PRESENTATION of the **BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**

DECEMBER 26, 2021 | FEAST OF THE HOLY FAMILY



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"For today in the city of David a savior has been born for you who is Christ and Lord." - Lk 2:11

4123 Robertson Ave. Sacramento, CA 95821

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SACRAMENT OF CONFESSION Thursdays @ 6pm Saturdays @ 4pm

ADORATION OF THE **BLESSED SACRAMENT** Monday-Friday 24 hours a day

OUR MISSION

DAILY MASS MONDAY—SATURDAY 8am WEEKEND MASSES SATURDAY VIGIL 5:30pm **SUNDAY** 8am, 10:30am, 4:30pm

OUR PARISH MISSION IS TO BRING SOULS TO THE SALVATION WHICH JESUS CHRIST HAS WON FOR US, BY OUR PROCLAMATION OF AND WITNESSING TO THE SPLENDOR. BEAUTY AND FULLNESS OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.



CONTACT INFORMATION

PASTOR

FATHER STANLEY POLTORAK 916.481.7441 X204 frstanley@presentationparish.org

PARISH STAFF/ CONTACTS

JOHNNY GARN | 916.481.7441 x200 Johnny@presentationparish.org

DIANA JIMENEZ | Bookkeeper diana@presentationparish.org

FAITH FORMATION

Director of Religious Education SIDNEY CURRY | 916.482.8883 sid@presentationparish.org

PARISH OFFICE HOURS:

Monday-Thursday: 8:30am-4:30pm* Friday: 8:30am-12:00pm

DEACON

LAWRENCE KLIMECKI

PARISH SCHOOL



Principal CARRIE DONAHUE | 916.482.0351 cdonahue@presentationschool.net

It is very easy to donate to our parish!

You can donate: -Online via Faith Direct (faithdirect.net/CA689) -In the collection baskets before/after Mass -Mail your donation to the office -Drop off your donation in the mail slot

LAST WEEKEND'S COLLECTIONS

12/19/21

N/A

Please pray for the recently

deceased in our parish:

Carl DiCapo

Wally Dondero

Jim Beresford

Vienna Golsong

Thank you for your generous donations!

Please pray for the sick in our parish:

- Cynthia Santos Grecielia Zuranich Josie Garcia Cathy Rasmussen
- Peg Mapes Ed. St. Amour Lynn Hauf James Sawyer
- James Ashen Joseph Vizcarra Jack Kocunik Verd Nommensen



Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thine intercession was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother, to thee do I come before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.

PBVM PARISH MEMBERS

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

916.485.3482 T/Th/F: 9-11am **President : Joe DeMarco**



SCRIP | PBVM SCHOOL 916.482.0351



DIVINE MERCY PRAYER LINE

Maureen Bradshaw 916.487.9620

MUSIC MINISTRY 916.481.7441



Altar 7 Society

LEGION OF MARY

Patricia Jackson 916.494-8127

ALTAR SOCIETY

Rosanna Blevins 916-213-0489



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Grand Knight: **Miguel Acosta** 916-248-6270



SENIOR JOY

Sue McLeod 916.486.1340



ALTAR SERVER MINISTRY

Deacon Lawrence deacon@deaconlawrence.com





Colin and Meghan Bardin

megbardin@gmail.com

GRIEF MINISTRY

Rita Hauf 916.359.8911 ritahauf@surewest.net

Christmas Night: A Meditation

By Sr. Rene Noel Blanchard, O.P.

Joseph Speaks:

When we finally entered the cave, it was early evening. It wasn't much, but it was dry and quiet. It had rained that afternoon, which was unusual. The air was crisp, and the ground was a little muddy. We spent the rest of the evening in prayerful silence. I helped Mary prepare the manger and we found enough clean straw for all of us to be comfortable. The cave was large, and we had plenty of space, even with the animals.



As the light faded, the clouds cleared, and a brilliantly washed sky shone with thousands of stars. I think I dozed a couple of times, but Mary stayed awake and prayed in an intense posture of joy and anticipation. Near the middle of the night, when the darkness was deepest, Mary turned to me and told me sweetly that it was time. I lit a small oil lamp for her, and after making sure she had everything she could need, I left the cave.

Outside it was oppressively dark. The stars were bright, but it seemed that something kept their light from reaching the earth. It was also very cold, even for winter, and I wrapped my cloak around my shoulders more tightly as I found a place to sit. I hadn't been sitting long when there broke above me an incredible light. It didn't appear suddenly, like lightening, but more naturally, as when the sun finally crests over the horizon. A brilliant star, almost as bright as the moon and, it seemed, at least an eighth of its size, glittered in the sea of darkness above me. It cast a sharp silver light all around and made the field where I was look like it was coated in diamonds. The light drew me, and I began making my way back to the cave.

I could tell that He was born not from any sound, but from the unearthly light that flooded from the cave. As I drew near it seemed the whole entrance was glowing as if it were lit by many torches, though I had only left one small lamp. I walked quietly to the entrance and shall never forget the sight that first met my eyes.

There was the Mother, holding her Son and gazing at Him with unutterable tenderness. I could not see the Baby, just Mary's luminous face. Never had I seen true beauty before that moment! Though Mary always had about her a gentleness and purity that made her radiant, as she gazed on her Son for the first time her face shone like a thousand suns. In the light of His face, hers had become almost divine...it was at the very limit of what I could behold, and it took my breath away.

I hesitated then. Mother and Son were so rapt in adoring love I felt like an intruder. I would have been happy to leave them in peace: to have seen that sight filled my heart more than I can say. But just as I was turning to go, Mary, sensing my hesitation, lifted her eyes to me. That luminous gaze now rested on me, her unworthy husband, and with a smile and a graceful gesture of her arm she beckoned me in.

It was always like that with Mary: over the years she and Jesus shared an intimacy that I could not even begin to comprehend, but Mary was always meeting my gaze, inviting me in. She wanted me to share in her love for Jesus. She wanted me to have a part in their unique relationship and to taste its fruit.

With that invitation, I entered the cave; I admit I was slightly shaken. I realized that this was hallowed ground. I always knew Mary was unique and special, but this night I realized that she was the Queen of the Angels, bathed in a supernatural light I was far from understanding.

Entering softly, I sat down next to her and beheld the little Child wrapped in her embrace. He was snuggled deep in her arms, enfolded in swaddling bands, peacefully asleep. Then, suddenly, as I was following the curve of his tiny arm with my eyes, she lifted Him to me and placed the Babe in my arms!

What wonder was this! I was satisfied to adore, but then I became His resting place! I lifted a trembling finger and touched his tiny hand. Jesus then stirred in His sleep, and his fragile hand, that of a baby not yet an hour old, closed around my calloused carpenter's finger... (Continued on the next page)

INFORMATION



My heart nearly tore itself to pieces for love and joy! Mine was the first sinful flesh that His perfect flesh touched... mine was the first heart he reached out and healed in His humanity! From that moment on I never again wrestled with thoughts of unworthiness, as I had so often in the preceding months and even previously that night when I couldn't find Mary a decent place to stay. From that moment my life's purpose was only to serve Him and His Mother. My heart belonged to them a thousand times over, more than it ever had before.

In those moments holding Jesus on that first Christmas night, I realized that I was the one being held in this mystery. Here was Mary's Child. Here was the Word become Flesh, the weakest of all flesh: baby flesh.

My soul was full and overflowed. I think I must have wept, but I don't recall. I do not know how long I held the Child. I only knew I would be the happiest man to ever exist if I could do nothing else but hold Him for eternity. It could have been hours or minutes, I don't know, but eventually I stirred from my adoration and lifted Him gently back to His Mother. Mary took him lovingly and kissed his forehead, and it was then that I realized she also had streaks of tears running down her cheeks. I never asked what she was thinking in those moments, but years later, as I lay stricken by my final illness, she told me that her heart, too, had been full. She had said that handing Jesus to me had been her first handing over to all humanity, and that her heart had been pierced with the first bitter arrows of separation, and yet aglow with the joy of the dawn of redemption. She told me that she loved to watch me hold Jesus, since He was delighted to be in my arms, and that I was never more of a man than when I was holding Him. Praise the mercy of God that was pleased to encompass me with the love of this Holy Virgin! Would that I could love her as she has loved me!

Shortly after she took Him back, we settled in for the night. She laid Jesus in the manger prepared for Him and stretched out on the sweet-smelling hay right next to Him. Exhausted from the night, a happy stillness came over me and I quickly fell asleep.

Of course, later on that night there were more wonders with the shepherds' visit and the angel choirs. But in my heart, I will always treasure that first intimate meeting, when I gazed upon the One whose son I am, yet who called me 'father' for many years. May He be forever blessed and glorified in His Holy Incarnation! Amen. Alleluia.

WEEKLY MASS INTENTION

Monday 12/27 - 8am	All Souls Day				
Tuesday 12/28 - 8am	Antonio Monedero (L) Anthony Piedmonte (D)				
Wednesday 12/29 - 8am	Sr. Mary Bernard (L) Bradshaw & Mellon Families (L&D)				
Thursday 12/30 - 8am	Maureen Bradshaw (L) Stephanie Cooper (D)				
Friday 12/31 - 8am	Pat Deragisch (D) Sr. Rene Noel (L)				
Saturday 1/01 - 8am	Dolly Donahue (D)				
Saturday 1/01–5:30pm	Jack Kocunik (D) Morales Children (D)				
Sunday 1/02 8am	Josie Garcia (L)				
Sunday 1/02 - 10:30am	Gail Cohee (L)				
Sunday 1/02 - 4:30pm	Pro Populo (L)				

Adult Confirmation 2022

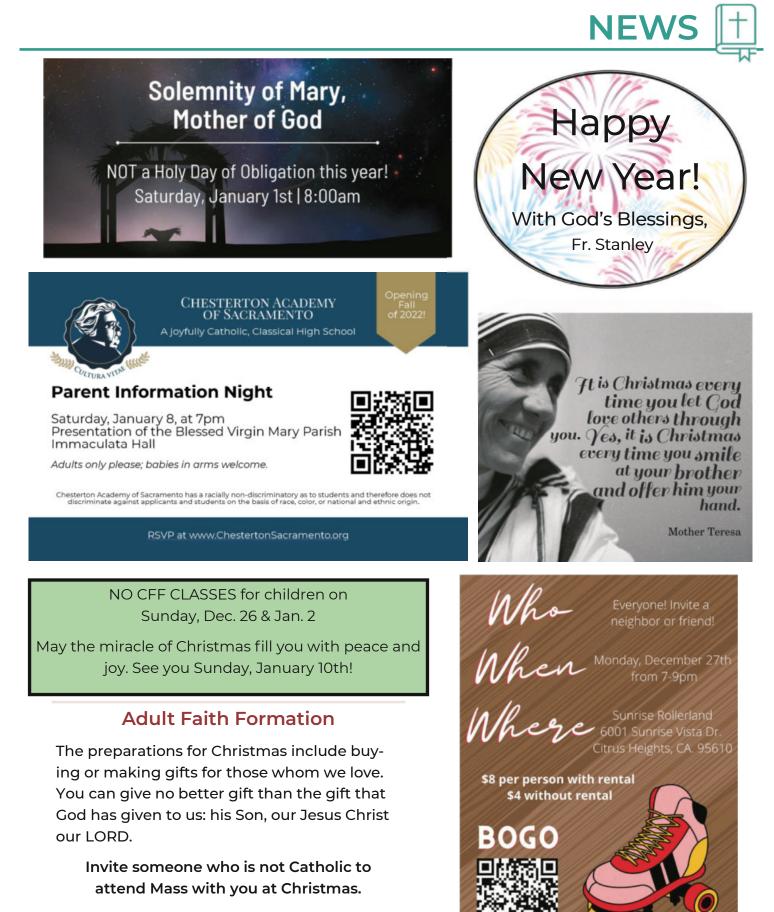
Presentation Parish is offering an Adult Confirmation class for adults age 18 or older who are already Baptized Catholics but missed confirmation.

Our classes will begin in January.



If you are interested, please contact Sidney Curry for a registration form and more information.

> *Sid@presentationparish.org 916-482-8883*



For information about RCIA, contact Sidney at 916.482.8883

Benny's Corner



Mreemree - mreee Owwh

Oh Holy Family, it's your feast day! My ears listen and I try to sing when my pawpa sings Si-ii—lent Night.

"Bennn – are you sing – ing with Da-Da?" he copies in his Sing-Christmas Carols-With-Me voice. His cheeks are rozy red and his eyes twinkl sky blue happy.

Wonder if my eyes twinkl, too. They're green like leafs 'cuz I saw them when I peeked in the meer once. And we both have white whiskers. So we can bring our Christmas color to Mary and Joseph and Baby Jesus. Pawpa has rozy cheeks and Pawpa said I have a pink tongue. He has blue eyes and I have green eyes. And we have white whiskers. Rozy red. Blue. Pink. Green. White.

"The Holy Family gives us the model of a family. Bound together in love, each member gives honor and glory to God. By their very existence, even the animals in the manger at the birth of Our Lord gave honor and glory to God Most High. Their voices offered their own song to the King of Kings."

"Mreh-mreh," I nod. "Mir-irts," I meow in my Sing-Christmas Carols-With-Me voice.

"Aah-ha ha, Benkovski meows catsong like the birds chirp birdsong." He scoops me up.

"Anh . . ." I prompt.

"Ah, yes. The Holy Innocents." He shakes his head, sets me down and walks over to the little manger. "Come."

"Mray-ees," I whisper. I sit in quiet homage like one of the animals did at the Nativity of Jesus.

"BABIES! Benkovski, you have a memory like an elephant."

I shake my head. I'm smaller than an elephant. Do they have bigger brains? But I'm a Very Smart Cat so I don't need a big brain.

Pawpa laughs. "That's just an expression Little Cat. But you are now two years old. That's the same age as children affected by Herod's decree. The horror of the Slaughter of the Holy

Innocents struck at the very heart of the family. Each child was an expression of the love between a husband and wife."

I blink a cat kiss at Pawpa.

"But now, Ben, we look to the Solemnity of Mary. We honor her as the Mother of God, Queen of Peace. And January 1st designates New Year's Day as the World Day of Peace. Her fiat blessed all of mankind for eternity." Pawz up Holy Family, head bent for the Holy Innocents, and Two Pawz up to the Queen of Peace! Benny



CHILDREN'S FAITH FORMATION FAMILY CORNER Family Prayer

Question of the Week

How can Jesus be born into your heart this Christmas?



Lord, help us to seek and see you as we celebrate Jesus' coming at Christmas. Amen.

Parent Resources

gospelweeklies.com/family







3 PUZZLE

Find and circle these words from today's Gospel:

MARY JOSEPH HOLY SPIRIT				WEDDING ANGEL DREAM				BABY JESUS VIRGIN			
۷	I.	R	G	1	Ν	Т	н	W	L	S	
J	С	S	Н	U	J	0	S	Е	Ρ	н	
D	R	Е	А	M	R	W	1	D	А	0	
S	0	В	Y	A	0	Ν	U	D	G	W	
м	Е	Ν	G	R	W	Е	А	1	S	D	
т	В	А	В	Y	В	м	0	Ν	А	Е	
R	Е	Ν	D	R	0	1	Т	G	J	0	
S	Ρ	G	0	н	F	J	Е	S	U	S	
κ	А	Е	1	٧	Ν	Α	G	м	D	L	
н	0	L	Υ	S	Ρ	1	R	1	Т	Υ	
S	R	н	Ν	Е	D	L	S	Е	н	А	

Saying "yes" to God takes practice. When your parents ask you to vacuum or set the table or take the garbage out, say "yes" to them.



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