

NOTRE DAME PARISH

13th Sunday in Ordinary Time

"Whoever receives you receives me, and whoever receives me receives the One who sent me."



Jesus reminded his followers that Christian life involves risks. And one cannot compromise these risks away. A believer cannot placate his or her family if the cost threatens faith.

Faith can involve an extreme choice. Commitment to Jesus and his teachings is the bottom line for the baptized, his disciples. Political, religious, economic, moral, and social issues of our day often tear

apart the fabric of family life. While we must "seek peace and pursue it" within our relationships, a faithful disciple can never surrender to anything that undermines God's truth.

What viewpoints and opinions create tension within your family and social relationships? How do you preserve charity? How far are you willing to go without abandoning your integrity?

MASS INTENTIONS

Saturday, June 27 @ 4:00PM
Columbia Dison

Sunday, June 28 @ 9:30AM
Anna Lewis

Monday, June 29 @ 8AM
Rev. Edward Boyle

Tuesday, June 30 @ 8AM
Edwin Lewis

Wednesday, July 1 @ 8AM
John Benish, Sr.

Thursday, July 2 @ 8AM
John Benish, Sr.

Friday, July 3 @ 8AM
Deceased members of Szostak,
Martonisi, and Kazwara Families

Saturday, July 4 @ 8AM
Ann Smith

Saturday, July 4 @ 4PM
Rev. Jack Spaulding

Oremus—Let Us Pray

- For the plateauing and decline of COVID-19
- For the prudence and safe-distancing of vacationers and summer travelers
- For researchers and volunteers seeking treatments and vaccines for COVID-19
- For just policies and procedures in law enforcement
- For new commitment to ending the legacy of slavery in the USA
- For the promotion of biblical hospitality in our churches and communities
- For graduates and all youth as they experience the challenges and confusion of these days

Saint Benedict and Hospitality

The scripture readings for this weekend focus on the virtue of hospitality. The practice of hospitality did not emerge from some ancient utopia or Garden of Eden where everyone was safe and secure. Hospitality developed precisely because the world is dangerous.

Desert nomads understood that without charitable assistance, the desert itself would victimize travelers for lack of water and food. Arab peoples remain notable for the generous hospitality they offer to strangers as well as neighbors.

In India, hospitality is based on the principle *Atithi Devo Bhava*, meaning, "The guest is God." This assertion is repeated in Judaism, as illustrated in the story of Abraham's welcome to three "strangers" or angels. This

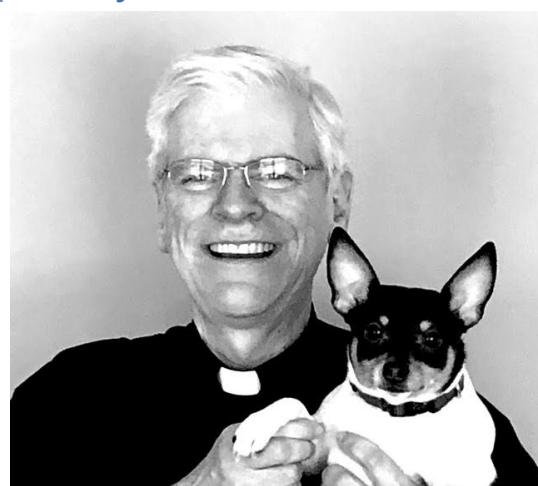
weekend's first reading shows a woman offering hospitality to the prophet Elisha, and the prophet's gratitude by foretelling her birth of a male child.

Jesus famously welcomed the most marginalized, suspect, and despised persons to table-fellowship: tax collectors, sinners, prostitutes, women and children.

More radical, Jesus counseled that the elite should not always be given pride of place and best seating, but rather that the "first should be last, and the last should be first." These teachings did not win him disciples.

In western society today,

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"All guests who present themselves are to be welcomed as Christ, for he himself will say, 'I was a stranger and you welcomed me.'"

Rule of Saint Benedict
Chapter 53:1

Hope In Hard Times: Dorothy Day as Forerunner



Those who have read *The Long Loneliness* by Dorothy Day may recall that 102 years ago, during the horrific influenza epidemic of 1918, Dorothy worked for a year as a nurse in Brooklyn. She experienced first-hand what healthcare workers today are facing. She wrote:

"This was the time of the 'flu' epidemic and the wards were filled and the halls too. Many of the nurses became ill and we were very short-handed. Every night before going off duty there were bodies to be wrapped in sheets and wheeled away to the morgue. When we came on duty in the morning, the night nurse was

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How Saint Anthony Helped Me Find My Way to the Saints

I've been consistently losing things since the birth of my first child—I've never lost her, but my mother-in-law once did at JCPenny.

Another story for another time.

I lose pretty much everything else. If not permanently, I can and have lost things for several months at a time, including a pair of my son's shoes. (My husband found them under a jacket six months later. In my office. On my desk).

So, if we humans really do have halos, I can guarantee you that I'm the reason why they aren't visible.

Because I'd lose it.

Like my car keys.

Every. Single. Day.

Me: "Um. Saint Anthony..."

Saint Anthony: "Really, Christina?"

I learned about Saint Anthony being the patron saint of lost things just two years ago when my daughter first sang me the prayer for it. As a lifelong lukewarm, mostly non-practicing Catholic, the saints were folks I knew of, but I didn't understand their significance, nor did I care because I was a terrible Catholic.

Her little song went like this:

Dear Saint Anthony look around, something's lost and can't be found. Please help me find [insert lost item here].

It was cute, but I didn't believe it. How can someone who's not here find something for you?

I chalked it up to a childhood thing like Santa or the Easter Bunny. That is, until a few weeks later when I was late and couldn't find my car keys. I had no idea where I'd dumped them when I came home because, in the midst of a kitchen remodel, we had no counters. I ran all over the house trying to find them and remembered the prayer. I half-jokingly recited what I remembered of it under my breath.

"Uh. Dear Patron Saint of lost things, I'm so sorry, but I forgot your name, and the proper prayer to ask you to help me find something, but I lost my keys and I'm short on time...aren't we all in this life?"

I smiled to myself.

I continued to look around and when I walked across the landing to go down the stairs, I saw a glint of metal out of the corner of my eye. I froze.

Continued...

Saint Anthony, continued

"No way," I thought to myself.

But, sure enough, there were my keys on the couch, stuffed between two cushions near a pillow. I had looked on the couch but not in between the cushions.

I stood still for what felt like a very long time.

That was silly; coincidence, that's all it was.

Still, I whispered a quiet thank you and hurried on my way.

After that day, I ran around my house asking for missing items like the kids from Mary Poppins ran around their bedroom snapping at items to put themselves away.

And I found things.

A few weeks after the car key incident, I misplaced a bottle of lavender oil. I looked all over my bathroom, even going as far as cleaning off the entire counter to find it; I never did. After three days and an understanding that I'd have to buy a new one, I decided to look under the sink one last time. As I crouched down I said the Saint Anthony prayer and started to dig around. It wasn't in there. As I stood up, I saw the bottle sitting on the sink.

This time, my stomach did a flip.

It hadn't been there before.

Had it?

I spent weeks trying to dismiss what happened. But despite knowing the bottle hadn't been there, I still looked for a logical reason why I hadn't seen it.

Maybe the bottle of oil was always there, and it didn't just appear out of nowhere. Maybe I just didn't have the right perspective to see it and that's

what Saint Anthony helped me with: perspective.

I realized that evening that if Saint Anthony can help me find physical items, why wouldn't he, or any of the saints for that matter, be able to help me find perspective for my path to salvation? For me, this was suddenly a deeper lesson than finding a bottle of oil. The dots connected my daughter's simple prayer to an even simpler concept of "ask and ye shall receive."

Ask for your car keys. Ask for patience. Ask for help overcoming an addiction. Ask for help loving others and overcoming faults. Ask for prayers. We ask family and friends to pray for us all the time. Why not ask the people who devoted their lives to getting to the place we all desire to be? If I could ask Saint Anthony to help me find a lost cat or a misplaced pair of mittens, why wouldn't I ask Saint Anthony to help me find peace? For him to intercede for me so that I can grow in humility to be a better neighbor and a better servant? I know I can't do it by myself.

After the oil bottle, I decided to take the Saint Anthony prayer a little more seriously. I use it sparingly these days, and only for things that I really need. I think it's a little nicer way of asking:

"O Holy St. Anthony, gentlest of Saints, your love for God and Charity for His creatures made you

worthy, when on earth, to possess miraculous powers. Encouraged by this thought, I implore you to obtain for me (request). O gentle and loving St. Anthony, whose heart was ever full of human sympathy, whisper my petition into the ears of the sweet Infant Jesus, who loved to be folded in your arms; and the gratitude of my heart will ever be yours. Amen."

I have since gone on to research saints for other issues I come across. There are so many saints, everything is covered. It's like heaven is equipped with a one-stop-shop support team for your personal eternal salvation. Each saint has a special intercessory prayer for all of us at various points in our lives. I've found a few saints who specialize in things that I struggle with the most, and it's all thanks to Saint Anthony.

Sure, he saved me some time and money, but he also helped me find something I didn't even know was lost: the grace of friends in high places who are selfless, and ready to serve for no other reason than to will my good, to love and be loved by me, and most importantly, help me learn to love God. After all, we are in this all together. +

Dorothy Day, continued

performing the same grim task...It was hard not to be careless at this time when every day ten or twelve new patients were carried in or walked staggeringly only to fall unconscious as soon as their clothes were taken from them."

The COVID-19 pandemic calls solidarity to the fore. It moves us to pray for and care for the sick and dying. We also pray for those who--like Dorothy—practice the Works of Mercy, such as medical personnel and first responders.

Dorothy believed with her whole being in the Mystical Body of Christ. Because we are all connected, we are all vulnerable, whatever our differences and divisions. Social distancing is necessary--but this crisis also makes us reflect on the common good, and on our shared human plight (in Pope Francis' words) in our "common home."

Dorothy's unflinching witness to justice demands that we consider how the most vulnerable among us fare in this crisis. How does it affect the destitute, homeless people, detained immigrants, prison inmates, low wage and unemployed workers, children left home alone, uninsured patients? The ravages of the Coronavirus will continue after the contagion is brought under control. It is normal to fear death, but we are also threatened by death of the spirit: indifference, individualism, despair

The above article was taken from dorothydayguild.org, "Hope In Hard Times."

Hospitality, continued

hospitality has been degraded to questions of etiquette and courtesy. Classic hospitality of generosity and joyful welcome are usually limited to friends and neighbors.

Many of us live in gated communities, behind well-locked doors, and own security systems. This is logical and not really new. Every household is obliged to protect its members from danger.

People of the ancient world lived behind heavily fortified walls and castles, and on remote and difficult terrain. The medieval monasteries were built on mountains and islands. Despite dangers and threats to their abodes, the monastic orders became renowned and appreciated for the practice of hospitality to the stranger. They fed, clothed, and lodged whomever sought it at their gates.

Even so, they were not naïve. Saint Benedict was a holy—but also practical man. In Chapter 53 of his Rule, Benedict includes a "discernment" protocol upon a visitor's arrival. Whether the abbot or another monk encounters the guest, the interaction begins with a kind disposition. But because the devil can deceive, the host should find a way to pray with the guest in order to determine his/her intentions.

The guest is provided water to wash his hands. Community members wash his dusty feet. A monk sits with him. Any fast or abstinence that the community is observing does not apply to the visitor. Guests are provided lodging separate from the community.

Some practices of hospitality are archaic and belong to their own time. But one admonition of the prophets, Jesus, and Saint Benedict is perennial: "Let most conscientious care be shown to the poor and to strangers, for in them Christ is truly welcome, for the powerful impression which wealth and high station inspire creates its own peculiar esteem."

Father Keith and Rocco

CHILDREN'S COLORING PAGE One day Elisha passed through Shunem, and a noble woman was there who urged him to eat a meal. So whenever he passed through, he stopped there to eat a meal. And she said to her husband, "I know that he is a holy man of God regularly passing through near us. Let us make a little walled upper room and put for him there a bed, a table, a chair, and a lamp, so when he comes to us he can stay there."



A room for Elisha