

Our Lady of the Rosary Chapel

PASSION SUNDAY

THE THREE DAYS' LOSS

The Mother without the Child! This is indeed a change to pass upon our Lady's sorrows. Bethlehem had its sorrows, and Nazareth had still more, and on Calvary the tide rose highest. But in all these places the Mother was with her Child. There was light therefore even in the darkness. In this third dolour, the Three Days' Loss, it was not so.

When we wish to depict our Blessed Mother with reference to her own graces, such as the Immaculate Conception, we paint her without her Child, looking heavenwards, as if to show that she was a creature upon whom heaven was falling in fast showers of grace from the Creator. When we wish to see her as she stands to us, as the Mother through whose hands the Son pleases to make His graces pass, we represent her also without her Child, her eyes cast downwards towards the earth, and her hands dropping light and freshness on the world.

But there are two childless pictures of her in Scripture, which have nothing to do with either of these. The one is her third dolour, when in sorrowful amazement she is searching Jerusalem to discover Jesus; and the other is her seventh dolour, when she is returning at nightfall from the garden-tomb, to the great city, leaving her buried Love behind in His chamber of the rock. Thus are the likenesses of the Passion more and more mingling with the Infancy. They mingle especially in this third dolour, which, both on the side of Jesus and of Mary, is one of the greatest mysteries of the Three-and-Thirty Years. . .

The shades of evening had fallen on the earth, before the two bands of men and women met at the accustomed halting place. Joseph was waiting for Mary, but Jesus was not with him. Mary's heart sank within her before she spoke. Joseph knew nothing. His unworthiness would have felt surprise, if Jesus had accompanied him rather than His Mother. He had supposed He was with Mary, and had not been disquieted. The bustle of the halt, the cries of the crowd, the preparations for the evening meal, the unloading and watering of the beasts of burden, all died out of their ears. They were suddenly alone, alone amidst the multitude, more lonely than two hearts had ever been since the sunset on Adam and

Eve.

Joseph was crushed to the very earth. The light went out in Mary's soul, and a more terrific spiritual desolation followed than any of the saints had ever known. What could it mean? Jesus was gone. It was a harder idea for her to realize than the mystery of the Incarnation had been. If the rolling universe had stopped, it would have been less of a surprise. If the trumpets of doom had blown, her heart would not have quailed as now.

They would ask among their kinsfolk and acquaintance, if He was with them; as many of them loved the Boy exceedingly. They would ask; but Mary knew it would be all in vain. She knew Him too well not to be certain that, if He had been in the company, He would long since have joined her. No such ordinary occurrence would have been allowed to break the union between her heart and His. An abyss had opened, and a cold wind was rushing out of it which froze every sanctuary within her soul.

They made their search. It was only to receive one negative after another, varied by the different amounts of sympathy which accompanied each. Their inquiry ended, and deep night had come. The sun had set on one side of the globe and had risen on the other, but the thousands of leagues of darkness did not hide, nor the thousands of leagues of light reveal, two hearts in such consummate misery as Joseph's and her own. There were many sorrows on earth that night, but there were none like hers. The stars would not have shone, if they had had hearts within them.

When all Egypt rang suddenly at midnight with the terrible wail for the firstborn, and the troubled river hurried away from the intolerable sickening sounds of human woe, the countless cries that wove themselves into one amazing voice, were not freighted with such a load of misery as lay that hour on Mary's single heart.

In the darkness, alone, silent, Mary and Joseph were treading the road again to the Holy City. Their feet were sore and weary. What matter? Their hearts were sorer, and more weary. The darkness in Mary's spirit was deeper than the darkness on the hills. Even if the paschal moon were not shining, they would see the white glimmer of the road; but no road out of this sorrow glimmered in her

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PASSION SUNDAY

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Our Lady of the Rosary

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HOLY MASS

Sundays: 7:00 & 10:00 a.m.

Weekdays: 8:00 a.m.

CONFESSIONS

Sundays

6:40—6:55 a.m. 9:15—9:55 a.m.

Weekdays

7:40—7:55 a.m.

and by appointment

HOLY ROSARY

Sundays: After 7:00 a.m. Mass
and 9:40 a.m.

First Saturdays: after 7:00 a.m.
Mass

If you are planning to attend the 45th Anniversary Dinner, please fill out the form on the bottom of the announcement sheet, put it in an envelope along with a check made out to the Chapel, or cash, and write on the envelope, 45th Anniversary. You can put it in the basket, or give to an usher.

MASS
INTENTIONS:

I have Mass intentions until MAY 22, 2018. I am preparing a list for Bp. Morello.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

The Seven Dolors of Our Lady

1. *The Prophecy of St. Simeon at the Presentation.*
2. *The Flight into Egypt.*
3. *The Three Days' Loss of the Divine Child in Jerusalem.*
4. *The Sight of Jesus Carrying the Cross on the Way to Calvary.*
5. *The Crucifixion.*
6. *The Taking Down of the Sacred Body of Our Lord from the Cross.*
7. *The Burial of Her Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Mother of love, of sorrow, and of mercy, pray for us.

An indulgence of 300 days (Pius X, Audience, May '4 1908; S. C. Ind., May 30, 1908).

heart. Had it all been, not a dream certainly, but a transitory thing? Was she to see Jesus no more? Had He withdrawn His wanted illumination from her heart forever, forever veiled now that beautiful Heart of His, where for the last twelve years the curtains had been looped up, and she had seen all its mysteries, read all its secrets, lived almost perpetually in its life? Was she unworthy of Him? She knew she was. Had He therefore left her? It was not like Him. But she did not see things as before, and it might be so. Had He gone back to His Father, leaving unredeemed the world which did not want Him? No! that was impossible. He had not paid the price of her Immaculate Conception yet.

Tyrants seldom slumber. Had Archelaus watched his opportunity, and seized Him? Herod might have left his son that charge as a legacy of state craft. Had she perhaps mistaken the date of Calvary, and was it to come now? Was the Boy hanging on a cross that moment, in the darkness on some mount outside the gates? Oh, the bewildering agony of this unusual darkness! She had seen all the Passion before in her spirit. How did it go? Was she not there? She cannot remember. She can recover nothing. Within, there is nothing but darkness, covering everything. Is He actually dead without her, His Blood shed, and she not there? Agony! Has He gone to death, purposely without telling her, out of kindness?

Oh, no! so cruel a kindness would have been contrary to the union of their hearts. But this, this very separation, without a word, and then this interior darkness in which He has wrapped her soul,—how do these comport with that union of their hearts? Ah! then there is not certainty to go upon, except the certainty that He is God. This very sorrow shows her that she is not to argue from what has gone before. The past, it seems, did not necessarily prophesy the future. Not to understand it, that is such suffering. Sudden darkness after excessive light is like a blow. Her soul wants to see. But it is hooded. A baffling blindness has come on.

She has nothing left her now, but that which never was dislodged from the depths of her soul, **the gift of peace.** —“The Foot of the Cross”

Characteristics from the Writings of Fr. Faber
By J Fitzpatrick. O.M

Meditation:

This dolor [The loss of Jesus] is so full of lessons for ourselves, that it is difficult to select from them. It teaches us, first of all, that the **loss of Jesus**, however brief, **is the greatest of all evils.** It was this which was almost unbearable even to our Lady, and Jesus is not more needful to us than to her, because to all creatures He is

absolutely needful; only to us He is a more pressing necessity, because of our weakness and our sin. The greatness of Mary's sorrow is a visible measure of the magnitude of the evil. Yet alas! how little we feel it! How happy can men be, who yet have lost Jesus, often unconscious almost of their loss, more often indifferent to it when they know it!

We should have thought the loss of Jesus was in itself so fearful an evil, that nothing could have aggravated it; and yet our want of perception of the greatness of our loss is a token of still deeper misery. It is sad indeed when the voice of the world is more musical in our ears than the voice of our Lord. It is just the very wretchedness, the very hatefulness of the world, that it has no Jesus. He does not belong to it. He refused to pray for it. He pronounced its friendship to be on our part a simple declaration of war upon Himself. It makes our hearts sink to look out upon the world, and to know that it has no part in Him. So does it become with us in proportion as we are friends with the world, or even at peace with the world. He and it are incompatible. Are we not afraid?

Pleasure, gayety, fashion, expense, dare we, even in our thoughts, put these things into the Heart of Jesus? Would He smile when worldly things were said? Would He wish to please people round Him, who are taking no pains whatever to please His Father? Would he seek to be popular in society, to stand well with those who have not at heart the only one interest which He has at His, to keep out of sight His principles, not simply through silence and reserve, but lest they should ruffle others and interfere with that smoothness of social intercourse which takes the place of charity? Alas! sin is bad; excess of pleasure is bad; giving God the second place is bad; worshipping the rich is bad; hardening our Christian feelings to become accustomed to worldly frivolities and very slightly uncharitable conversation is bad. But these at least are evils which, wear no masks. We know what we are about. We give up Jesus with the full understanding of the sacrifice we are making. We are taking our side, choosing our lot, and we know it. But wishing to please!—this is the danger to a spiritual person. Total separation from Christ is already implied in the very idea. What is it we wish to please? The world, which is the enemy of Jesus. Whom do we wish to please? Those who are not caring to please God, and in whom Jesus takes no pleasure? Wherein do we wish to please? In things, conversations, arid pursuits, which have no reference to God, no savor of Christ, no tendency toward religion. When do we wish to please? At times when we are doing least for Christ, when prayer and faith and hope and love and abiding sorrow for sin would be the just unseasonable. Where do we wish to please?

MASS SCHEDULE

SUNDAY March 18	PASSION SUNDAY	V	7:00 am 10:00 am	Intentions of the Superior Missa pro Populo
MONDAY March 19	ST. JOSEPH SPOUSE OF BLESSED VIRGIN MARY	W	8:00 am 7:00 pm	Those listed on St. Joseph Mass Cards Requiem Mass, followed by Rosary and St. Joseph's Litany.
TUESDAY March 20	FERIAL DAY	V	8:00 am	Special Intention
WEDNESDAY March 21	St. Benedict, Ab.	W	8:00 am	Lilian Swentnickas, R.I.P.
THURSDAY March 22	St. Isidore the Farmer, C	W	8:00 am	Special Intention
FRIDAY March 23	SEVEN SORROWS OF BLESSED VIRGIN MARY	W	8:00 am 7:00 pm	Bro. Francis' Family STATIONS OF THE CROSS
SATURDAY March 24	ST. GABRIEL, ARCHANGEL	W	7:00 am 5:00 pm	Daniel, Denis, Miguel, Michael SEVEN SORROWS DEVOTION
SUNDAY March 25	PALM SUNDAY (St. Dismas)	V	7:00 am 10:00 am	Intentions of the Superior Missa pro Populo

For those wishing to have Masses said, an expected stipend of at least \$20.00 must be paid at the time of the request. (more may be offered) If this is to be paid by check, make the check payable to Fr. Rodriguez



March 18th	NO MASS	
March 25th	9:30 am	Fr. Bachtiger
April 1st	9:30 am	Fr. Bachtiger
April 8th	NO MASS	

MASS TIMES AT ST. MARY THE VIRGIN

1520 Delaware St, Paulsboro, New Jersey 08066

*Mass may be cancelled in the event of inclement weather.

For information: Call Mary at 856-228-4450 or Miriam at 856-456-4232

www.stmarychapel.org

Never trouble thy mind for anything that shall happen to thee in this world. Nothing can come but what God Wills.

St. Thomas More

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY CHAPEL

NOTICE TO NEWCOMERS

Founded in 1973 in the wake of the disastrous Second Vatican Council, the mission of Our Lady of the Rosary Chapel is to maintain and restore as far as possible the traditional faith, values and liturgical practice of the Roman Catholic Church, and to provide a haven of sanctity where men and women of good will may grow in love for God and their neighbor. Please don't hesitate to introduce yourself and ask questions. After Mass come to the Social Hall, and join us for coffee and refreshments. We hope your visit with us is a pleasant one, and we look forward to seeing you again and welcoming you as a member of Our Lady of the Rosary. **We welcome Spanish-speaking guests, and confessions are heard in Spanish and English every Sunday and by appointment with the pastor.**

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SEVEN SORROWS DEVOTION: On Saturdays during Lent at 5:00 pm.

REPARATION TO THE HOLY FACE: First and second Sunday of the month we will begin at 9:30 am (before the Holy Rosary), and the other Sundays will be immediately after 10:00 o'clock Mass.

REQUIEM EVENING MASS: We continue our regular Requiem Mass on Mondays at 7:00 P.M..

CATECHISM FOR ADULTS: We will continue the catechism classes for adults every Sunday after 10:00 am Mass.

In haunts where there is less evidence of God than elsewhere, where every circumstance, every appurtenance, flashes the world's image back upon us as from a lustre. Yet we see no evil. We want smoothness, polish, inoffensiveness, discreet keeping back of God. He said that He and Mammon would not dwell together. But to some extent we will force Him so to dwell.

He shall at least keep the peace with the world, and learn to revolve alongside of it in His own sphere, without encroaching, without jarring. Dreadful! Is there not hell already in the mere attempt? Yet how little men suspect it! It is like something noxious getting into the air, and not at first affecting the lungs. But the lights burn dim, then one by one they go out, and we are left in the darkness, unable to escape, because lethargy and suffocation have already begun within ourselves. In other words, high principles gently lower themselves, or are kept for state occasions, such as Lent, or a priest's company. Then we begin to be keenly alive to the annoyance which comes to us from the conversation of uncompromising Christians, and we pronounce them indiscreet, and by that ceremony they are disposed of, and we praise them more than ever, because by that reserve we have gotten rid of what fidgeted us in them, and we lull to rest the remaining uneasiness of conscience by this greater promptitude of a praise which we have first made valueless by counterweighting it. Then it dawns upon us that it is a duty to keep well with the world even for God's sake. Then keeping well edges on to

being friends with the world. Then there begin to be symptoms of two distinct lives going to be lived by us; but we do not see these symptoms ourselves. Then uncomfortable feelings rise in us, taking away our relish for certain persons, certain things, certain books, certain conversations. We rouse ourselves, and take a view, an intellectual view of the rightness of being smooth, and not offending, and getting on well with the world. The view comforts us, and we are all right again. Then God's blessings, His spiritual blessings, very gradually and almost imperceptibly, begin to evaporate from us, from ourselves, our children, our homes, our hearts, and every thing round us. But the sun of prosperity shines so clearly that we do not see the mist of the evaporation rising up from the earth and withdrawing itself into heaven. Perhaps we shall never awake to the truth again. Trying to please is a slumberous thing. So we drift on, never suspecting how far the current is carrying us away from God. We may die without knowing it. We shall know it after that, the instant afterward.

Thus we may lose Jesus in three ways. We may abruptly break from Him by sin. We may quietly and gracefully withdraw from Him, confessing the attractions of the world to be greater than His. We may retire from Him slowly and by imperceptible degrees, always with our face toward Him, as we withdraw from royalty, and all because He is not a fixed principle with us, and the desire to please is so. But if we have lost Him in any one of these three ways, —sin, worldli-

ness, and the love of pleasing,—and He rouses us by His grace, what are we to do? This third dolor teaches us. It must be a dolor to us. We must search for Him whom we have lost. He may not allow us to find Him all at once. He probably will not. But we must put off everything else, in order to prosecute our search. Other things must be subordinate to it. They must wait, or they must give way. But we must not be precipitate in our search. We must not run; we must walk. We shall miss Him if we run. We must not do violent things, not even to ourselves, although we richly deserve them.

It is not a time for taking up new penances. The loss of Jesus is penance enough, now that we have found it out. We must seek Jesus with tears, with tears, but not with cries,—with a broken heart, but a quiet heart also. We must seek Him, also, in the right place,—in Jerusalem, in the temple; that is, in the Church, and in sacraments, and in prayer. He is never among our kinsfolk; He never hides in the blameless softness of a kind home. This is a hard saying; but this dolor says it. All these are the conditions of a successful search

If our whole life has been but a desire to please, if every thought, word, action, look, and omission has got that poison at the bottom of it, we must not be cast down. To change the habit is too difficult. We will change the object. It shall be Jesus instead of the world.

The Foot of the Cross

By: Father Faber

VISIT US ON THE WEB

For up-to-date information, such as last-minute changes to the Mass schedule, special prayer requests, and other breaking news, refer to our website at: www.rosarychapel.net