

NOTRE DAME PARISH

Fourth Sunday of Easter

"I am the Gate."

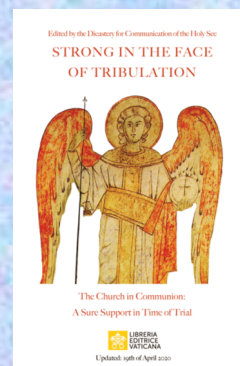


Unlike Western shepherds who drive their herds from behind with trained dogs, Palestinians led their flocks with a unique call. Sheep aren't the most intelligent animals in the world, but they do recognize their human leader. And they

respond to the loving care that call represents.

Shouldn't we respond in kind to our Lord's call? Shouldn't we daily repeat Psalm 23: "The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want"?

The Vatican has published a free book, *Strong In the Face of Tribulation*. It contains prayers and meditations composed by Pope Francis and others to address the COVID-19 pandemic. You can download or read the prayers by clicking on the book's cover below.



Oremus – Let Us Pray

- For the sick and families affected by COVID-19, for remedies and a cure
- For the protection of healthcare workers, for their physical and mental health
- For immigrants and those locked outside the gate by fear, selfishness, and prejudice
- For those with chronic illnesses and complications, especially Frank Parkerson, Greg Alberding, & Pat McDonald,
- For the eternal rest of parishioner Hedwig Macudzinski, and the father of Marie Campbell
- For prudence as quarantine restrictions ease
- For the unemployed; for vulnerable workers

Jesus Is the Gate of the Sheepfold

Gates can be plain or ornate, welcoming or off-putting, intriguing or permeable. In the children's story, *The Secret Garden*, a thicket of vines hides the gate to a beautiful world for several children to escape the gloomy authority of troubled adults.

Other images come to mind: The tall gate that displays a sign, "Beware of Dog!" Or poor immigrant children peeping through the knotholes of the old baseball stadiums. The long limbs that activate at railroad crossings are called gates, and greatly tempted us to circumvent them as we walked home from school.

My family's first home was secured by a white picket fence

and gate. The playmates who came calling usually jumped up on the lower horizontal beam and used their balance to make it swing back and forth on the hinges (to my Dad's chagrin).

Our second home had a stained wooden fence and gate that had no effect on keeping our dog in the yard – a minor amount of digging would enable her to see and rush unsuspecting strollers!

Ordinary things such as gates and doors have their own stories and histories – a spirituality! Think and pray about your own entrances and exits in life. Consider the welcomes and exclusions of your life. Remember, Jesus is the Gate.

Father Keith & Rocco



Many a thief is a better man than many a clergyman, and miles nearer to the gate of the kingdom.

--George MacDonald, 19th Century minister and author of children's books

Notre Dame of Paris: Will It Become a Museum or a Church?



On April 15, 2019, this symbol of Western Christianity was nearly destroyed.

RNS) – One year after the fire that nearly destroyed Notre Dame Cathedral, some are asking what purpose the cathedral should serve once it is fully restored.

Notre Dame is a vessel that has steered its way through the centuries. It is the repository of the history of our forefathers. It keeps our eyes turned toward the kingdom and invites us on a pilgrimage, preventing history from foreclosing the illusion of worldly salvation in favor of some notion of "progress" that runs frenetically toward the void.

When we ask, What is my destination? Where shall I go? To whom shall I turn, the cathedral's arrow of

Continued on page 5



What Is a Mary Garden?

"Let everything in creation draw you to God. Refresh your mind with some innocent recreation and needful rest, if it were only to saunter through the garden or the fields, listening to the sermon preached by the flowers, the trees, the meadows, the sun, the sky, and the whole universe. You will find that they exhort you to love and praise God; that they excite you to extol the greatness of the Sovereign Architect Who has given them their being." - St. Paul of the Cross

"He who finds Mary finds life, that is, Jesus Christ who is the way, the truth and the life."
- St. Louis de Monfort

Mary Gardens have their roots in a spiritual imagination that recognizes the divine throughout creation. During the medieval Age of Faith, rural Christians bestowed names upon flowers and plants to symbolically represent Mary, the Mother of God, as well as the life of Christ, the saints and the liturgical year. These humble people had no books about devotions to Our Lady. Rather, they had creation; they had flowers. These names were almost forgotten once the printing press allowed for easier access to the proper classification of plants although some names held strong, (for example, marigolds come from the old name, Mary's Gold). The Mary Gardens movement in the twentieth century resurrected the tradition of using flowers and their historic religious names to create spaces of prayer dedicated to the intercession of Our Lady. As

St. Louis de Montfort wrote,

"Through her, Jesus came to us; through her we should go to him."

Here are some popular flowers and their religious names:

*Baby's Breath - Our Lady's Veil
Black-eyed Susan - Golden Jerusalem
Bleeding Heart - Mary's Heart
Columbine - Our Lady's Shoes
Dahlia - Church Flower
Daisy - Mary-Love
Dandelion - Mary's Bitter Sorrows
Forget-me-nots - Eyes of Mary
Iris - Mary's Sword of Sorrow
Madonna Lily - Annunciation Lily
Pansy - Our Lady's Delight
Peony - Pentecost Rose
Poppy - Christ's Blood Drops
Sunflower - Mary's Gold
Violet - Our Lady's Modesty.*

THE MAY MAGNIFICAT

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

May is Mary's month, and I
 Muse at that and wonder why :
 Her feasts follow reason,
 Dated due to season –

Candlemas, Lady Day ;
 But the Lady Month, May,
 Why fasten that upon her,
 With a feasting in her honour ?

Is it only its being brighter
 Than the most are must delight her ?
 Is it opportunist
 And flowers finds soonest ?

Ask of her, the mighty mother :
 Her reply puts this other
 Question : What is Spring? –
 Growth in every thing –

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
 Grass and greenworld all together ;
 Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
 Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin
 Forms and warms the life within ;
 And bird and blossom swell
 In sod or sheath or shell.

All things rising, all things sizing
 Mary sees, sympathizing
 With that world of good
 Nature's motherhood.

Their magnifying of each its kind
 With delight calls to mind
 How she did in her stored
 Magnify the Lord.

Well but there was more than this :
 Spring's universal bliss
 Much, had much to say
 To offering Mary May.

When drop-of-blood-and-foam-
 dapple
 Bloom lights the orchard-apple
 And thicket and thorp are merry
 With silver-surfed cherry

And azuring-over greybell makes
 Wood banks and brakes wash wet
 like lakes
 And magic cuckoocall
 Caps, clears, and clinches all –

This ecstasy all through mothering
 earth
 Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's
 birth
 To remember and exultation
 In God who was her salvation.



Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris (continued from page 2))

stone, rising in the heart of the city, reminds us that we are each made for God. It lifts our hearts toward the reality above and unifies the city. It is both Paris' summit and the door to heaven.

Babylon, the prideful city, "the lair of devils, and the den of every foul spirit," as it is written in the Book of Revelation, must become Jerusalem, the holy city, where, as Psalm 122 says, "all together are but one." In the moments of greatest tragedy the cathedral is our common refuge where we can mourn, where we can plead our cause. In our most joyful moments the cathedral is where we offer up our praise and our thanksgiving.

We must direct our steps toward her, a beautiful lady built of stone, to rediscover the meaning of the city, to know we are not just isolated individuals, insatiably demanding our "rights." Instead we are a people called to communion, conscious of our duties, first and foremost to be our "brother's keeper." But we can't truly look after your brother without being aware of serving something higher. The greatness of our work lies in uniting people in their quest for transcendence. For Christians, the face of God reveals itself in the face of Jesus Christ, the word made flesh, the son of the carpenter who gives human labor its unsurpassable dignity.

Medieval man was a complete stranger to the idea of "art for art's sake." He worked for centuries for the eternal in cheerful abnegation, happy to be one of the "unworthy servants" that Luke wrote about. Those who built Notre Dame didn't sign their work in some narcissistic wish to make a name for themselves; they served something higher, in the firm belief that they belonged to a community where every member was dedicated to the same mystery.

The cathedral is the mirror of the cosmos and the reflection of heaven, an immense chef d'oeuvre created by innumerable artisans, each with their own skill and talent. Notre Dame is dedicated to helping us to achieve communion with one another and with God.

The cathedral is also an invitation addressed to the heart of hearts of each individual. "Citadel," wrote Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, "I will build you in the heart of man." We enter the cathedral for a rebirth, in search of the ultimate meaning of life. Existence is no longer a frantic race against death (which wins) but an invitation to live each day in hope everlasting...

Notre Dame also represents Bethlehem, which means "the house of bread." Not the bread of consumerism which weighs so heavily on the disenchanted, stuffed with "vast amounts of things which only incite the desire for still more things," but rather that of the Beatitudes from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for justice, for they will be satisfied."

In the West we are obsessed with the self, so terrified by its demise that we have forgotten the taste of freedom. The cathedral stands in the city like the mystery of the cross, telling us that the paths of Earth are the path to heaven. Beyond the grave lies life's true light, and real liberty. As long as we are under the spell of death we are miserable slaves. But "if Christ has liberated us, it is so that we be truly free," Paul writes in his letter to the Galatians...

So, what kind of cathedral will we have for the 21st century? The one we have always had, fulfilling the purpose for which it was built: the praise of God and the salvation of humankind. Let Notre Dame remain faithful to its mission, or she will lose her soul. May it always be the mysterious temple of the presence of our Lord, inviting each of us on pilgrimage. Let everyone come to look for the face of God "without money, without having to pay anything," as Isaiah said. Let all who desire it come here to draw upon the waters of the true source of life.

The Most Rev. Michel Aupetit is the archbishop of Paris. This article was first published in the French newspaper La Croix.

I AM THE GATE FOR
THE SHEEP. ALL
WHO COME IN
THROUGH ME WILL
COME AND GO AND
FIND PASTURE.

