

NOTRE DAME PARISH

The Most Holy Trinity

Glory and praise forever!



Have you ever been at a loss for words? Has an experience ever left you speechless? Or has an emotion run so deep words cannot express its meaning?

As much as words communicate, so much more is left within the heart. This is one of the key mysteries of life.

To this mystery add the revelation of God: Loving Father. Self-giving Son. The power of the Spirit. So much to express. So few words that give God's revelation justice. Nonetheless, the inner nature of God was revealed in presence and in power.

COVID-19 & OPENING OF OUR CHURCH

Friday, June 19 @ 8:00 a.m.
Sacred Heart of Jesus
DAILY MASS RESUMES

Saturday & Sunday, June 20 & 21
4 o'clock p.m. & 9:30 a.m.
12th Sunday of Ordinary Time
WEEKEND MASSES RESUME

Thursday, June 25 @ 6:00 p.m.
Eighth grade Mass & Graduation

Saturday, June 27 @ 10:00 a.m.
First Holy Communion

Please note: For the time being, there will be only two Masses on the summer weekends.

Next week's newsletter will lay out the rules and norms for attending Mass in the days ahead.

Oremus – Let Us Pray

- For those threatened by domestic abuse during this time of social isolation
- For an end to racism, racial profiling, and hate
- For police officers who risk their lives and nobly act to serve and protect
- For protection from COVID-19
- For the forgotten and marginalized at this time: immigrants & refugees
- For family members and friends with chronic illnesses
- For caregivers and those who lovingly minister to the needy
- For the gifts of hope and trust

RACIAL APPRECIATION IS A LIFETIME JOURNEY

I grew up in a completely, racially white south suburban neighborhood. My Dad had grown up nearby, in the 1920s, about two miles away. My grandparents still lived there, and it was evident that the community had originally been more rural than urban. My grandparents still had a chicken coup and large vegetable garden, fruit trees, and an unpaved driveway which was, in fact, an alleyway.

The term “white flight” had not yet been recognized or coined. The new subdivisions being formed were the result of returning veterans and their growing “baby boom” children. The only discrimination I had heard about was against Catholics or European-rooted

ethnic groups: Poles, Italians, and Jews. When the archdiocese wanted to found a new parish in South Holland, the Dutch Reformed churches and government put up quite a fight.

In those days, people generally kept to “their own” nationality, race, religion, or neighborhood, by choice, by unwritten rules, or by social devices. The growth and development of suburbs meant that more and more folks from the urban neighborhoods began to come together in new churches and schools. Not so for African-Americans.

The construction of the Dan Ryan expressway broke apart traditional neighborhood lines

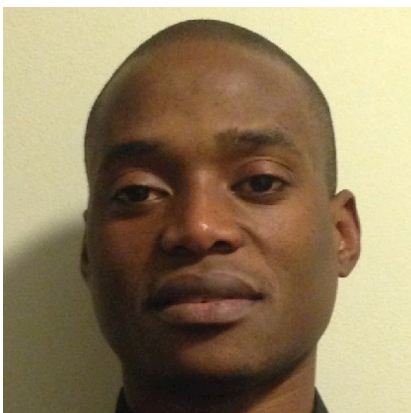
Continued on page 4



“My friends, we cannot tolerate or turn a blind eye to racism and exclusion in any form and yet claim to defend the sacredness of every human life.”

Pope Francis

A Litany for Oxygen from a Black Jesuit



Patrick Saint-Jean, a native of Haiti, grew up in Montpellier, France. He completed his clinical in psychoanalysis at College de Psychanaliste de Lacan, also in France, and now he is in the first studies program at Loyola University Chicago. He is a member of the Midwest Province of the Society of Jesus. This reflection appeared in JesuitPost.org.

We are asking for *breath*.

“I can’t breathe!” cried Eric Garner before dying on July 10, 2014 at the hands of the police in Staten Island, New York. “I can’t breathe!” cried Freddy Gray before dying at the hands of the police in April, 2015 in Baltimore, Maryland. “I can’t breathe,” cried George Floyd before dying this Monday, May 25 in Minneapolis, Minnesota at the hands of the police.

We are crying for breath. In today’s America, one is never Black enough to be seen or heard. This is true even when desperately begging for life, for breath. Despite the stereotype that “Black people are too

Continued on page 5

continued from page 2

and parishes. This began to lay bear the racism of communities and even of their pastors.

My own life and development coincides with the advancement of the Civil Rights Movement.

Perhaps my first encounter with racism was our family's yearly visit to the Riverview Amusement Park (Western at Belmont). One of the "amusements" was a series of "dunking tanks." Mostly black men were the targets. Players would yell racial epithets as they threw balls to hit the latch that would spill the man into the water.

Before the grand shopping malls that were opened in the suburbs in the 1960s, my family shopped in Roseland. On the road to Roseland, we passed Altgeld Gardens, a public housing project designed as a self-contained community for African Americans. I began to wonder why they were confined to this territory, while the rest of us came and went and lived wherever we wanted.

Like most white families of that era, we consciously and subconsciously embraced a racist culture. That culture was – and is – ignorant, fearful, self-protective, superior, suspicious, and judgmental.

My grandfather McClellan emigrated from Alabama as a young man. He had known

and worked with African-American men on the railroads. He spoke fondly of his relationships with them, although he maintained the endemic culture of racist language and superiority.

The first time I had black classmates was at Quigley Seminary South. They were few, but they began to open our eyes. In the midst of the nascent Civil Rights Movement, they founded the United Black Seminarians. One of their first successful efforts was to have our school's teams changed from "The Rebels" to "the Spartans."

Our faculty was especially sensitive to the developing racial movement. Many of them were priests in their first decade of ministry; some got involved in the civil rights marches in the South.

Service was a part of our formation at Quigley. Once a week, after school, groups of seminarians went into the inner city Catholic schools to tutor. Another time we were invited by the parents of black students to visit their homes and learn about race from their perspective.

When Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated, our social studies class engaged with our priest in the topic of race, violence and nonviolence. That's when I learned that "the apple doesn't fall very far from the tree." It was clear that many

of my classmates defended the prejudices of their parents.

It made me aware of how blind we are to our own darknesses. Even when we make efforts to change, we often relapse into a "default" attitude.

Prejudices are tenacious. They remain in the background, especially when there is nothing to actualize or set them off.

A significant part of Christian spirituality must always be to discern all our hidden prejudices, biases, fears, and steadfast opinions.

I'm glad to live in an era when we can become more enlightened, even if we aren't fully reformed.

Father Keith & Rocco

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFULLY TAUGHT

You've got to be taught to hate and fear
You've got to be taught from year to year
It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear
You've got to be carefully taught

You've got to be taught to be afraid
Of people whose eyes are oddly made
And people whose skin is a different shade
You've got to be carefully taught

You've got to be taught before it's too late
Before you are six or seven or eight
To hate all the people your relatives hate
You've got to be carefully taught

--from the movie, *South Pacific*,

loud,” when it comes time to cry for our lives, it seems we cannot be loud enough to be heard by police.

Today, while many are protecting themselves against COVID-19, a respiratory illness, Black people are reminded that we need to worry about both COVID-19 and the police restricting, or stopping, our ability to breathe.

George Floyd, a 46-year-old man, gave his last breaths under the knee of a white police officer to whom his cries were inaudible. One can make assumptions about the intentions (subconscious or not) of a white police officer excruciatingly choking a Black man whose nose is bleeding into the street until he is unconscious. The seeming lack of equality in how compassion and human decency are meted out to black people in various altercations with the police does not cease to be a national disgrace.

Despite the videos circulating on social media, the initial police report of the incident failed to mention that the officer’s knee was on Floyd’s neck and that he was jammed to the ground for over eight minutes. As a Black man living in America, the video of George Floyd’s suffocation cues unhealed experiences with police in this country and makes me less optimistic that change between the Black community and the police will soon change. Though the officers were fired and a new FBI case opened, this killing still triggers the trauma that so many of us have experienced.

Being Black in America should not mean we walk in fear of death. But it does. It should not mean we have less access to breath. But it does.

The job of the police is to protect and serve. During George Floyd’s agony, however, we see officers stand by without assisting the dying man. “They were supposed to be there to serve, and to protect, and I didn’t see a single one of them lift a finger to do anything to help while he was begging for his life,” Floyd’s sister, Tara Brown, said. Unfortunately, surviving the police has become the daily prayer for many Black men in America.

Research has shown that Black people are more likely to be stopped by police. I have been stopped arbitrarily by the police and now get nervous each time I see them, wondering if it will be my cause of death. Until we can have an open and honest national dialogue about racism and racial bias, this legitimate fear will continue. Until white people, especially those charged with carrying weapons to protect and serve are adequately converted from the power or denial of their own racial bias, Black people will be panting for breath.

Perhaps police academies need to hire experts who can better train the ears and eyes of police officers so that they can actually hear when Black people desperately cry, “I can’t breathe.” Perhaps all white people need to find a way to better train their ears and eyes to adequately see and hear black people.

Blacks are constantly begging for oxygen, a gift that God granted everyone. Centuries of systemic racism, such as redlining and gerrymandering, have rendered a long litany of resources unavailable to the Black community.

Air should not be added to the list.

It is hard for Black people to have to ask for their humanity to be recognized while also asking for breath. But here we are:

Crying out for an America where we can trust the police.

Crying out for an America where our right to life matters.

Crying out for an America where we can be seen and heard.

Crying out for an America where we can enjoy the same privileges of breath.

Crying out for oxygen that is not polluted by the contagions of racism. †

CHILDREN'S COLORING PAGE



THE BLESSED TRINITY

ONE GOD, THREE PERSONS