



Nineteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time August 8, 2021

I am the living bread
that came down from heaven.

— **John 6:51**

[Chagall's Elijah Angel](#)

CIVIL DISCOURSE

"Do not grieve the Holy Spirit of God." These words bring us up short! What could we be doing to grieve the Holy Spirit? Alas, the same things that the Ephesians were doing in the time of Paul, that is, fighting, shouting, reviling each other with fury, anger, and malice. Just tune in to talk radio some day or observe some "road rage" on the expressway. If we who are partakers of the Body of Christ can treat one another this way, what does that mean about our belief in Christ's message of peace and reconciliation? The Eucharist is the sacrament of unity. It is communion with God and with each other. A good first step would be to speak civilly to each other, even in disagreement!

-J. S. Paluch Co.

FEAST OF FAITH

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus: Song of Heaven

The words of the Sanctus are rooted in the scriptures. They recall the song of the seraphim in the prophet Isaiah's vision of God in majesty: "Seraphim were stationed above; each of them had six wings: with two they veiled their faces, with two they veiled their feet, and with two they hovered aloft. 'Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of hosts!' they cried one to the other. 'All the earth is filled with his glory!' " (Isaiah 6:2-3). They recall the Gospel accounts of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem: "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest" (Matthew 21:9). Yet the liturgy adds something new to these ancient texts. The seraphim sang, "the earth is filled with his glory." But the liturgy proclaims, "heaven and earth are full of your glory." In the Eucharist, earth and heaven meet. For a moment in time, we join in the song that the angels sing for all time. The Sanctus raises us to heaven, but does not remove us from the earth. It is the song of the King who took on our human flesh so that we might share in his divine life.

-Corinna Laughlin, Copyright © J. S. Paluch Co.

READINGS FOR THE WEEK

Monday: Dt 10:12-22; Ps 147:12-15, 19-20; Mt 17:22-27
Tuesday: 2 Cor 9:6-10; Ps 112:1-2, 5-9; Jn 12:24-26
Wednesday: Dt 34:1-2; Ps 66:1-3a, 5, 8, 16-17; Mt 18:15-20
Thursday: Jos 3:7-10a, 11, 13-17; Ps 114:1-6; Mt 18:21 — 19:1
Friday: Jos 24:1-13; Ps 136:1-3, 16-18, 21-22, 24; Mt 19:3-12
Saturday: Jos 24:14-29; Ps 16:1-2a, 5, 7-8, 11; Mt 19:13-15
Sunday: Vigil: 1 Chr 15:3-4, 15-16; 16:1-2; Ps 132:6-7, 9-10, 13-14; 1 Cor 15:54b-57; Lk 11:27-28
Day: Rv 11:19a; 12:1-6a, 10ab; Ps 45:10-12, 16; 1 Cor 15:20-27; Lk 1:39-56

SAINTS AND SPECIAL OBSERVANCES

Monday: St. Teresa Benedicta of the Cross
Tuesday: St. Lawrence
Wednesday: St. Clare
Thursday: St. Jane Frances de Chantal
Friday: Ss. Pontian and Hippolytus
Saturday: St. Maximilian Kolbe;
Vigil of the Assumption

Finance Corner: Your generosity is greatly needed and appreciated!

For the month of August offerings: PLEASE put in Mass collection box or mail to St. Philip/St. Teresa Parish, P. O. Box 339, Occidental CA 95465. Or donate at our website www.stphilipstteresa.org via Paypal or card. Please include your offering envelope # [if you have one] with your donation. Bless you!



thru-July25 summary: 1st collections: \$6298. 2nd collections: \$2010.

8/8: Operating Expenses & Peter's Pence. 8/15: Capital Expenditures & Assumption.

Mark your Calendar for Future Events & Meetings:

Parish Council [PC]: TBA

Finance Council [FC]: Tues., 9/7/21, at 3pm on Zoom::
call Jim to RSVP at 707-292-6092

Liturgy Committee [LC]: TBA

St. Teresa Ladies Guild: Contact Diane, 823-6044

St. Philip Ladies Guild: Contact Penny, 559-367-7403

✠ ♥ ✠ Mass Intentions ✠ ♥ ✠ Schedule

8/07 Sat. 5pm Mass Nikkie [for healing]

8/08 Sun. 8am Mass ✠ Tina Bartolo

8/08 Sun. 9:30am Mass for the People

8/14 Sat. 5pm Mass for the People

8/15 Sun. 8am Mass ✠ Denis & Josephine Poynter

8/15 Sun. 9:30am Mass for the Papke Family special intention

Prayer Requests: Please leave a message at 707-408-2650.

Teresa K., Pat K., Thomas T., Susan B., Lorri McC., Sarah, Clifford J., Terri A., Fred P., Theresa S., Sara, Mary Anne P., Barbara, Dave C., Jim P., William, Parson P., Dave, Mary O., Bill Z., Daniel, Sally T., Michael D., Richard M., Kathleen, Peter, Rosa S., Susan B., Joyce D., Anita C., George H., Mimi H., Steve, Barry, Lorrin K., Hugh P., Robert S., Britney N., Chuck, Rebecca A., April K., Jacinta G., Leo A., Ed C. family, Kathy R., Donna W., Jim K., Sherry S., Papke family., Gail F., Marie N., Christine, James G., Gary S., Peter R., Gerry N., Diane K., Janet K., River M.; Nikkie; and for repose of the soul of Claudia Munoz's mother.



Mission Dolores, SF



[Chagall's Elijah Angel](#)

Homiletic Diakonia: 19th Sunday in Ordinary Time

by Deacon [Frederick \(Fritz\) Bauerschmidt](#)

Readings: [1 Kings 19:4-8](#); [Ephesians 4:30-5:2](#); [John 6:41-51](#)

"Get up and eat,
else the journey will be too long for you!"
These are the words that God,
sounding suspiciously like someone's mother,
speaks in our first reading,
when Elijah has grown discouraged
on the journey he is making to Mt. Horeb,
where he will encounter God.
He is being pursued by his nemesis King Ahab
and it looks like his prophetic mission is a failure,
so he sits himself down beneath a broom tree
and prays to die:
"This is enough, O Lord!"
But God will have none of it:
he sends an angel with bread and water
and tells him,
after he lies down for a second time,
"Get up and eat,
else the journey will be too long for you!"
God has plans for Elijah;
God has a journey for him to undertake,
and the miraculous food and drink that God offers him
is intended to sustain him on that journey.

Maybe you have never prayed to die,
or maybe you have,
but I suspect that almost everyone here
has at some point or other sat down and said,
"This is enough, O Lord!"
I am tired of having my efforts go unappreciated.
I am tired of work that is frustrating.
I am tired of trying to love people who do not love me back.
I am tired of taking one step forward and two steps back.
I am tired of this journey you have put me on
and I think I will just stop, sit down, and let life run its course.
We may not pray for death like Elijah did,
but we do sometimes feel like giving up on life –
giving up on a life that is more than simply getting by,

more than simply marking time,
giving up on our life having some larger meaning,
some eternal meaning,
some meaning in the eyes of God.
We give up on the idea of our life
being a journey to Mt. Horeb
where we will meet God.

But God will have none of this.
I cannot, of course, speak for you,
but I know that when I say,
"This is enough, O Lord!"
God never seems to reply,
"Yes, you're right.
The journey is too long.
I've asked too much."
Instead God says,
"Get up and eat,
else the journey will be too long for you!"

God seems to say this most often
in the form of my wife or children or friends
not letting me mope around feeling sorry for myself.
God reminds me through their voices
that there really is no choice,
if my life is to have ultimate meaning,
but to get up, as weary as I might feel,
and continue the journey
even though its final goal,
union with the living God,
is something that lies infinitely beyond
even my power to imagine.

"Get up and eat."
What food can sustain us on such a journey?
What food can give us the strength to go forward
into the mystery of the living God?
Jesus says it quite plainly in today's Gospel:
"I am the living bread that came down from heaven;
whoever eats *this* bread will live forever;
and the bread that I will give
is my flesh for the life of the world."
One of the terms that early Christians
used for the Eucharist was *viaticum*,
which means "food for the journey,"
a term we still use for the final Eucharist given to the dying.
But in a sense *every* Eucharist is *viaticum*;
as a medieval hymn puts it,

*O food of travellers, angels' bread,
Manna with which the blest are fed,
Draw near, and with your sweetness fill
The hungry hearts that seek you still.*

Every time we receive the Eucharist, it is food for our journey.

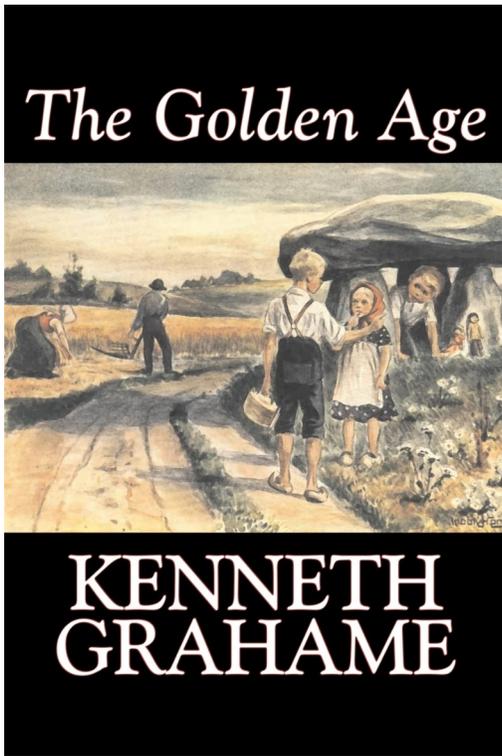
But it seems so small:
how could a bit of bread and sip of wine
fill the hunger of our hearts?
How could a small Sunday slice of time
give us the food that would sustain us
on a journey to eternity?
This is the mystery:
the bread and wine that we bring to God's table

is graciously accepted by God
and then graciously given back to us,
no longer bread and wine
but Christ's flesh for the life of the world.
This is the mystery:
here at this altar,

week in and week out,
we come, weary travelers,
to whom God says,
"Get up and eat,
else the journey will be too long for you!"
And strengthened
by the living bread of Jesus Christ
we continue on the journey,
glorifying the Lord by our lives.



I am a professor of Theology at [Loyola University Maryland](#) and a permanent deacon of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, assigned to [The Cathedral of Mary Our Queen](#). Homilies from before August 2019 were, unless otherwise noted, preached at [Corpus Christi](#) parish. I've also [written some books](#).



The Secret Drawer

In his delightful book *The Golden Years* the British writer Kenneth Grahame (1859-1932) speaks of adults as the *Olympians* – residing somewhere up in the clouds, remote from the world where children play. *On the whole, the existence of these Olympians seemed to be entirely void of interests . . . their habits stereotyped and senseless. To anything but appearances they were blind. For them the orchard (a place elf-haunted, wonderful!) simply produced so many apples and cherries: or it*

*didn't . . . The Olympians had reduced the world to "objects" or "things" – a robin to a *turdus migratorius* - scientifically speaking.*

In one episode a boy-narrator tells of his being introduced to an old writing desk in an attic "*H'm! Sheraton!*" remarked his uncle, referring to its 18th century make. He then revealed the desk's pigeon-holes and drawers. "*There's a secret drawer in there somewhere.*" The uncle then left, but the boy remained stirred by those magic syllables – "*a secret drawer*". It conjured up images of a sliding panel, bullion, ingots, Spanish dollars, hidden treasure. He approached the desk, probed every smooth surface in search of some knob or spring that might release the secret drawer. Unyielding, the old desk stood, guarding its secret. He grew discouraged but then with a sort of small sigh . . . *the secret drawer sprang open*. Excited he carried it to the window. But his excitement gave way to disappointment for the drawer contained no ingots or silver but only two tarnished gilt buttons, a crayoned picture, some foreign copper coins, a list of birds' eggs and where they had been found, and one ferret's muzzle. Nothing of any worth at all! And yet as the boy viewed the contents a warmth crept back into his heart, for he knew them to be the hoard of some long forgotten boy like himself - treasures he had stowed away one by one and had cherished secretly awhile: and then - what? Well . . . one would never know . . . *but across the void stretch of years I seemed to touch hands a moment with my little comrade of seasons long since dead*. He then replaced the secret drawer with its contents.

Obviously to that earlier boy every item in that drawer – despite their being mere objects of no significance to others – had heartfelt meaning. They were relics of experiences that thrilled him in some way. The ferret's muzzle – retaining the memory of a once beloved pet; the crayoned picture worth saving as much as a Rembrandt portrait; the list of birds' eggs so speckled and colorful, so oval, so fragile that he had to record where and when he found them – just as the Bible records the Exodus from Egypt or the birth of Christ as momentous, meaningful events requiring dramatic preservation. Don't we all have a secret drawer somewhere within our being – with events, tarnished gilt buttons or a bagfull of marbles or an old rosary . . . ?

Today's second reading speaks of your *old* self and your *new* self. Instead of your *old* self may it not really mean your *current* self as an Olympian, your mind preoccupied by a world where even people are mere "objects" or "things"; landscapes unseen as you speed down Highway 12; so much forgetfulness of what really exists? And may not this *current* self need to be re-created – anew - to re-experience reality as inexhaustibly meaningful - as it began, before adult chatter erased your wonder? What was it Jesus said? *Unless you become as little children . . .*

-Geoff Wood, 8/01/21

Our Pastor, Fr. Bala, Speaks...

I hope all of you are well, and I am delighted to be seeing not all but many of you again inside our churches during our weekend Masses.

I want to thank everyone in both churches for their generosity to our parish during the past 16 months. The regular and online collections have increased during this time in spite of the CORONA-19 crisis and its manifold challenges.

Last summer (July and August) we held a successful matching gift campaign which made an enormous difference in our parish budget. Today we are proud to say that we navigated the pandemic amazingly- thanks to the dedication and generosity of our parishioners and friends. Please continue to support our parish in future campaigns that may come sooner or later.

Though we are happy to get back to our worship inside the churches, and though we feel that we have come at last to some kind of normalcy with the liturgical services and social gatherings, we know that the pandemic is not yet over. On July 16, Sonoma County established new mandates for mask wearing during indoor church services and in social gatherings in the parish hall.

(NEW: SoCo Health Order issued on 8/2/21; see <https://socoemergency.org/order-of-the-health-officer-of-the-county-of-sonoma-c19-25/>)

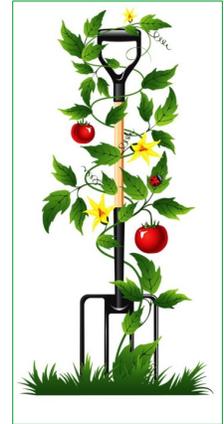
We will continue to face such and other challenges. But I ardently appeal to more and more parishioners and visitors to join in our community services/ministries and worship.

It goes without saying that among all our liturgical services the Eucharist is the center and summit of our Christian Faith and Life.

8/3/21

**Spruce up St Philip grounds on Saturday,
August 28, 2021
sponsored by the Boosters Club.**

Join parishioners & friends to tidy up the grounds around our
Occidental parish church and hall.
We will begin at 9 am and plan to finish by 12 noon.



Tasks include: pick up trash; sweep patio and walkways; power wash; pull weeds; trim hedges, trees, vines, and shrubs; clean gutters; rake leaves, and other possible tasks.

Choose a task you can help with and bring your gardening tools.

After completing tasks, enjoy a **FREE LUNCH** of hot dogs, pizza, chips, soda, and ice cream.

For questions and to choose a task, please call Kelly & Cathy McCool at (707) 861-9302.

Thank you!

