



The Annunciator

Newsletter of the Church of the Annunciation
of the Blessed Virgin Mary
Anglican Patrimony within the Catholic Communion
Canadian Deanery of St John the Baptist
Personal Ordinariate of the
Chair of St Peter

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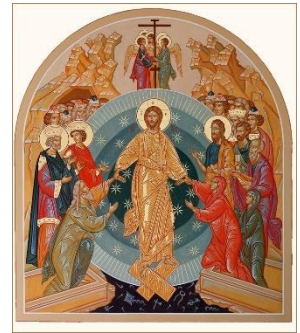
TRULY RISEN FROM THE DEAD

EASTER DAY - Acts 10:34a, 37-43; Colossians 3:1-4; John 20:1-9

Peter opened his mouth and said: we are witnesses to all that [Jesus] did both in the country of the Jews and in Jerusalem. They put him to death by hanging him on a tree; but God raised him on the third day and made him manifest.

Jesus Christ is risen, really and truly from the dead.

Some of us will remember the affirmation of that truth in the 4th Article of the Articles of Religion in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer: ***CHRIST did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the perfection of Man's nature; wherewith he ascended into Heaven, and there sitteth, until he return to judge all Men at the last day.*** [*That's good, orthodox, Catholic teaching, fundamental Christianity; albeit, various Anglican clergy have denied or waffled about it— Catholics too; bishops included*]



The key is that the Resurrection was not just a spiritualized event in the minds of the disciples, or some gullible souls, but real, tangible truth. They did not find just an Empty Tomb, but encountered the risen Lord. The Gospel writers are at pains to make clear that while some of the first witnesses doubted what it all meant—certainly, they did not assume resurrection because of the empty Tomb, but rather feared *someone had stolen the body!*—when Jesus met them face to face, He was prepared to demonstrate the concrete reality of flesh and bone. St. Luke records that He said, “*Handle me*”—the Greek verb is *ψηλαφάω* *psēlaphaō*: *to manipulate/palpate*; not just to touch something solid, but *feel the bones under the skin*—“*See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit has not flesh and bones as you see that I have.*”

It was a bodily resurrection, His flesh still bearing the wounds, (scars, at least), of His crucifixion. Still, we know that it wasn't just resuscitation, as had been the case with Lazarus—i.e. life breathed back into a mortal body; Lazarus would die again. No, the physical body of Jesus had been raised, but it was also *transformed*. The mortal—i.e. what dies—put on *immortality*—i.e. what will never die again.

Human beings were created in God's image, to grow up in God-likeness, to live forever in communion, to share eternal life with Him. Yet it was not simply the life of the angels, who are pure, disembodied spirits; but rather a wonderful integration of *body and soul*—not just souls trapped in bodies, awaiting release; but rather whole persons; knowing divine joy *in the body*. Sin causes the disintegration of the whole—so the Catechism of the Catholic Church speaks of death as the separation of body and soul. CCC 997 *What is "rising"?* In death, the separation of the soul from the body, the human body decays and the soul goes to meet God, while awaiting its reunion with its glorified body. God, in his almighty power, will definitively grant incorruptible life to our bodies by reuniting them with our souls, through the power of Jesus' Resurrection. [*There, if you will, is a*

continued on page 2...

Catholic complement to the Anglican Article.]

In Jesus, there was this perfect integration for which we were made, and yet His body before He went to the Cross, was still subjected to the ravages of sin in the world, consequences of the Fall: suffering, aging, dying and death.

We celebrate that He died to embrace us in the very depths of Hell—the ultimate state of our *disintegration*—to reconcile us in that place of deepest darkness and despair, and to raise up the whole Man. In Jesus, Man, the human creature, is restored—re-integrated—and Christ is raised up *in the body*, yet no longer to die again, His *flesh* transformed into the resurrection life. We celebrate this with great joy, but it is not the end of the story.

As there can be no Resurrection without the Crucifixion—a reminder that He does not just keep us from dying; this new life cannot be added to what we have; first the *old man* must die—likewise the work of Easter is not complete without the Ascension and Pentecost to follow. All are part of the same Glorious Mystery; Resurrection is only the first part. What follows flows from it, and all is necessary to the whole work of Christ, particularly how that work takes hold of our lives as well. So, someone like Scott Hahn will argue that the standard reading of **“It is finished!”** on the Cross as referring to the work of Salvation is flawed, because it is not yet complete at that stage (Dr. Hahn interprets this as a reference to the Passover meal and the final “Cup of Consummation”—*cf. A Father Who Keeps His Promises*—discussion for another time). The Ascension is not just Jesus going home where He was before, but going to prepare a place for us. He promised, at the Last Supper, that He would return to take them to be where He was going, that **“Where I am you also may be”**. *John 14:3. If then you have been raised with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated at the right hand of God. Set your minds on things that are above, not on things that are on earth. For you have died, and your life is hidden with Christ in God. When Christ who is our life appears, then you also will appear with him in glory.*

Colossians 3:1-4

For forty days after the Resurrection, He visited with them to encourage and assure them of His risen Presence, before He ascended to prepare their heavenly residence to which He is the Way.

At Pentecost, the outpouring of the Spirit is, if you will, what moves us from the *objective* reality of Christ’s rising to the *subjective* reality of how that takes hold in our lives, as we became reintegrated, transformed into the very Body of Christ!

We are not just made alive, immortality conferred upon us, but made alive *IN CHRIST JESUS*, to share His heart, mind and will, by His Spirit’s indwelling of these *“temples”*.

He has been raised indeed, but His Resurrection is not about simply *His* flesh being saved from death, but us being raised with Him, gathered into His resurrection life, made alive *IN HIM!*

So, St. Paul describes the believers as having died and their lives hidden with Christ in God. That means that as He lives, so do we. There is no disease, nor fear, nor failure, *nor anything else on earth or in heaven or hell* that can separate us from His love and His life. We need to have full confidence in that: He is really raised and truly lives; and such as He is, *so are we in Him*.

That said, the hiddenness of that life means that we do not always see and feel it. Sometimes, very much like seeds—of which much has been spoken recently—we are growing in the darkness, neither seeing nor knowing what will happen next or when; *waiting upon God; trusting in the good soil*.

As St. Mary Magdalene learned at the Tomb: the very time she felt most alone and bereft, was the very time when He was nearer than ever—hovering about like a *Gardener (perhaps the first Adam in the Garden?)*; and when He called her by name, her heart leapt—like the Baptist in the womb—and she knew that He was risen beyond hope or expectation, or any human possibility.

The life within us is His life—into this we were baptized—for He has given us His Spirit. So, as he is Risen, we are too, in Him. May the risen Christ dwell in us as in His holy Temples. May His light shine in and through us, that we may bear witness in and to this dying world, not only to the Resurrection of Jesus, but also to the new, reintegrated life in Him: life eternal; for us, and by His grace, offered all who would turn to Jesus.

Alleluia, Jesus Christ is risen indeed. Alleluia!

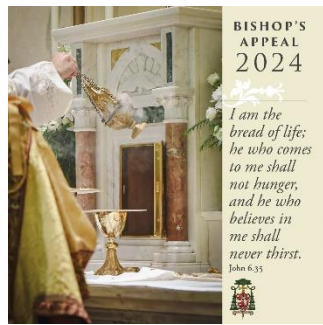
Fr. Doug Hayman



PALM SUNDAY - BLESSING & PROCESSION

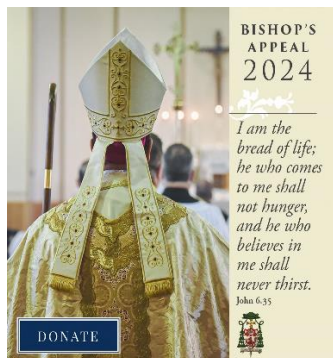
Pray for our Parish...invite God to inspire in us holy imagination, that we might see real vibrancy in ministry: light filling and flowing forth from the building and from all of our clergy and lay people. Let's picture every pew filled and God-delighting worship being raised up, hearts overcome with awareness of His presence, healing happening in hearts, minds, memories, souls, bodies and relationships. Pray for a vision of God's Kingdom coming, His perfect will being accomplished in our midst even as it is in heaven. Then let us say, "Amen!" and let us live such that our lives echo that Amen: "So be it!" in everything that we do and say and think and pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth: Mercifully hear our prayers and grant to this Ordinariate of the Chair of St. Peter, this Deanery of St. John the Baptist and this Parish of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary all things needful for our spiritual welfare (priests and deacons to labour in this portion of Thy vineyard; holy, learned, and zealous religious; churches complete in the beauty of holiness and the financial means to sustain them.) Strengthen and confirm the faithful; protect and guide the children; visit and relieve the sick; turn and soften the wicked; arouse the careless; recover the fallen; restore the penitent. Remove all hindrances to the advancement of Thy truth; and bring us all to be of one heart and mind within the fold of Thy holy Church, to the honour and glory of Thy blessed Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen



The 2024 Bishop's Appeal commitment weekend will be held Sunday, 14 April (Easter III). This is our opportunity as an Ordinariate community to unite with our diocesan family across Canada and the United States, to support our shared mission of

evangelization. Our Parish goal is \$ 5,000. In the coming week, please take the time to prayerfully reflect on the gifts that you have been given by God and respond to Bishop Lopes' appeal as generously as possible. Your participation is essential to the stability of the Ordinariate in Canada. Please join other Catholics from our diocese in supporting this very important appeal. Thank-you for your support.



EASTER VIGIL - LIGHTING THE PASCHAL CANDLE

Michael's Musings

Christians throughout the ages have worshipped gathered around tombs, the tombstone itself being used as an altar. There are various reasons for this, of course. Sometimes churches were built over the tombs of saints to preserve the burial places, just as, in the early days, Christians had fled to those graves, hidden in catacombs, for safety. The association between tomb and table, in any case, goes back to the beginning. Later on, many of the faithful chose to be buried in churches, or at least in church yards. The bodies of people canonized as saints long after their death might be reburied under altars, or new altars or even new churches built over their tombs. Certainly, the most famous is the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, distinct most importantly that there is no body there, nothing we would usually think of when we think of relics, as far as I know. It is the stone itself, the place where Jesus' body was laid, and where he was resurrected, that is the relic. Touching it, putting my hands and face to it to embrace it, was one of the most poignant moments in my life.

Every altar, whether there is literally a body underneath it or not, is like this slab of rock. I was reminded of this rather dramatically while standing at the altar at St. Theresa's recently, vested to serve in the subdiaconal ministry, when I felt that I was standing in the Holy Sepulchre once again, in front of that rock, and had an overwhelming desire to hold onto the altar, to embrace it and never let go. Obviously, I didn't do that, although the desire has not gone away; but in any case, it burned into my mind once again the deep connection between the Holy Sacrifice offered in our Liturgy, and the sacrifice of our lives, whether through a literal martyrdom or in some other way. The altar is where we are called to be buried.

In every Mass, whether we participate from the altar, from the sanctuary or choir, or from the back pew, we are called to offer ourselves with Christ, and to be buried with him, our life flowing into and back again from the altar.

Why is this so? It almost goes without saying—although, of course, Fr. Doug mentioned it Easter morning—that it is impossible to have resurrection without death. Some have been translated directly from this form of life to the other, but that is only because, in some way, men like Enoch or Elijah had already completely let go of this form of life. They had already died to this world. We do this in various ways, through various callings and sacraments, in various states of

life. Those who do embrace the physical altar do so in one of the more literal ways, sacrificing much of what is considered to be normal life to make present that life of the resurrection. There are also those whose martyrdom is very much like the death of Christ. We remember those who were crucified in recent years, for instance. Here we have the juxtaposition of two things, one that was never meant to happen: our physical death, especially at the hands of other human beings; and one that always was, from before our creation: our full and perfect surrender into the hands of God.

The churches in which I was raised, were adamant that God did not use death as a tool of creation. They believe that the evolution, even of animals, with millions of generations of deaths required to achieve God's vision before humanity could emerge, does not square with God's design for his creation as something perfect and incorruptible. Actually, it is one of the "deuterocanonical" books, the Wisdom of Solomon (not a book I was familiar with as a child), which puts it most bluntly: "God did not create death." Fr. Doug touched on this in a recent homily, making the point that with plant life, it is obvious from the beginning that God's creation sees new life coming out of decay. For a new tree to be born, a seed must be buried, it must die, in the sense that it is certainly no longer a seed. Such is not the case with animal life. While the Catholic Church does not make a dogmatic statement on the science of evolution, human or animal, one way or the other, I am sure that the way in which we experience death, or even in the way that an animal experiences death, was not part of God's original design; *however*, God's original design did certainly involve our death, in the sense that we must sacrifice and surrender ourselves entirely, and to be born as something new. *I tell you this, brethren: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. I Corinthians 15:50*

Satan cannot create anything new. Death is an absence of a good, of life; but even in the "creation" of dying, if you will allow it, Satan only twists something that is life-giving, marring and inflicting his poison on the loving surrender of ourselves to God for which he had made us. Hans Urs von Balthasar begins his book, "Heart of the World" (which I may one day actually finish reading), with a meditation on how every breath is a preparation for death, even a sort of death in its own right. I've talked about this before. He writes how the surrender of each breath, our experience of each moment, and then having it pass irretrievably behind us, is analogous to the relationship of love and surrender found in the inmost nature of God himself, the love between the members of the Holy Trinity. Their eternal life is one of constant self-surrender, of finding their identity in the other. So their perfect life is also the perfect "death", if you will -- not what Satan did with it, not the death we die that God certainly did not create, but what he had wanted for us all along: to truly lose ourselves, so that we might find ourselves in him

I have never come anywhere close to martyrdom, although I left my encounter with the Holy Sepulchre with memories that I'm sure I will never forget. It seemed in that moment that I could never feel fear again, except that I did, as well as many other things that I know God never intended for me. I spent

three weeks in a monastery, but did not pursue that vocation, that type of martyrdom. One could say that I've had the pleasure of achieving a great many of the goals I've set for myself in life: higher education, marriage and children, a modest degree of success as a musician. I've talked about that all recently as well, but all of the things that matter most to me have come out of failure, out of misery and sorrow, out of a type of dying. The ten years I spent as a support worker for people with special needs was the most significant work that I've done, professionally. It came about because I completely burned out and was unable to continue graduate school at that time. I thought I would be filling out applications for doctoral programs, instead I was helping to feed and bathe people who couldn't take care of themselves. It was a change very much for the better. I came out of my shell, lost myself, found myself in the Other, to a much greater extent—to put it more bluntly, I became less of a self-obsessed arrogant narcissist; a project that is still only in its early stages, as I'm sure my wife can attest. As a child, I wanted leadership in the church as a way of validating my existence as a bookish child who liked church and had few friends. If I were a "reverend" it might make it worthwhile. My most recent gift, a temporary stint teaching children with special needs, came because I was unsuccessful in gaining a permanent high school chaplaincy job—which had in turn been a beautiful surprise given that I had been a miserable teenager and what I really wanted was to teach university. (I still want all of these things, although for different reasons.) If I have experienced mortifications and been humbled, it has been in comparatively mild ways. They are my own yoke, designed for me, and I am happy to be last, as a comparative spiritual lightweight. Many of you can give far better examples. In hindsight, it seems like all of the best moments of my life have been ones where everything appeared to be wrong, where there was no hope, where nothing seemed possible, and I had no idea what would happen next; when life was over—sometimes literally.

I think today with special affection of my late maternal grandfather, Cecil. As I write this on April 1, it would have been his 87th birthday. He died five years ago this May, unexpectedly, but very peacefully, as I kissed him and made the sign of the cross on his forehead. He had let go, first of his physical strength, then of his mind, as he slipped into a rapidly advancing dementia. He had gained much in this world, but knew he couldn't take it with him, and didn't try. The seed was set free of its husk, buried, I believe, in good soil. I also think of the times when Rebecca and I have been closest -- as we waited for ultrasound results that would confirm the worst -- and once, gloriously (with Anna) when they did not. All of our children, whether here with us or not, are seeds we continually struggle to entrust to God, along with all the seeds of broken dreams and (seemingly) unanswered prayers.

God surprises us in ways we never would have asked for or expected, although sometimes there is a tremendous amount of pain involved in the waiting. We want to be buried with Christ, we want to be planted, but it's almost as if (to use an image someone shared with me during a recent time of prayer) we had left the packaging on, the seeds still in wrappers, as if to spiritually contracept, to do everything possible to have it both ways, to say that we are open to God's gift of life, but

only if somehow we could get the advantages of growing into a tree without having to actually be sprouted, to lose our protective shell, to expose ourself to pain, to have what we see as our respectable outer self, rot away entirely.

As we celebrate Easter, the tomb is empty, but we must not leave it behind. Our sacrifice of the Living Christ is offered on the rock where his Body lay. It is offered on top of the bodies of saints and martyrs, their gravestones becoming the table for our feast, not because we love death, but because we are willing to sacrifice this earthly life for the life of the world, and for the world to come. Alleluia, Christ is Risen!

Michael Trolly

(Michael is our Cantor, Organist, Instituted Acolyte & a father of three)



Homily for a Requiem Mass for Mary Kerr

2 March, 2024 - Job 19:1, 23-27a; 2 Corinthians 4:14 - 5:1; John 11:21-27.

(We know) that he who raised the Lord Jesus will raise us also with Jesus and bring us with you into his presence.

We are here today because God loves Mary very much.

As He loves you and me.

Because He loves her (and us) so much, he died... on the Cross...for us; because sin is real, and sin has a cost, and Jesus paid that cost for us, on the Cross.

We do well to thank him.

We thank Him not only because He gave Himself on the Cross, but also as new Mannah, bread and wine, re-presented in this and every Mass.

We are also here today because we want Mary to be close to God forever.

The Paschal candle at the head of her coffin is also called the "Christ candle" and it bears the Greek letters Alpha and Omega, because He is the beginning and the end for each of us.

It also bears five nails reminding us of the five wounds He bore for each of us.

We pray that He will stand beside Mary at the Final Judgement, pleading "Father, forgive her sins, she is washed in My Blood".

We also have a sense of that nearness in the readings, particularly the first two:

In Job: "...Whom I shall see on my side, and my eyes shall behold"

In 2 Corinthians: *(We know) that he who raised the Lord Jesus will raise us also with Jesus and bring us with you into his presence.*"

Mary was a woman of strong faith (like Martha in today's Gospel)

She was active both in Victoria and Ottawa parishes (of the Anglican Catholic Church of Canada).

I met her and her late husband when visiting Victoria on vacation during my military service, and learned pretty quickly that one did not pronounce their last name "Curr": *You don't pronounce "e" double "g" an "oog".*

She was active because she knew to avoid complacency.

Her faith was so important to her that she looked forward to coming to the Annunciation to worship God, and it was actually distressing for her when she reached the point that she was no longer able to join us. We needed to reassure her, "It's OK, we'll be glad to visit you."

I had the honour to visit her over those last few years, and always found her eager to receive her blessed Lord.

This past Friday, when she no longer had any use for earthly food, she was still able to open her eyes when I spoke her name, and one side of her mouth curled into a smile. When I said the words "Behold the Lamb of God, behold him that taketh away the sins of the world..." she opened her mouth, and extended her tongue to receive her Blessed Lord one last time. She loved Him that much. She wanted Him that much.

She knew life was not easy, but she carried on with good humour and grace. She had a favourite saying, which I've recently learned was coined by her, and which she taught her family until they knew their lines:

"My nephew told me *Old age isn't for sissies* and I replied *Bah! Life isn't for sissies!*"

Death isn't for sissies either.

We pray for her frequently in the Mass, and all the faithful departed. *Grant them rest... may they rest in peace.*

We pray this because we earnestly desire it for her, and because we trust that the Church will gather to pray for us, when the time comes for our coffin to be where Mary's is today.

How long do we have? We don't really know, but we do know that each day is a gift. We know that TODAY is a gift. As a hospital chaplain, most of the patients I visit did not plan on being admitted to hospital when they woke up on the day they were admitted. Some of them recover and go back home, others go to their eternal home. Since we cannot tell how long we have remaining in this life, we do well, of course, to make plans for the future, but also to say, as St. James advises: "If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that." (James 4:15)

Death is not total; life triumphs. Because God triumphs.

In death's dark vale, I fear no ill

with thee, dear LORD, beside me;

Thy rod and staff my comfort still,

Thy Cross before to guide me.

This Mass: May we pray for Mary's rest, and for the comfort of her family. May we recognize Jesus Christ, crucified and risen, and earnestly desire his nearer presence.

"(We know) that he who raised the Lord Jesus will raise us also with Jesus and bring us with you into his presence."

Rest eternal grant unto them, O LORD

and let light shine perpetual shine upon them

May they rest in peace. *Amen.*

Fr. Kipling Cooper



Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary Catholic Church

CALENDAR OF SERVICES – APRIL 2024 – YEAR B

MONDAY APRIL 1st (In the OCTAVE of EASTER) {Solemnity } 7:30 Mattins/8AM Mass/9 Adoration
TUESDAY APRIL 2nd (In the OCTAVE of EASTER) {Solemnity } 8:30 Mattins/9AM Mass
WEDNESDAY APRIL 3rd (In the OCTAVE of EASTER) {Solemnity } 8:30 Mattins/9AM Mass
THURSDAY, APRIL 4th (In the OCTAVE of EASTER) {Solemnity} 5:30PM Evensong/6:00PM Mass

FRIDAY APRIL 5th (In the OCTAVE of EASTER) {Solemnity } 7:30 Mattins/8AM Mass
SATURDAY, APRIL 6th (In the OCTAVE of EASTER) {Solemnity}
7:45-8:15AM Confession/Reconciliation/8:30 Mattins/9:00AM MASS/10: 00AM Adoration

SUNDAY, APRIL 7th EASTER 2: DIVINE MERCY {Solemnity} 8:00AM MASS/9:20AM Mattins/10AM SUNG MASS
****1:00PM Adoration/Confession/Divine Mercy Reflection**//4:00PM Evensong & Benediction**

MONDAY. APRIL 8th ANNUNCIATION of the BLESSED VIRGIN MARY {Solemnity of Title/Name Day}
7:30 Mattins/8AM Mass/9AM Adoration//5:30PM Evensong/6:00 SUNG MASS

Tuesday, April 9th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 8:30AM Mattins/9 AM Mass
 Wednesday, April 10th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 8:30 Mattins/9 AM Mass
 Thursday, April 11th (St. Stanislaus, Bishop & Martyr) 5:30 Evensong/6:00PM Mass
 Friday, April 12th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 7:30 Mattins/8AM Mass
 Saturday, April 13th (St. Martin I, Pope & Martyr)
 7:45-8:15AM Confession/Reconciliation 8:30 Mattins/9:00AM Mass/10AM Adoration

SUNDAY, APRIL 14th EASTER 3 {Solemnity}
8:00AM MASS/9:20AM Mattins/10AM SUNG MASS

Monday, April 15th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 7:30/8 MASS/9AM Adoration
 Tuesday, April 16th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 8:30AM Mattins/9:00 AM Mass
 Wednesday, April 17th (St. Kateri Tekakwitha) 8:30 Mattins/9AM Mass
 Thursday, April 18th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 5:30PM Evensong/6:00PM Mass
 Friday, April 19th (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 7:30 Mattins/8AM Mass
 Saturday, April 20th (Our Lady on Saturday)
 7:45-8:15AM Confession/Reconciliation/8:30AM Mattins/9AM Mass/10:00AM Adoration

SUNDAY, APRIL 21st EASTER 4: GOOD SHEPHERD SUNDAY {Solemnity}
8:00AM Mass/9:20 Mattins/10:00AM SUNG MASS/4PM Evening Prayer with Sermon

Monday, April 22nd (EASTERTIDE FERIA) 7:30/8 MASS/9AM Adoration
 Tuesday, April 23rd (St. George, Martyr) 8:30AM Mattins/9:00 AM Mass
 Wednesday, April 24th (St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, Priest & Martyr) 8:30AM Mattins/9:00 AM Mass

THURSDAY. APRIL 25th ST. MARK THE EVANGELIST {Feast}
5:30PM Evensong/6:00 SUNG MASS

Friday, April 26th (Our Lady of Good Counsel) 7:30 Mattins/8AM Mass
 Saturday, April 27th (EASTERTIDE FERIA)
 7:45-8:15AM Confession/Reconciliation/8:30AM Mattins/9AM **Healing Mass**/10:00AM Adoration

SUNDAY, APRIL 28th EASTER 5 {Solemnity} 8:00AM Mass
9:20 Mattins/10:00AM SUNG MASS & Confirmation with Bishop Steven Lopes

Monday, April 29th (St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin & Doctor) 7:30/8 MASS/9AM Adoration
 Tuesday, April 30th (St. Marie de l'Incarnation, Religious) 8:30AM Mattins/9:00 AM Mass

MAY 2024

Wednesday, May 1st (St. Pius V, Pope//St. Joseph the Worker) 8:30AM Mattins/9:00 AM Mass
 Thursday, May 2nd (St. Athanasius, Bishop & Doctor) 5:30PM Evensong/6:00PM Mass

FRIDAY. MAY 3rd STS. PHILIP & JAMES, APOSTLES {Feast}
7:30Am Mattins/8:00AM Mass/5:30PM Evensong/6:00 SUNG MASS

Saturday, May 4th (The English Martyrs)
 7:45-8:15AM Confession/Reconciliation/8:30AM Mattins/9:00AM Mass/10:00AM Adoration

SUNDAY, MAY 5th EASTER 6: ROGATION SUNDAY {Solemnity}
8:00AM Mass/9:20 Mattins/10:00AM Sung Mass/4:00PM Evensong & Benediction