

**LITURGIES FOR THE TWENTIEH WEEK IN  
ORDINARY TIME AND TWENTY-FIRST  
SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME**

**August 21 - 27, 2023**

**Monday, 8/21 † Saint Pius X, Pope**

6pm: Liz & Scott (Anniversary)

**Tuesday, 8/22 † The Queenship of the Blessed  
Virgin Mary**

8am: Kelly & Melissa – For a Safe Trip

9am: A.S.

**Wednesday, 8/23 † Weekday, Saint Rose of Lima,  
Virgin**

9am: A.S.

6pm: Missy

**Thursday, 8/24 † Saint Bartholomew, Apostle**

8am: Liz

9am:A.S.

**Friday, 8/25 † Weekday, Saint Louis; Saint  
Joseph Calasanz, Priest**

8am: Willa

9am: A.S.

**Saturday, 8/26 † Weekday, BVM**

8:30am: Helen & Eugene

**Saturday, 8/26 † Vigil, Twenty-First Sunday in  
Ordinary Time**

4:30pm: Olivia

6pm: A. S. Intention of Alice Bailey by Family

**Sunday, 8/27 † Twenty-First Sunday in Ordinary  
Time**

7:30am: Noelle

9am: A. S. Father Terry (Birthday) by Joan Sickler

11:00am: Parishioners

**This week at SS. C & M & All Saints**

Thurs. Aug. 24 – 2:15pm – Legion of Mary

Thurs. Aug. 24– 4pm – Our Lady of Perpetual Help

Sat., Aug. 26 – 7pm – All Saints finance/Parish  
Council Mtng

Sun., Aug. 27– 9:30am – Religious Education

**Starke County Food Pantry Needs**

**Peanut Butter**, pancake mix & syrup, canned fruit,  
laundry soap, dish soap, toilet tissue, salt, pepper,  
small packages sugar & flour, sanitary pads, fresh  
fruits & vegetables, canned meat. canned pasta with  
meat.

**CSA UPDATE:**

We are oh so close to reaching our CSA goal! Now it's time to keep pushing to increase our rebate. Thank you to those who have helped in this effort. If you haven't already done so, please make your pledge using the envelopes in the back of the church. Many hands make light work!



On **Aug. 15**, Catholics around the world mark the Assumption of Mary, commemorating the end of her earthly life and assumption into heaven. But while the feast day, a solemnity, is a relatively new one, the history of the holiday — and the mystery behind it — has its roots in the earliest centuries of Christian belief.

The Gospel today announces that the kingdom and salvation are for all people. It is our persistent calling out to Jesus and our faith that count, for Jesus always responds.

**With love for your neighbors who have nothing, look around your house to see what furniture, household items you no longer use...and give it to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.**

# Dear Padre

August 20, 2023

**Why are the Scripture readings for Mass so piecemeal? We read part of a verse then jump to another part. Doesn't reading it like this distort the meaning of the passage?**

The readings for Mass are in a book called the *Lectionary*. Our current *Lectionary* was set up after the Second Vatican Council. It uses a three-year cycle for the Sunday readings, so over three years we hear the majority of the Bible at Mass. Its introduction states, "The present Order of Readings for Mass, then, is an arrangement of biblical readings that provides the faithful with a knowledge of the whole of God's word, in a pattern suited to the purpose" (*General Introduction to the Lectionary, Second Edition, 60*).

So the readings are not "piecemeal" but rather arranged so that we are exposed to the whole of God's word within three years. At times a given reading may not be complete—for example, the second reading for today is from St. Paul's Letter to the Romans, chapter eleven, verses 13–15 and 29–32. This is done not only for brevity but for clarity. Those who organized the *Lectionary* thought that this excerpt made the message clearer or gave better emphasis to a point in the reading. It certainly is good to get out your Bible and read the whole section so you can see what is missing, but when the word is proclaimed at Mass, the current arrangement is most effective. ●

*Fr. Patrick Keyes, CSsR / DearPadre.org*

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*"For the gifts and the call of God are irrevocable." - Romans 11:29*

God has a special mission in mind for each of us. He has given us the gifts we need to accomplish that mission. We are called to be good stewards by using those gifts to do the work that He has planned for each of us. If we deny our gifts or fail to use them as God calls us to use them, then some part of His work will be left undone. Each of us has a part in God's salvation plan.

# Good News!

August 20, 2023

*Twentieth Sunday in Ordinary Time (A)*  
Isaiah 56:1, 6-7 / Romans 11:13-15, 29-32 /  
Matthew 15:21-28

FR. JOSEPH JUKNIALIS

In Robert Frost's poem "Mending Wall," he tells how each spring he meets with his farming neighbor, and the two of them walk along on either side of the stone wall that marks their property to replace the stones toppled by the ice of winter. His neighbor loves the idea of a wall, inspired by his father's advice that "good fences make good neighbors." Frost, however, is not convinced and keeps suggesting that "something there is that doesn't love a wall," as if walls are not intrinsic to God's creation.

We humans seem to like our boundaries. As children, we divide ourselves between girl germs and boy germs and draw imaginary lines in the back seats of cars. Later we build walls everywhere—the Great Wall of China, the Berlin Wall, the structures at Mexico's border, backyard fences, and gated communities. We set up national boundaries, build emotional walls, relegate people to ghettos and the other side of the tracks, and we differentiate among religions, arguing over which is God's preference. We seem to use walls rather than love to give us our identity.

Some Scripture scholars suggest that this Sunday's Gospel event was a turning point where it became clear that Jesus came to save not only the Jewish people but all people, believers and unbelievers alike. Seeing her faith, Jesus willingly cured the Canaanite woman's daughter. With God there are no boundaries or walls—not those of nations, not those imposed by languages and customs, not those we use to divide people of faith. ●

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## Liquidating Love in Eight Words

Regis Martin

If being in love means anything, it means a willingness, and one which requires constant exercise, to say you're sorry.

**Quite possibly the silliest line ever spoken**, and one which any sane director would have left on the cutting room floor, was an eight-word sentence from the movie *Love Story*, which struck even a fellow as callow as I was back in 1970 when I first heard Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal take turns saying it, as just about the dumbest thing I'd ever heard. Of course, the line went instantly *viral*, as we would nowadays put it, achieving overnight iconic status in the popular culture. Go figure, as they say.

If there is anyone out there who hasn't yet heard it, let me spoil your day by repeating it word for word, with italics: *Love means never having to say you're sorry*.

What a sunburst! Far and away the most perfect insight into the meaning of human love, right? And how grateful we must all be that we've Hollywood to thank for it. Well, it wasn't actually Hollywood that came up with it but a certain Classics Professor from Yale named Erich Segal, who, so far as we know, went to his grave never regretting either the line or the novel in which it appears. In fact, it made him rich and famous. Not to mention Al and Tipper Gore, on whom he evidently based the two main characters.

**But not everyone was impressed.** *Love Story* may have been the top-selling novel of the year, translated into a couple dozen languages, and a smash Hollywood hit, but the book did not survive the savagery of its reception on the part of serious literary critics. When nominated for the National Book Award, all the judges threatened to resign rather than be forced to read it. It was quickly withdrawn from consideration. William Styron, the chief judge, calling it "a banal book which simply does not qualify as literature." Indeed, he said, its very appearance "demeaned" all the other contenders.

Would that include, I wonder, the book that actually did win, an entirely forgettable piece of fiction called *Them*, written by Joyce Carol Oates, whose very name, as someone once quipped, "represents the three most depressing words in the English language"? But I digress.

Getting back to Professor Segal, then, and the immortal line he wrote, what exactly does it mean? And more to the point, why did it succeed so spectacularly in co-opting the critical faculties of so many millions swept away by its sheer abject sentimentality? Because the line is a lie, however tricked out by the soft and spurious soap of a play-acting love, which avoids what Dostoyevsky has called "the harsh and dreadful demands of real love." And how great a wreckage in human lives has that eight-word cliché left in its wake! It was like a torpedo aimed at the heart of all that thousands of years of human experience on the subject of love had sought to preserve.

Because it is, let me again say it, a lie—"a deliberate stupidity," as Bernard Lonergan used to say. And we all know where the practice of telling lies will ineluctably take us and that the company we shall then be keeping in that dark and infernal place will not be in the least bit loving.

How obtuse does one have to be to buy into something so moronic, so morally stupid? That we need never express, or even feel, sorrow for the sufferings we inflict on others, especially those we love? Cardinal Newman famously defined a gentleman as one who would never willfully inflict pain on another. Should not that standard at the very least be applied to those we love?

Or does the state of being in love somehow immunize one from ever saying or doing anything remotely unkind to one's beloved? So, of course, love means never having to say you're sorry because, well, when

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you're in love you're never going to do anything that could conceivably justify your being sorry. What a perverse notion of love that must be, never to be moved or obliged to tell a person you've promised before God to love that you've been an awful beast for failing to do so. Is that really the free pass we want to sanction in our most intimate relations with other people? What a perverse notion of love that must be, never to be moved or obliged to tell a person you've promised before God to love that you've been an awful beast for failing to do so. Tweet This

**If being in love means anything**, it means a willingness, and one which requires constant exercise, to say you're sorry. Anytime. Anywhere. There is no statute of limitations here. And while it is never an easy thing to do, the habit of doing so can help mitigate the harm we've done while maximizing the help we need to not keep doing it again. And living in a world where the worm has long since insinuated its poison into the fruit of human affairs, human affections, telling those we love, indeed, those who have a claim on our love, that we are sorry is really what it means to love another person. Making it a habit, moreover, might even aid in reducing the frequency with which we have to say it.

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Nevertheless, of all the petitions set out in the Lord's Prayer, it is arguably the most difficult, the most challenging of all. Who among us has perfected the practice of, "*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us*"? It's that second part that gives us pause. What do we know, what does anyone know, when faced with "love's austere and lonely offices," to quote the poet Robert Hayden? Only those who know, those who put into constant practice what they know, which is that the forgiveness we ask of God for our own failings will, in the most crucial way, depend on how willing we are to forgive others theirs.

And how exactly is that to happen? It seems quite beyond the capacity of any of us. "Where does the ability to forgive come from?" asks Fr. Vincent Nagle, a member of the Fraternity of St. Charles Borromeo, in writing about a man he knows whose life has been spent—obsessively spent, he adds—"in trying to deal with the pain he experienced in his relationship with his mother while growing up." And so one day, he tells us, "I said to him, 'Hey, look, you just have to forgive her. That's all.'"

But on what super-human source will he draw the strength to meet that challenge?

*If the hurt we have received seems to have stolen our lives from us, has darkened our days and twisted our choices, how is it possible simply to set this aside? Something has to happen. We have to beg for something we cannot produce ourselves, ask that our entreaty be met by grace that overcomes death itself.*

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We are all, it seems, standing before that same breadline, begging God for the grace to forgive, invoking nothing less than "the tender mercy of our God," to quote St. Luke, "by which the daybreak from on high will visit us."

And praising God for miracles of every sort, it seems that something of a shaft of that same daybreak did, in fact, fall upon Fr. Vincent's friend. Because one day, reports Fr. Vincent, "his mother called me to say that he had stopped by just to hug her silently." What else can that mean but that forgiving love is possible and that the mercy we implore God to give us, "consists not simply in working things through but in begging for the grace to embrace our lives and to be grateful for everything."

*Love means always having to say you're sorry.*