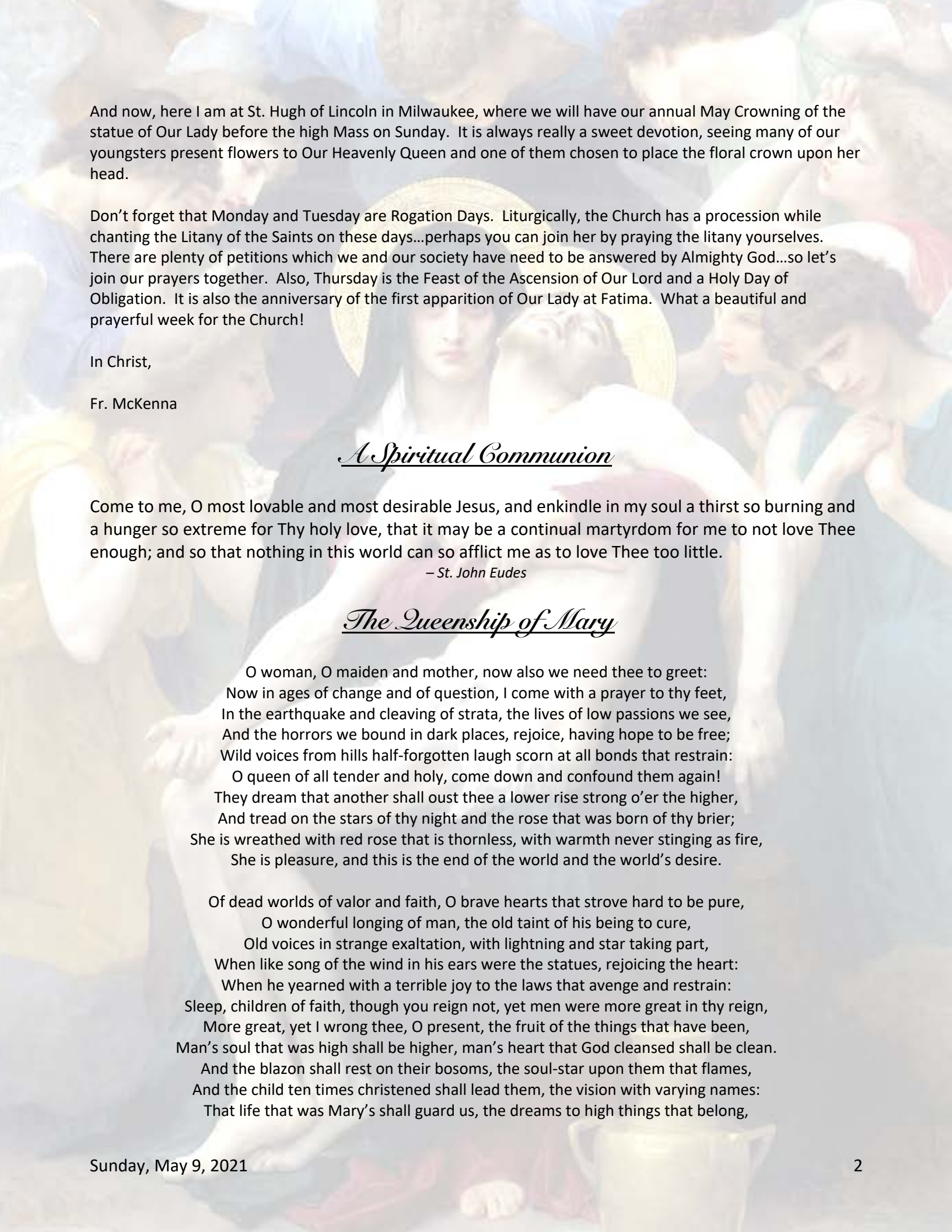
Note From Father

Dear Faithful,

The long mission run continues this weekend here in Wisconsin. It has been quite the successful run, overall, even though it started off last weekend with somewhat concerning undertones. As I was traveling to Dallas last weekend, we boarded the plane, only to find out that we were going to be sitting on the tarmac for at least an hour... possibly a lot longer. It ended up being just shy of two hours sitting. I arrived in Dallas, which, despite being one of the largest and busiest airports in the whole world, was completely sold out of rental cars. There was some sort of problem with delivering our luggage, as I stared at an unmoving luggage carousel for 45 minutes before my bag finally materialized. And all of this was crowned by our flight attendant spilling a tray of ice water right on my lap midway during the flight down. I could only laugh... sometimes it just isn't your day. However, after a couple of Uber rides, Sunday Mass went off without a hitch and I was off and running for the missions.

The remainder of the travel has, thus far, gone smoothly and it really has been good to get to all the missions and bring them the sacraments and get to see how everyone is doing. When I was in El Paso, I was even able to feed an adolescent emu by hand. He was a friendly little fella, maybe three feet high, who would follow me around most interestedly. Like me, he is also, apparently, easily distracted by shiny objects. He regularly would try to check out my watch with his mouth and the owner of the chapel (and the emu) said that it can't help but to do the same to his crucifix. It was all quite cute.

Speaking of little ones, the mission in Grand Forks was bizarrely quiet at Mass. There are usually more young children than adults in our tiny little apartment chapel. While they are typically, as a whole, relatively well-behaved kids, you can only keep a herd (pride?... flock?... murder??) of babies quiet for so long. However, due to a good old fashioned chicken pox party and an impromptu stomach bug, many of the little ones were not able to be in attendance. However, at least most of the adults could make it and they brought whatever non-sick kids were around.



And now, here I am at St. Hugh of Lincoln in Milwaukee, where we will have our annual May Crowning of the statue of Our Lady before the high Mass on Sunday. It is always really a sweet devotion, seeing many of our youngsters present flowers to Our Heavenly Queen and one of them chosen to place the floral crown upon her head.

Don't forget that Monday and Tuesday are Rogation Days. Liturgically, the Church has a procession while chanting the Litany of the Saints on these days...perhaps you can join her by praying the litany yourselves. There are plenty of petitions which we and our society have need to be answered by Almighty God...so let's join our prayers together. Also, Thursday is the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord and a Holy Day of Obligation. It is also the anniversary of the first apparition of Our Lady at Fatima. What a beautiful and prayerful week for the Church!

In Christ,

Fr. McKenna

A Spiritual Communion

Come to me, O most lovable and most desirable Jesus, and enkindle in my soul a thirst so burning and a hunger so extreme for Thy holy love, that it may be a continual martyrdom for me to not love Thee enough; and so that nothing in this world can so afflict me as to love Thee too little.

– St. John Eudes

The Queenship of Mary

O woman, O maiden and mother, now also we need thee to greet:
Now in ages of change and of question, I come with a prayer to thy feet,
In the earthquake and cleaving of strata, the lives of low passions we see,
And the horrors we bound in dark places, rejoice, having hope to be free;
Wild voices from hills half-forgotten laugh scorn at all bonds that restrain:
O queen of all tender and holy, come down and confound them again!
They dream that another shall oust thee a lower rise strong o'er the higher,
And tread on the stars of thy night and the rose that was born of thy brier;
She is wreathed with red rose that is thornless, with warmth never stinging as fire,
She is pleasure, and this is the end of the world and the world's desire.

Of dead worlds of valor and faith, O brave hearts that strove hard to be pure,
O wonderful longing of man, the old taint of his being to cure,
Old voices in strange exaltation, with lightning and star taking part,
When like song of the wind in his ears were the statues, rejoicing the heart:
When he yearned with a terrible joy to the laws that avenge and restrain:
Sleep, children of faith, though you reign not, yet men were more great in thy reign,
More great, yet I wrong thee, O present, the fruit of the things that have been,
Man's soul that was high shall be higher, man's heart that God cleansed shall be clean.
And the blazon shall rest on their bosoms, the soul-star upon them that flames,
And the child ten times christened shall lead them, the vision with varying names:
That life that was Mary's shall guard us, the dreams to high things that belong,

The wonder, the holy, the highest shall stand among men and be strong,
In its wings they shall dwell, like to children, all words that revere and forgive,
Pure secrets and kindlier longings in this shall find shelter and live;
A flower growing high as a star grows, yet fed with the life of man's roots,
A race of men nearer the spirit, men farther, not nearer to brutes:
Therefore, breathe I a prayer for a moment, at this, the lone shrine of the past,
Whose face was the sun of the ages, whose soul shall be light to the last;
For man's hope of high things never fails, though visions and worships may fail, O Mary, thou blessed among
women, great pureness and motherhood hail!

– G.K. Chesterton

Prayer to Jesus, the Author of All Mercy

The once famous atheist, Delauro Debez, was brought back to the faith of his childhood by the thought of the dreadful separation of the good from the bad at the last day.

As he was once walking pensively alone, his thoughts turned back to the days long past, when his beloved mother was with him as a protecting angel. He called to mind all the beautiful features of her character, and remorse seized upon his heart as he reflected that for all eternity, he might be separated from her, and would be suffering everlasting pain. The fear that he should be damned and would forever blaspheme that God whom his mother had so loved and served, was intolerable to him.

Full of these gloomy but salutary thoughts, he unconsciously drew near a church, and, almost in spite of himself, fell on his knees at the entrance and prayed aloud in words like these:

“O God of my mother, if Thou dost really exist, and if Thou art, as she so often assured me, the sovereign truth, wisdom, and goodness; if Thou hast made me for Thyself, and if Thou knowest the honest desires of a wretched heart, I pray and beseech Thee to stretch forth Thy almighty hand, to reveal Thyself to Thy miserable creature, and to be to him Light and Life.”

Dubez was deeply moved, and his tears flowed freely. He resolved to seek the truth honestly. He found it, embraced it with a believing heart, and thenceforth bore witness to it in his life and in his writings.

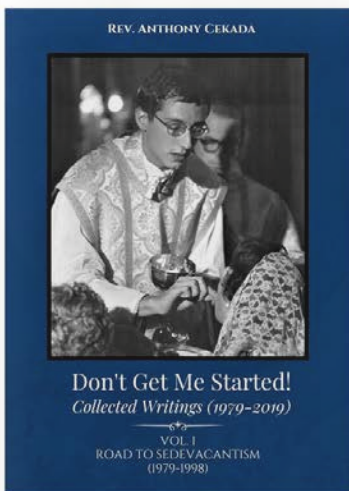
If the mere remembrance of an earthly mother is capable of awaking such a longing in the human breast, how much more should the thought of our Heavenly Mother affect us, and make us long to be forever with her, the best of Mothers, who never abandons the least worthy of her children!

Ascension Prayer

O Jesus, our Emmanuel! Thy work is done, and this is the day of Thy entering into Thy rest. In the beginning of the world, Thou didst spend six days in harmonizing the varied portions of the creation; after which, thou enteredst again into Thy rest. When later on, thou wouldst repair thy work which Satan's malice had deranged, Thy love induced Thee to live among us for three and thirty years, during which Thou didst work our redemption, and restoredst us to the holiness and honour whence we had fallen. Whatsoever had been assigned Thee in the eternal decrees of the Blessed Trinity, whatsoever had been foretold of Thee by the Prophets; all was done, dear Jesus! not an iota of it all was forgotten. Thy triumphant Ascension was the close of the mission Thou hadst so mercifully undertaken. It was thy second entrance into thy rest; but, this time, it was with our Human Nature which Thou hadst assumed, and which was now to receive divine honour. Thou wouldst have companions in Thine Ascension, the souls thou hadst liberated from Limbo; yea, and when about to leave us, thou saidst this word of consolation to us: I go to prepare a place for You (St. John, xiv. 2)!

Confiding, O Jesus! in this promise; resolved to follow Thee in all the mysteries achieved by Thee for our sakes, in the humility of Thy Birth at Bethlehem, in Thy sufferings on Calvary, in the joy of Thy Resurrection, we hope, also, to imitate Thee, when our mortal course is run, in Thy glorious Ascension. Meanwhile, we unite with the holy Apostles who rejoiced at Thy triumph, and with the ransomed captives of Limbo who entered heaven in Thy company. Watch over us, O Divine Shepherd, whilst we are in our exile! Tend Thy faithful sheep; let none be lost; lead them all to Thy fold. The mystery of Thine Ascension shows us the object of our existence; it re-animates us to study more attentively and love more warmly all Thy other mysteries: our one ambition, then, our one desire, shall henceforth be our own Ascension to heaven and to Thee. It was for this Thou camest into the world: by humbling Thyself to our lowliness, to exalt us to Thine own majesty; and by making Thyself Man, to make man a partaker of Thy divinity. But until the happy day of our union with Thee, what would become of us without that Power of the Most-High which thou hast promised to send us, that He may bring us patience during our pilgrimage, fidelity to our absent King, and that solace of a heart exiled from its God, love? Come, then, O Holy Spirit! Support our weakness; fix the eye of our souls on the heaven where our King awaits us; and never permit us to set our hearts on a world which, had it every other charm, has not the infinite one of Jesus' visible presence!

Amen.



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