

August 17, 2014

Twentieth Sunday in Ordinary Time

**Offertory:** Aug. 4, 2013 OLM \$623, OLV \$963, COS \$284, Total \$1,870.  
Aug.3, 2014 OLM \$367, OLV \$673, COS \$372, Total \$1,412.

**MASS INTENTIONS**

Saturday Aug 16 OLM 4:00PM For All our Parishioners  
Sunday Aug 17 OLM 8:30AM For Agnes Canny, requested by Mary Tyler  
Sunday Aug 17 OLV 10:30AM For Jeannette and Milford Anderberg,  
requested by Deacon Richard and Daisy Anderberg  
Sunday Aug 17 COS 12:30PM For Dan and Betty Murphy, requested by Chuck and Nancy McMahon  
Saturday Aug 23 OLM 4:00PM For the Souls in Purgatory, requested by John Nappi, Jr.  
Sunday Aug 24 OLM 8:30AM For Lauren Airoidi, requested by David Airoidi  
Sunday Aug 24 OLV 10:30AM For Louella Conklin, requested by Kay Gunther  
Sunday Aug 24 COS 12:30PM For William Bourque, requested by Joan Bourque

**MARK YOUR CALENDARS**

Aug. 20 Cursillo Ultreya, 7 PM, at the Cagneys  
Sept. 3 Parish Council Meeting, 7 PM, OLV  
Sept. 5 First Friday Mass, 5 PM, Church of St. Edmund of Canterbury, Saxton's River  
Sept. 13 **MASS ON TOP OF STRATTON MT., 12:00 noon**  
Sept. 18 Finance Council Meeting, 4:30 PM, rectory



**Weekly Intention**

**For the grace this week to rid ourselves of sin  
and to persevere in running the race with our eyes fixed on Jesus.**

**From Fr. Fred:**

PLEASE HEAR WHAT I AM NOT SAYING:

Don't be fooled by me. Don't be fooled by the face I wear.  
For I wear a thousand masks, masks that I'm afraid to take off, and none of them are me.  
Pretending is an art that's second nature with me, but don't be fooled, For God's sake don't be fooled.  
I give the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny and unruffled with me,  
Within as well as without, that confidence is my name and coolness my game;  
That the water's calm and I'm in command, and that I need no one.  
But don't believe me. Please.

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask.  
Beneath this lies no complacency.  
Beneath dwells the real me in confusion, in fear, and aloneness.  
But I hide this. I don't want anybody to know it.  
I panic at the thought of my weakness and fear of being exposed.  
That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant  
Sophisticated facade, to help me pretend, to shield me from the glance that knows.  
But such a glance is precisely my salvation. my only salvation. And I know it.  
That is if it is followed by acceptance, if it's followed by love.  
It's the only thing that will assure me of what I can't assure myself,  
That I am worth something.

But I don't tell you this. I don't dare. I'm afraid to.  
I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by acceptance and love.  
I'm afraid you'll think less of me, that you'll laugh at me,  
And your laugh would kill me.  
I'm afraid that deep-down I'm nothing, that I'm no good, and that you will see this  
And reject me. So I play my game, my desperate game, with a façade of assurance without,  
And a trembling child within.  
And so begins the parade of masks. And my life becomes a front.

I idly chatter to you in the suave tones of surface talk.  
I tell you everything that is really nothing, and nothing of what's really everything.  
Of what's crying within me;  
So when I'm going through my routine do not be fooled by what I'm saying.  
Please listen carefully and try to hear what I'm not saying,  
What I'd like to be able to say, what for survival I need to say,  
But what I can't say.

I dislike hiding. Honestly!  
I dislike the superficial game I'm playing, the phony game.  
I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous, and me, but you've got to help me.  
You've got to hold out your hand, even when that's the last thing I seem to want.  
Only you can wipe away from my eyes the blank stare of breathing death.  
Only you can call me into aliveness.  
Each time you're kind, and gentle, and encouraging,  
Each time you try to understand because you really care, my heart begins to grow wings.  
Very small wings, very feeble wings, but wings.  
With your sensitivity and sympathy, and your power of understanding,  
You can breathe life into me.  
I want you to know that.

I want you to know how important you are to me,  
How you can be the creator of the person that is me if you choose to.  
Please choose to.  
You alone can break down the wall behind which I tremble,  
You alone can remove my mask.  
You alone can release me from my shadow world of panic and uncertainty,  
From my lonely person.  
Do not pass me by. Please...do not pass me by.

It will not be easy for you. A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong walls.  
The nearer you approach me, the blinder I strike back.  
I fight against the very thing I cry out for.  
But I am told that love is stronger than walls, and in this lies my hope.  
Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands,  
But with gentle hands for a child is very sensitive.  
Who am I, you may wonder. I am someone you know very well.  
For I am every man you meet and I am every woman you meet.

(Author Unknown)

**Quote of the Week:**

**“Be patient and gentle  
with one another,  
as God is  
with you.”**

(St. Ignatius of Antioch)

**Just for Fun:**

During a pause in the long sermon a young boy's voice  
could be heard:

“Mommy, how do you change the channel?”



*“It is only  
with the heart  
that one  
can see  
rightly.”*

*-The Little Prince,  
Antoine de St. Exupery*

