



## 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:

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

Dear Faithful,

Spring has officially arrived in West Chester, OH. Now, you may say that this is obvious, as we have passed the first official day of spring on the calendar. However, this is not how I figure the official arrival of spring. And, while they are certainly good indicators, I do not consider the budding of flowers on bushes or the tulips pushing their way through the ground the official spring starting guns. It is only when I see the return of the turkey vultures that I know spring has officially sprung. That's right, sure as the swallows return to Capistrano, the turkey vultures return every year to St. Gertrude the Great!! And I spotted one flying low overhead on Thursday...so it is officially spring.

In other avian news, I saw the strangest sight on my drive up to Milwaukee yesterday. As I passed a car on the highway in Wisconsin, I happened to glance over at the driver. He was not anything extraordinary...just a man eating a sandwich while driving. However, what was extraordinary was what sat beside him. Sitting directly beside the man upon the center console of the car was a white duck who calmly sat and watched out the front windshield of the car! Traveling the country is often unexciting...but every now and again, something truly unexpected awaits me! Haha!

This past Wednesday, we had our annual Children's Day of Recollection. It was quite well attended, and the children were very well behaved. This spiritual day is like a little miniature retreat for the kids, where they pray, do some spiritual reading, attend Mass, stations of the cross, rosary, Benediction, and listen to spiritual talks given by the priests. (I gave two conferences to the high school kids).

Fr. Valerii successfully made it out of Ukraine and has traveled from Krakow, Poland to Knock in Ireland. *Deo Gratias!* Things were quite hairy in his town, with all the fighting. A Catholic man in Ireland generously volunteered to take Father in and house him. It sounds a bit spartan in accommodations, but on the positive side of things, there are no snipers shooting people in the streets or missiles slamming into neighboring buildings...what a world. Please pray that this situation will work out for Fr. Valerii and keep praying for peace so Father could, maybe one day, return home.

In Christ,  
Fr. McKenna





## *What shall I Give Thee*

I have received into my heart Jesus Christ, His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. I begin this day, as a day in heaven. He is in my soul, the Divine Infant in the crib, the growing Boy at Nazareth, the Apostle acclaimed by crowds on the roads of Galilee, the Miracle-Worker Who performed such prodigies, the great High Priest Who completed His Sacrifice on Calvary.

He is in me and united to me. What more can I desire when I possess Jesus?

And now, O good Master, what shall I give Thee in exchange for Thy visit?

I would like to give Thee a soul all sparkling with purity and sincerity, but mine is afflicted with so many miseries!

I would like to pray to Thee with the burning words of the seraphim, but I feel riveted to earthly things.

I would like to offer Thee strong, sweet, delicate virtues, but I can find so little in me.

I would like to bring Thee a humble, courageous, generous heart, made to the image of Thy Divine Heart, but mine has been hardened by pride, cowardice, and selfishness.

I would like, at least, to have a desire for holiness, but I allow myself to be discouraged by my failures.

O Good Jesus, I have nothing to give Thee, and Thou hast given Thyself to me. I can only Join my poor voice in the chorus of praise to Thee, rising out of all the works of Thy creation here on earth...

With the majesty of the mountains, the immensity of the desert, the roar of the ocean, the fury of the storm, *I shall praise Thy Power!*

With the flowers of the field, the colors of the rainbow, the whiteness of the snow, the blue of the skies, *I shall praise Thy Beauty!*

With the fruits of the earth, the air I breathe, the light I see, the life I enjoy, *I shall praise Thy Goodness!*

With the splendor of the stars, the rays of the sun, the moon's pale light, the depths of space, *I shall praise Thine Immensity!*

With all the people now living on earth, *I shall praise Thy Mercy!* May our voices unite with the billions of those who inhabited the earth before us, and out of whose dust the beauty of Nature perpetually rises to *praise Thy Glory!*

May an infinite concert of voices from cottages and palaces, from fields and forests, from towns and deserts, from workshops and cathedrals, from earth and from heaven, from time and from eternity, arise to give my thanks unto Thee! Amen.





## *On the Morning Offering*

A good and pure intention of serving God in all things is the philosopher's stone that will transmute the base metal of our material, natural actions into the pure gold of charity. What we do for others will be done for them as children of our Heavenly Father, our brethren in the family of God, redeemed ones dear to the Sacred Heart that poured out Its blood for them. Natural good-will and kindness, natural love for others, will be sublimated and supernaturalized; and, in the process, made not less real and true and affectionate and intense, but more so; whilst that false simulacrum of love, which seeks only self-satisfaction by means of its object, will be eliminated.

We see, then, the vast importance of a right intention in all that we do the day long. No action of ours ought to be excluded from its sanctifying and uplifting influence. "Whether you eat or drink," says St. Paul, "or whatsoever else you do, do all things for the glory of God." (I. Cor., x, 31.) God's holy grace, indeed, is needful for us to have this good purpose and meaning in all we do; for "no man can say, the Lord Jesus, but by the Holy Ghost." (I. Cor., xii, 3.) This grace is given to all who ask; and, being received, must be co-operated with; so that our own will and purpose must be set in motion under the impulse of the grace of the Holy Spirit.

Hence it is that the good practice of the "morning offering," by which we consecrate all our thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings of the coming day by the definite and expressed purpose to direct them all to the honor and glory of God, is so strongly recommended and so widely adopted. But here we must beware of the paralyzing influence of routine. This we may escape by recollecting that the "good intention" should be the outcome of our attitude of mind towards that great basic fact and truth which "professional" philanthropy so often leaves out of consideration, the fact and truth that all that is, all creation, rational and irrational, exists for God, not for its own sake, nor for our sake, nor for any sake apart from God. So whatever powers of thought and will and action belong by God's gift to His rational creatures, men, they cannot be used against God's holy law without sin and cannot be exercised in such manner as to exclude reference to God's glory and service without being found wanting when weighed in the eternal balance of truth.

The "men of good-will" are those who recognize this truth, who live this truth in their daily actions, who direct their purpose and form their intention according to their deep conviction that man was made to love, honor, and serve Almighty God; and all things else were created to help him in this, the great business and object of our life on earth.



## *A Morning Offering*

O my God,  
in union with the Immaculate Heart of Mary  
(here kiss your Brown Scapular \*)  
I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus  
from all the altars throughout the world,  
joining with it the offering of my every thought,  
word and action of this day.

O my Jesus,  
I desire today to gain every indulgence and merit I can  
and I offer them, together with myself,  
to Mary Immaculate...  
that she may best apply them to the interests of Thy most Sacred Heart.

Precious Blood of Jesus, Save us!  
Immaculate Heart of Mary, Save us!  
Sacred Heart of Jesus, Have mercy on us!

(500 days indulgence)

## *Rose-Birth*

They plaited the thorns for my Master,  
They plaited and pressed them down;  
His Blood like a fire devoured them  
And made them a red rosy crown.

They opened His flesh with their lashes  
And watched tiny rivulets spout;  
I wonder if they too saw only  
A torrent of roses rush out.

They opened His side with a spear-point  
And gazed on His Heart while He bled;  
Behold His last offering of roses—  
White roses and red.

— Norman J. Johnson

