



SACRED HEART PARISH

PRIESTLY FRATERNITY OF ST. PETER

4643 GAYWOOD DR.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA 46806

260-744-2519



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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 May 3	Third Sunday after Easter <i>Pro Populo</i>
Monday May 4	St. Monica, Widow Dorothy Fiorucci + (anniv)
Tuesday May 5	St. Pius V, Pope & Confessor Nona Hamel + (anniv)
Wednesday May 6	Feria of Paschaltide Janet Fix +(anniv)
Thursday May 7	St. Stanislaus, Bishop & Martyr William Forbing + (anniv)
Friday May 8	Feria of Paschaltide Holy Souls
Saturday May 9	St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop & Doctor Gilbert Coonrod +
Sunday May 10	Fourth Sunday after Easter <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.

CHURCH IS ALWAYS OPEN FROM 7 AM TO 7 PM SUNDAYS

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.

*Continuation of 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.
"Land Without a Sunday" Continued*

After our talk with Father Joseph, our previous observation of Sunday seemed to me like a house built on unprepared ground, until a true builder saw it, straightened it up, and put a strong foundation underneath.

And then we came to America.

In the first weeks we were too bewildered by too many things to notice any particular difference about the Sunday, but I remember missing the sound of the church bells. When I asked why the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral do not ring on Sunday morning, I was told, to my boundless astonishment, that it would be too much noise. These were the days when the elevated was still thundering above Sixth Avenue. Never before had we heard noise like this in the heart of a city!

Then we went on our first concert tour. As we were driving from coast to coast in the big blue bus, we tried to make the most of Sunday--as much as the situation permitted. On Saturday afternoon "Feierabend" was declared, and this meant no school (our children had their lessons in the bus and had to take tests twice a year). Then we met to prepare for Mass, as had become our custom under Father Joseph. Everyone took his missal and we either crowded together in the middle of the bus or met in a hotel room, all taking turns reading the texts of the Sunday Mass. This was followed by a more or less lively discussion and a question period led by Father Wasner. Sunday we would wear our Sunday dress, the special Austrian costume set apart for that day. But otherwise Sunday was the day when we were, perhaps, a little more homesick than on any other day, missing the church bells, missing the old-world Sunday.

As we got more used to being in America and as our English progressed, we made a startling discovery Saturday night in America! It was so utterly different from what we were used to. Everybody seemed to be out. The stores were open until ten, and people went shopping. Practically everybody seemed to go to a show or a dance or a party on Saturday night. And finally we discovered the consequence of the American Saturday night: the American Sunday morning. Towns abandoned, streets empty, everybody sleeping until the last minute and then whizzing in his car around the corner to the eleven o'clock Sunday service.

Once we were driving on a Sunday morning through the countryside in the State of Washington and we saw trucks and cars lined up along the fields and people picking berries just as on any other day.

Third Sunday after Easter

To see the farmers working on a Sunday all across the country is not unusual to us any more, and this happens not only during the most pressing seasons for crops.

When we lived in a suburb of Philadelphia in our second year in this country, we found that the rich man's Sunday delight seemed to consist of putting on his oldest torn pants and cutting his front lawn, or washing his car with a hose, or even cutting down a tree (doctor's orders--exercise!); while the ladies could be seen in dirty blue jeans mixing dirt and transplanting their perennials. There was none of that serenity and peace of the old-world Sunday anywhere until we discovered the Mennonites and the Pennsylvania Dutch. They even rang the church bells!

The climax of our discoveries about the American Sunday was reached when a lady exclaimed to us with real feeling, "Oh, how I hate Sunday! What a bore!" I can still hear the shocked silence that followed this remark. The children looked hurt and outraged, almost as if they expected fire to rain from heaven. Even the offender noticed something, and that made her explain why she hated Sunday as vigorously as she did. It explained a great deal of the mystery of the American Sunday.

"Why," she burst out, "I was brought up the Puritan way. Every Saturday night our mother used to collect all our toys and lock them up. On Sunday morning we children had to sit through a long sermon which we didn't understand; we were not allowed to jump or run or play." When she met the unbelieving eyes of our children, she repeated, "Yes, honestly--no play at all." Finally one of ours asked, "But what were you allowed to do?"

"We could sit on the front porch with the grownups or read the Bible. That was the only book allowed on Sunday." And she added: "Oh, how I hated Sunday when I was young. I vowed to myself that when I grew up I would do the dirtiest work on Sunday, and if I should have children, they would be allowed to do exactly as they pleased. They wouldn't even have to go to church."

This was the answer. The pendulum had swung out too far to one side, and now it was going just as far in the other direction; let us hope it will find its proper position soon.

And then we bought cheaply a big, run-down farm in northern Vermont and set up home. By and by we built a house large enough for a big family, and a chapel with a little steeple and a bell. We could celebrate Sunday again to our heart's content just as we were used to doing. Saturday is a day of cleaning and cooking in our home, and five o'clock rings in "Feierabend," when all work ceases and everyone goes to wash up and dress. If there are any guests around the supper table, Father Wasner will announce that "after the dishes are done we will all meet in the living room, everybody with his missal, for the Sunday preparation, and everyone is heartily invited to join." When we are all assembled, we start with a short prayer and then we take turns reading the different texts of the coming Sunday's Mass, everybody participating in a careful examination of these texts. First we discuss briefly the particular season of the Church year. Then we ask ourselves how this Sunday fits into the season. Do the texts suggest a special mood? Some Sundays could almost be named the Sunday of Joy, or the Sunday of Confidence, the Sunday of Humility, the Sunday of Repentance. Everybody is supposed to speak up, to ask questions, to give his opinion. It is almost always a lively, delightful discussion. At the end

we determine the special message of this Sunday and what we could do during the next week to put it into action, both for ourselves and for the people around us. After this preparation for Mass, we all go into the chapel, where we say the rosary together, followed by evening prayers and Benediction.

On Sunday we often sing a High Mass, either in our chapel or in the village church, and on the big Sundays of the year we sing vespers in the afternoon. We know this should become an indispensable part of Sunday, now even more so because the Holy Father has spoken.

I remember my astonishment when our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, found it necessary to say, in his address on Catholic Action in September, 1947 "Sunday must become again the day of the Lord, the day of adoration, of prayer, of rest, of recollection and of reflection, of happy reunion in the intimate circle of the family." Such a pronouncement, I knew, is meant for the whole world. Was Sunday endangered everywhere, then ?

In the year 1950 we traveled through Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, through the Caribbean Islands and Venezuela, through Brazil and Argentina; we crossed the Andes into Chile, we gave concerts in Ecuador, Peru, and Colombia; and after many months of travel in South America, we went to Europe on a concert tour and sang in many European countries. And I came to understand that the Christian Sunday is threatened more and more both from without and from within--from without through the systematic efforts of the enemies of Christianity, and from within through the mediocrity and superficiality of the Christians themselves who are making of Sunday merely a day of rest, relaxing from work only by seeking entertainment. There was once a time, the Old Testament tells us, when people had become so lazy that they shunned any kind of spiritual effort and no longer attended public worship, so that God threatened them through the mouth of the prophet Osee: "I shall cause all her joy to cease, her feast days and her Sabbath, and all her solemn feasts."

And now the words of our present Holy Father in his encyclical "Mediator Dei" sound a similar warning:

"How will those Christians not fear spiritual death whose rest on Sundays and feast days is not devoted to religion and piety, but given over to the allurements of the world! Sundays and holidays must be made holy by divine worship which gives homage to God and heavenly food to the soul....Our soul is filled with the greatest grief when we see how the Christian people profane the afternoon of feast days...."

Newspapers and magazines nowadays all stress the necessity of fighting Communism. There is one weapon, however, which they do not mention and which would be the most effective one if wielded by every Christian. Again the Holy Father reminds us of it: "The results of the struggle between belief and unbelief will depend to a great extent on the use that each of the opposing fronts will make of Sunday." We know what use Russia made of the Sunday. The question now is:

And how about us--you and I?