

Welcome To Our Tri-Parish

St. Catherine Of Siena Piedmont



St. George Van Buren



Our Lady of Sorrows Williamsville



Following Jesus in the Foothills of the Ozarks

Parish Staff

Pastor: Fr. Daniel Hirtz

Secretary & Bookkeeper: Jean Boldreghini

Parish Council Chairperson: David Miller



Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn you. Go, and from now on do not sin anymore."

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APRIL 7, 2019 – FIFTH SUNDAY OF LENT

This Weeks Schedule

Monday P 6:00pm/ Tues. P 9:00am Nursing Home/ Wed. P 6:00pm, / Thurs. P 8:00am VB 5:15pm/
Fri. P 8:00am

Confessions: ½ hr. before weekend mass and any time by appointment. Make yours a good lent with a good confession.

Friday: 6:00pm Stations of cross outside

Daily 5:45am P. Communion Service



THE PASSION Palm Sunday 1:30 April
14 at St. Catherine's

Premiered 15 years ago. If you haven't seen it, now is a great way to help finish Lent.

The annual Diocesan Development Fund appeal will be held on May 4 and 5. This effort is conducted in every parish of the diocese to help finance the activities and ministries of the Catholic Church in southern Missouri. Our parish goal is \$8370.00. We ask you to keep the DDF campaign in your prayers.

Sunday homily 4th Sunday Lent

46 years ago today at about this time I laid on the floor of my home church for ordination. At that time I was given the power to forgive sins in God's name.

"whose sins you forgive they are forgiven."

I don't think we have a clue as just how

merciful God is. Today Jesus gives us the parable we call the "Prodigal Son". Some would say it is a prodigal Father who would act that way. I tried to think of an example in modern life to compare and really couldn't come up with one. We don't realize how tightly one's identity was with the land and with the land, to their God. You might think of King Ahab who wanted Naboth's land and Naboth said, "God forbid." or the movie "The Exodus" where the singer belts out 'until I die, this land is mine.' the younger son would have been kinder just to have told his dad he was going to kill him. So the son, in selling the land, was rejecting every thing his father stood for, even his God as is demonstrated when he bows so low to feed the hogs. In some cultures it would have been forbidden to ever mention his name or to perhaps exercise honor killing and remove him from the earth. Then, for the father to pine away day after day looking for his return put on an undignified demonstration running to meet him. He should have at least stayed firm and let the son come crawling to his knees. Such love and forgiveness. But the older, self-righteous son, also needs forgiveness. He puts his father down; denies his brother. The father reminded him that he did indeed own everything and was secure but he was a workaholic and had no use for relationships. How ready are we to recognize that we have sinned; that we have gotten our priorities out of kilter. How ready are we to welcome every brother and sister who has sinned, no matter how bad we have judged them. The older son accused the younger of wasting money on prostitutes when there was no mention of that. Where was his mind? Who was really guilty



THE STRANGER



A few months before I was born, my dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with the enchanting newcomer, and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around to welcome me into the world a few months later.

As I grew up, I never questioned his place in our family. Mom taught me to love the Word of God, and Dad taught me to obey it. But the stranger was our storyteller. He could weave the most fascinating tales. Adventures, mysteries, and comedies were daily conversations. He could hold our whole family spellbound for hours each evening. He was like a friend to the whole family. He took Dad, Bill, and me to our first major league baseball game. He was always encouraging us to see the movies and he even made arrangements to introduce us to several movie stars.

The stranger was an incessant talker. Dad didn't seem to mind, but sometimes Mom would quietly get up - while the rest of us were enthralled with one of his stories of faraway places - go to her room, read her Bible, and pray. I wonder now if she ever prayed that the stranger would leave.

You see, my dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions. But this stranger never felt an obligation to honor them. Profanity for example, was not allowed in our house - not from us, from our friends or adults. Our longtime visitor, however, used occasional four letter words that burned my ears and made Dad squirm. To my knowledge the stranger was never confronted. My Dad was a teetotaler who didn't permit alcohol in his home - not even for cooking. But the stranger felt like we needed exposure and enlightened us to other ways of life. He offered us beer and other alcoholic beverages often. He made cigarettes look tasty, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished.

He talked freely (too much, too freely) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive and generally embarrassing. I know now that my early concepts of the man/woman relationship were influenced by the stranger.

As I look back, I believe it was the grace of God that the stranger did not influence us more. Time after time he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked and never asked to leave.

More than thirty years have passed since the stranger moved in with the young family on Morningside Drive. But if I were to walk into my parents' den today, you would still see him sitting over in a corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures. His name?.... We always just called him..TV.



Author Unknown



Is the stranger ever put in his place or made to leave? If not, am I responsible for some of the sins that have surfaced in our family? Sins that tell the Father to take a hike? Sins that have become so common place in our society that we don't think we need to repent of them?