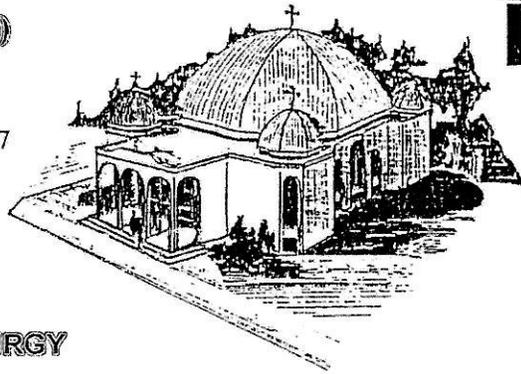


## ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

(Byzantine-Ukrainian Rite)

293 St. George's Avenue East  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario  
P6B 6E8 Phone: (705) 942-1377

Established in 1917



### DIVINE LITURGY

Saturday: 4:15 pm. - all in English  
Sunday: 9:30 am. - all in Ukrainian  
11:00 am. - all in English

**BAPTISM:** by prior arrangement

**MARRIAGE:** Please call the parish office  
3 months notice is required.

### RECONCILIATION:

Saturday: 3:15 - 3:45 pm.  
Before & after weekday Liturgy  
Anytime by appointment

### SACRAMENT OF THE SICK

### HOME VISITATION:

Please call the parish office to make  
arrangements.

*WELCOME to our parish...Enter expectantly...*

*Breathe prayerfully....*

*Worship reverently...*

*Relax restfully...*

*Greet others in love...*

*Leave touched by God, & come again soon!*

**PASTOR:** Fr.Jaroslav Lazoryk  
**RECTORY:** 91 Grand Blvd.  
Sault Ste. Marie, ON P6B 4S1  
Phone: (705) 256-1025

**OFFICE MANAGER:**  
Ms. Charlotte Conrad  
Monday: CLOSED  
Tues. - Fri. 10 am. - 4 pm.  
Closed on all holidays

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*We are each of us angels with only one wing...  
And we can only fly embracing each other...*  
Luciano DeCrenzenzo

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Sunday, March 28th, 2021

**PALM SUNDAY**

**Tone: Special**

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**EPISTLE: Philippians 4:4-9**

**LAY READERS** 4:15 pm.  
9:30 am.  
11:00 am.

**GOSPEL: St. John 12:1-18**

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**DIVINE SERVICES: (March 29– April 4)**

**MONDAY:** 12:00 Noon Rosary  
12:20p.m. Liturgy of the Pre-Sanctified Gifts  
Sorokouste (Prayers for Deceased)

**TUESDAY:** 10:00 a.m. No Service

**WEDNESDAY:** 10:00 a.m. No Services

**THURSDAY:** **HOLY THURSDAY**  
7:00 pm. Institution of the Holy Eucharist- Divine Liturgy

**FRIDAY:** **HOLY FRIDAY**  
3:00 p.m. Burial of Our Savior – Installation of the Tomb of Christ  
7:00 p.m. Stations of the Cross

**SATURDAY:** **HOLY SATURDAY**  
2:00 p.m. Blessing of the Easter Baskets (parking lot in front of vehicles)  
7:00 p.m. Divine Liturgy of the Holy Saturday

**EASTER SUNDAY- THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION OF CHRIST**

**SUNDAY:** 9:00 a.m. Resurrection Matins  
10:00 a.m. Divine Liturgy of Easter (Eng./Ukr.)

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**ANNOUNCEMENTS:**

1. Ladies and Men of the parish are asked to help make perogies and cabbage rolls on Thursday April 15th, 2021 at 7:00 a.m. Preparation work (cabbage & potatoes) will be done just by the cook. There will be social distancing tables.

2. Just a reminder about our FOOD DRIVE. Donations placed in our blue basket in the vestibule are delivered to the Salvation Army Food Bank regularly. **Jesus said: "Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers or sisters that you do unto me.**

3. Parish e-mail address: [soostmaryukr@bellnet.ca](mailto:soostmaryukr@bellnet.ca) [www.stmarysukrsm.ca](http://www.stmarysukrsm.ca)

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**PLEASE PRAY FOR OUR SICK AND SHUT-INS:**

Lorraine Wilson, Dora Notte, Anita Lutes, Msgr. Anton Szymychalski, Clair Crowley, Fr. Jaroslaw Lazoryk, Wanda Duczmal, Debbie Bromeley, Antoinette Blunt, Katheren Pasternak, Walter Borowicz, Pat Stratichuk, Elsie Barrett, Betty Pauliuk, Doris Lebel, Jo-Anne Stone, Nikolaos Georgas, Denise Jacques, Reg Beaudette, Phil Marinelli, Mike Plastino, Theresa Barsanti, Patty-Ann Bellerive, Jim Parniak, Stephanie Parniak, Connie Sampson, Lee DeMelo, Fr. Oleh Yuryk, Fr. John Barszczyk, Dorothy McIntyre, Pauline Baiocchi, Andrea Stone Pietramale, Lynn Dunne, Fr. Andrew Kormanik, Ray Robinson, Dennis Conrad, Hunter Stone, Gavin Stone, Gerard Dosko, Anderson Knight, Ron Barsanti, Borden Shewchuk, Peter Harlow, Larisa Pochmursky and Gloria Yeo.

*Lord, Jesus Christ, You Who travelled throughout Galilee healing the sick, enabling the blind to see and the lame to walk, bring healing to Your people who need it this day. Grant relief to the ones who suffer pain and physical torment. Give peace to those whose minds are tortured by mental illness and anxiety. Comfort those who are alone in their suffering; may Your people reach out to them and to all the needy this day. Send Your grace to the caregivers that they may be gentle and effective agents of Your loving mercy. May our sufferings be joined with Yours to bring healing throughout the world. Amen.*

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Last Sunday's Offering: \$ Thank you!

Building Fund: \$ Thank you!

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**How the Stations of the Cross brought transformation.**

Early on a blustery January morning, I heard the telephone ring. Who could it be? I wondered. I always expect the worst when people phone at odd hours, and this time my fears were realized. It was my son, calling to say that he and his wife of fifteen years were ending their marriage. I knew they were having problems and were in counseling, but this caught me by surprise. I had been so sure they would work it out. I had prayed so hard. My legs turned weak, and my heart pounded as my son went on to explain the joint custody arrangements for their two young children. I could hear the devastation in his voice. He had already been under stress; his income as a financial advisor had plunged along with the economy, and he was about to file for

bankruptcy. And now this. Where Are You, God? I cried all that day and the next, and the next—and for a year afterward. I worried constantly about my son and his children, who had begun misbehaving at home and at school. I grieved the loss of my daughter-in-law. She had been like a daughter to me and called me Mom; we went places together and talked on the phone for hours. Now she pulled away—the divorce made our relationship awkward, she said. I missed her immensely. Most of all, I missed my God. I talked to him often at first. “Why are you letting this nightmare happen?” I would ask. “I’ve always tried to be a good person. My son is a good person.” I poured out my heart to him again and again, but no answers came. Then there came times when I couldn’t pray and didn’t even want to go to Sunday Mass. I persisted, but it was difficult to worship a God who seemed to be ignoring me. Had he stopped loving me? I could see no other answer. Throughout my life, I had always felt that God was there for me, answering me in some way or another. But apparently, I would have to work out this hurt by myself. Praying the Passion. I still had “good days,” when I sensed a gentle push urging me to pray. On one of them, I picked up a booklet on the Stations of the Cross and decided to meditate on one of these fourteen scenes of the Passion each day. Picturing myself at each one, I found myself contemplating the sufferings of Jesus as I never had before. I watched as Jesus was sentenced to a horrible death. I saw him scourged mercilessly. I saw the soldiers slap him, spit on him, and crown him with a circle of thorns. When Jesus met his mother on the way to Calvary, I was there—entering into Mary’s pain over her son’s suffering, as I grieved for my own son and his children. I watched Jesus fall three times, pinned under the heavy cross, and saw a passerby pressed into service to assist. And as Jesus walked, his every step more painful than the last, I carried my cross at his side. I watched as he was stripped and shamed. I saw the soldiers place him on the wood and heard them pound the heavy nails into his hands and feet. When they hoisted Jesus up, I knelt beside the cross among his faithful friends, with an arm around his mother. For three agonizing hours, we watched

him suffer, helpless and unable to do anything for him. And after it was over, I saw his ravaged body taken down and gently placed in a tomb. Love and Surrender. After a year of contemplating all these stations, I still felt abandoned by God. But I continued because it was the only thing that brought me comfort. Maybe it sounds strange, but I became fond of the Stations of the Cross. I began to sense the wonder in what they portrayed. I saw that it wasn't just anyone who underwent the excruciating suffering and the criminal's death—it was Jesus, who sits enthroned at the Father's right hand. Out of love, the God of the whole universe came to live among us. It pierced my soul to picture this strong and able carpenter—Jesus, God's own Son—straining to carry the tremendous weight of the cross, of our sin. But I still struggled. Did Jesus love me? If he did, why did I feel so desolate? Had I committed some terrible sin? Nothing stood out as I pondered, but I began to see that I was not the "perfect" person I had thought myself to be. I saw times when I should have acted more lovingly or justly. I saw circumstances when I had fallen short of what I knew I should do. A spirit of repentance came over me as I reviewed these situations, and when I took them to the Lord in Confession, I felt relieved and refreshed. But I agonized about my son, whose situation was becoming drastic. His divorce was finalized. He had not found work and had declared bankruptcy. With his savings about to run out, he was thinking about moving in with me and my husband—three hundred miles away from his children. In desperation, I finally placed my son completely in God's hands. I had not trusted God enough to do this earlier, but now there was no other way. Surely all those months of meditating on Jesus' self-surrender helped me to say and mean those difficult, decisive words: "I give you my son, Lord. Your will, not mine." And then I waited, hoping against hope. New Every Morning. The phone call came in early May. It was my son, and the lilt in his voice set my heart racing again. He had been offered a job—a good one with a good salary. Trembling inside and out, I hung up and went down on my knees thanking God. Afterward, I spent many days pondering what had happened in my own heart over the past year and a half. Between those two phone calls, I realized, I had changed profoundly. If not for

**this ordeal, I would never have come to appreciate Jesus' sufferings for us—for me! I would not have considered how much the Father loves us. I would not have grasped that God is truly with us both in sunshine and in shadow, and that he is able to bring good out of evil. I'm still pondering these great truths, still meditating on the Stations of the Cross. Every day, in Lent and throughout the year, I pick up my booklet and contemplate a scene from Jesus' Passion. It's never boring. God speaks to me through it every time. His love and mercy are inexhaustible!**

**Terri Bauer and her husband, Fred, live in southern Illinois. The booklet Terri read—Step by Step to Calvary, by Angela Burrin—**