

Dayton Latin Mass Community Newsletter

Month of Our Lady of the Rosary

October 2007

Traditional Tridentine Latin Mass



Place: Our Lady of the Rosary Church
Hart St. & Notre Dame Ave
Dayton, Oh 45404

Sundays: 8:45 am

Confessions before Mass: 8 to 8:40 AM

First Friday Devotions:

Confessions: 6:15 PM

Mass 7:00 PM, followed by
Benediction and Holy Hour:

For information call the church: 228-8802

Or: Fr. Mark Wojdelski:

16194 St Mary's Road

Brookville IN 47012

Phone: 765-647-0310

Website: www.daytonlatinmass.org

Attendance

9-2-07	207
9-7-07 <i>First Friday</i>	85
9-9-07	211
9-16-07	216
9-23-07	178

Choir Members

To provide quality music for the Mass we welcome new members for both the mixed voice choir and the men's Schola Cantorum Daytoniensis. The choir is open to everyone ages 14 and up. For more information contact our choir director, Lynn McCaw at: 937-879-5497

Prayers for Vocations

All parishioners are invited to join the Mothers Group in praying for vocations after the last Sunday Mass of each month. Prayers booklets are provided. This takes only a few minutes as we pray for all religious vocations but especially to those of the priesthood. Please join them in the pews in front of the Marian altar.

Sunday Coffee Hour

Coffee and donuts are served in the church basement after Mass on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month. All are invited to join us for refreshments and a bit of friendly cha

Announcements

First Friday

October 5 is the First Friday of the month. There will be Mass and First Friday Devotions beginning at 7:00 pm. Confessions begin at 6 pm. We hope to see many of you there.

From Frs. Wojdelski and Saguto:

As most of you have heard, the Priestly Fraternity of St. Peter will very likely not be able to continue covering the Latin Masses in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. As it seems to have become more difficult than ever (in spite of the recent motu proprio of Benedict XVI) to find a priest to celebrate these Masses, many of our faithful have begun to despair for the future of the Latin Mass in this archdiocese, and especially in Dayton. Rather than give up, **we exhort each of you to pray the Rosary each day during the month of October with the intention that suitable priests may be found to continue celebrating the Traditional Mass.** Also, at the conclusion of the Rosary, please add the *Memorare*, putting all your confidence in the Blessed Virgin Mary. "For if this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God." (Acts 5:38-39)

THE MEMORARE

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother; to thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful; O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.

(Add your daily Rosary)

Talks on the Mass

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

"And they (the seraphim) cried one to another, and said: 'Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of Thy glory!' " Isaias, 6 :3.

The Hotel Sheraton is in Chicago. Every afternoon about 3 o'clock some years ago the girls working in the Office heard

a voice, a fine voice singing snatches of opera. They did not know whose voice it was nor where it came from. It was not a radio; it was not a phonograph. They searched and searched, as women will do, until they discovered their Phantom of the Opera. He was a porter or bus boy, Vytantas Gorinas by name, who had come from Lithuania to America as a displaced person. In his native land he had been a professor of psychology.

Each day after lunch the young man retreated to the hotel basement to practice what he had learned about opera in a year of study in Germany. In a Nazi prison camp he had discovered his ability to sing, and had decided to make singing his career.

Fortunately a guest at the hotel also heard him practicing and saw to it that Gorinas was enrolled in a Chicago music school. Modestly but hopefully the young man declared: ;

“I’m not a singer yet, but I’m learning to be one.”

No drama, no opera, no work of music can compare with the Mass. In it we sing the praises of the Lord Almighty. But, just as there seems to be a far cry from the basement of a hotel to the stage of the opera, so there is a limitless distance between our singing here on earth and the singing of the angels at the throne of God. Yet, we join with those angels, we call upon them to sing with us and for us, when we recite or sing the Sanctus.

Last month we thought about the Preface, how it is a glorious hymn of thanksgiving to the Creator. We saw how the priest realizes his weakness and limitations. We saw how the priest, conscious of his lack of skill and power, calls upon the angels to take up the joyful strain where he leaves off. This thought is brought out ‘beautifully in a High Mass when the celebrant sings up to the Sanctus, stops singing, and then merely recites Holy, Holy, Holy, while the choir, representing the angels, takes up the song. That means you members of the choir are taking the place of the angels. You are raising your voices with the angelic choir in the words of praise :

“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.

“Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.

“Hosanna in the highest !”

“Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.

“Hosanna in the highest!”

1. At the first ‘holy’ the priest joins his hands and bows slightly. For each of the three times he says ‘holy’ the bell is rung. At the words, ‘Blessed is He that cometh’ the priest stands erect and makes the sign of the cross on himself. Reciting the final words, ‘Hosanna in the highest’, he again joins his hands

The first part of this brief but beautiful hymn is taken from the words with which Isaias described a vision :

“And they (the seraphim) cried one to another, and said: ‘Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of his glory.’ Isaias, 6 :3.

It is called the Thrice Holy and also the Seraphic Hymn

or the Angels’ Hymn. The second part, called the Triumphal Chant, is taken from the story of the first Palm Sunday, which we will explain in a moment.

2. We could find no better place than right before the Canon for this angelic hymn of praise. By singing the word ‘holy’ three times the angels glorify God’s power by calling Him the Lord of hosts, which means Lord of armies. An army represents power, power which overcomes all obstacles and difficulties. Such is our God.

3. Repeating the ‘holy’ three times reminds us of the Blessed Trinity, the Three Divine Persons in the one God. Vaguely and indefinitely the Old Testament refers to the Trinity. Isaias may have had this mystery revealed to him.

4. After honoring God’s holiness and power, we go on to praise His glory. Every corner of creation in heaven and earth shows forth His great glory. Carried away with joy we cry out with the angels :

“Hosanna in the highest,” Hosanna is a Hebrew word which originally meant help, save, redeem. Here it means “Praise be to Him.” Hence we sing: “Praise be to the Lord in the highest.” It is a hymn of welcome to the Lord who comes to us during Mass.

5. The second part of the Sanctus you recognize at once. Here we turn to the special praise of the Son of God. We quote the words sung by the people of Jerusalem at His triumphal entry on that first Palm Sunday. You remember how the men, women and children rushed out to meet our Lord. how they strewed palm branches and their own garments in the way, and how they sang His praises: “Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

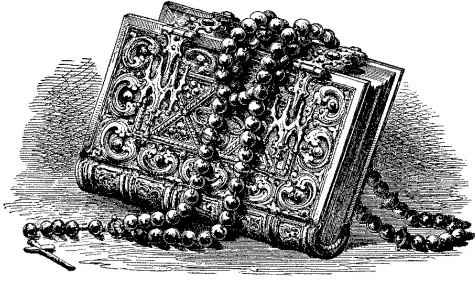
Those same voices were to turn against Him the very next Friday, the first Good Friday.

How fittingly we sing those words as we approach the highpoint of the Holy Sacrifice. Let those words remind us that Christ is about to offer Himself again upon this altar. Let those words remind us that we too have turned traitor by sin. Let those words spur us to sorrow and sentiments of adoration and praise for the Lord who died for us.

Master musicians have stretched their talents to the utmost to express in music the beauty and pathos of the Sanctus. You and I must bend every effort to enter into the spirit of this powerful prayer. To praise God is our most important work on earth. It will be our principal occupation in heaven, a glorious, happy, eternal occupation.

Just as that bus boy sang in the basement of a hotel, so you and I seem to be singing far away from the ears of God. Yet He hears and He is pleased and He will lift us up from the basement of this world, if we sing and live His praise aright. He will lift us up to Himself in heaven there to sing forever the eternal HOLY, HOLY, HOLY. Amen.

Fr. Arthur Tonne



The Power of Prayer: The Rosary

Basically what I want to do--while remaining anonymous--is to get across to as many people as possible how strong is the power of prayer, especially the Rosary, in fighting the ever-growing evils spreading throughout the world.

I've always had great devotion to the Rosary. Being a 75-year-old Catholic reared in Ireland, the Rosary was always part of my day and was said in every Catholic home in Ireland --rich or poor--every evening.

When I came to Vancouver in the mid-1950s and was a member of St. Augustine's Parish, it seemed that here in Canada the Rosary was also a nightly affair in Catholic homes, even though TV had come to Canada then. My husband and I, with our 12 children, kept up the family Rosary for over 30 years.

Sad to say, by degrees, my husband and 11 of our children left their Catholic faith, and so for the last 16 or 17 years I pray alone.

Sometimes I get frustrated and ask God and His lovely Mother, "Why? What was the use of all those Rosaries?" However I quite quickly apologize and keep on with the Rosaries.

In 2006, being more and more aware of the growing and increasing evil of every kind and also seeing no fruits from all the extra prayers and Masses for the conversion of my husband (who is almost 80) I began to really wonder whether my Rosaries had any power at all. For the last six years because of falls and broken bones and replaced joints I've had to do a lot more sitting around and resting, and so have had more time and opportunity to pray --especially the Rosary. I usually say 16 to 18 weekly.

I began to ask Our Blessed Lady to please, somehow, let me know whether my Rosaries were as useful as I'd hoped. I told her that if I knew they were not as powerful, then I would say more, and if I knew they are powerful then I would also say more!

I was also pleading with God to please send my husband some sign or miracle or whatever to bring him into the Light. I'd pray "You know him Lord; You know it's going to take some extraordinary experience or sign. You knocked Saul off his horse. Can't You send something for my husband before it's too late?"

Then, I lost all belief in the power of my prayers. I had not lost my faith in God. I just seemed convinced my prayers were useless. I phoned a dear friend--an old lady in her 90s who I believe is a saint. I told her how I was feeling and asked her to pray for me. Next day she phoned me to let me know she was praying and that she'd offered her Mass for me.

That night God sent me the most amazing dream, five times over in the same night. In the first dream I seemed to be inside a huge warm rectangular light. As I looked ahead I could see, coming out of complete darkness toward me, a row of about 10 to 12 small lights as if there was a row of people (who were invisible) each carrying a flashlight in front of them. These lights made me very uneasy. I didn't know why. They moved forward a little, then stopped. I woke up in a sweat and was very glad to. I got up, had a cupper, walked around and went back to bed and to sleep.

Back came the exact same horrible dream. Up I got again, quite upset but eventually went back to sleep. A third time--back it came but in this dream I came to realize that it was my light that was stopping the row of smaller lights from proceeding.

Even now it still amazes and moves me when I realize that that same dream came back a fourth and fifth time -- each dream seeming more than a dream.

About half an hour after getting up and having breakfast it suddenly dawned on me that the dreams were an amazing answer to my prayers. The small lights coming towards me represented the evils of the world. My light was so big and represented my Rosaries and other prayers and was certainly powerful in stopping the progress of evil. What a gift from God and Our Blessed Mother!

*Anonymous
From the Internet*



Divine Ghost Stories .

Spooky tales of shadowy figures, creaking doors, and an organ that plays by itself plague a church near Orillia

It doesn't have to be Halloween to bring out the spooks at St. Columbkille Church near Orillia. Strange stories have circulated around the place for more than 100 years and have evolved to the extent that the church is deemed haunted by local residents.

Reports of ghost sightings, shadowy figures that appear out of nowhere, creaking doors and an organ that plays by itself have created a rich folklore of the supernatural in the otherwise quiet country parish.

Long-time parishioner Susan Wallis was a young girl on a fateful day at the Catholic church in 1964.

"There were five of us," she recalls. "Myself, two of my sisters, my mother and another lady. We were cleaning the church for the Easter services. As we were cleaning the altar,

we heard the doors at the back of the church moving. We all turned and looked and in the upper choir loft there was a figure in black clothes. He had atop hat on and a white face and he started playing the organ.

“My sister, mom and the lady ran up to the choir loft where he was. He disappeared through the doors into the belfry. They tried to open the door and couldn’t at first. When they did get the door open, there was no one there and the belfry, a room with no windows and no means of escape, was empty.”

Many have claimed to have seen this black-figured ghost, thought by some to be a former organ tuner, despite efforts by the priest of that time to dismiss the occurrence as a prank.

Fact or fiction depends on one's point of view, as well as one's sense of fun.

Founded in 1855, St. Columbkille had as its first parishioners Irish and Scottish immigrants fleeing religious persecution and famine. Today, Father Edwin Galea presides over a country parish of around 169 Catholic families. The church is isolated, with an old cemetery located on the north and west sides, and cows grazing in the farmlands beyond. Original settlers are buried there as well as several priests and veterans of the two world wars. There are also a number of unknown graves.

The rectory, which stands beside the church, has not been lived in since the 1990s. A vault with the capacity to hold 20 bodies has been known to creak and blow open on cold, windy days.

The church itself is beautiful, with antique stained glass windows and pews that are 100 years old. The shamrock motif is engraved in much of the woodwork of the church.

Some present-day parishioners are not happy with the church’s haunted reputation and say the Irish are great storytellers who wanted to create their own legend. Nevertheless, the ghost stories continue.

On a hot night this past August, Dave Bartlett was parked on the roadway between the rectory and the church waiting to pick up his wife from evening mass.

“It was about 7:45, just getting dark,” he says. “There was no one else around. They were all in the church. I heard all this loud music and beating of drums and pipes like a marching band. It was so loud I could hear it over my car radio. I thought, ‘What the heck,’ so I opened my windows and turned off the radio. The music was coming from the church. I thought, ‘They must be having some kind of celebration.’ The music was uplifting church music. Finally it subsided and the people started to leave. When my wife got in the car, I asked her what had been going on in there. She said there had been no music at all that night, not even the choir.”

Unusual shadows on the walls are another strange phenomenon at St. Columbkille. Janice Royston recalls a night last winter when a shadow resembling the outline of a

man appeared on the wall.

“I guess you could say it's my imagination,” she laughs. “We had just been talking about the ghosts at dinner the day before. But I wasn’t the only one who saw it. It seemed to move around the wall during the service.

“Then it came time to leave and everyone was walking out. I wanted to get out of there quick. By now the shadow was at the corner near the door of the church. When I walked through that door, I felt a cold chill and I shivered. It was really eerie.”

In the spirit of good fun, parishioners have included several ghost stories in their recently published history, which celebrates their 150th jubilee.

Some people make reference to “the ghost” as the friendly resident who likes to drop in once in awhile. They remember the humor of Father Voorwerk, a pastor during the 1960s, who played a tape of scary noises every Halloween to the delight of children. Voorwerk also took people on tours to quell rumors that a coffin was kept in the basement of the rectory .

Whether the stories are real or the work of over-active imaginations, there is no doubt that the ghost of St. Columbkille adds character and uniqueness to this quaint country church.

*Elizabeth Shearer
Toronto Star
Oct. 30, 2006.*

**Pray for Our Holy Mother Church.
Pray for the Holy Father.
Prayer our Beloved Bishop & Pastor.
Pray for Priests.
Pray for Vocations to the Priesthood.
Pray for our Latin Mass Community**

Newsletter - Announcements & Mistakes

If you would like to receive the Newsletter, find errors in it, or you would like your name removed from the mailing list or if your mailing address is incorrect please contact Judy Fradl. Also, announcements and articles you would like to have inserted into the bulletin need to be received by the 21st of the preceding month.

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