



ST. GERTRUDE THE GREAT ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

4900 Rialto Road, West Chester, Ohio 45069 • (513) 645-4212
parishoffice@sgg.org • www.sgg.org • www.SGGResources.org
TRADITIONAL LATIN MASS: Sundays 7:30 AM, 9:00 AM High, 11:30 AM, 5:45 PM

Most Reverend Daniel L. Dolan, Pastor • Rev. Anthony Cekada
Rev. Charles McGuire • Rev. Vili Lehtoranta • Rev. Stephen McKenna

December 20, 2020 ADVENT IV



¶ FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

The Blessing of Expectant Mothers will be available at the Communion Rail after all Masses today. Catechism Classes are at 10:40 AM. Vespers with Benediction are at 4:45 PM.

The 2021 Collection Envelopes are available in the vestibule. Please pick up yours today.

¶ RORATE MASSES

Our final Rorate Masses are Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:00 AM.

¶ CHRISTMAS EVE

Thursday is the Vigil of Christmas, a day of *fast and complete abstinence*. Solemn High Mass is at 8:00 AM. The Divine Office is chanted at 7:00 AM (Prime), 1:00 PM (Vespers), and 8:30 PM (Matsins). Carols begin at 10:30 PM, and the Procession and Blessing of the Crib at 11:00. **Midnight Mass is at 11:15 PM**, followed by the Office of Lauds. After the Midnight Mass, please join us in Helfta Hall for a potluck supper. Bring a dish to share if you plan to come.

¶ CHRISTMAS DAY

FRIDAY ABSTINENCE DISPENSED

9:00 AM: Low Mass with string quartet, Novena & Benediction

11:00 AM: Low Mass

5:45 PM: Vespers of Christmas Day
No evening Mass

¶ NEW YEARS DAY SCHEDULE

FRIDAY ABSTINENCE DISPENSED

7:30 AM: Low Mass

9:00 PM: High Mass & Te Deum

11:30 AM: Low Mass & Benediction
No evening Mass

Lumen Christi

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

Peace in Our Family
(Johann Lahdenranta)



Please pray for the repose of the souls of
†Ronald Lotarski, father of Mark Lotarski, whose requiem Mass was Tuesday; †Carl McClorey, brother of Dean and Chip McClorey, who was buried this weekend; and †Janice Curran, wife of Doby Curran, who died on Tuesday.

¶ NEXT SUNDAY: ST. JOHN, APEV

There will be no classes next Sunday. **Classes resume on January 3.** Bring a beverage or wine to be blessed in honor of St. John after the High Mass, and plan to "drink the health of St. John" with us in Helfta Hall. Vespers with Benediction will be at 4:45 PM.

📖 **Set Your Missal:** St. John, Apostle & Evangelist; second collect of the Octave of Christmas. Preface of the Nativity.

¶ CAN YOU HELP?

Sharon Thompson needs a ride to Midnight Mass. She will be staying at a hotel in Sharonville and would like to arrive in time for the Carols at 10:30 PM. Reimbursement will be provided for your trouble! Call her at 614-804-4043 if you are able to help, and for more details.

¶ YOUR PRAYERS

Please pray for Victor Ritze, Jesse Stewart, Mary Kunkel, and the repose of the soul of †Pauline Rubin.

Collection Report

Tuesday, December 8th\$2,618.00
Sunday, December 13th\$6,138.00
Christmas Bake Sale.....\$1,263.00



ADVENT POOR SOULS

Jesus is a prisoner in the womb of Mary.

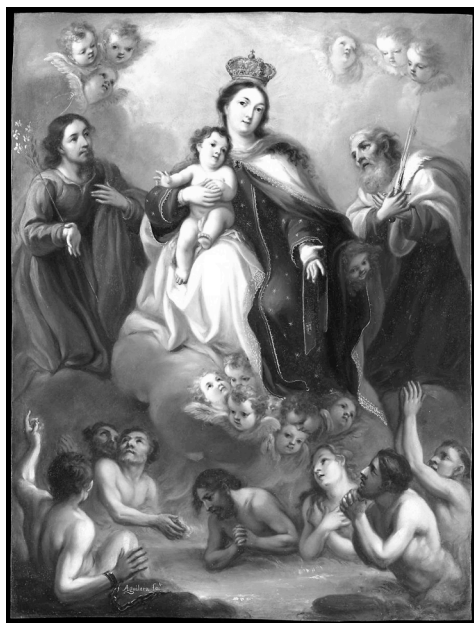
"Consider the painful life that Jesus Christ led in the womb of His mother and the long-confined and dark imprisonment that He suffered there for nine months. He had His senses but He could not use them. A tongue but He could not speak. Eyes but he could not see. Hands but He could not stretch them out. Feet but He could not walk. For nine months, He had to remain in the womb of Mary, a voluntary prison but also a prison of love. He was innocent but He had offered Himself to make payment for our debts and our crimes.

"What gratitude and love we should demonstrate for Our Lord in return for the love and goodness that He has given us. He has put Himself into chains, in order to deliver us from the chains of evil.

"O my Jesus, You are the innocent one. I implore You to bind my poor soul to Your feet by Your holy love, so that it may never again be separated from You."

— St. Alphonsus Liguori (1696–1787)

Remember to pray for the Poor Souls at Christmas. Many are released on the Holy Night.



ATTENTION CLERGY COOKS

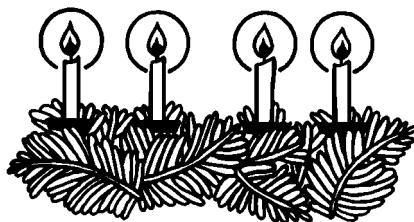
Thank you for your meals!

But please:

Be sure to sign up on lotsahelpinghands.com **BEFORE** leaving a meal. **If no one is made aware of your meal, it may go to waste!** This also ensures multiple meals won't be left on the same day.

Write the date, your name, and **each item** of your meal on the sign-up sheet on the refrigerator, so nothing will be overlooked.

God reward your generosity!



Our Beloved Dead – December

Jerome G. Gerrard	12-01-1989
Albert D. Kinnett	12-02-2003
Frank Alban, Jr.	12-03-1988
George Greene	12-04-1999
Rosemary Breitenstein	12-08-1999
Regina K. Budde	12-09-1992
Alice M. Corbin	12-12-1995
Floyd Rimer, Jr.	12-12-2002
George Wissing	12-12-2009
Elizabeth L. Smith	12-12-2015
Archbishop Thuc	12-13-1984
Henry Golembeski	12-15-1993
Ralph Patton	12-15-2009
Janice Curran	12-15-2020
Bishop McKenna	12-16-2015
Fred Hauserman	12-16-2010
Vanessa S. Thompson	12-17-2008
Marty Lierl	12-18-2012
Mary Genevieve Bell	12-19-2004
David T. Miller	12-19-2004
Mary I. Osborn	12-19-2002
Katie Bischak	12-22-2017
Barbara Steinmetz	12-26-2016
Richard Weik	12-29-2010

"Traditional Catholicism is authentic, historical, biblical and true Christianity. Everything else isn't."

A WARRIOR MONK – TO THE END

One brilliant shining torch did, for a time

Alum a dark and gloomy place
Burned nearly bright as Moshe's Bush
On Mount Sinai an age long past

Now exhausted chard and wilted
Perhaps this time beyond repair
An old weary warrior priest, at Mass
Abodes quietly (in the back) deep in
priestly prayer

That Roman Cross, which Christ did
bare

Now comes in many different shapes
For him, a chair with wheels his body
nailed

Yet his Soul sought no escape

He patiently endured it all, humbly in
his own way

One last lesson for him to teach on
how to bear a cross

One last lesson to teach and he went
Home

Saint Gertrude Parish mourns her
loss.

God speed Anthony...God speed.

— The Ushers' Corner



CATECHISM CORNER

We must believe that God created the angels to be with Him forever, and that one part of them fell from God by sin, and became devils; that God also created Adam and Eve, the first parents of all mankind, and placed them in the earthly Paradise, from whence they were justly banished for the sin they committed in eating of the fruit of the forbidden tree; and that by this transgression of Adam we are all conceived and born in sin, and must have been lost forever, if God had not sent us a Savior.

Well, tomorrow's Winter Solstice is coming just in time. It's been dark so often since St. Lucy brought us her light last Sunday. We were all edified and impressed to see how well the St. Lucy procession went. Our Lucia was perfectly poised with her flaming candle crown. All went brightly, in stately safety. Just in case, **Fr. Lehtoranta**, who prepared everything, was on watch, as was every mother in the church, "just in case." But "no worries," as the Aussies, who have plenty of them these days, like to say. Just another tradition starting at St. Gertrude, which carefully guards them all.

Speaking of light, be on the watch for the historical conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn tonight, which suggests the miraculous star of the Magi at Our Lord's birth. (But the real one was 100 times brighter.) "It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas," in the sky and here in our little church. Many thanks to many workers and long hours given to beautify our church for Christ's birth. If you're here at night be sure to visit the Lourdes Grotto, which also serves as the Cave of Bethlehem, so beautifully lit. Our Lady Immaculate looks to be of marble, all gleaming white.

But if you're outside, be on the lookout for coyotes. One Friday night earlier in the month, they were having a coven at the campfire site, howling with all their might and main. Brave **Fr. McGuire** dispersed them, but I went home, Wisemen-like, "by another way." More recently an owl was quietly presiding over the same site, and didn't seem to mind me at all. Speaking of animals, I think Santa *may* be bringing a kitten or two, *if* the Bishop is good.

Such a beautiful Advent in every sense. It would be too sad to see it go, were it not for Him Who comes, Who is our All. The Rorate Masses in particular stand out. They start out so dark, with only Our Lady's altar ablaze with light. But by Communion, Christ's Light has come, and the sun follows the Son.

December's dark days brought us more sorrow. We sang the Requiem on Tuesday for Mark Lotarski's father, Ronald. On that same day, Doby Curran's wife, Jan, died after a long illness. Jan was always a welcome and interested visitor to our church, and we remember her charity with gratitude. Monday Carl McClorey, brother of Dean and Chip, died in Michigan. Vic Ritze, who was just to Mass and Communion on Gaudete Sunday, was hospitalized with pneumonia. Of course, due to the staged "epidemic," the visit of a priest is out of the question.

This year Vic, one of our original faithful, both celebrated his 90th birthday and survived a long incarceration in the nursing home, before he was able to escape. Keep him, and all of our sick and elderly, in your prayers these days.



If you can (it is a confusing moment), call the priest to give Extreme Unction before you call for the ambulance. Once in the hospital, it will be well nigh impossible to give the sacraments to our sick. The body is meant to die. The soul lives on forever.

I am sure you are praying with all of us for the liberation of our Church and country, both chained by this communist conspiracy these days. This should be our constant, and confident intention. Bring it to the Crib, to the Child and Mother.

One of your best ways to oppose the death grip of Satan's forces in our land this week is simply to have the best Christmas ever. This is counted not by gifts, although giving is of the essence. Replace Fauci with Faith and Family, God's gifts to man, and you will do well, and fight—and win—for the Light.

A Blessed Christmas!

– Bishop Dolan



"If you still belong to the category of those who desire to be good and virtuous, remember that your obligations do not stop at this. You are obliged to work as hard as possible, for the return of sinners to the fold and for the reawakening of the faith of the indifferent.

"A man who really loves God, cannot remain inactive when he witnesses the desertion of so many of his fellow-men, the corruption of public and private morals and the continuous insults offered to the Creator of the human race. **ANYONE WHO REMAINS INACTIVE BECOMES AN ACCOMPLICE!**

"Everyone is obliged to do his best to prevent the spread of such errors and evils. Do NOT make the excuse that there is very little which you can do. Although the resources of those who are still faithful may be individually insignificant, they become, when combined, an irresistible force.

"Remember that you have **three invincible weapons—prayer, mortification and sacrifice**. These are the weapons which can and should be employed in order to convert the world and to establish the Kingdom of God."

– Antonio Cardinal Bacci



A CHARMING CHRISTMAS TALE 2: A MEMORY OF PENAL DAYS



The turf fire had burned down to a heap of luminous ashes, and the frost was forming fantastic pictures on the panes, as Patrick O'Boyle sat in the wide window-seat and peered anxiously into the night. All day heavy showers of snow had fallen, and the track across the valley was long and rugged for the feeble feet of Father John; but in the eyes of the boy who came with his dying mother's request upon his lips, there was such passionate entreaty that the tender heart of the old priest went out to both in their trouble. When had he turned a deaf ear to an appeal, or let a sick call go unanswered, though the journey were far, and the danger he ran enough to make a strong man quail? He was worn with age and many sorrows; with secret hiding, and the ever-present dread of bringing disaster upon those who gave him shelter; for these were the days when lawless men walked abroad, and valued the head of a priest at the same price as that of a wolf.

That was why the deadly fear made Patrick O'Boyle's face grow pale as he watched Father John setting forth with his young guide—the loving haste of the boy keeping him some paces in advance; while the old *soggarth* (priest), thrusting his stout stick into the snow at every step, limped painfully and slowly after. He had held a station that morning in Hugh Hagan's of Derrybeg; and down in the herdsman's cottage at the Crossroads the room was being prepared for Midnight Mass. There were so many avenues of escape in case of alarm that that humble abode was chosen in preference to others more commodious; and up in the rafters among the thatch the sacred vestments lay hidden. In a little while the pious people would be stealing along by hedge and riverbank to share in the blessing they must seek by stealth. The priest-hunters had been unusually active of late; and in the town that forenoon, Sam Young, the yeoman captain, was heard to boast as he swaggered through the marketplace, that there was rare sport waiting on him and his merry fellows whenever they chose to follow it, and prime news might be looked for before another daybreak.

Patrick O'Boyle recalled this as he leaned forward in the window-seat, his strained gaze fixed on the white road winding away in the distance. He dared not light the Christmas candle on the birth-eve of the Redeemer, lest the glare should bring a suspicious eye upon the house; nor venture beyond his threshold, lest the open door should tempt some belated yeoman reeling homeward from his revels. Once under his own roof he had no fear for the priest's safety. Down below in the cellar, that had been a stillroom, Father John's prayers could rise to Heaven undisturbed; and his sleep there, as he had often assured his host, was sweet and peaceful—blotting out all memory of his persecuted old age, and leaving him a happy child again

in his dear mother's embrace. Now he wandered unprotected in the valley, and the sleuth-hounds were upon the trail of such as he.

To the watcher at the window the moments dragged drearily enough, and drowsiness threatened to overcome him, when, to his relief, he noticed a figure, thrown into bold prominence against the background of snow, creep cautiously up the loaning, and knock softly on the pane. In haste Patrick rose to confront his visitor. He had recognized the herdsman from the Crossroads, and one question only could be first between them.

"What is your news, Phil—good or bad?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Bad, I'm afraid," said the herdsman in a whisper; "for word's gone the rounds that the yeomen are out an' after Father John. I've sent all the neighbors home, an' now I'm goin' with my wife to her father's place; there's a fear on her, an' she can't stay. Maybe it's a false alarm, but God help us an' the poor country these bitter times! They say Captain Sam's at the end of his tether, an' his men are callin' for more pay; so he swore to them that he'd have a fine string of shaven heads for their Christmas sports. Some traitor must have told about the station an' the Midnight Mass."

Patrick O'Boyle ground his teeth and raised his strong, clinched hands on high.

"Is this never to have an end, my God?" he cried. "Do You hear me, this holy night, that is turned by wicked men into a night of evil and terror? Or is Your heart so turned against Your own people that You will not listen? Oh, why, my God—why? Are our sins so red that You can not forgive? Then punish us as we deserve; but the old priest—he is sinless and in the snare of the torturers. Ah, save him, save him, merciful God!"

Tears streamed down his cheeks, and heavy sobs stopped the sorrowing supplication.

"Amen!" said the herdsman, as he turned to go. "But, O my *soggarth*! it's you were kind and good always, an' the heart in you never hardened to the poor sinner. *Mavrone! mavrone!* (Alas!) that it's hunted down you should be an' you so frail an' lonely! What use is our heart's blood, that is yours, when we can't spill it to save you?"

"God is everywhere," said Patrick O'Boyle in changed tones, unlike his wild utterance of a moment before. "He knows best the soul that is fitted to enter His kingdom. Life and death are in His hands."

He went back to his post again, and gazed forth with an added eagerness, until his breath melted the festoons of frost, and transformed them into tiny rivers of moisture.

Suddenly he started. Was that a faint, far-away tinkling, or perhaps the throbbing of his own leaping pulse? No: the sound rose and fell in rhythm, like the swinging beat of a bell; and as he marveled, a light shone out from

the herdsman's cottage—a steady light, not that of a candle nor the flickering glow of a fire, but a clear, all-pervading radiance that seemed to shine from every corner of the house at once. What could it be, he queried, crossing himself devoutly. Had Father John returned in safety to prepare for the Midnight Mass? He would go and see.

So he stole gently from the house and crossed the hard, white road as noiselessly as a shadow, until he stood under the low little window from which the haunting chime seemed to come most clearly. An uncontrollable cry burst from him, and he fell on his knees in the snow. He could look quite easily into the room where stood the deal table decked as an altar, with the covered chalice resting thereon. But Father John, standing with bent grey head in the *Confiteor*, seemed changed somehow. The torn vestments were the same, the slender figure and trembling tones had the old pathetic familiarity; but the face, which, as the priest turned round, he could see distinctly, had a high look of holy joy too pure for earth. It was full of a rapturous glory, trustful and serene; and as he knelt outside in the cold night, all fear and bitterness passed away like a dream from the heart of Patrick O'Boyle. Half-unconsciously he answered the Mass, as he had been wont to do in secret; and through it the sweet, soft chanting of angel voices hovered in the air—

Gloria in Excelsis Deo—Gloria, gloria!

His own voice sounded clear and unfaltering; and at the lifting of the Host, the Mass-bell rang in a silvery monotone that made a music earthly ears were unwonted to hear. As Father John gave the last blessing, the watcher saw him look toward the window with a smile as loving as it was fleeting; for in a second the light that filled the whole house died out, leaving the place in darkness.

Patrick sprang to his feet, and rushing to the door, knocked sharply. There was no response.

"Father John! Father John!" he cried, "come with me quickly! The soldiers are out!"

Still the silence and darkness brooded around him, and far off could be heard faintly the sound of a hoarse shouting.

"O Father John, do open the door and let me in, I beg of you! They're coming along the highroad. I hear them singing—can't you hear it, too? But we have time, if you will make speed."

He leaned heavily against the door, waiting until it should open. And it opened gently and slowly. He stepped into the kitchen, where his imploring call echoed back from emptiness. He groped his way through the room over to the window, outside which he knelt so short a time previously, still begging the old priest to hasten. A faint glow from the road showed him that the house was without occupant save himself, and he strove to understand what had happened. Nearer and nearer came the wild singing of the yeomen. What quarry had they found tonight that their jubilation was so assured? He closed the door securely and

stooped low, beside the window, to watch them pass.

They were almost upon the house now, and his eye caught the gleam of their swinging lanterns. Two of them, shouting loudest and most vilely, drew along the road a hurdle which heaved from side to side as it met the rugged, snow-covered stones. A huddled black figure stretched upon it swayed with the jolting—a black figure that seemed neither to hear the insults of its persecutors nor feel the keen lash of the whip that quavered above it. It almost rolled off as they passed the herdsman's cottage and a halt was made to rearrange the order of procession into the town. The quiet form on the hurdle was rudely seized and flung once more into its former position. Then the lanterns were flashed upon it with many curses; and, to secure it better, a rope was roughly tied across.

To his horror, Patrick O'Boyle saw the wasted, blood-stained face of Father John—whose Mass he had served but a short while before. He gave a gasp and sank back unconscious. When he awakened the gold streaks of dawn were shooting across the eastern sky, and Christmas Day had again borne its message of peace and good-will to the world. As he rose, dazed and weary, the recollection of the tragedy he had witnessed flashed upon his mind; but his heart cried out that it could not be, this cruel, cruel deed, and refused to believe.

His wife met him beyond their doorstep, her eyes full of tears and anguish.

"Is the priest safe below, Mary?" he called as she neared him; but she shook her head in speechless grief. By degrees, as he strove to soothe her, he learned the fate that had befallen the poor old *soggarth*. He had been overtaken by the yeomen as he tried to cross Hamilton's Meadow, a shortcut that would save him a mile's tramp by the road. They had seen him moving along the shadow of the hedge, and gave chase. It was an easy capture; and then they tied him, buffeted and scourged, to a hurdle and dragged him over ditch and roadway. His soul had escaped before they reached the Crossroads; so it was no imaginary spectacle Patrick O'Boyle had looked upon, but the dead priest himself—dear old Father John—beyond all earthly hurt or harm.

"I shall not pray bad prayers on them," said Patrick O'Boyle, when the sad recital was ended; "for I served his Christmas Mass last night, which he stopped here to say on his flight toward Heaven. I saw the forgiveness in his eyes, and I'll never forget it; and, for his sake, I can only cry with him, 'Forgive *them*, Father, for they know not what they do!'"

When the herdsman returned to his home on St. Stephen's Day, he found it just as he had left it. There was no sign of a chalice anywhere, and up in the rafters the old priest's vestments lay safe and undisturbed.



*Oh, keep those days, those Penal days!
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.*

—Ethna Carbery

✠ CALENDAR

✠ COVID CORNER

MON	12/21/20	ST. THOMAS, AP 8:00 AM Low Mass †Grandparents (<i>Renee Arlinghaus</i>) 11:25 AM High Mass Keith & Mary Christensen – 52 nd Wedding Anniversary
TUE	12/22/20	ST. FRANCES XAVIER CABRINI, V 7:00 AM Rorate Mass Patrick Omlor (<i>Margaret Omlor</i>) 11:25 AM High Mass †Anna Mae Oleyar (<i>Mr. & Mrs. Bill Oleyar</i>) ☞ No 5:00 PM Mass
WED	12/23/20	FERIAL DAY 7:00 AM Rorate Mass Andrea Bayer's conversion (<i>D. Bayer & sons</i>) 8:00 AM Low Mass Ball Family (<i>Alex Ball</i>)
THU	12/24/20	VIGIL OF CHRISTMAS <i>FAST & ABSTINENCE</i> 7:00 AM The Office of Prime 7:45 AM Confessions 8:00 AM Solemn High Mass MHT Seminary – Clergy & Seminarians (<i>Mr. Michael Treder</i>) 1:00 PM Vespers 8:30 PM The Office of Matins 10:30 PM Carols 11:00 PM Procession & Blessing of Crib 11:15 PM Midnight Mass Novena I followed by Lauds Potluck Supper in Helfta Hall
FRI	12/25/20	NATIVITY OF OUR LORD CHRISTMAS DAY <i>HOLY DAY</i> 9:00 AM Low Mass with string quartet For the people of St. Gertrude the Great Novena & Benediction 11:00 AM Low Mass Intentions of the Celebrant 5:45 PM Vespers of Christmas Day <i>Several private Masses will be offered during the morning hours.</i>
SAT	12/26/20	ST. STEPHEN, PROTOMARTYR 7:30 AM Low Mass Happy Birthday John (<i>Dad & Mom</i>) 8:15 AM Alma & Sermon 8:30 AM High Mass Novena II
SUN	12/27/20	ST. JOHN, APEV 7:05 AM Rosary 7:30 AM Low Mass Julie's Recovery (<i>The Kitchens</i>) 9:00 AM High Mass Novena III Blessing of Wine & Beverages, the "Health of St. John" follows in Helfta Hall 11:05 AM Rosary 11:30 AM Low Mass Bishop Dolan & the priests of St. Gertrude's – †Fr. Cekada's caregivers (<i>Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Prell & Family</i>) 4:45 PM Vespers & Benediction 5:45 PM Low Mass For the people of St. Gertrude the Great

In 2008, Dr. Anthony Fauci co-authored a paper about the Spanish Flu Epidemic that rates as the most devastating modern pandemic. It swept the entire planet in the wake of the First World War and caused millions of deaths.

So in studying this major and actual pandemic, what did Dr. Fauci and his colleagues find?

They discovered that most of the victims of the Spanish Flu *didn't die from the Spanish Flu*. They died from bacterial pneumonia. And the bacterial pneumonia was caused by...wait for it, wait for it...**wearing masks**.

"We're fast moving towards a digital ID & vaccine passport society, in which the unvaccinated will be completely ostracized & unable to take part. Everything from your job to traveling and entering shops will require the vaccine. We must vehemently oppose this vision of the future."

"So it seems that the vaccine will not grant immunity, that it will need to be re-administered on a yearly basis, and that a very significant number of recipients are virtually guaranteed to develop symptoms equal to or worse than those of the actual virus. Sounds about right."



Servers

THU 12/24	8:00 AM SOL. HIGH: MC: M. Simpson TH: J. Lacy ACS: P. Omlor, D. Simpson MIDNIGHT MASS (ARRIVE AT 10:30 PM): MCs: J. Lacy, M. Simpson, P. Omlor TH: T. Lawrence ACS: C. Richesson, N. McClorey CROSS: J. Kolenich MITRE: D. Simpson CROZIER: A. McClorey BOOK: C. Arlinghaus BUGIA: N. Kolenich TRAIN: S. Richesson GREMIALE: S. Richesson TORCH: C. VanderPutten, C. McGinnis, B. McGinnis, J. McGinnis, C. Arlinghaus, M. Kolenich
FRI 12/25	9:00 AM LOW: D. & A. McConnell BENEDICTION: MC: D. McConnell TH: A. McConnell TORCH: T. & D. England 11:00 AM LOW: Volunteer
SUN 12/27	7:30 AM LOW: Brueggemann Bros. 9:00 AM HIGH: CHAPLAINS: P. Omlor, Na. McClorey TH: D. Simpson ACS: C. Arlinghaus, T. England CROSS: M. Simpson MC: J. Lacy TORCH: D. England, J., D. & C. McGinnis 11:30 AM LOW: A. McClorey, N. Kolenich 4:45 PM VESPERS & BENEDICTION: G. Miller 5:45 PM LOW: G. Miller

Ashers

CHRISTMAS DAY 12/25
MIDNIGHT (ARRIVE BY 10:30PM): Paul Puglielli, Steve Weigand, Mark Lotarski
9:00 AM: Scott Pepiot, Joe Andreotta, Paul McConnell, Mike Briggs
11:00 AM: John Seyfried

