

# NOTRE DAME PARISH

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

*"They all ate and were satisfied,  
and they picked up the fragments left over – "*



Since the beginning of civilization, meals have signified a time of social interaction. We meet friends for lunch, spend quality time as a family at dinner, and honor community leaders with banquets. While the different meals require different dress, manners, and conversation, every meal can begin or

deepen relationships. What turns a simple meal into an event, something that people talk about for years afterwards? Jesus created such an event when he took food for two and fed over five thousand people.

*How do you hunger for the touch of the Lord? For his word, his healing, and his food?*

### MASS INTENTIONS

Saturday, August 1 @ 8AM  
Joan & Mike King

Saturday, August 1 @ 4PM  
John Benish, Sr.

Sunday, August 2 @ 9:30AM  
John Benish, Sr.

Monday, August 3 8AM  
Jack & Joe Murphy

Tuesday, August 4 @ 8AM  
Donald Sheehy

Wednesday, August 5 @ 8AM  
Szostak, Martonisi, & Kazwara  
Families

Thursday, August 6 @ 8AM  
Margaret Boyle

Friday, August 7 @ 8AM  
Jon Szostak & Family

Saturday, August 8 @ 4PM  
The Brandon Family: Robert, Michael  
& Carla

### Oremus – Let Us Pray

- For recently executed federal prisoners, Daniel Lewis Lee, Wesley Ira Purkey, & Dustin Lee Honken, and their victims
- For households dependent on government subsidies at this time
- For a breakthrough in COVID-19 treatment and vaccination
- For those peacefully protesting racial injustice
- For wisdom and discernment in re-opening schools
- For the earth, our common home, and for attention to addressing climate change
- For the sick and chronically ill

## Butterflies: Salvation In Miniature

July-August is a busy season for butterflies. The adult females are laying their eggs to initiate a new cycle of regeneration: caterpillar, cocoon, and adult.

A few years ago I planted an area of native perennial plants outside the sunroom of the rectory. My cousin, working then at the Morton Arboretum, provided the cuttings. The early years were successful, and they complimented the birds attracted to my feeders.

Then there was a “baby boom” among squirrels, and I couldn’t keep the birdseed for long. Also, some of the perennials ceased their “perenniality.”

This year, however, Joe Pye and milkweed have thrived to the point that I have a wonderful

butterfly garden outside my window. Monarchs, Viceroy, Tiger and Black Swallowtails, and other varieties flash their brilliant wings like stained glass windows, and flutter around for hours at a time.

In my grammar school years I collected butterflies. My cousin and I spent Saturdays together, chasing them along railroad banks and unmowed fields. We also raised caterpillars and watched them change into the chrysalis or cocoon. Later, we mounted them.

While that was an educational hobby, I wouldn’t do that now, knowing that they are becoming endangered species through lack of habitat,

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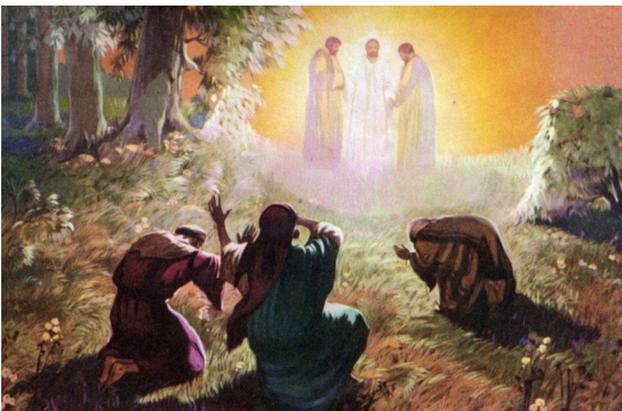


*Perhaps the butterfly is proof that you can go through a great deal of darkness and still become something beautiful.*

*-Unknown*

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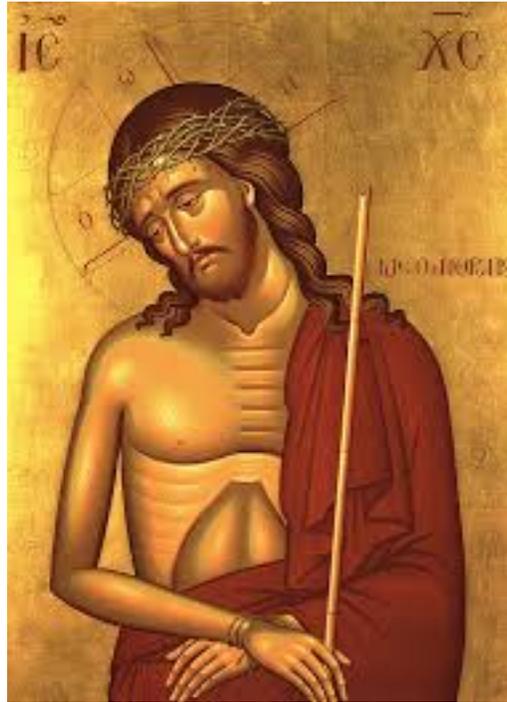
## August 6: The Feast of the Transfiguration of the Lord



*“This is my Son, the Beloved. Listen to him.”*

All three synoptic gospels tell the story of the transfiguration of Jesus (Matt. 17:1-13; Mark 9:3-13; Luke 9:28-36) – frequently a sign of the importance of an event from Jesus’ life for the early Christian community. Its origin is debated. Some scholars say the transfiguration episode is really an account of Jesus’ resurrection which was moved to a different part of the gospels. Others think it has its roots in an actual visionary event of some kind. Wherever it came from, the transfiguration is a highly symbolic story. Jesus took his inner circle of apostles – Peter, James, and John – up a mountain, which in the Bible is a place of

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## Part 3: My God Is Weak

My God is weak.  
 My God is not a God who is hard, unreachable,  
     insensible, stoical, incapable of suffering.  
 My God is weak.  
 God is a member of my race,  
     And I of God's.  
 God is human and I am almost God.  
 God loves me who am dust and ashes,  
     so that I can taste divinity.  
 Love makes my God weak.  
 My God experienced human joy, friendship, the  
     delights of the earth and everything in it.  
 My God was hungry and tired and sleepy.  
 My God felt things.  
 My God became irritated and felt anger.  
 And my God was as gentle as a child.  
 My God was afraid when faced with death.  
 My God was nursed at the breast of a mother,  
     and drank in all the tenderness of woman.  
 My God never loved pain nor was my God ever  
     a friend of sickness.

Therefore my God cured the sick.  
 My God suffered exile.  
 My God was both persecuted and acclaimed.  
 My God loved everything human: things and men,  
     bread and womanhood,  
     the good and the sinners.  
 My God was a human being of his time.  
 My God dressed like everybody else.  
 My God spoke the language of his native land.  
 He worked with his hands,  
     and he cried out like the prophets.  
 My God was weak with the weak  
     and severe with the proud.  
 He died young because he was sincere.  
 They killed him because, in their eyes,  
     he was betraying the truth.  
 But my God died without hating anyone.  
 He died excusing his killers,  
     which is even greater than forgiving them.

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My God is weak.

My God broke the old morality of “a tooth for a tooth,”  
of small-minded vengeance,  
in order to begin the era of a love and a violence  
that were completely new.

My God, even when he was thrown to the ground,  
his face pressed to the earth,  
betrayed, abandoned, misunderstood,  
went on loving.

Hence, my God conquered death.

And from his hands sprang a new flower – resurrection.

Hence, we are all rising from the tomb, human beings and things.

So many people find it hard to accept my weak God, my God who  
weeps, my God who does not defend himself!

It is hard for them to accept my God abandoned by God.

My God who had to die in order to triumph.

My God who made a thief, a criminal,  
the first canonized saint of his Church.

My young God who died accused of being a political agitator.

My God, the priest and the prophet, who went to his death  
as the victim of all the shameful religious inquisitions of  
history.

It is difficult to accept my weak God, the friend of life, my God who  
suffered the sting of temptation, my God who sweated blood before  
accepting his Father’s will.

This God, this weak God of mine is difficult to accept  
for those who believe that one triumphs only by conquering,  
for those who believe that one can defend oneself only by  
killing,  
for those for whom salvation is synonymous with force  
and is not a sheer gift,  
for those for whom what is human is sin,  
for those who think that to be a saint one must be a stoic.

My weak God is difficult to accept for those who go on dreaming  
about a God who doesn’t seem like human beings.

*The above excerpt is taken from the book, The God I Don’t Believe  
In, by Juan Arias. It was translated from the Spanish and published in  
English by the Saint Meinrad Abbey Press in 1974. It has been out of  
print for many years. The author is long deceased.*

**Continued from page 2, Father  
Keith**

especially the Monarch. I’ve  
become more sensitive to all life.  
To paraphrase Dr. Seuss’s  
Horton, “A life is a life no matter  
how small.”

I have even developed my  
own little superstition, that if a  
Monarch butterfly crosses my  
path, something special is going  
to happen that day!

Butterflies capture the cycle  
of human salvation. The  
butterfly’s egg represents our  
creation. The caterpillar  
illustrates our earthly existence  
as we eat, grow, and mature. The  
cocoon expresses death and  
vigilance and judgment. The  
emergence from the cocoon  
announces resurrection.

Speaking of the resurrection,  
Saint Paul said, “I tell you a  
mystery. We shall not all sleep,  
but *we shall all be changed* 1 Cor.  
15:50). We will have new bodies,  
able to do unimaginably more  
than we can in our physical  
bodies. Like what? The Bible  
doesn’t tell us exactly what it will  
be like, but if Jesus was walking  
through walls, appearing to  
different people in different  
places, and flying up to heaven,  
we have clues of how amazing it  
will be!

*Father Keith & Rocco*



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revelation, so it was clear something important was about to happen.

These three apostles then saw Jesus as part of another important trio, completed with Moses and Elijah, symbols of Israelite tradition. As if that weren't spectacular enough, the voice of God itself made an appearance, uttering two thundering phrases: "This is my Son" and "Listen to him."

Unfortunately, none of the apostles' reactions showed that they understood what had just happened. First of all, they were half-asleep when the whole thing started – not the last time that would happen at a key moment. They were also terrified to the point of talking nonsense about building shelters for the holy figures. Then on the way down they started an off-topic debate about the resurrection and Elijah. What the apostles didn't grasp right away was the significance of the fact that Moses and Elijah were "talking with" Jesus.

This sacred conversation identified Jesus with the law and the prophets. It showed how Jesus had the same authority as these two pillars of Israel's tradition and how that authority came from the same God. To leave no doubt, God's voice drove home the point with words heard at an earlier affirmation of Jesus' status, his baptism: "This is my son, the beloved" (Matt. 3:17).

What the apostles also didn't get at first was that they couldn't stay on the mountain. One can sympathize with their desire for such a wondrous break from the difficult path of discipleship. Down the mountain and back to that task, however, they had to go. The Gospel of Luke adds a delicious detail: Moses and Elijah had been speaking with Jesus

of his exodus that he was going to accomplish in Jerusalem." His exodus? That loaded word points back to the sometimes arduous journey of following Jesus, and that's what the transfiguration is about.

It's wonderful to find inspiration in a shining vision of Jesus, but the message to the church then and now is that witnessing glory is one thing, following is another. After the vision is over, you look up and see, as the apostles did, "Jesus only," and you realize that, to get to the further glory of eternal life, you have to follow him to the cross.

*This article first appeared in the August 2013 issue of U.S. Catholic. The author is Joel Schorn.*

**Thank You!**

It has been six weeks since we re-opened our church to weekend and daily worship. The staff and I appreciate the wonderful cooperation we have

received from parishioners and visitors in sanitizing, wearing masks, and social distancing. Please continue this practice. It is an act of charity.

We want to thank, also, the vulnerable and aged who have remained at home. We miss you, but your staying home is also an act of charity and responsibility.

Also, two weeks ago I slightly changed our practice at communion. Please continue to remain in your pews. But to facilitate the Eucharistic ministers, we ask that you kneel or sit *after* receiving so that we can serve you efficiently. Stay healthy. God bless!

**CHILDREN'S COLORING PAGE:** The apostles said to Jesus, "Five loaves and two fish are all we have here." Then Jesus said, "Bring them here to me, "

