

# NOTRE DAME PARISH

## 15<sup>th</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

*"Some seed fell on rich soil and produced fruit,  
a hundred or sixty or thirtyfold."*



The parable of the sower and the seed shocked Jesus' audience for wasteful planting and the abundant harvest. Ancient people saw waste as an abuse of the rich. Most ancient people agreed that there was only a limited amount of wealth in the

world, and that the gods willed the distribution of that wealth within a rigid social class system.

*How do you view wealth? The rich? How do you use your money wisely? Do you have any hobbies or charities others might see as wasteful? Are they?*

### MASS INTENTIONS

**Saturday, July 11 @ 2PM**  
Ahern-Morrissey Wedding

**Saturday, July 11 @ 4PM**  
Teddy Liddell by Mary Lou & Bob  
McFadden

**Sunday, July 12 @ 9:30AM**  
John Benish, Sr. by Family

**Monday, July 13 @ 8AM**  
Tom, Florence, and young Tom  
Gately by Family

**Tuesday, July 14 @ 8AM**  
Jolande Kerelis by Daughters

**Wednesday, July 15 @ 8AM**  
Philip Schreiber by Family

**Thursday, July 16 @ 8AM**  
Daniel Plecki by Family

**Friday, July 17 @ 8AM**  
Elizabeth Boyle by Benish Family

**Saturday, July 18 @ 4PM**  
Ed McGrath by Sue & Richard  
Schulte

### Oremus – Let Us Pray

- For newly married Coady Ahern & Emmett Morrissey
- For recently deceased parishioner Roman Macudzinski and for his grieving family
- For parishioners Roseanne & Martin Conroy as they celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary
- For Emmett Ebbesen & Jackson Gregg as they celebrate their First Communion this weekend
- For wise researchers and physicians to provide a vaccine and remedies for COVID-19
- For the health of caregivers and essential workers
- For adequate personnel during this crisis

## Remembering and Remembrance

Many years ago an aging monk told me that, when one reaches a certain age, all that one has is memories. It was clear he enjoyed his memories, and liked to recount them. But that observation has always befuddled me. It seemed a sad capitulation to the end of life.

To my mind, memories are simply historical facts or perceptions unless they have a power to affect me in the present. Perhaps that was what the old monk was enjoying.

Life without memory would be terrifying; it might not be life at all. Memory gives the person orientation, a foundation, a perspective. What is past continues to give life to us as it shapes and guides our decisions, personalities, appreciation of the

world, and much more.

Losing one's memory through Alzheimer's or dementia cannot be pleasant. My late mother's dementia began with disorientation regarding familiar places; she got lost while driving, but had the presence of mind to seek help at a police station. As months went by, it expressed itself in great insecurity; she needed to be in close proximity to a family member while shopping or in a public place. It evolved into a loss of the sense of time; once, after a day of activities in Chicago, the family returned home ready for bed. Mom wanted to go out again.

The most jarring experience

**Continued on page 4**



*O Lord, I will remember  
the things you have done,  
your miracles of long  
ago!*

**Psalm 77:11**

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## July 14: Saint Kateri Tekakwitha



Kateri Tekakwitha is popularly known as the patron saint of Native American and First Nations Peoples, integral ecology, and the environment.

Saint Kateri was born in 1656 and lived much of her life around Fonda, New York.

Saint Kateri and the Indigenous Peoples had, and have, an extensive knowledge of the natural world, acquired over thousands of years of direct contact with nature. Saint Kateri is an eyewitness of the land before it would be drastically altered and damaged. Kateri's father was a Kanienkehaka chief and her mother was an Algonquin Catholic. At the age of four, smallpox attacked Kateri's village, taking the lives of her parents and baby brother, and

**Continued on page 5**



## Mental Wealth

*Inside each of us is the potential for growth and transformation. Father Alan Hilliard, an Irish Jesuit, gives his take on the wealth that is within.*

‘Glory be to Him whose power working in us can do infinitely more than we can ask or imagine’ (Eph 3:20). I find myself repeating this line of scripture over and over again when I face what appear to be insurmountable circumstances. There are moments in all our lives when things go pear-shaped and we don’t know what to do. I’m not even going to begin to give examples because you only have to pause and you can think of many moments when you were left wondering what you’d do next as you faced a stressful situation or event. Even when you realise what’s to be done you doubt if you have the energy to get started.

This is the plight of many young people today. The phrase ‘mental health problems’ can be thrown out like a cry for help when they face situations that they can’t see a beginning or end to. The description that many young people use is quite a vivid one; they can say ‘my head is melted’. As you look at the blurred streaming eyes you can actually imagine the brain of this intelligent, sincere

and broken person melt like molten lead in front of you. In looking for a quick answer and a solution for everything we rely on our brain to have that answer. The pressure is on to solve it and to fix it – immediately. We punish ourselves further when this doesn’t happen. But sometimes the brain protests and launches into a temporary meltdown. The person is distraught because they rely on this one human organ for relief from all the problems of life, and they become increasingly despondent as they realise nothing is forthcoming. As a student said to me recently, ‘it’s only when you are trying to sort things out in your head you begin to realise that something is missing and you don’t know what it is’. Seeking an answer to our problems in our brain and in our rational self alone is not only a limiting and frustrating exercise but also an

**Continued on page 4**

**Continued from page 3**

isolating one. Furthermore it has been noted that many young people today do not turn at first to another person but to their computer to find an understanding of their plight as they seek to find a way forward. This, yet again, reinforces our sense of isolation and stretches our pained brain even more. Seeking an answer to our problems in the rational self alone is not sufficient. As one writer put it 'information is suffocating thought'. The quest for an answer to our problems comes in one swift immediate moment suffocates and destroys the ability to ponder. Whereas the mind may melt, the soul is the crucible that can bear the unbearable weight and the heightened temperature of turmoil. Helping a person realise that there is more to their being than a rational confused mind is often the window that lets in the fresh air. The cool calm air that breathes relief on a summer day can also be felt on a tortured mind as calm descends.

Many today don't understand this world that lies within. This 'power working in us that can do infinitely more than we can ask or imagine' is an unknown territory. Despite years of religious education that has filled the head with ideas that for the large part are rejected, many young people haven't entered a space that tells of a deeper self that not only carries burdens but can pour the oil of kindness over

our most broken selves. This space even gives the brain a much-needed break as we hold our brittle being in place in a soulful space with infinite love and compassion. There is much talk of mental health today and very little consideration given to the mental, emotional and spiritual wealth that comes from the deep and lasting love of a merciful God. No matter how wayward his Church has been, his power stills works within us.

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**Continued from page 2,  
Father Keith**

was my visit to home from the monastery. She certainly recognized me, but then began to talk about all the relatives (mostly dead or far away) who were coming to dinner that night. Short-term memory had disappeared, but long-past memory had become present.

The old monk was right. Memory is a precious gift. We often take it for granted. And I think that, unless we savor memories, we miss their power.

Remembrance has no pleasure unless we recapture more than the facts. Contemplating memories can evoke original emotions, aromas, images, delights, joys and sorrows. Memories are living things, a gift.

*Father Keith & Rocco*

## THE MEMORARE

**REMEMBER, O** most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother. To thee do I come; before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me.

Amen.

## Etiam (Continued)

leaving Kateri an orphan. Although forever weakened, scarred, and partially blind, Kateri survived. Kateri was adopted by her two aunts and her uncle, also a Kanienkehaka chief.

The brightness of the sun bothered Kateri's eyes. She would often cover her head with a blanket, and would feel her way around as she walked.

The Indigenous worldview involves relationships built on reciprocity, respect, and responsibility that extends to the entire natural world. It is a worldview of giving thanks daily for life and the world around us.

The Haudenosaunee people have a deep connection with the fields, forests, rivers, and wildlife of their ancestral homeland. In Kateri's time, and for thousands of years before then, the Haudenosaunee people carefully managed the natural world for food, shelter, and clothing. With the use of controlled fire, they managed the land for the benefit of people and all of nature, for which there was no separation. They hunted, fished, farmed, gathered, harvested, and traded for their material and spiritual needs, keenly aware of the rhythms of nature inscribed by our Creator.

Because of increasing hostility from some of her people, and because she wanted to be free to devote her life completely to Jesus, in July of 1677, Kateri left her village and traveled more than 200 miles through woods and rivers to the Catholic mission of St. Francis Xavier at Sault Saint-Louis, near Montreal. Kateri's journey through the wilderness took more than two months. At the mission, Kateri lived with other Indigenous Catholics.

Although unable to read and write, Kateri led a life of prayer and penitential practices. She taught the young and helped those in the village who were poor or sick. People referred to her as the "Holy Woman." Kateri spoke words of kindness to everyone she encountered.

Kateri's motto became, "Who can tell me what is most pleasing to God that I may do it?" Kateri spent much of her time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, kneeling in the cold chapel for

hours.

When the winter hunting season took Kateri and many of the villagers away from the village, she made her own little chapel in the woods by making a wooden cross and spending time there in prayer, kneeling in the snow. Kateri loved the Rosary and carried it with her always.

Often people would ask, "Kateri, tell us a story." Kateri remembered everything she was told about the life of Jesus and his followers. People would listen for a long time. They enjoyed being with her because they felt the presence of God.

One time a priest asked the people why they gathered around Kateri in church. They responded that they felt close to God when Kateri prayed. They said that her face changed when she was praying; it became full of beauty and peace, as if she were looking at God's face.

Kateri's health, which was never good, was deteriorating rapidly, likely due to her childhood illness and the penances she inflicted on herself. Kateri died on April 17, 1680, at the age of 24. Her last words were, "Jesus, I love You." Like the flower she was named for, the lily, Kateri's life was short and beautiful.

Moments after dying, her scarred face miraculously cleared and was made beautiful by God. This miracle was witnessed by two Jesuit priests and all the others able to fit into the room. Many miracles were to follow.

*This article was taken from the website of the Saint Kateri Conservation Center, [kateri.org/our-patron-saint](http://kateri.org/our-patron-saint)*

## THE SOWER AND THE SEED:

