

# NOTRE DAME PARISH

## 21<sup>st</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

*When he opens, no one shall shut,  
when he shuts, no one shall open.*



Conferring power on Peter to “bind and loose,” Jesus imposes a sacred responsibility upon him. It is not the power of authoritarian control and reckless judgment, but rather the responsibility to liberate one and all.

Dictators seek ways to confine and imprison people, to control their behavior, their assets, and their lives.

This makes authoritarians feel in control and safe.

Ultimate judgment belongs to God alone. And God’s scale of judgment is the heart, mercy, and freedom and liberation from what controls us.

*How do you measure the character and intent of others?  
How do you feel God measures your heart? Your intentions?*

### MASS INTENTIONS

- Saturday, August 22, 4PM  
Norine Binder
- Sunday, August 23, 9:30AM  
Ron Faloon, 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday
- Monday, August 24, 8AM  
Mike Flanigan
- Tuesday, August 25, 8AM  
Mary Rose & John Berger
- Wednesday, August 26, 8AM  
Leo & Phyllis Hill
- Thursday, August 27, 8AM  
Teddy Liddell
- Friday, August 28, 8AM  
Margaret Brown
- Saturday, August 29, 4pm  
Joe Meell

## Oremus – Let Us Pray

- For the safety of administrators, teachers, staff, and students as we open our school
- For those who will continue distance learning and teaching, and for all concerned
- For those vulnerable to COVID-19, especially grandparents and others who drop off and pick up grandchildren
- For Pope Francis, vicar of Saint Peter who proclaimed Jesus as “the Christ”
- For those creating conspiracy theories or being misled by them in government and Church
- For the sick, the chronically ill, and caregivers of our parish and families

## COVID-19 Protocols Are Not Optional

Every good teacher knows that, from time to time, he/she must review material already taught. When the matter involves life or death (e.g., driver training), it is all the more urgent.

COVID-19, when it strikes, involves possible life or death. As of this writing, Notre Dame University, just down the road from us, has over 300 positive cases, though asymptomatic. Youth may be able to circumvent the worst outcomes, but youth do not live in isolation. It is the unfortunate characteristic of our individualistic culture that one tends to measure everything in relationship to self. We ask, how does this affect me? We do not take seriously how this might affect others.

When we returned to public

worship in June, we stressed the following in accordance with Indiana health requirements and the bishops' recommendations:

- **Wear a mask upon entering church building and throughout service**
- **Sanitize hands at center entry doors**
- **Maintain social distancing when choosing your pew**
- **Stay in your pew for communion**
- **Communion MUST be received in the hand**
- **Communion on the tongue is FORBIDDEN**
- **Exit through all three sets of doors in vestibule to maintain social distancing**

If you find wearing a mask



uncomfortable because of some condition like asthma or a cold *do not come to mass*. You are excused.

Some worshipers, perhaps visitors, have recently refused to follow these norms.

To deliberately and willfully violate these norms, in my judgment, is a serious sin of pride and an act of hatred toward your neighbor which should be confessed. *Father Keith & Rocco*

## What If the Bread Changes, but We Don't?



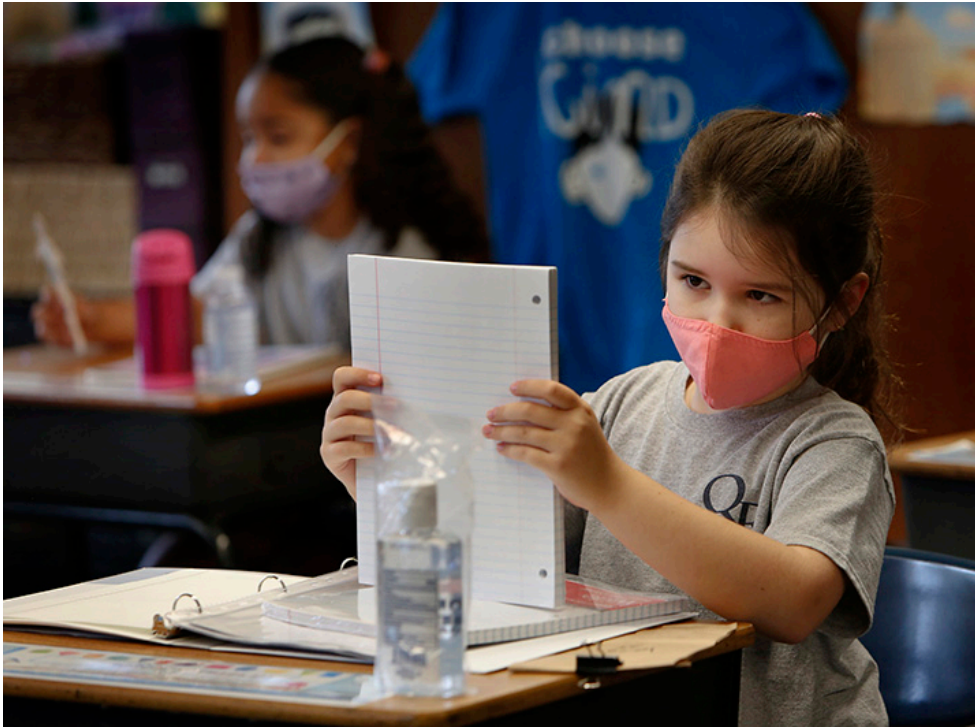
*This article, by Christopher Alt, SJ, appears on [thejesuitpost.org/2020/08](https://thejesuitpost.org/2020/08)*

"It was a real pleasure taking him to hang." I was immediately taken aback when he said this, even more so because he had just received holy communion.

It happened when I served as a Eucharistic minister at a large suburban hospital over five years ago. When I walked into his room, he looked like anybody's grandpa. I can still see him lying there: a 90-some-year-old man with smallish frame nestled into the middle of the recliner bed, a tuft of white hair atop a wrinkled but happy-go-lucky face, the flimsy-knit, standard issue hospital blanket pulled up just under his chin.

His was my last visit of the day. He greeted me with great energy when I arrived and swiftly

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Vanessa Korpyta adjusts her papers during class at Queen of the Rosary School in Elk Grove Village on Aug. 18, 2020. A bottle of hand sanitizer sits on her desk to use throughout the day. (Karen Callaway/Chicago Catholic)

## Back to School in Chicagoland

When kindergarten through eighth grade students returned to Queen of the Rosary School in Elk Grove Village Aug. 17, it wasn't exactly like normal.

Parents had to stay in their cars, said principal Kathleen McGinn, while children went into their designated doors to have their temperatures checked and asked if they had any symptoms of COVID-19.

Once in the building, students were welcomed to rearranged classrooms, with many classroom furnishings removed to allow staff to spread desks further apart.

"It went well," McGinn said. "There were no hiccups at all. Not even any crying children."

Pam Pontrelli, a school parent at Queen of the Rosary for 17 years, said some things were normal.

"My son came home and said he got in trouble for talking," she said. "But he's always been a talker."

Pontrelli's youngest, Dylan, is a fifth grader at Queen of the Rosary, and he was happy to get back to school and see his friends.

"I think it's so important for the kids, not just the academics, but the whole social and emotional aspect of it," Pontrelli said. "They need to be back in school."

Students at Queen of the Rosary and other schools in the Archdiocese of Chicago have not been in school buildings since mid-March, when first the archdiocese and then the state of Illinois required schools to close their doors.

Students returning to Catholic schools across the archdiocese will be met with the

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same new procedures and guidelines that were in place at Queen of the Rosary: temperature, symptom and mask checks to go along with hand sanitizer on the way in, masks while the students are indoors unless they are eating and desks spread as far apart as possible.

When students can remove masks, when outdoors and while eating, they must be at least 6 feet from one another. They also are to stay in the same cohort all day.

Pontrelli said students in Dylan's class now must raise their hands to get a drink from their own water bottles, because they have to remove their masks to do so.

"The teacher doesn't want everyone doing it at the same time," Pontrelli said.

Dylan was a little worried that he would be behind when he went back to class, his mother said, because it had been so long since he set foot in a classroom, even though schools did remote learning in the spring.

"I told him not to worry, everyone is in the same boat," Pontrelli said.

While Queen of the Rosary could not have its usual back-to-school ice cream social and supply drop-off day, there was a car parade the week before classes started for parents to get used to the new traffic pattern and for students to wave to new and old teachers, McGinn said.

The school welcomed 246 students on Aug. 17, with an average class size of about 16. Preschoolers were scheduled to start later on in the week. About 10 percent of school families opted for e-learning instead of returning in person, but the school welcomed some new students as well.

Once they made their way to classrooms, students did some introductory exercises — Pontrelli said her son's class did an "all about me" assignment and talked about what they did during summer break — before being dismissed for the day at noon. "They did well,"

McGinn said. "They kept their masks on."

Some teachers took their classes outside so they could remove their masks for a while, and McGinn said the school plans to put up two or three canopies that teachers can use to teach classes outdoors as long as weather permits.

Pontrelli said she and other school parents have confidence in the school leadership and in each other's families.

"A lot of it is common sense," she said. "Wear your mask, wash your hands, don't play with your mask. We were pretty prepared."

McGinn said she's been communicating with the school community ever since March, and those communications picked up at the beginning of July when the Office of Catholic Schools announced its reopening plan.

Parents like Pontrelli, who was one of a handful of volunteer directing traffic in the parking lot, make the job easier.

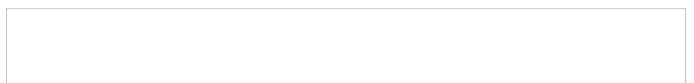
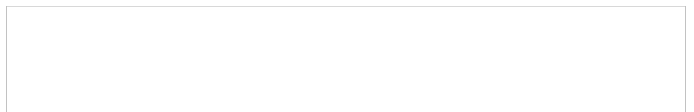
"A Catholic school is like a family," Pontrelli said. "We all do our part."

The end of the day also went well, McGinn said, although the pickup procedures might need a little tweaking.

"We might have a little maneuvering to do," she said. "It was fine, but there were a couple of traffic jams."

"It's trial and error," Pontrelli said, "Thank God all the parents were understanding."

*This article was taken from Chicago Catholic online, Wednesday, August 19, 2020, by Michelle Martin.*



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summoned me to his bedside. We chatted a bit, and I remember thinking what a happy, welcoming elder he was. I remember thinking: *Wow, if ever I make it to his age, I'd like to be able to meet the world and all its visitors with the same élan and generosity.* Eventually, I asked if he would like to receive communion. "Oh, of course," he said eagerly, cheerfully.

After reading a short passage from John's Gospel we recited the Lord's Prayer together. Then I opened the pyx, raised the host and proclaimed: "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world."

He took the host, and began to chew. Before he had even finished consuming, he pointed to the corner of the room where some of his personal items had been placed on a chair. "There's a book over there. Bring it here; I want to show you something."

It was a history book; its edges were worn – a prized possession, I could tell. He shared that he was a WWII vet who had served in the South Pacific. He asked if I had any vets in my family. "Yes," I said.

Finally, after flipping through and landing on the desired page, he pointed to a black-and-white picture of him as a young 20-year old in green fatigues. He was escorting a captured Axis-power General to the gallows. That's when he said it: "It was a real pleasure taking him to hang."

His comment surprised and saddened me. Unsure how to respond, I simply looked at him. I could have sworn I saw unconsumed remnants of the eucharistic elements at the corner of his mouth.

There are a number of issues packed into this one incident. I've reflected on it from various angles over the years: how ought we respond in pastorally uncomfortable situations, what's the Catholic response to war and capital punishment, how are we to regard our enemies, what are the limits of a healthy patriotism, what do we do when civil responsibilities clash with the law of love and forgiveness Jesus commanded?

From all appearances, the elderly man was a good person. He had an apparent love for his faith, his family, and his country. I have no reason to doubt that General was a war criminal and that the elderly man's 20-year-old self believed his actions

were in the service of justice. Sixty-five some years later he exuded an obvious pride about that moment.

But on the car ride home that day, I wondered: after all these years of receiving the Body of Christ, how could someone make a comment like that? After all those years of receiving the bread of life and drinking the cup of mercy, did it ever occur to him to pray for the man he led to the gallows? Or, had he in any way learned to bless persecutors and feed enemies (Romans 12:14-20)?

But this isn't a post of condemnation. I have no interest in throwing stones because I recognize that I am no different. Though not as dramatic, in equal measure have I fallen into what *Gaudium et Spes* called one of the gravest errors of modern day-- "the split between faith which many profess and their everyday lives." With frequency, I have bouts of envy and schadenfreude and compete for attention; I've mocked others behind their backs; gotten possessive with friendships and tried to control family members because "I knew better;" I've lusted; I've been stubbornly unmindful how I contribute to systemic injustices; kindness has been withheld and I've not bothered to love. Splits abound.

That hospital experience is for me a reminder that all of us have formed habitual, often just-below-the-surface, resistance to letting ourselves be radically transformed by our Eucharistic faith and practice.

Jesus confronted me with questions in the hospital room that day, asking: where do my ultimate allegiances lie, how and in what way am I showing up in the social, political, and religious landscapes of today, where are the splits between my faith and everyday life?

Many church goers have been unable to participate in the liturgy for months. Some are just now beginning to return. Where is the grace in this hiatus and slow trickle back? Perhaps it gives us a chance to pause and ask ourselves where chasms have formed between how we regard and treat others with the radical faith Jesus gifted us. Perhaps, it gives us a moment to simply ask: What's the point of going, if the bread changes, but we don't?

