



SACRED HEART PARISH

PRIESTLY FRATERNITY OF ST. PETER

4643 GAYWOOD DR.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA 46806

260-744-2519



Rev Mark Wojdelski, FSSP Pastor

Parish office 260-744-2519

(In Sacred Heart school building)

Email: office@sacredheartfw.org

Web Page: sacredheartfw.org

Regina Caeli Choir

Teresa Smith, Director 260-820-1662

teresasmith2000@yahoo.com



MASS SCHEDULE

Sunday	8:00 am (Low Mass)
	10:00 am (Missa Cantata)
Mon, Tues & Thurs	7:00 am
Wed & Fri	6:00 pm
Saturday	9:00 am
Holy Days	Check Bulletin

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE (Confession)

Friday	5:30 pm
Saturday	8:30 am
Sunday	7:30 & 9:30 am

Any time by appointment.



SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY

Active registered parishioners should contact the Pastor at least six Months in advance of the date.

BAPTISM

Please contact the office.

LAST SACRAMENTS AND SICK CALLS

Please contact the office. In an emergency requiring Extreme Unction or Viaticum please call 267-6123.

 **MASS INTENTIONS
FOR THE WEEK** 

Sunday April 12	Easter Sunday <i>Pro Populo</i>
Monday April 13	Easter Monday Joseph Schroeder + (anniv)
Tuesday April 14	Easter Tuesday Family of Dean & Becky Rapp
Wednesday April 15	Wednesday in the Octave of Easter Militia of St. Joseph & Handmaids of St. Joseph
Thursday April 16	Thursday in the Octave of Easter Frank Coomes +
Friday April 17	Friday in the Octave of Easter Nellie Simons +
Saturday April 18	Saturday in Albis Living & deceased members of the John & Phyllis Kuhn Family
Sunday April 19	Low Sunday <i>Pro Populo</i>

Please join your fellow parishioners for coffee and donuts after the 8:00 AM Mass on the first Sunday of the month, or after the 10:00 AM Mass on the first and third Sundays of the month. This is also the time to visit our small lending library of good Catholic books and media. This is located just across from the bathrooms in the school basement.

Blessing of religious objects takes place after Mass on the third Sunday of every month. Please leave your objects on the designated table in the school basement.

ALL PUBLIC ACTIVITIES ARE CANCELED — MASSES WITH THE STATED INTENTIONS WILL CONTINUE TO BE CELEBRATED PRIVATELY.

Any sacraments (confession, communion) can be requested and the church will also be unlocked by request for private prayer (please contact the emergency number on the front of the bulletin — text message is preferred). Any private gathering should be smaller than 10 people in accord with the desire of our bishop and the recommendation of the governor.

Please continue to pray for a speedy resolution to this situation.

Don't forget to sanctify the Lord's Day! Celebrate not only Easter Sunday, but Monday and Tuesday as well.

The following is an excerpt from the 1955 book "Around the Year with the Trapp Family," by Maria Von Trapp of the Trapp Family Singers ("Sound of Music") fame.

Our neighbors in Austria were a young couple, Baron and Baroness K. They were getting increasingly curious about Russia and what life there was really like. One day they decided to take a six-weeks trip all over Russia in their car. This was in the time when it was still possible to get a visa. Of course, at the border they were received by a special guide who watched their every step and did not leave them for a moment until he deposited them safely again at the border, but they still managed to get a good first-hand impression. Upon their return they wrote a book about their experiences, and when it was finished, they invited their neighbors and friends to their home in order to read some of their work to them. I shall always recall how slowly and solemnly Baron K. read us the title "The Land Without a Sunday." Of all the things they had seen and observed, one experience had most deeply impressed them: that Russia had done away with Sunday. This had shocked them even more than what they saw of Siberian concentration camps or of the misery and hardship in cities and country. The absence of Sunday seemed to be the root of all the evil.

"Instead of a Sunday," Baron K. told us, "the Russians have a day off. This happens at certain intervals which vary in different parts of the country. First they had a five-day week, with the sixth day off, then they had a nine-day work period, with the tenth day off; then again it was an eight-day week. What a difference between a day off and a Sunday! The people work in shifts. While one group enjoys its day off, the others continue to work in the factories or on the farms or in the stores, which are always open. As a result the over-all impression throughout the country was that of incessant work, work, work. The atmosphere was one of constant rush and drive; finally, we confessed to each other that what we were missing most was not a well-cooked meal, or a hot bath, but a quiet, peaceful Sunday with church bells ringing and people resting after prayer."

Easter Sunday

Here I must first tell what a typical Sunday in Austria was like in the old days up to the year before the second world war. As I have spent most of my life in rural areas, it is Sunday in the country that I shall describe.

First of all, it begins on Saturday afternoon. In some parts of the country the church bell rings at three o'clock, in others at five o'clock, and the people call it "ringing in the Feierabend." Just as some of the big feasts begin the night before--on Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, Easter Eve--so every Sunday throughout the year also starts on its eve. That gives Saturday night its hallowed character. When the church bell rings, the people cease working in the fields. They return with the horses and farm machinery, everything is stored away into the barns and sheds, and the barnyard is swept by the youngest farm-hand. Then everyone takes "the" bath and the men shave. There is much activity in the kitchen as the mother prepares part of the Sunday dinner, perhaps a special dessert; the children get a good scrub; everyone gets ready his or her Sunday clothes, and it is usually the custom to put one's room in order--all drawers, cupboards and closets. Throughout the week the meals are usually short and hurried on a farm, but Saturday night everyone takes his time. Leisurely they come strolling to the table, standing around talking and gossiping. After the evening meal the rosary is said. In front of the statue or picture of the Blessed Mother burns a vigil light. After the rosary the father will take a big book containing all the Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays and feast days of the year, and he will read the pertinent ones now to his family. The village people usually go to Confession Saturday night, while the folks from the farms at a distance go on Sunday morning before Mass. Saturday night is a quiet night. There are no parties. People stay at home, getting attuned to Sunday. They go to bed rather early.

On Sunday everyone puts on his finery. The Sunday dress is exactly what its name implies--clothing reserved to be worn only on Sunday. We may have one or the other "better dress" besides. We may have evening gowns, party dresses--but this one is our Sunday best, set aside for the day of the Lord. When we put it on, we invariably feel some of the Sunday spirit come over us. In those days everybody used to walk to church even though it might amount to a one or two hours' hike down and up a mountain in rain or shine. Families usually went to the High Mass; only those who took care of the little children and the cooking had to go to the early Mass.

I feel sorry for everyone who has never experienced such a long, peaceful walk home from Sunday Mass, in the same way as I feel sorry for everyone who has never experienced the moments of twilight right after sunset before one would light the kerosene lamps. I know that automobiles and electric bulbs are more efficient, but still they are not complete substitutes for those other, more leisurely ways of living.

Throughout the country, all the smaller towns and villages

have their cemeteries around the church; on Sunday, when the High Mass was over, the people would go and look for the graves of their dear ones, say a prayer, sprinkle holy water--a friendly Sunday visit with the family beyond the grave.

In most homes the Sunday dinner was at noon. The afternoon was often spent in visiting from house to house, especially visiting the sick. The young people would meet on the village green on Sunday afternoons for hours of folk dancing; the children would play games; the grownups would very often sit together and make music. Sunday afternoon was a time for rejoicing, for being happy, each in his own way.

Until that night at Baron K.'s house we had done pretty much the same as everybody else. Saturday we had always kept as "Feierabend" for Sunday. There was cleaning on Saturday morning throughout the house, there was cleaning in all the children's quarters--desks and drawers and toys were put in order. There was the laying out of the Sunday clothes. There was the Saturday rosary, and then--early to bed.

On Sunday we often walked to the village church for High Mass, especially after we had started to sing. Later we used to go into the mountains with the children, taking along even the quite little ones, or we used to play an Austrian equivalent of baseball or volleyball, or we sat together and sang some of the songs we had collected ourselves on our hikes through the mountains. We also did a good deal of folk dancing, we had company come or we went visiting ourselves--just as everybody else used to do. And if anybody had asked us why we began our Sunday on Saturday in the late afternoon, why we celebrated our Sunday this way, we would have raised our eyebrows slightly and said, "Well, because that's the way it's always been done."

But when my husband and I were walking home that night from Baron K.'s house, we realized that our complacency--so prevalent among people in pre-war days--had received a rude shock. It dawned on us that we had taken something for granted that was, in reality, a privilege: namely, that we lived in a country where Sunday was not so much observed as it was celebrated as the day of the Lord. This was a new way of looking at things, and the light was still rather dim, but I can see now in retrospect that a new chapter in our life as a Christian family began that very night.

FRANK SMITH ENDOWMENT

We have recently received a check for \$18,449 from the Frank Smith Endowment. This foundation was established by Harold Smith in memory of his brother Frank. Their parents Frank and Edith also added bequests to the foundation. Both Frank and Harold grew up on the south side of Fort Wayne. Sacred Heart was included as a beneficiary of this endowment when Fr. Glenn Kohrman was pastor of Sacred Heart. Let us remember Frank and Harold Smith and their families in our prayers!