

St. Leo The Great

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

130 Watford Street, Brooklin, ON L1M 1H2

905.655.3286 • Fax: 905.655.4519

www.stleothegreat.ca • e-mail: office@stleothegreat.ca

Pastor: Rev. Charles T. Forget

Parish Secretary: Magda Nowak 905-655-3286 x 101

Youth Director: Dennis Wardle x 109

OFFICE HOURS:

Monday to Thursday 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Closed for Lunch from 12:00 noon to 1:00 p.m.

Friday Office Closed.

DAILY MASS SCHEDULE:

Tuesday, Thursday and Friday 8:30 a.m.

Wednesday 7:00 p.m.

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament – Friday 7:30 a.m. - 8:30 a.m. (followed by 8:30 a.m. Mass)

SUNDAY MASS SCHEDULE:

Saturday 4:30 p.m. Youth Mass

Sunday 9:00 a.m. (with Children's Liturgy JK, SK, Grade 1 & 2) & 11:00 a.m.

SACRAMENT OF RECONCILIATION:

Saturdays 3:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. or anytime by appointment.

SACRAMENT OF BAPTISM:

Please download the Baptism Information Kit and Registration Form from the parish website, www.stleothegreat.ca

SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE:

The Archdiocese of Toronto requires that you contact your parish priest at least one year in advance of the planned date of your wedding and that you participate in a marriage preparation course. Please call the Parish Office.

PARISH REGISTRATION:

All families attending St. Leo's are requested to register with the parish.

Registration forms are available in the vestibule of the church.

LOCAL HOSPITALS AND EMERGENCY PASTORAL VISITATION

If you or someone in your family is in the Oshawa, Whitby or Port Perry Hospitals and would like to have a priest (for serious reasons) visit the person who is sick for Anointing of the Sick, Last Rites, Confession or Communion, please note that there is a full-time Catholic Priest assigned to these three hospitals at various times of the week. Simply ask hospital staff to inquire as to whether *Father Pius Alejo* is present in the hospital (or when he will be). If Father Pius Alejo is not available and there is an emergency requiring a Catholic priest, please call St. Leo the Great Parish at 905-655-3286 and when prompted, press "8" and leave your message. Fr. Charles will receive your message (if he is available) and return your call. If there is no emergency but you would like to speak to Fr. Charles, please call the parish office and leave a message with the parish secretary at 905-655-3286 x 101.

"TOYLAND"

Toyland, toyland
 Little girl and boy land
 While you dwell within it
 You are ever happy there

Childhood's joy land
 Mystic merry toyland
 Once you pass its borders
 You can ne'er return again

When you've grown up, my dears
 And are as old as I
 You'll laugh and ponder on the years
 That roll so swiftly by, my dears
 That roll so swiftly by

Childhood's joy land
 Mystic merry toyland
 Once you pass its borders
 You can ne'er return again

Downtown, early morning, all alone. Ten stories up, staring across the Hudson River, at nothing. Tears filled my eyes.

Looking across the East River from the taxi cab window, I was rapt by the twilight skyline of Manhattan. The sight of the bejeweled city stirred memories of Gershwin melodies, gangster stories, and scenes from *The Naked City* and *On the Waterfront*.

I was coming to New York for a job interview the following day with an architect-engineering firm. As a 22-year-old college senior the thought of launching my career in the cultural hub of the world—a town I had experienced through films and music—was gripping.

After checking in to the Statler-Hilton, I made the two-block jaunt to the Empire State building. From a quarter mile up, the neon carpet that stretched across the pulsing landscape below was spellbinding. "Tomorrow," I thought, "I want to do well."

Six months later, I was married and living and working in New York City. But as a new husband, the town, with its endless rows of concrete monoliths, queues of horn-blowing yellow cabs, nauseating subway smells and bus fumes, and throngs of strange-looking, strange-speaking people, seemed much different than the city that had enchanted me a few months earlier as an unmarried student. Coming from the Deep South, real life in the "city that never sleeps" felt as foreign to me and Joanne as it was to the prince and princess of Andalusia.

Over the next year and a half, we adjusted the peculiarities of the city and grew to appreciate and enjoy the diversity of its people and culture. I was establishing myself as an engineer in the commercial nuclear industry and Joanne was working with an international medical research company. On the weekends, we were off to the museums, galleries, restaurants, theaters, block festivals, Long Island, doing the things that childless, young married couples do. We were loving life and loving each other, and I was feeling at home. Until that morning.

I arrived at the Downtown Athletic Club well before anyone else for my early morning workout. Less than ten minutes into my routine, I was overcome by lyrics to a childhood song.

*Toy land, toy land
 Little girl and boy land
 While you dwell within it
 You are ever happy there...*

I had heard it the night before and felt a tinge of nostalgia. But this morning, it was touching a place deep within me, to memories of a more certain and secure time. *While you dwell within it, you are ever happy there.*

To a young child, my parents were as god-like as any earthly beings could have seemed. Mom and dad were omniscient, possessing the uncanny knack of knowing what I had done, was doing, or was about to do; ditto for what I was thinking. They were omnipotent, driving a car, operating a lawnmower, baking a cake. They were omnibenevolent, providing everything I needed (love, encouragement, food, clothes) and many things I wanted (bicycles, six-shooters, cowboy boots). And, they were the ultimate judge, handing down (and executing) sentences for misbehavior; none of which, I can honestly say now (!), were undeserved.

Together mom and dad created a stable home, free from dangers I knew nothing of as a child. It was only after I became a parent with young children of my own, that I came to appreciate how they worked to protect my childhood from the ugliness of the world. I learned about God at mom's knee, but I experienced him in the home my parents created; a place of innocence, joy, and security.

My breathing shallowed. I walked across the wooden gym floor to the window. Looking out, more lyrics stole their way in...

*Childhood's joy land
 Mystic merry toy land*

Childhood's joy land. Mom and dad. Home. Security. The scene out the window blurred, then...

*Once you pass its borders
 You can ne'er return again.*

...a flood of tears.

The last two lines undid me. There was no going back to that place of innocence and security. I was no longer a child who could rest under the wings of god-like parents; I was an adult with man-sized responsibilities of my own. I had a wife, a job, and bills to pay in a world that, as I came to learn, was not very safe and, in fact, set against the environment I knew as a boy growing up.

There was no going home. Or was there?

Human beings long for security. But security eludes us, even in the healthiest of environments. The best homes cannot protect us from neighborhood bullies, cruel classmates, or incompetent teachers; to say nothing about colds, the measles, sunburns, and poison ivy. Still, home—even a dysfunctional one—has a gravitational pull on us. Not so much for what home was or is, but for what we

imagine it should be: a sanctuary where we are loved, nurtured and protected by caretakers who accept us regardless of our actions or merits. Home is a refuge, a place we can experience rest from the cares of the world. Our earthly homes, while falling short of that ideal, are a shadow pointing to it. As C.S. Lewis wrote in *Mere Christianity*, "If I find in myself a desire which no experience in this world can satisfy, the most probable explanation is that I was made for another world." Soon I would realize how true that was.

Within the year, I received a fellowship for graduate school and we packed all our belongings in a small U-haul truck and moved to Atlanta. We were back home, but our homecoming had some surprises.

The brusque candidness of New Yorkers that was off-putting two years ago was a quality we had come to appreciate. You never had to guess what a New Yorker really thought about your new tie or spaghetti recipe; they'd let you know, even if you didn't ask. In the south, true feelings, we re-discovered, are coded in phrases, like "Oh, that's ni-i-i-ice!" (Meaning: "Looks like a rag I'd expect to find on a bag lady.")

More significantly, our move home did not fulfill our homeward yearnings. We were still adults with bills that come due, a car that breaks down, bodies that become sick, and affections that get bruised. We were like the Israelites who left Egypt with hopes of entering the Promised Land.

The Israelites were a people seeking rest—rest from their slave masters, rest from their warring neighbors and rest from their desert wanderings. The promise of the Promised Land included the promise of rest foreshadowed in the Sabbath: the once-a-week, 24-hour rest from physical work that was fulfilled in Christ, whose nailed-pierced body gave mankind 24/7 rest from the works of righteousness and from the emotional, psychological and spiritual anxiety accompanying them.

It was a promise the Israelites never experienced because of unbelief and rebellion but, according to the author of Hebrews, still stands. Indeed, the old covenant *shadow*, "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty," is fulfilled in the new covenant *reality*, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest."

In the imagery of (St.) Paul, the believer's position is "in Christ." Jesus casts our protective shadow; he is our shelter. We are at home "in him" everywhere, all the time. There is no place we can go where he is not with us and in us, and us in him. Nothing is more secure, more safe, or more beautiful this side of heaven.

The tender song has it right. We can ne'er return to the mystic joy land of childhood. And we were never meant to. It was intended only as a pointer to the inexpressible joy of the Christ-covered, Christ-saturated life.

Article from *Crisis Magazine*, November 24, 2017 by Regis Nicoll who is a retired nuclear engineer and a fellow of the Colson Center who writes commentary on faith and culture. His new book is titled Why There Is a God: And Why It Matters.

Mass Intentions for the Week

Tue, Dec 5	8:30 a.m.	Ints of Benedetto Tuzi
Wed, Dec 6	7:00 p.m.	John & Maria Teresa Jeronimo + Amancia Raposo +
Thur, Dec 7	8:30 a.m.	Thomas Creron +
Fri, Dec 8	8:30 a.m.	Joseppina Minicucci+ Alberto & Antonietta Colavecchia+ Barry Strong + Sylvia Correa +
Sat, Dec 9	4:30 p.m.	Intentions of Joyce Gay
Sun, Dec 10	9:00 a.m.	Tony Tamburro +
	11:00 a.m.	All Souls in Purgatory

CHRISTMAS CARDS, MAGNETS & SIGNS

The Knights of Columbus will be selling Campaign Life Christmas Cards, Magnets and Christmas Lawn Signs after all weekend Masses in the vestibule.

CORNERSTONE MEN'S HOSTEL

Once again this Advent Season, St. Leo the Great Parish will be collecting items for the Cornerstone Men's Hostel in Oshawa. Items necessary to the men who live on the streets include: new-only socks, underwear, toothbrushes and deodorant, shaving cream, foot powder, lip balm and Kleenex tissues. We cannot accept used clothing. Please drop off these items in the bins located in the vestibule of the church. Thank you for your continued support.

NEW BEGINNINGS

Are YOU or anyone else you care about enduring a separation or divorce? Perhaps a family member, a friend or even a colleague is hurting. New Beginnings offers assistance to those who are grieving this loss. At present, New Beginnings is looking for volunteers for co-facilitation at St Leo the Great . No experience is required as full training will be provided. If you are passionate about helping people and/or have personal experience with separation/divorce, then please reach out! For more information please call, Alex Lopechuk at 416 921 1163 x 2230 or email alopechuk@cfstoronto.com



Come join us for some faith and friendship! St. Leo the Great's Catholic Moms Group is meeting every second Thursday of each month at 8 pm in Boardroom 1.

Next meeting on Dec 14

All those called to Mothering are Welcome!
To be added to our email list contact:

annalisa@catholicmomsgroup.com. Check out:
www.catholicmomsgroup.com




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