

**SAINT MARY CATHOLIC CHURCH
THE MOTHER CHURCH OF NORWALK, CT**

Celebrating 175 years (1848-2023)

669 WEST AVE. 06850 Telephone: 203-866-5546 Fax: 203-866-0464

PASTOR: FR. RINGLEY

**LAY MEMBERS OF
PARISH CORPORATION**

**Fran Di Meglio
Michael Miller
Paul McLaughlin**

RCIA

**Coordinator:
D. Stephan A. Genovese
dngenovese@diobpt.org**

SAFE ENVIRONMENT

**Coordinator:
D. Stephan Genovese**

OFFICE MANAGER

**Mrs. Leo Flor Rodriguez
LFrodriquez@stmarynorwalk.net**

PARISH OFFICE HOURS:

**Tuesday-Friday
8:30AM-3:30PM**

WEBSITE: stmarynorwalk.net

ADMINISTRATIVE

ASSISTANT

**Erlinda Zelaya
bookstore@stmarynorwalk.net**

BOOKSTORE HOURS

**Tuesday-Thursday
9:00AM-4:00PM**

**Wednesdays-Fridays
9:00AM-3:00PM**

Sundays

9:00AM-2:00PM

CLOSED ON MONDAYS

HORARIO DE LIBRERÍA

Martes-Jueves

9:00AM-4:00PM

Miércoles-Viernes

9:00AM-3:00PM

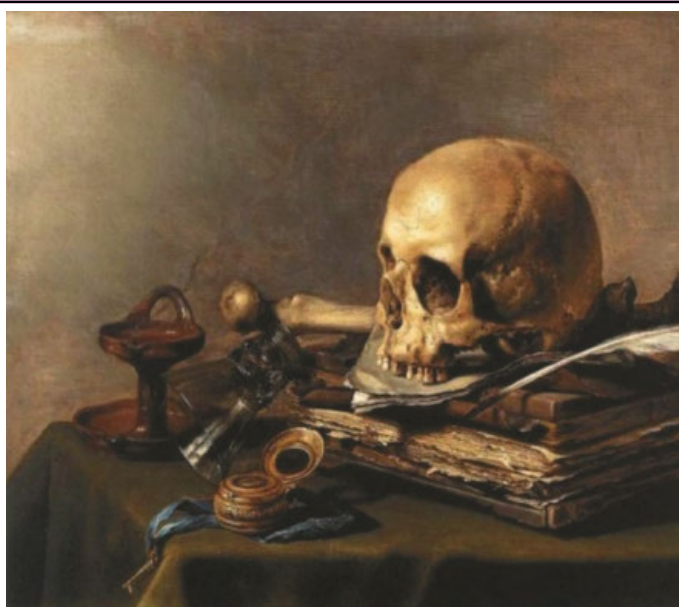
Domingo

9:00AM-2:00PM

CERRADO LOS LUNES

FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT

FEBRUARY 26, 2023



The image of a skull serves to remind us of the Medieval Christian practice (which may serve us well also) of focusing one's attention on the things of the next life and detaching ourselves from those of this world. This meditation is referred to by the Latin expression "*memento mori*" (remember that you must die). This is precisely what we try to do during the Lenten Season, which began on Wednesday, as ashes are placed on our foreheads and we hear the words "*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris*". (Remember, O man, that you are dust, and unto dust you shall return). (Acuerdate de que eres polvo, y a polvo has de volver).

**MASS AND
CONFESSION
SCHEDULES**

Tuesday/Friday:

8:00AM (Latin)

12:10 Noon

(English)

Saturday:

4:00PM (English)

7:00PM (Spanish)

Sunday:

8:00AM (English)

10:00AM (Latin)

12:00PM (Spanish)

CONFESSIONS:

Tuesday/Friday

11:30AM-12:00Noon

Saturday:

3:00PM to 3:45PM

ADORATION

WEDNESDAY

1:00PM TO 4:00PM

FIRST FRIDAYS

9:00AM TO 11:30AM

& 1:00PM to 8:00PM

**EXPOSICIÓN DEL
SANTÍSIMO**

MIÉRCOLES

1:00PM a 4:00PM

PRIMEROS VIERNES:

9:00AM A 11:30AM y de

1:00PM A 8:00PM

Student's Name _____ Date _____

Signature _____

“LIGHT A CANDLE FOR SOMEONE”

From February 27 to March 5, 2023

Main Altar Candle: Repose of the Soul of Fred Ringley
Virgin Mary Candle: Repose of the Soul of Lidia Conavid
Chapel Candle: Intentions of Ralph Giordano

ENCENDER UNA VELA POR ALGUIEN ESPECIAL

Del 27 de Febrero al 5 de Marzo, 2023

Altar Principal: Descanso del Alma de Fred Ringley
Vela de la Virgen: Descanso del Alma de Lidia Conavid
Vela de la Capilla: Intenciones de Ralph Giordano

ADORATION of the BLESSED SACRAMENT

In Chapel every **Wednesday** from 1-4 PM,
First Fridays from 9-11:30 AM and 1:PM TO 8:00PM.
To sign up please call 203-866-5546 or Jacqueline
475-206-7109.

EXPOSICIÓN DEL SANTÍSIMO

En la Capilla todos los **miércoles** de 1 a 4 de la tarde.
Primeros Viernes de 9 a 11:30 de la mañana, y de 1:00PM a
8:00PM. Para acompañar al Señor por favor llame a la Rectoría al
203-866-5546 o a Jacqueline al 475-206-7109

MEMORIALIZE THE ALTAR FLOWERS

It is now possible to memorialize the altar flowers each week.
We will include those intentions in the Sunday prayers as well.
Cards will be available as they are for the Mass intentions. Contact
the BOOKSTORE for information (203 866 5546 ext. 114).

**OFREZCA LAS FLORES DEL ALTAR POR UNA
INTENCIÓN ESPECIAL**

Para honrar a un ser querido difunto, por la salud de alguien
especial, o para felicitar a alguien por su cumpleaños, aniversario,
etc. Para más información, contactarnos en la LIBRERÍA al
203-866-5546 ext. 114.

**“Beset by . . . temptations I struggle every day
against gluttony, for eating and drinking are not
something I can decide to cut away once and for all,
and never touch again, as I have been able to do with
sexual indulgence. The reins that control the throat
must therefore be relaxed or tightened judiciously;
and is there anyone, Lord, who is not sometimes
dragged a little beyond the bounds of what is
needful? If there is such a person, he is a great man,
so let him tell out the greatness of your name.**

**I am not he, for I am a sinful man, yet I will tell out
the greatness of your name nonetheless; and may he
who has overcome the world intercede for my sins,
and count me among the frailer members of his
body, because your eyes rest upon my imperfections
and in your book everyone will find a place.”**

Taken from: *Saint Augustine of Hippo*
(*Confessions* 10.31.47)

MASS SCHEDULE

Sat. 2/25/23 THE ANNUNCIATION

4:00PM +Leon Terenzio
7:00PM +Ramon Ovalles

Sun. 2/26/23 FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT

8:00AM +Hector Rafael Jimenez
10:00AM +Jean Pierre Bourtin
12:00Noon Intentions of the People of the Parish

Tue. 2/28/23

8:00AM +Samuel Terenzio, Jr.
12:10PM Intentions of Finnean Fredrickson

Wed. 3/1/23 EMBER WEDNESDAY

8:00AM +Joseph Longo
12:10 Intentions of Mrs. Erin Dunne

Thurs. 3/2/23

8:00AM Intentions of Marie Boyle
12:10 PM Intentions of Paul Hartenstein

Fri. 3/3/23 EMBER FRIDAY

8:00AM +Frank Longo
12:10 Noon Intentions of Karla Martinez

Sat. 3/4/23 SAINT CASIMIR/CONFESSOR

4:00PM Intentions of the People of the Parish
7:00PM +Tiberio Osorio

Sun. 3/5/23 SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT

8:00AM Intentions of Elliott McLaughlin
10:00AM +Marie DeMaio
12:00Noon +Lynda Abshire

‘LET US PRAY FOR:

*Elizabeth Broncati, Baby John Finbar Sullivan,
Elizabeth Dignan, Jacob and Jaxson, Dante
Lomotan, Roula Lee, Lita Maranan, Arcelia
Melchor, Ayden Vion Maranan, Olivia Nunziato,
David Podejko, Brian Rodriguez, Janet Torres and
Jeanette Torres.*

WEEKLY COLLECTION

Weekly Collection\$10,207.00

"Do you wish your prayer to fly toward God?
Make for it two wings: fasting and almsgiving."
St. Augustine

"Lent stimulates us to let the Word of God
penetrate our life and in this way to know the
fundamental truth: Who we are, where we come
from, where we must go, what path we must take
in life." *Benedict XVI*

“My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice;
these are my invincible arms; they can move
hearts far better than words.” *St. Therese of Lisieux*

SAINT MARY CHURCH – FEBRUARY 26, 2023

Fridays in Lent 2023

8:00 am Traditional Latin Low Mass

12:10 Novus Ordo Mass (English)

1:00 pm-6:45 pm Adoration (Lower Chapel)

1:15 pm Stations of the Cross (Language TBD)

2:15 Stations of the Cross in English with the school (public welcome)

7:00 Stations of the Cross in English

7:30 Via Crucis en español

NEWS FROM RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

All Communion candidates need to know the Act of Contrition for their First Confession coming up. Lent begins with Ash Wednesday, February 22, 2023. Our next Quiz #3 is scheduled for Sunday, February 26, 2023 in the school building at 1:15PM - Parents will meet in the gym while the students are taking quiz, to go over lesson 22. Any questions, please email Deacon Steve or Mrs. Genovese.

NOTICIAS DE LA ESCUELA DE RELIGIÓN

Todos los candidatos para la Primera Comuni3n DEBEN SABERSE el Acto de Contrici3n para estar preparados para su pr3xima primera confesi3n. La Cuaresma inicia con el Mi3rcoles de Ceniza, el 22 de febrero. Nuestro pr3ximo Examen esta programado para el domingo 26 de febrero, a la 1:15PM en el edificio de la Escuela. Los padres se reunir3n en el gimnasio mientras los alumnos toman el examen, para repasar la Lecci3n 22. Cualquier consulta enviar correo electr3nico al Diacono Steve o a Mrs. Genovese.

THE GOLDEN AGE LUNCHEONS ARE BACK!

Anyone that is free after the 12:10 Mass on the fourth Thursday of each month is invited to the Golden Age Luncheon that meets in the Gym of the school building. Our First Golden Age Luncheon will be on Thursday, March 23, 2023 - RSVP by Wednesday, March 16 to: Esther Flynn (203) 866-0040

12:10 PM MASS - LUNCH IN PARISH HALL (GYM in School Building)

Future Dates will be: APRIL 27, MAY 25, JUNE 22

REGISTRATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____

Birthday optional _____

(YEAR) (MONTH) (DAY)

THE DIARY OF AN INNER-CITY PRIEST

Diary Entry: #36

A GOOD SAMARITAN

It was a dark, cold, and rainy night. I was on my way to a gathering of the faithful at a parish in a remote area to which I had never been. I really hate driving at night. I really hate driving in the rain. And I really hate driving to someplace I have never been before at night and in the rain. I knew I would get lost, and I did. Very lost. Call it a self-fulfilling prophecy, but I have lived in my part of the country long enough to know that the chances of finding my way in a remote area with no streetlights and no road signs are slim.

Why there are no streetlights and no road signs in one of the most densely populated states in the country I do not understand. I have been told that the people who live in these parts don't want them. I can understand that, but then don't ask me to try to find you. Remember, I am an inner-city priest. I rarely drive anywhere, as there is a grocery store one block from my rectory and a pharmacy across the street. There are numerous restaurants within walking distance. The hospital is a ten-minute walk from my house. My morning commute is 10 yards from the bottom of the back stairs of the rectory to the side entrance of the church. If I did not own a car, I would not miss it much.

It could be argued that there is nothing "remote" in the New England state in which I live. It is one of the most crowded areas in the country outside of the major cities. Nevertheless, had you been with me that cold, dark, and rainy night you would have agreed that the place in which we found ourselves was nothing less than remote.

I had followed the directions I had acquired on "Google Driving Directions". There were three options. I was not familiar with any of them. As it turned out, none of them was the simplest way to my destination. You may ask why I did not use my cellphone or GPS. I don't have a cellphone or GPS. I do not have them because I have seen what they have done to the human mind and to the human person. I'll preserve my humanity, thank you just the same.

As I drove blindly through the darkness and rain, I searched for a gas station or convenience store where I might stop to ask directions. (In spite of the fact that I am a man, I am not at all afraid to ask people for directions). There were no stores of any kind. There were some houses, but they were all very large, very gated, and very set back from the pig trail, which was masquerading as a road. I judged that it might not be wise to stop at one of those. I did not expect that I would be hospitably received on such a dark and rainy night. On I drove on, having absolutely no idea where I was or where I was going.

Finally, I spotted a car parked at the side of the road with its lights on and engine running. I stopped in front of it, praying that the car's occupant would not be frightened and draw his concealed weapon. I jumped out of my car with my hands up in a gesture of surrender as one would make when encountering the police.

I had made sure that my clerical collar would be seen. The fellow in the car rolled down his window with a look of suspicion on his face. He must have thought I had stopped to ask if he knew Jesus Christ as his personal savior and if he wished to be saved.

I explained my predicament and my destination. The fellow paused in thought for a moment before saying, “You know, I know where you need to go, but I can see that you will never get there by trying to follow my instructions.” “Follow me”, he said pointing his arm out the window. “We’re going that way.” I thanked him profusely, leapt back into my car, and off we hurtled into the dark and rainy night.

Up hill and down dale we raced. I felt like Ichabod Crane trying to keep up with the Headless Horseman rather than escape him. The speed at which we were travelling concerned me as I was not familiar with the roads, but I did not want to annoy my savior by driving like an old man, nor did I want to lose sight of him. There was, quite literally, no one else to whom I might have turned for help. After about 20 minutes he had safely led me to my destination. He stopped in the middle of the road and honked his horn a few times. I honked back. Off he shot into the night.

Obviously, I was more than grateful for having found my Good Samaritan. I might still be out there somewhere trying to find my way back to civilization. Had I possessed a cellphone or GPS I might have avoided the hassle and stress of being lost, but I would never have met my Good Samaritan and he would never have had the opportunity to do his good deed for the day.

While our encounter was brief, it was perfectly human; I was a friend in need, he was a friend indeed. Sure, he might have ignored me and driven off, or mugged me and taken my wallet. But he did not. I’ll continue to take my chances, trusting in the inherent goodness that God has implanted in each of the human souls which He has created in His image and likeness.

By the way, I only needed two roads by means of which to get back home: a simple “L” on the map. I could have got there the same way. Next time, I’ll skip the computer, make a landline phone call, and talk to a fellow human to ask directions. Even if I still get lost, I may meet another Good Samaritan who may restore my hope, yet again, in humanity.

EL DIARIO DE UN SACERDOTE URBANO

Entrada de diario #36

UN BUEN SAMARITANO

Era una noche oscura, fría y lluviosa. Me dirigía a una reunión de fieles que se llevaría a cabo en parroquia ubicada en un área remota con la que no estaba familiarizado, pues nunca la había visitado antes. Realmente detesto conducir de noche, detesto conducir bajo la lluvia, como también detesto conducir a un lugar en el que nunca he estado antes, sobre todo, de noche y bajo la lluvia. ¡Sabía que me perdería! Y tal como lo predije, ¡Me perdí! El hecho de haber vivido en esta región del país lo suficiente, me da derecho a pensar que las posibilidades de encontrar mi destino, en un área remota sin alumbrado público ni señales de tráfico son escasas.

No entiendo por qué no hay faroles ni señalización vial en uno de los estados más densamente poblados del país. Me han informado que los habitantes de esta región reúsan estos servicios. Entiendo su posición y la respeto; ¡Pero no me pidan que trate de encontrarles! No olviden que soy un sacerdote acostumbrado a vivir en el casco urbano de la ciudad, que raramente uso mi automóvil pues todo me queda cerca: Hay una tienda de comestibles a una cuadra de mi rectoría, una farmacia al otro lado de la calle, hay numerosos restaurantes a poca distancia, y en 10 minutos llego al hospital caminando. Trasladarme de la rectoría al interior de la iglesia por la parte lateral me queda a mas o menos 10 metros de distancia. Para ser sincero, puedo decirles que si no tuviera automóvil, no me haría mucha falta.

Algunos podrían argumenta que en Nueva Inglaterra, donde vivo, no existe nada remoto. Es una de las zonas más pobladas del país fuera de las principales ciudades. Sin embargo, si hubieras estado conmigo esa noche fría, oscura y lluviosa, habrías estado de acuerdo conmigo en que el lugar en donde me encontraba, definitivamente era un lugar remoto.

Había seguido las instrucciones que había adquirido en "Instrucciones de manejo de Google". Las instrucciones me daban tres opciones. No estaba familiarizado con ninguna de ellos. Al final resultó que, las tres eran bastante complicadas. Ustedes se preguntaran porque no hice uso de mi teléfono celular o mi GPS. La respuesta: No tengo celular, y la razón de no tenerlo es que he visto lo que le han hecho a la mente humana, yo optare por preservar mi humanidad. ¡Gracias de todos modos por sugerirme el uso de un celular!

Mientras conducía a ciegas a través de la oscuridad y la lluvia, busqué una gasolinera o una tienda de conveniencia donde pudiera detenerme para preguntar direcciones. (A pesar de que soy un hombre, no tengo ningún problema para pedir direcciones si es necesario). No encontré ninguna tienda, ni una gasolinera. Pude observar algunas casas, pero todas eran caserones con grandes muros y muy alejadas del camino. Pensé que no sería prudente detenerme en una de esas mansiones para pedir ayuda. No esperaba ser recibido hospitalariamente en una noche tan oscura y lluviosa, así es que seguí manejando, sin tener absolutamente ninguna idea de dónde estaba o hacia dónde me dirigía.

Finalmente, vi un automóvil estacionado al costado de la carretera con las luces encendidas y el motor en marcha. Me detuve frente a él, rezando para que el ocupante del auto no se asustara y sacara su arma oculta. Salté de mi auto con las manos en alto en un gesto de rendición como uno haría cuando se encuentra con la policía. Me había asegurado de que se viera mi cuello de sacerdote. El tipo del coche bajó la ventanilla con una mirada de sospecha en su rostro. Debe haber pensado que me había detenido para preguntarle si conocía a Jesucristo como su salvador personal y si deseaba ser salvo.

Le expliqué mi situación y mi destino. El tipo se detuvo a pensar por un momento antes de decir: "Sabe, sé hacia donde se dirige pero sería bastante complicado tratar de explicarle como llegar, así es que mejor sígame, nosotros vamos por ese camino, le indicaré el lugar. Le di las gracias efusivamente, volví a subir a mi coche y nos adentramos en la noche oscura y lluviosa. Cuesta arriba y valle abajo. Me sentí como Ichabod Crane tratando de seguir el ritmo del Jinete sin cabeza en lugar de escapar de él. La velocidad a la que íbamos me preocupaba porque no conocía los caminos, pero no quería molestar a mi salvador conduciendo como un anciano, ni perderlo de vista. Literalmente, no había nadie más a quien pudiera haber recurrido en busca de ayuda. Después de unos 20 minutos, me llevó a salvo a mi destino. Se detuvo en medio de la carretera y tocó la bocina varias veces. Yo también toqué mi bocina en gesto de agradecimiento. Mi buen samaritano continuó su camino en medio de la noche a toda velocidad.

Obviamente, que yo estaba más que agradecido por haber encontrado a mi buen samaritano. De no haber sido por él, a lo mejor todavía andaría de un lugar a otra tratando de encontrar el camino de regreso a la civilización. Si hubiera tenido un teléfono celular o un GPS, podría haber evitado la molestia y el estrés de perderme, pero nunca habría conocido a mi buen samaritano y él nunca habría tenido la oportunidad de hacer su buena obra del día. Si bien nuestro encuentro fue breve, fue perfectamente humano; Yo era un amigo en necesidad, él era un amigo de verdad. Por supuesto que mi buen samaritano pudo haberme ignorado y seguir su camino, o me hubiera asaltado, llevando mi billetera consigo, pero no lo hizo, se detuvo y me auxilió. Yo, por mi parte, seguiré arriesgándome, confiando en la bondad inherente que Dios ha implantado en cada una de las almas humanas, almas que Dios a creado a imagen y semejanza suya.

Por cierto, cabe mencionar que en realidad solo habían dos caminos por los cuales volver a casa: una simple "L" en el mapa era todo lo que necesitaba. Podría haber llegado allí de la misma manera. La próxima vez, no recurriré a la computadora para que me dirija, haré una llamada de mi oficina y hablaré con un ser humano para pedir direcciones; y si aún así me pierdo, pues confiaré en la misericordia de Dios para encontrar otro buen samaritano que restaure mi esperanza y bondad en la humanidad.

LEARN YOUR FAITH RELICS AT SAINT MARY CHURCH

Our parishioners will have noticed that on special occasions we display four reliquaries on the main altar which hold the relics of five different saints for whom we have a particular devotion because of their relationship to our parish and diocese. Below are brief biographies of the saints whose relics we display on those occasions.

St. John Vianney (1786-1859), also known as the Curé of Ars, is the patron saint of parish priests. He was ordained in 1815 after struggling mightily with his studies, particularly Latin. He was assigned to the tiny town of Ars, France three years after his ordination and spent the rest of his life there until his death in 1859. When he arrived in Ars no one was attending Mass on Sundays. When he died, his church had become a place of pilgrimage where people came from all over the world to seek his spiritual counsel and confess their sins to him. He spent as many as 16 hours a day in the confessional, and was well known for his charitable works, his battles with the Devil, and for having worked various miracles.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga (1568-1591) experienced a sudden development in his interest in the things of God at about the age of seven. At nine, he read a book describing the experiences of the Jesuit missionaries in India which may have planted the seed which eventually led him to enter the Jesuit Order at the age of 17. In 1591 an epidemic of plague broke out in Rome. The Jesuits opened a hospital at which Aloysius volunteered to serve. He caught the disease and died shortly after at the age of 23. He is a patron saint of Catholic youth.

St. John Neumann (1811-1860) came to the U.S from Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia) as a missionary at a time when many immigrant Catholics had no access to priests. He was proficient in multiple languages which enabled him to serve many different groups of people. After joining the Redemptorist Order he was named the fourth bishop of Philadelphia. When he was named bishop, there were two Catholic schools in his diocese. When he died there were 100. He was instrumental in planning the Catholic school system for the entire U.S. and introduced the 40 Hours Devotion to this country.

St. John Fisher (1469-1535) was the bishop of Rochester, England during the rule of Henry VIII. Bishop Fisher refused to acknowledge the divorce of Henry from Katherine of Aragon having declared the marriage to be valid, and therefore incapable of being annulled. When Henry declared himself to be the head of the Catholic Church in England, John Fisher refused to recognize the claim. He was initially imprisoned in the Tower of London, and 10 months later was beheaded. His severed head was impaled on London Bridge for 14 days as a reminder to all passersby the fate of those who would not recognize Henry's claim. Many of the priests of our diocese studied for ordination at the former St. John Fisher Seminary Residence in Stamford.

St. Augustine (354-430) was born in Tagaste, North Africa. His youth was spent searching for the Truth and happiness in all the wrong places. His conversion at the age of 32 is detailed in his famous book The Confessions, often considered to be not only a spiritual classic, but the earliest example of an autobiography. In 395 he was named bishop of Hippo, not far from where he was born, and spent the rest of his life preaching, teaching, and writing against the many heresies of his time. Augustine is the patron saint of the Diocese of Bridgeport.

CONOZCA SU FE RELIQUIAS DE NUESTRA IGLESIA SANTA MARÍA

Nuestros feligreses habrán notado que en ocasiones especiales exhibimos cuatro relicarios en el altar mayor que contienen las reliquias de cinco santos diferentes por quienes tenemos una devoción particular debido a su relación con nuestra parroquia y nuestra diócesis. A continuación se presentan breves biografías de los santos cuyas reliquias mostramos en esas ocasiones.

San Juan Vianney (1786-1859), también conocido como el Cura de Ars, es el santo patrón de los párrocos. Fue ordenado sacerdote en 1815 después de luchar mucho con sus estudios, particularmente el latín. Fue asignado a la pequeña ciudad de Ars, Francia, tres años después de su ordenación y pasó el resto de su vida allí hasta su muerte en 1859. Cuando llegó a Ars, nadie asistía a Misa los domingos. Cuando murió, su iglesia se había convertido en un lugar de peregrinación donde acudía gente de todo el mundo para buscar su consejo espiritual y confesarle sus pecados. Pasaba hasta 16 horas al día en el confesionario y era bien conocido por sus obras de caridad, sus batallas con el demonio y por haber obrado varios milagros.

San Luis Gonzaga (1568-1591) experimentó un deseo repentino en su interés por las cosas de Dios alrededor de los siete años. A los nueve años, leyó un libro que describía las experiencias de los misioneros jesuitas en la India que pueden haber plantado la semilla que finalmente lo llevó a ingresar en la Orden Jesuita a la edad de 17 años. En 1591 estalló una epidemia de peste en Roma. Los jesuitas abrieron un hospital en el que Gonzaga se ofreció como voluntario para servir. Contrajo la enfermedad y murió poco después a la edad de 23 años. Es el santo patrón de la juventud católica.

St. John Neumann (1811-1860) llegó a los EE. UU. desde Bohemia (ahora Checoslovaquia) como misionero en un momento en que muchos inmigrantes católicos no tenían acceso a los sacerdotes. Hablaba varios idiomas, lo que le permitió servir a muchos grupos diferentes de personas. Después de unirse a la Orden Redentorista, fue nombrado cuarto obispo de Filadelfia. Cuando fue nombrado obispo, solo existían dos escuelas católicas en su diócesis. Cuando murió, habían 100. Desempeñó un papel decisivo en la planificación del sistema de escuelas católicas para todo Estados Unidos e introdujo la devoción de los 40 horas en este país.

St. John Fisher (1469-1535) fue obispo de Rochester, Inglaterra, durante el gobierno de Enrique VIII. El obispo Fisher se negó a reconocer el divorcio de Enrique de Catalina de Aragón después de haber declarado que el matrimonio era válido y, por lo tanto, no podía ser anulado. Cuando Henry se declaró a sí mismo cabeza de la Iglesia Católica en Inglaterra, John Fisher se negó a reconocer el reclamo. Inicialmente fue encarcelado en la Torre de Londres y 10 meses después fue decapitado. Su cabeza fue colocada en el Puente de Londres durante 14 días como un recordatorio para todos los transeúntes del destino que correrían aquellos que no reconocieron el reclamo de Henry. Muchos de los sacerdotes de nuestra diócesis estudiaron para la ordenación en la antigua Residencia del Seminario St. John Fisher en Stamford.

San Agustín (354-430) nació en Tagaste, África del Norte. Pasó su juventud buscando la Verdad y la felicidad en todos los lugares equivocados. Su conversión a la edad de 32 años se detalla en su famoso libro *Las Confesiones de San Agustín*, a menudo considerado no solo como un clásico espiritual, sino como el primer ejemplo de una autobiografía. En 395 fue nombrado obispo de Hipona, no lejos de donde nació, y pasó el resto de su vida predicando, enseñando y escribiendo contra las muchas herejías de su tiempo. San Agustín es el santo patrón de la Diócesis de Bridgeport.

St. Mary's Youth Schola

Schola Juventutum Sanctae Mariae



Spring semester begins Thursday,
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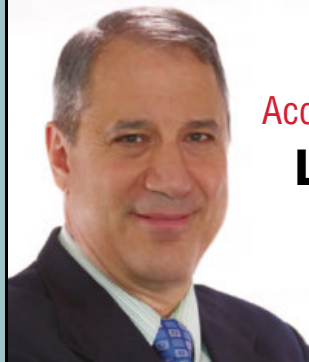
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