September 17, 2017

SOLEMNITY OF THE SEVEN SORROWS OF OUR LADY
PENTECOST XV
STIGMATA OF ST. FRANCIS

† THE SEVEN SORROWS
Sunday Classes are at 10:40 AM today. The Blessing of the Sick will be given after all Masses. There are no Vespers today.

Our annual Parish Picnic is today from 1-5 PM in Sharon Woods Park, at the Cardinal Crest Shelter. We’re providing the hot dogs, hamburgers, and drinks. Bring a dish to share or a favorite game if you would like. Parking is prepaid! Just tell the person at the gate that you are with the group from St. Gertrude the Great Church at Cardinal Crest Shelter.

† CHOIR PRACTICE
Choir members, remember: Practice is on Monday this week, at 6:30 PM.

† OUR LADY OF LA SALLETTE
A Triduum in honor of Our Lady of LaSalette (the Weeping Virgin of La Salette) begins Monday after the 11:25 AM Mass and concludes on Wednesday.

† EMBER DAYS
Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of this week are the Fall Ember Days. Catholics between the ages of 21-59 are bound to the Laws of Fast; those who have reached their 7th year may eat meat only once, at the principal meal, on Wednesday and Saturday. The Ember Days were instituted for a good harvest and to draw down God’s blessings upon the September ordinations. Pray for priests!

† ROSARY SUNDAY
Rosary Sunday falls on October 1 this year. Tickets will be on sale next week, $7/person, $25/family—come prepared! We are looking for social hall decorators, as well as someone to sell roses the day of. If you would like to help, please call the office at 513-645-4212.

†  LUMEN CHRISTI
The Sanctuary Lamp will burn before the Blessed Sacrament during the next fortnight for the following intention:

Medical healing
(Lydia Brockmeyer)

† IN YOUR CHARITY
Please pray for Sr. Jeanne Marie, Connie Kamphaus, Darlene Rentschler, Karen (the cousin of Katie Bischak) who is having surgery Monday; Fred Woods, Helen Kalian, Chris Browne, and Helen Tschosik.

† SYMBOLS
I watched a lonely willow fling
Its arms up to the sky;
While at its feet a wounded thing
Crept painfully to die.
I thought of nature’s bleeding King
Expiring with a sigh.

A lamb upon a mountain-side
Bleated its lonely way;
And every time it gently cried
I thought of that far day
When Christ on Golgotha had died
For children gone astray.

-Edwin Essex, O.P.
Dedicated to our Benedictine Sisters

† CUCINA
The cupboard is bare! Nobody signed up to cook a meal for us this week, and we’re all home to boot! If you could help, check the website (lotsa-helpinghands.com) for a free night. We generally try to cover Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Saturday is taken care of. God reward you for feeding hungry priests!

Collection Report
Sunday, September 10th..........................$3,501.00
Thank you for your generosity. Remember St. Gertrude the Great in your will.
**LEST WE FORGET**

**THEIR SUFFERING OUR SALVATION**

Sharing in the Exaltation of the Cross

A man who claims to be self-sufficient and not to need any other man’s help in hardship and suffering has no part in Christ. The pride which claims to be independent of human sympathy and practical help from others is un-Christian. We are here to help one another. We are here to help Christ in one another.

We are here to help Christ blindly. We must know Him by faith, not by vision. We must help Him not only in those who seem to be Christlike, but more in those in whom Christ is hidden: in the most unlikely people, in those whom the world condemns. It is in them that Christ, indwelling man, suffers most; it is in them that He cannot carry His cross today without the help of others.

Simon of Cryene saw only three criminals (of whom Christ was one) on the way to die. He could not know, until he had taken up that stranger’s cross, that in it was the secret of his own salvation....

We must be ready to carry the burden of anyone whom we meet on our way and who clearly needs help, not only those who “deserve,” or seem to “deserve,” help. Everyone is our “business,” and Christ in everyone, potentially or actually, has a first claim on us, a claim that comes before all else.

We are here on earth to help carry the cross of Christ, the Christ hidden in other human beings, and to help in whatever way we can. We may, like Simon, have literally a strong arm to give, we may help to do hard work; we may have material goods to give; we may have time, which we desperately want for ourselves but which we must sacrifice for Christ. We may have only suffering. Suffering is the most precious coin of all. Suffering of body, suffering of mind, paid down willingly for Christ in man, enables Him to carry His redeeming cross through the world to the end of time.

Suffering contains in itself all that Simon gave: our mind and body, frustration, and identification with someone else. That last is the germ of our own salvation, the way to transform the self-pity that is the danger in all suffering into the love of other people which reaches out a hand to Christ, and saves us.

- Caryll Houselander

Caryll Houselander (†1954) was a British mystic, poet, and spiritual teacher.

**THE SORROWFUL HEART**

All-spotless heart, no breath of sin
E’er marred thy purity;
The shining choirs of angels show
Quite dim and dark by thee.
O fountain sealed, O garden closed
Where God doth take delight,
Obtain for us pure hearts to love
And honor Him aright.

Most valiant heart, that ‘neath the cross
Of Jesus did not quail,
It was thy mighty love for Him
That would not let thee fail.
Teach us thy self-forgetting love
And make us strong like thee;
Then ask thy Son that we may stand
Upon Mount Calvary.

Most tender heart, no floods of grief
Thy love could ever drown;
The sorrows which once pierced thee through
Are now thy fairest crown.
O Mother blest, thou to thy Son
Dost lead us in thy train;
Right well thy grateful children know
They cannot trust in vain.

**SIGNING WITH A CROSS**

Persons who can not write their names are required to use as a substitute the sign of the cross (X). Anciently kings and nobles used the same sign, but not ignorantly. It was used by those who could write, as well as by those who could not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed the cross. Hence, although people now write or subscribe their names, they are still said to sign.

Devotion to the saints and angels will help much toward salvation. We need not fear loving or honoring them too much, for the more we love them for God’s sake, the more we love God Himself. While we pray to them, we should also strive earnestly to imitate their virtues; and this we may learn to do by reading every week some portion of the life of a saint. In our homes there should be religious pictures, but no pagan or immodest works of art.
Our week of Mary’s Nativity Octave, which began with her Holy Name, led us to her Son’s Holy Cross, and now concludes with the Solemnity of her Seven Sorrows. The Sorrowful Mother devotion is always connected with prayers for our sick, and thus the blessing after Mass today. But I hope you’ll feel better, better enough to picnic with us this afternoon: Free park admission, free burgers and dogs, and a nice Sunday afternoon with your “other family,” your fellow Catholics from Church. We Catholics share the same strong convictions and deep love for the true Church. It’s always nice to meet someone new. It is, St. Paul would say, a real encouragement. Now that you know the deeper agendas of the Parish Picnic, I’m sure you’ll want to participate.

Fr. Cekada and I went over to Elsa Bowman’s wake on Wednesday, just before the Fatima Procession Mass. It certainly brought back memories of our early days in the 1980’s, when Elsa was so involved at our church. To think we founded and “grew” a church and a school then, and within a few short years also were a vibrant community to promote the arts, especially drama. We offered several fine Shakespeare plays. Those were the days! Our high school children are studying the Bard this year, and of course Fr. Cekada is offering a unique and quite enjoyable Music Appreciation course.

I’m proud of two of our high school freshmen, Peter and Dominic, who have quickly mastered the role of Master of Ceremonies for the daily High Mass. It is excellent training, and affords us great help. Follow these Masses on the daily webcast, or better yet in person during the week, as you are able. Our catechism classes got off to a good start last Sunday, although attendance was a little low. Parents, please take Sunday “Mass and class” most seriously. It is one of your most important duties, for which you will answer to Almighty God. May none of our children accuse us one day of neglect in this.

Sr. Jeanne Marie was scheduled to return home to the convent Friday, after many months of lonely confinement in hospitals and nursing homes. She still has a hard way to go, and I ask your prayers for her and the other sisters who are caring for her.

Fr. Lehtoranta has published his latest book, on Limbo, for children. How do our priests have time to write books, along with all their other duties? How does a book get published today? Our clerical authors, Fr. Cekada and Fr. Lehtoranta will be speaking on this interesting subject at our annual Rosary Confraternity Breakfast. We will also feature an “authors’ table” with a sampling of books published by both clerical and lay authors from St. Gertrude the Great. Who knew? There’s a lot of talent hidden here, and so you see we still promote the arts. Get your ticket today. It’s a wonderful tradition.

Music, of course, is always high on our list of artistic endeavors, but you’ll usually have to come to the High Mass to hear it. This morning our Parish Choir returns after Summer break, enhanced by some brave baritones recruited by the intrepid Fr. Cekada. Attend the High Mass. It is the high point of all the week’s worship of Almighty God, a vision both and an anticipation of Heaven. Check out the Apocalypse.

Irm the Hurricane wasn’t quite as hellish as the media hype incessantly screamed. They do this for their own purpose. In any case, our fervent and charitable prayers were heard on behalf of our faithful and seminary, which came through with only one wounded soffit. The greatest suffering came afterwards with a prolonged loss of power in Florida’s tropical heat, “a miserable 72 hours,” in Bishop Sanborn’s words.

The eye of the hurricane passed directly over the seminary, but it was a tree which fell on a generator nearby which caused all the grief, really a union dispute. The Florida state light and power monopoly is nonunion, and the Duke people are, so they would not cooperate it seems. What a world! Prayers and good sense finally prevailed, the tree was removed, and the seminary is up and running for a new school year.

Thank you for your concern and prayers, your cooking, and contributions, your faithful participation in the life of St. Gertrude the Great. May our power never go out.

May Our Sorrowful Mother both inspire and console you, and we console her Immaculate Heart. – Bishop Dolan
Father Solanus Casey

Fr. Solanus Casey, O.F.M. Cap. (1870-1957), an American Capuchin friar and priest known during his lifetime as a wonder-worker, saw gratitude as “the first sign of a thinking, rational creature.”

Sixth in an Irish immigrant family of ten boys and six girls, Fr. Casey grew up fishing, hunting, skating, and swimming in the Oak Grove area of Wisconsin. His father was a shoemaker and farmer; his mother a housewife.

He felt the first stirrings of a call to the priesthood as an adolescent at a Christmas Midnight Mass. Solanus—Barney as he was then known—worked at various jobs: hospital orderly, logger, prison guard.

At the age of twenty-one, he entered St. Francis High School Seminary in Milwaukee, intending to become a diocesan priest.

But the course of study (in German!) proved too much for him. His superiors suggested an order. Unsure which one to join, he invited his mother and a sister to pray a novena with him. On the ninth day, he heard the Blessed Mother instructing him to go to Detroit—home of the Capuchins. He walked through the snow for three days, the story goes, arrived exhausted, and fell into a deep sleep. The bells, again from Christmas Midnight Mass, awoke him. He joined the procession to the chapel with joy, for ever after remembering the night as a turning point.

He took the name of his patron, St. Francis Solano, a Franciscan priest and Spanish missionary to Peru who beckoned the poor native children to prayer by playing his violin. He was ordained a simplex priest—able to celebrate Mass but not to hear confessions or preach—in 1904.

He spent twenty years in the New York City area. Then, in 1924, Fr. Casey was assigned to the St. Bonaventure Monastery in Detroit. It was in his capacity as a doorkeeper, answering the bell at the monastery door, that people began to seek out his blessings, spiritual insight, and healings. He often worked dozens of miracles a day.

He kept notebooks, found and preserved after his death, in which he wrote of patience, humility, the Eucharist, and the Blessed Mother. He was fond of jotting down resolutions and reminders. Under “Means for Acquiring the Love of God,” his first point was “Detachment of oneself from earthly affections. Single-ness of purpose.”

He had a special heart for the sick, the poor children, and non-Catholics. He poured out that heart like a libation.

Near the end, he said to his friend Father Gerald Walker, “I looked on my whole life as giving, and I want to give until there is nothing left of me to give. So I prayed that, when I come to die, I might be perfectly conscious, so that with a deliberate act I can give my last breath to God.” He passed away the next morning.

Fr. Solanus, a true and daily miracle-worker, was very devoted to Our Lady and the Mystical City of God. He organized study groups and promoted this devotion widely. He also warned against joining organizations because he knew the changes were coming. He is one “of ours!”

Saints Who Were Fond of Animals

A striking characteristic of the Fathers of the Desert, one which shows itself every here and there in their histories, is the kindness with which these holy solitaries regarded animals. It is related that St. Macarius the Alexandrian at one time dwelt in a cave in the desert, and that beyond his cave was another, wherein dwelt a panther. One day when he opened the door of his cave the panther came in and did homage to the blessed man; and she drew nigh and took hold of the corner of his garment and dragged him along gently, and went outside. And the holy man wondered and said: “What can this animal want?” And he went with her until she arrived at her cave; and she left him outside, and went in and brought out her young which were blind, and dropped them at his feet. And when he saw them, he prayed, and spat in their eyes, which were opened straightaway; and the panther took them and went inside. And on the day following the panther came bringing a sheepskin, and she approached and placed it before St. Macarius. Then the holy old man smiled to himself at the discernment and knowledge which the animal had shown; and he took the skin and slept upon it until it was quite worn out.

In the account of the burial if St. Paul, the first hermit, we have another pretty story of two lions which came and dug his grave. “As they stood before Anthony, near the body of Paul, they wagged their tails and rubbed their teeth together, and purred; and then they dug a hole in the ground with their paws; this done, they dropped their heads and tails, and licked Anthony’s hands and feet. Having prayed over them, he told them to depart, laying his hands on them as he did so. When they had gone Anthony buried his friend.”

“Whatever the facts may be in this instance,” says the learned Dr. Budge, “it is clear that Anthony was accustomed to be with lions; and that kindly hermits in all countries have lived on friendly terms with beasts of every kind is so well known as scarcely to deserve mention.”

Of Abbot Theon, another holy man, we are told: “His food consisted of garden herbs; and they said that he used to go forth from his cell by night and mingle with the wild animals of the desert, and he gave them to drink of the water which he found. The footmarks which appeared by the side of his abode were those of buffaloes and goats and gazelle, in the sight of which he took great pleasure.”
Watch of the Angel

There was no sound in the hospital
Save the din of machines:
The respirators and stomach pumps
And other medical things;
The patients lay tethered to monitors
Tubes in their arms or throats;
The nurses sat with coffee cups
Writing their copious notes.

In a cold grey room of the ICU,
A woman suffered alone,
Abandoned by her friends who had
Brought candy and gone home.

Unseen by man, the angel stood
Clothed in resplendent light;
He gazed at her who lay so still,
She who would die that night.

Awake, dear child, he said to her,
(For she was not old to him)
Contemplate the truth I speak
Before thy faculties dim:

I was sent by Almighty God
To guide thee here below
In what thou must believe and do
For the salvation of thy soul;

Throughout thy life I’ve been with thee
And never left thy side;
Yet over all these seventy years
I could not pierce thy pride.

God has granted thee long life;
But this hour is the last
For thee to embrace His Sacred Heart
Beg pardon for thy past;

That thou shouldst gain Eternal Life
St. Peter’s Barque waits nigh,
Our Lord invites thee, Enter now;
He calls thee from on high.

The angel spoke, the woman groaned
She raised her weary head,
Why do you say such things to me?
I’m going to heaven, she said—

All paths lead to God, you know,
No one road is true,
Salvation takes many forms;
You do what’s right for you.

The woman turned, she closed her eyes,
She had no wish to speak,
Nor would she condescend to hear
The truth she did not seek.

The angel sighed, he bowed his head,
He cried to Heaven above:
O, Jesus Christ, O Holy God,
Save this one I love!

By Thy Most Sacred Wounds, O Lord,
Touch this stubborn heart,
Give her true hope and Catholic Faith
Before her soul departs;

Lest she perish evermore,
Lost in Gehenna’s flame,
Grant her humble penitence
And the grace to call Thy Name.

The doctor telephoned her son:
There’s nothing we can do;
But soft and low, the angel heard
One sweet sound: Jesu.

The woman struggled then to pray,
Tears filled her eyes:
Forgive me, Lord, I caused those Wounds;
I never realized...

A moment more, her soul had flown
To meet the Crucified,
She left the room, the town, the earth,
The angel at her side.

- Susan Clair Potts

Prayer for the Dying

Most merciful Jesus, lover of souls! I pray Thee, by the agony of Thy Most Sacred Heart, and by the sorrows of thy Immaculate Mother, wash in Thy Blood the sinners of the whole world who are now in their agony, and are to die this day.
Amen.

Heart of Jesus, once in agony, have mercy on the dying!

An indulgence of one hundred days is gained by the recital of these prayers; and a plenary indulgence once a month is granted to whoever recites them three times a day at different times, under the usual conditions of confession, Communion, visiting a church or public oratory and praying there for the intention of the Holy Father.

Another appropriate prayer for those whose death is imminent is the following, addressed to the Patron of a Happy Death:

O St. Joseph, Foster Father of Jesus Christ, and true Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the dying of today (or tonight)!

An indulgence of three hundred days is attached to the devout recitation of this pious aspiration.

No lengthy argumentation is necessary, it would seem, to convince genuine Catholics, believers in the Communion of Saints and in the power of intercessory prayer, that at this particular crisis in the history of the world devotion to the dying may well be looked upon as a quasi-obligation incumbent upon the faithful throughout the whole world.

It would be superfluous to add that this devotion is in a very intelligible sense its own reward. That our habitual recommending to God the souls of those who are soon to appear before His Divine Majesty cannot but react on our own spirituality is self-evident, and frequent thought of death is one of the best preparations therefor. The Evangelist’s promise, “With the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again,” is peculiarly significant when addressed to those of us who are charitable to the dying; it seems to hold the blessed assurance that we ourselves shall attain to life’s supreme beatitude, a holy and happy death.

We picture death as coming to destroy: let us rather picture it as Christ coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of it as a life beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think rather of gaining. We think of departing; let us think of arriving.

- Macleod
This Devotion invites all the Faithful, like so many loving children, to come every evening before the Crucifix to make an act of deep sorrow for their sins and to kiss the bruised and wounded feet of Jesus Crucified “Good-night,” by saying with loving reverence and contrition the aspiration—

“We adore Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, and we bless Thee, for through Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.—My Jesus, mercy.”

This is a night email of love, a text to His Sacred Heart, purifying, ennobling, sanctifying and uplifting every heart that makes this act of contrite love. It is a protest of love, making reparation for all the insults and blasphemies hurled against Almighty God the whole day long. Let us practice this beautiful Devotion as a means of intimate spiritual communication with God’s great loving Sacred Heart—the center of all Love—for the benefit of all our friends. By kissing His dear wounded feet for each one of them we will win mercy for all our dear ones, living and dead, we will interest His Sacred Heart in their conversion and become helpers of the salvation of many poor sinners, even the most hardened.

†THE ROSARY CHAIN
†Paulina Strauss was one of the leading members of the Rosary Chain, and we are looking for someone who can take her place. If anyone is interested, please call or email the office at 513-645-4212 or parishoffice@sgg.org. You just have to take down the intentions, and pass them on to the next one in the Chain.
Parish Picnic

Today from 1-5 PM in Sharon Woods Park at the Cardinal Crest Shelter

Please bring a dish to share if you would like, but most of all bring yourself! Hamburgers, hotdogs and drinks will be provided.

Parking is prepaid! Just tell the person at the gate that you are with St. Gertrude the Great at Cardinal Crest.

Enter park at main entrance from Lebanon Rd. (Rt. 42). Take second right – Cardinal Crest will be the first picnic area.
ROSARY SUNDAY

OCTOBER 1, 2017

Roses will be available with a donation. One rose for $3, two roses for $5, five roses for $10. They will then be blessed and carried in the Rosary Procession, and taken home and dried as a precious sacramental.

ROSARY CONFRATERNITY BREAKFAST

follows the High Mass.

COME MEET OUR “IN HOUSE” AUTHORS! FR. CEKADA & FR. LEHTORANTA WILL DISCUSS

- How you write a book
- How you get it published

Various authors from St. Gertrude will be represented at the book table, their works available for purchase.

Tickets will be available next Sunday: $25 for families or $7 for an individual.

Be sure to bring your ticket to the breakfast and add it to the drawing box.