

# ST. GERTRUDE THE GREAT NEWSLETTER

## ASCENSION 2019 No. 195

ST. GERTRUDE THE GREAT BISHOP'S APOSTOLATE • 4900 RIALTO ROAD • WEST CHESTER, OHIO  
45069 SGGResources.org • traditionalmass.org

### FROM BISHOP DOLAN

My dear Friends,

"Didn't you just get here yesterday?" the friendly gate agent at Pensacola Airport asked me on the bleary Monday morning. "Oh yes," I replied, "it was a flying trip." Indeed it was, as is typical for the genre. I was going to write about my last trip, to Brazil, in a diary form, but, once back, I plunged into the pre-Lenten planning and year round parish life, and did not get around to it. By the time I remembered, I had forgotten all the good parts.

FRIDAY, MAY 17

Already American Airlines was predicting bad weather in Dallas (that's a no-brainer) and suggested Father McKenna and I leave a day early to avoid it. We did. Even though the quick last minute preparations were a little tight, all was ready with five minutes to spare. The bishop's suitcase is always heavy. It was a pleasant trip. Father McKenna somehow manages the miracle of free upgrades. Good priest to know. On the bus over to the rental car (it's late by now) a young lady educated at a Catholic high school in Tennessee entertains me with her views on religion, ranging from praying to St. Anthony (she does) and the use of crystals (she's "spiritual"), to the utter boredom of the N.O. "The sermon: five minutes on what the priest did last week." Spot on. But now she goes to the Protestants. More interesting, "she learns something." Hmm. I explained the Miraculous Medal and the Memorare to her, in a hurry. Father McKenna spoke to a navy man from Boston who gave me his seat. They talked about where they came from, and then sports (obligatory topics) and then he asked Father if I was a monsignor. "No, a bishop," he said. "Oh, the big dog!" was his reply. It's *always* interesting.

SATURDAY, MAY 18

A quiet morning of prayer, rest and some work as we waited for the great storm to assail us. Nothing much happened. Fancy that. Just some heavy rain. Most of the faithful must travel long distances, however, and did not take the risk. But five faithful did, and a new family, for Mass, Sermon, and Confirmation. It was wonderful to meet everyone and get to know them. The little boys thoroughly enjoyed the storm puddles outside as we chatted with the elders. Earlier that day Father and I enjoyed some Vietnamese Pho, a kind of chicken soup, but eaten with chopsticks. By the time we got everything arranged for the morrow—no sacristan here, save trusty Father McKenna—and a little supper in a noisy hotel, it was running late. I was happy to go to bed.

SUNDAY MAY 19

Father McKenna had returned to the chapel the night before to



*The waters of baptism flowed at the Easter Vigil ceremonies at St. Gertrude the Great Church this past April. (Above) His Excellency Bishop Dolan prepares to pour the regenerating waters with the assistance of Father McKenna.*

finish the preparations, so all was in readiness at our new, roomy facility, St. Anthony of Padua, into which we moved in January, in a kind of industrial park. The exterior is grim and quite anonymous, but somehow people find us. Both of us heard confessions, and then Father served as a combined chaplain cum altar boy for the low Mass and second Confirmation ceremony, drawing some thirty-five souls or so. The number of families and children, and everyone's story and sacrifices, were most edifying. A nice chatty reception with some fine chorizo followed services. I am confident we will grow. Catholics everywhere are questioning the open apostasy of Francis, and their clergy have no answers, only silliness or silence.

We had enough time to get to the airport, turn in the car, and get a quick snack in the midst of the hurly burly of Dallas Ft. Worth airport. Father McKenna was flying to Fargo, North Dakota and would finally arrive at Grand Forks in the early hours of Monday, to offer Mass that evening. From there it was on to Powers Lake, at Father Nelson's old shrine of Our Lady of the Prairies. We hope to revive the old Assumption pilgrimage there on August 15, with 10 AM Mass, talk, lunch, and afternoon procession. Come if you can! In the 70s, it was *the* place for true American Catholics to gather, but later fell on hard times.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

My next stop is Pensacola, Holy Cross Mission, where we have

Mass in a small motel meeting room. The opposition (there's always an opposition anymore!) has rented Father's regular venue. But all is set up with remarkable ingenuity and obvious care: a beautiful altar with backdrop, and a confessional with light and fan in the storage room. Father has brought everything from Lafayette, Louisiana in his big black "friar van," all neatly packed. This is devotion. Father Francis Miller, OFM, has been attending to this group for years, alternating with Dallas, four and five hours of road, and sometimes more, most Sundays. Priestly fidelity. But how Our Lord has blessed his labors: nineteen Confirmations, and so many young families and children. They're all faithful of the daily SGG webcast too, and fans of Father Lehtoranta, whom they call "the gravelly voiced priest." Their enthusiasm and devotion was most touching. Afterwards some of us met at the local Olive Garden for more visiting and a nice dinner. I was good and tired, as I always am come Sunday night.

**MONDAY, MAY 20**

Father Francis and I meet at Denny's and discuss pastoral cases, marriages mostly, over a great Grand Slam breakfast. We concluded we need priests, good *missionary* priests. The fields are still white for the harvest.

We talk too long, and have to rush to the airport. Everybody is *remarkably* helpful and friendly, a bit like the Catholics you can still meet at the Northern Kentucky airport, but more so. I hate to leave, but return I must. A gruesome trip awaits, hot, humid and replete with broken airplane computers and luggage conveyor belts. But this is standard issue for the missionaries of the air, who are here and there, and gone again. God bless our good priests and their flocks.

— **Most Rev. Daniel L. Dolan**

*Mother's Day is our usual day to honor not only our earthly mothers, but also our heavenly Mother Mary with a procession and crowning*



*On the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, palm crosses were blessed by Father Lehtoranta. These powerful sacramentals were then taken home by the faithful to be buried in the four corners of their property and affixed above doorways. Those attending the ceremonies also had an opportunity to venerate a relic of the True Cross which St. Gertrude the Great Church is privileged to possess.*



*On Easter Saturday news reached us of the death of our long-time friend Father Joseph Collins. A pontifical requiem Mass was offered at St. Gertrude the Great Church by Bishop Dolan on the Octave Day of St. Joseph. Lateral Masses were able to be offered on the two side altars simultaneously with the pontifical Mass. Eight brother priests in addition to Bishop Dolan, our faithful here, as well as our Internet congregation was able to honor the nearly forty years of Father's priesthood and to recommend his soul to Almighty God's infinite mercy.*



REMEMBER YOUR FATHER,  
LIVING OR DECEASED,  
AT THE SPECIAL HIGH MASS  
ON FATHER'S DAY,  
SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 2019.

*Please complete the enclosed special envelope and return it to us. It will be placed on the altar.*