St. Frances Cabrini Catholic Church

12001 69th St. East, Parrish, Fl. 34219 FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT

WWW.SFXCPARRISH.COMHome@sfxcparrish.com941.776.9097OFFICE HOURSM,T, Th, F 9:00am-3:00pmClosed Wednesday

"It is granted to few to recognize the true Church amid the darkness of so many schisms and heresies, and to fewer still so to love the truth which they have seen as to fly to its embrace." ~St Robert Bellarmine



SCHEDULE OF MASSES Daily Mass: T, W, TH, F - 8:30 AM Saturday Vigil: 4:00 PM Sunday: 9:00 AM & 11:15 AM

Pastor: Fr. Joseph Gates

PARISH STAFF

Operations Manager: Richard Lind Religious Education: Mary Jo Chronis Sacramental Coordinator: Chris Malone Liturgy Coordinator: Lydia Herrera Maintenance & IT: Ernie Nolder Maintenance: Roger Rodriguez Data Entry: Tom Moline

MARCH 19, 2023



TUESDAY MARCH 21 8:30am +FRANK KRAMER Req. By Joe & Ginny 2nd Int. +BEVERLY STEFANI Req. By: Homebound Ministry

WEDNESDAY MARCH 22 8:30am THANKSGIVING FOR BLESSINGS Req. By: Del Castillo Family

THURSDAY

8:30am.

MARCH 23 **+THOMAS DIREENO**

Rea. BY: Wife 2nd. Int. **CHRISTINA BUCKANAN b-day** Joann Nelander Req. By:

FRIDAY 8:30am

MARCH 24 +JOSEPH DEL CASTILLO JR. B-day Req. By: Mom & Dad

SATURDAY 4:00 pm

MARCH 25 **+ROSE & VINCENT DeLUCA** Loving Family +SHAUN MENZER Friend

SUNDAY 9:00am

Rea. By:

2nd Int.

Req. By:

Rea. By:

2nd Int.

Req. By

+ANNIE RODAS b-Day Ginny & Joe **+ARLENE BEYER MILLER** Steve & Hedy Nuspl

MARCH 26

+ SUSAN LOMONACO 11:15am Husband Morris Req. By: 2nd Int. +ROBERT AIOSA Lawrence Wark & Family Req. By.



TODAY'S SCRIPTURE READINGS First Reading 31;1SM26:1B,6-7,10-13a23:1-6 Psalms: 95:1-2,6-9 Second Reading: Eph 5:8-14 Gospel Reading: Jn 9:1-41

SACRAMENTS: Contact the Office

Baptism: For registered & active parishioners: Baptism instruction is required for Parents.

Reconciliation:

Saturdays 2:00-3:00 PM In the main Church Or by Appointment

Weddings: Must be arranged with the pastor at least 6 months before the date desired.

Last Rites & Anointing of the Sick

Due to the Distance from Parrish Manatee Hospital:

St. Joseph: 941-756-3732 Sacred Heart: 941-748-2221 Lakewood Ranch Hospital: Our Lady of the Angels: 941-752-6770 **Doctor's Hospital Sarasota:** Incarnation: 941-921-6631 St. Patrick's: 941-378-1703

DO NOT WAIT TILL THE LAST MINUTE

Funerals: Please contact the Office for a meeting for Dates, Readings, and Music. There are certain policies in place at St. Frances Cabrini for the respectful burial of your loved ones.

FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT



St. Frances Cabrini is now on Flocknote—a new way of communication amongst our Parish congregation!



1. Download the "Flocknote" app in Google Play Store or Apple Store

2. - OR - Scan the QR Code with the camera open on your phone. It will then have a url pop up.

3. Register

The purpose of Flocknote is that a Pastor might be able to send a txt across to his entire congregation. Let's say a Hurricane comes and Mass has to be cancelled, he could send one txt out through the app and everyone would know.

There are also groups someone could sign up for and receive information strictly for that group. Whether it's Youth Group, Lectors, OCIA, there are groups that you can just click and be added to and you will only receive messages from the administrator of that group.



Be kept in the loop! Download the App and enjoy!





Every Friday in Lent. 5:00-7:00 PM Starting March 4th Drive Thru

Only @ The Cabrini Center

THIRD SUNDAY OF LENT



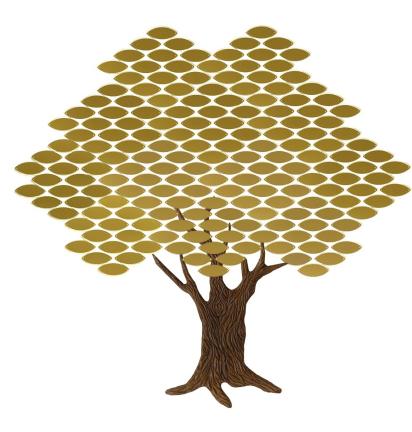
YOUTH STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Wednesday, April 5th 6:30 PM—8:00 PM

MEET OUTSIDE THE CARBINI CENTER

The YOUTH GROUP is hosting outdoor Station of the Cross. ALL SFXC Faith Formation Students are invited to participate. Grades K-5 MUST be accompanied by a parent.

Food, fun, and fellowship immediately following the station!



Memorial Tree of Life

A "Memorial Tree" is a tree of remembrance in many Parish Churches and Halls. It's a lasting legacy of those past and present.

Proceeds from the sale of leaves, acorns, and stones will go to our Debt Free in '23 Campaign. You may purchase a leaf for \$100, an acorn for \$250 and/or a stone for \$500. Engraving is included in the price. Forms for the purchase are located in the Narthex.

Please consider a purchase and continued support in our Debt Free in 2023 Campaign. Thank you and God Bless.

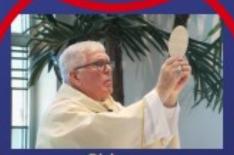
MARCH 12, 2023

DIOCESE OF VENICE IN FLORIDA Eucharistic Congress

The Word Made Flesh - John 1:14

Youth Rally

Friday, March 24, 2023 5:00 p.m-10:00 p.m. *Heynote Speaker* Father Timothy Anastos *Music* The Vigil Project



Bishop Frank J. Dewane

Eucharistic Congress

Saturday, March 25, 2023 9:00 a.m.- 6:00p.m. Renowned National Speakers English and Spanish Tracks Mass & Eucharistic Procession Men's and Women's Breakouts

Caloosa Sound Convention Center and Luminary Hotel 1365 Monroe Street, Fort Myers

> www.dioceseofvenice.org 941-484-9543





FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT

The Conquest of the Bride | Hans Urs von Balthasar | From Heart of the World

My kingdom is invisible, but I want to establish you, my Bride, before the eyes of men so visibly that no one will be able to overlook you. I want to raise you up like the brazen serpent in the desert, like the rock against which hell itself is dashed to pieces, like Mount Tabor over whose peak the shining cloud hovers, and like the Cross that casts its shadow over all lands — the blazon of my victory in failure.

I want to establish you upon iron foundations, and your structure is to be a true and distinctive sign that I am setting up a memorial to myself upon the earth. You will be my witness to the very edge of the world, a witness that I was in the world, and I will not forsake you until the end of time. You will be a sign of contradiction among the peoples, and no one will even as much as whisper your name, O my Church, without shuddering. Over you men will have to part their ways, for many will love you and squander everything for you, but very many will hate you, and these will swear an oath not to rest until they have exterminated you from the land of men. And you will be despised like no man or thing, except myself, has ever been despised on earth. They will stand in line for the privilege of spitting in your face, of wiping off on your garments the mud from their shoes.

On all walls they will scrawl caricatures of your mystery, and in the bars, writhing with laughter, they will sing obscene songs about you. They will set you in the pillory and, after they have bound and gagged you, they will accuse you of every vulgarity and demand that you wash yourself clean. No means will be left untried to bring you under suspicion and every one of your shortcomings will be inflated to monstrous proportions. You will know hard times, nor will there be any assigned place for you. Wherever the path seemed to lie open before you, you will, before long, find a landslide and a roadblock, or perhaps a wall.

"Impossible!", you will say. You will have to live on earth, yet without possessing a home. You will have to acquaint yourself with both the good and the evil customs of every people and with all of men's distresses. But, although you will be in their midst, men will make sure to exclude you from both their trust and their confidence. They will let you feel that you remain the foreigner in the house, at best tolerated, never truly loved. No matter what you may attempt in order to make yourself of service, they will not be satisfied. If you make yourself one of them, they will scorn you; and, if you keep to yourself, they will say: "You see, she knows herself where she belongs. Let's then put an end to the affair and drive her out once and for all."

For a time it will seem as though you have attained to well-being and success among them. They will rally around your banner and make themselves at home in the great shadow of your cathedrals. Your word will be their nourishment and your blessing will transfigure their lives. But then it will be as if your children had outgrown the milk of your breasts. The more clever among them will shake themselves loose of your heavenly bonds, and the avalanche of their apostasy will gain momentum through the centuries, until the masses, inexorably dragged along by this irresistible pull towards the earth, will also desert your fold.



You who wanted to gather up humanity in order to present it to me as the one fruit in the libation-cup of your prayer: See how you now stand leafless like a tree in the autumn. No harvest has been brought in, and the commandment to go forth which burns within your heart is today still less fulfilled than on the first day when you set out. At that time everything was still possible, even in the midst of the heathen's immense darkness. A light had gone up, and all faces turned automatically towards this New Thing. But now it seems as though your song is becoming a hurdy-gurdy. Whenever you appear in a street all windows are shut, and the little which people's ears nonetheless still unwillingly perceive excites in them nothing but disgust and infinite boredom.

MARCH 19, 2023

You can no longer conceal the disgrace of having failed totally, of having lost the game for good. People's distress may still fill a couple of your bombed-out churches... But just wait for the day of prosperity to return and you will be more forgotten than a corpse of a thousand years. You have not recognized the signs of the time. The rushing stream of love that you once released over a thirsty world (the slave raised up a hopeless eye, women lifted their veils, all the disinherited felt the breath of a more-than-earthly mercy): this rushing stream, I say, is now dammed up.

Your administrators stingily dole out through well-run pipe-systems and institutions the precious liquid of my grace. The bark of the tree which once blossomed in the wild has now turned to cork. You have become such an established household that even the catastrophic storms of the times, and persecution rattling at your gates and windows, can hardly awaken you from sleep, and a slap in your face can elicit from you but an embarrassed smile. Disgrace covers the length of you, all the more poignantly as you try to deny it, pretending nothing is amiss.

So there you stand, my Bride, truly a sign over the peoples at which fingers point, a widely known but little loved sign. Your failure redounds to me, since on your account my name, too, is blasphemed among the heathen. Many a man who sought me with a sincere heart came to a terrified halt on his way as he suddenly caught sight of you, and he turned away. And many a one who saw how troublesome is the life of your faithful, how little redeemed they appear to be, how pitifully the glow of their hearts smothers under the ashes, how strictly they judge the world while being themselves secretly full of the world; has turned resolutely to the innocence of the heathen.

It is not your love — - that overcomes the world — which is a scandal to them; for that is a scandal which you should give! Their scandal, rather, is your luke-warmness and your unbridled lack of love. You were meant to be for men an image of the unity between me and the Father, and it was for this that I sent you our Holy Spirit, the bond of unifying love; for this it was that I established you on the all-embracing unity of baptism, doctrine, and the uninterrupted succession from Peter to John Paul II. Your very essence is unity, and each of the tokens by which you are recognized and by which you can prove your identity is founded on unity.

And you will not succeed in falling away from this unity. You will not succeed because I myself put this unity within you and burnt this indelible mark into you. You will not succeed because I have entered into you with my Spirit and, as your one heart, I move you towards unity from within. But you are always in a state of revolt

against yourself. No people is more torn asunder than yours, none so pervaded by discord down to the very foundations. Every person within you who holds an office, everyone who has charge of a mission or who administers a task I have given him, constantly tends to consider the part that he is as if it were the whole. He sees the small wheel he turns as if it were the power that moves everything else, or the worthless service he performs as if it were indispensable.

All of you are members, and as members all of you should serve so as to complete one another, thankful that your brothers possess what you yourself do not have. in the love which does not seek its own you would possess the whole. For I am the whole, I who am the Head of the Body and the soul which unifies it. But no! Down the centuries you quarrel over the better places, forever tearing up and mangling my Body to the bone. And when you do not succeed in tearing a whole member, a whole land, away from the community of the Church, when you, blinded by spite, do not set up a new — the thousandth! — sect alongside my real house, then you strive, insatiable and agitating burrowers that you are, to hollow out like mice the walls within the house, and like moles to shake the foundations.





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