

# Bulletin for the Catholic Parishes of Oklee, Grygla, and Goodridge

**Contact Information**

**Clergy:** Fr. Adam Hamness  
*frhamness@oggcatholic.org*

**Bookkeeper/Secretary:** Deb Whalen  
*parishstaff@oggcatholic.org*

**Address:** Post Office Box 126  
301 Governor Street  
Oklee, MN 56742

**Website:** [www.oggcatholic.org](http://www.oggcatholic.org)

**Telephone:** (218) 796-5844

**Emergency Line:** (218) 209-2686

**Office Hours**

**Tuesday & Wednesday** 8:30 a.m. — 3:30 p.m.  
**Thursday** 8:30 a.m. — 11:30a.m.

**Bulletin Deadline**

**Wednesday:** Noon

## Clergy Column

Today I have included a beautiful story of how a persistent woman’s simple faith made all the difference in the life of her granddaughter. Let it be a lesson to us not to hide our faith, but show it to the world. If this woman’s granddaughter had not seen her faith in action, she would have remained in darkness forever. Let’s not allow that to happen to our families.

Please pray for the repose of the soul of Deacon Bill Butler, who died this week. He served mostly in Moorhead. He was a simple and honest man who loved the Lord and wanted to serve him well. He is survived by his wife and three adult children. May he rest in peace.

Remember:

Our 2020 Chrism Mass didn’t happen in the Spring because of the statewide stay-at-home order. It has been re-scheduled for 4:00 p.m. on Thursday, Sept. 17 at the Cathedral. Attendance has been restricted because of COVID-19 protocols, but it would be fitting to have at least some of the Faithful present. I am looking for one or two people from each of our parishes who would be willing to attend. Please let me know if you would like to volunteer to represent your parish.

**St. Francis Xavier Parish in Oklee**

	<u>Mass Times</u>	<u>Confessions</u>
Sun:	8:00 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
Tues:	8:00 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Wed:	8:00 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Thurs:	8:00 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Fri:	8:00 a.m.	7:45 a.m.

**St. Clement Parish in Grygla**

	<u>Mass Times</u>	<u>Confessions</u>
Sun:	10:15 a.m.	10:00 a.m.

**St. Ann Parish in Goodridge**

	<u>Mass Times</u>	<u>Confessions</u>
Sun:	12:00 p.m.	11:45 a.m.

## HOW A FORGOTTEN ROSARY HELPED TO PLANT THE SEEDS OF FAITH

Diana Valette

September 2, 2020

U.S.Catholic.org

When I was 20 years old my grandmother gave me a small, brown rosary. I threw it into my nightstand drawer and forgot about it. I didn't need a rosary because God didn't exist.

"God is like Santa Claus for adults," my dad had taught me. "Haven't you ever noticed that intelligent people don't believe in God?" I didn't want to be dumb, not by anyone's standards, but especially not by my dad's.

I spent a lot of time arguing on the internet with strangers about God's existence while that rosary sat in my drawer. I mean, what better way was there to help people see how wrong they were and how right I was?

Then I accidentally married a good Catholic man, because he was cute and unbelievably kind. I didn't mind getting married in a Catholic church, because the stained-glass windows made the place beautiful. But I *did* mind when Marvin, my husband, suggested we go to Mass together on Sundays. The weekends were for leisure, and now he wanted our family of four to sit in a pew for an hour. No, thank you.

"I went to church every Sunday with my mom, and I want that for our family too," he said. I liked how important our family was to him, but the answer was still no. I finally gave in when he promised to take us out for lunch after Mass every weekend.

Several lunches later, grace seeped into the hardened parts of me, and I wondered if there might be a God after all. I dug my grandmother's rosary out from the drawer and typed "How do I pray" into my phone's web browser.

I felt silly praying at first, like I was speaking some sort of Christmas list to a God who had lived for so long in my mind as a pretend Santa Claus figure. It took time before I could squash that image of God and build up an image more beautiful, true, and complex.

I prayed the rosary every day for months until I could run my fingers over those small, wooden beads and whisper the Hail Mary like I'd been doing it my entire life. I liked the rhythm of the whole thing. Each bead follows the one before it, leaving breadcrumbs along the way. I found Christ at the end of that trail, and my whole life changed: I was overwhelmed by peace, and I was given the grace of being painfully aware of my sinfulness and my need for God.

Previously, I moved through the world completely blind to my selfish nature. The only needs that mattered were mine. The only opinion that mattered was mine. I was blind to my shortcomings and yet, interestingly enough, very aware of the flaws in other people. Once I came to know Christ, I wondered why I'd been so quick to judge others, since I am so flawed myself. The encounter with Christ that I found through praying the rosary shifted things, and I began walking through the world aware that all of us are image-bearers of God.

Before, I thought love was just an expression of really beautiful words strung together and backed up by precisely nothing. After encountering Christ through the rosary, I learned love was an action.

So when my dying neighbor needed someone to sit with her at night, I volunteered. Mrs. Irene's favorite color was purple. Her closet smelled faintly of mothballs and oatmeal, and it held rows and rows of bright purple jackets and lavender blouses.

We both slept in her living room, me on the pleather recliner and her on the couch. She'd fall asleep watching EWTN, and I'd wait until I heard snores before trying to change the channel. No matter how loud her snores got, she'd shoot awake at the exact moment I pressed the button.

When Mrs. Irene died, I hung a purple rosary in her memory around my car's rearview mirror. It stayed there for months, reminding me that love isn't words at all: Love is an action, and for a season in my life, love was watching EWTN with a dying woman.

Today the purple rosary that reminds me of Mrs. Irene and the wooden rosary my grandmother gifted me lie tangled with many other rosaries at the very bottom of my drawer.

I kept them there for a long time before I realized they made up my most treasured stories: the beads given to me as a gift when my first baby was baptized, the beads formed out of the compressed flowers that laid atop a loved one's casket, the colorful beads strung together by the sticky fingers of my children, and the rosary made by my own hands while I sat with the first real friends I'd ever known.

That drawer doesn't hold every rosary I've ever had. Some have been misplaced, while others I have gifted to friends, joining my story with theirs just as my grandmother's has been joined with mine.

My sweet, devout, Puerto Rican grandmother was always mailing us Catholic loot—prayer cards in Spanish, holy pictures, and the rosary that began it all. When she was alive, I almost didn't care about those packages. I wonder if she ever felt frustrated that the rest of her family didn't seem to care about the faith that was so important to her.

I have had to mourn the idea that my grandmother never got to see me use her rosary before she died. God used her to plant the very first seed of faith in my life. She made a difference, even though in the moment it probably didn't seem like it. I know her intercession played a big role in my conversion. Her prayers sustained me even when I didn't care about them, even when I was blind to their beauty.

For much of my life I was blind to the shape of reality. I couldn't see that we are all connected. I couldn't see that those brown beads joined together by one string on my grandmother's rosary were a metaphor for everything. But I bet my grandmother could.

I like to imagine that the prayers I pray today, like my grandmother's, are tiny seeds being planted for a tomorrow I might not ever see. Our prayers connect us all: Just like my rosaries tangled together in that drawer, you and I are joined together—the body of Christ.

Oklee	Sunday	09/06/20	8:00 a.m.	† <b>Lois Jahnke</b>
Grygla	Sunday	09/06/20	10:15 a.m.	<i>Pro Populo</i>
Goodridge	Sunday	09/06/20	12:00 p.m.	Joe Warmus
Oklee	Tuesday	09/08/20	8:00 a.m.	Ronald & Marita de la Cruz
Oklee	Wednesday	09/09/20	8:00 a.m.	† <b>Francis Walls</b>
Oklee	Thursday	09/10/20	8:00 a.m.	† <b>Lois Jahnke</b>
Oklee	Friday	09/11/20	8:00 a.m.	For Police, Firemen, & Paramedics
Oklee	Sunday	09/13/20	8:00 a.m.	† <b>Therese Maxson</b>
Grygla	Sunday	09/13/20	10:15 a.m.	<i>Pro Populo</i>
Goodridge	Sunday	09/13/20	12:00 p.m.	† <b>Karen Thygeson</b>

## Tithing

### St. Francis Xavier's in Oklee August 30, 2020

Adults Envelopes	\$811.00
Loose Plate	\$20.00
<b>Priest's Training</b>	<u>\$0.00</u>
Total	\$831.00

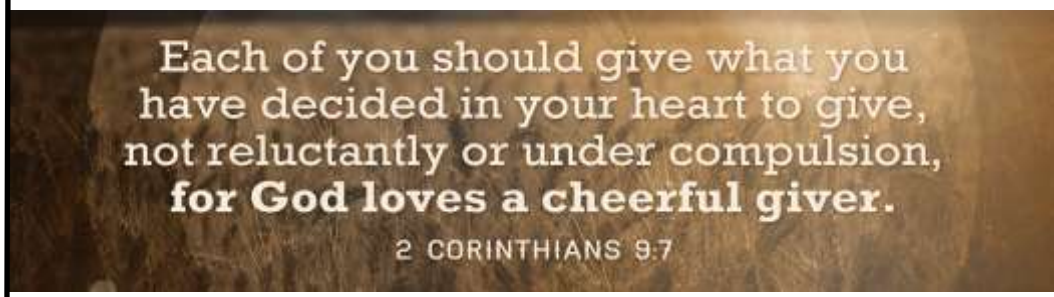
### St. Ann's in Goodridge August 23 & 30, 2020

Adults Envelopes	\$0.00
<b>Ladies' Aid</b>	\$0.00
<b>Men's Club</b>	\$0.00
<b>Priest's Training</b>	\$0.00
Loose Plate	<u>\$0.00</u>
Total	\$0.00

NA

### St. Clement's in Grygla August 30, 2020

Adults Envelopes	\$755.00
<b>Priest's Training</b>	\$0.00
Loose Plate	<u>\$85.00</u>
Total	\$840.00



### Weekly Reflections



*"You, son of man, i have appointed watchman for the house of Israel..." (Ezekiel 33:7)*



Many of us are generous with our gifts. However, many of us are not generous in proportion to the gifts we have been given. How often do we give at the minimum level required? Remember, the Lord calls us to nurture and develop our gifts. He calls us to be generous with all the gifts He has given us, especially the one that means the most to us.

### **St Francis Xavier's** Oklee, MN

Sunday, September 6, 2020  
Lector: Jan Dulka

Sunday, September 13, 2020  
Lector: David Bachand

Sunday, September 20, 2020  
Lector: Mike Bachand

### **St Ann's** Goodridge, MN

Sunday, September 6, 2020  
Lector: Carol

Sunday, September 13, 2020  
Lector: Carol

Sunday, September 20, 2020  
Lector: Eliza

### **St Clement's** Grygla, MN

Sunday, September 6, 2020  
Lector: Coleen

Sunday, September 13, 2020  
Lector: Jody

Sunday, September 20, 2020  
Lector: Gary

## OTHER WAYS TO SUPPORT YOUR PARISH

- Have Masses offered for friends or relatives, deceased or still living. Just drop a note in the collection basket, along with your donation; the usual amount is \$5.00/Mass. If this would be a financial hardship, please let me know, and I will be happy to offer one without a stipend.
- Offer Memorials in honor of your deceased loved ones to your parish's building and maintenance fund, or to your parish cemetery.
- Leave a legacy gift to the parish in your will, or name the parish as the beneficiary of your retirement policy or life insurance plan.

### St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church Prayer Blankets

**You Matter. We care. You are not alone.**

There are prayer blankets in the back of the church for those whom are sick, suffering or dying. Please sign the book to whom it is given to so we know who the prayers are for.

Thank you!!

### *We are the Hands of Christ*

Are you good at making people feel welcome? When you meet someone new, a new neighbor, a new work colleague, a new parishioner, do you make them feel at home?

Many of us probably do a much better job at this. When we make people feel welcome, we make them feel like they are included instead of being excluded.

A simple "hello" and a smile goes a long way.

#### Recently Deceased Loved Ones

†Joey Johnson  
 †Allen Paquin  
 †Chris Tougas  
 †Larry O'Neill  
 †Yvonne Boucher  
 †Bonnie Buchmeier  
 †Janet Pearson  
 †David Dessellier  
 †Rita Bonagura Vaughn  
 †Ann Peterson  
 †Irene Dessellier  
 †Floyd Neuschwander  
 †Annette Magnell  
 †Ted Lussier  
 †LaVonne Radniecki  
 †Brigitta Dobmeier  
 †Mary Jean Altendorf  
 †Mike Bourque  
 †Fr. Don Braukmann  
 †Florence Dunham  
 †Msgr. Donald Krebs  
 †Betty Barsness  
 †Floyd Charest  
 †Jim Dulka  
 †Avis Frazer  
 †Lauretta Stucy  
 †Tom Toulouse  
 †Marlyn Dessellier  
 †Gerald Cote  
 †Phyllis Martell  
 †Theresa "Bergeron" Lucken  
 †Jerome Hruby

#### Pray For Those Who Are Sick

Delton Sebenaler  
 Donnie Tougas  
 Kenneth LaCoursiere  
 Shirley Dessellier  
 Irene Kiesow  
 Michael Bachand  
 Annette LaCoursiere  
 Debra Olson  
 Jack Miller  
 Kimberly Johs  
 Ambrose Beaudoin  
 Steve Sebenaler  
 Don LaCoursiere  
 Cindy Deterrman  
 David Longtin  
 Marie Adams  
 Grace Rundell  
 MaryAnn Lambert  
 Bailey Herried Drotts  
 George Pittman  
 Bambi Lambert  
 Lucille Christianson  
 Doris Dessellier  
 Danielle Swanson  
 Mark Stromberg  
 Sylvia Remick Morey  
 Penny Kalar  
 Jo Lambert

