



Our Lady of the Snow Church

Traditional Roman Catholic

4101 Lamar, Wheat Ridge, CO 80033

Church Phone – 303-425-7051

Father Gregory Drahman (970-901-6341), Pastor

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Bishop Mark Pivarunas, CMRI (Omaha, NE) www.cmri.org

Standard Sunday Schedule:

Confessions: 8:00; Choir: 8:15; Rosary 8:40

Holy Mass 9:00 AM and 6:00 PM

April 12, 2020: Easter Sunday

IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY, PLEASE CONTACT THE RECTORY OR THE NUMBERS LISTED ON THIS BULLETIN.

MOTHER CABRINI ACADEMY: contact at 402-677-3574, mccademy2018@gmail.com

Please follow the dress code for our church: women and girls please wear dresses/skirts and head coverings (veils available at the back of the church) and men should wear dress slacks and ties to Mass. Please be sure all clothing meets Catholic standards of modesty.

Please Silence Your Cell Phone

Sun, Apr 12: Easter Sunday <i>Holy Communion on the half-hour: 8AM – Noon ONLY</i> <i>St Julius PC</i>	no Public Mass
Mon, Apr 13: Easter Monday <i>St Hermenegild M</i>	Private Mass <i>R.I.P. Thomas A Drahman</i>
Tues, Apr 14: Easter Tuesday <i>St Justin M</i>	Private Mass <i>R.I.P. Thomas A Drahman</i>
Wed, Apr 15: Easter Wednesday <i>St Lydwina V</i>	Private Mass <i>R.I.P. Thomas A Drahman</i>
Thurs, Apr 16: Easter Thursday <i>St Benedict Joseph Labre C</i>	Private Mass <i>Annette Short</i>
Fri, Apr 17: Easter Friday <i>St Benedict Joseph Labre C</i>	Private Mass <i>Joe Sullivan</i>
Sat, Apr 18: Easter Saturday <i>St Eleutherius BM</i>	Private Mass <i>R.I.P. Barbara Meyer</i>
Sun, Apr 19: Low Sunday <i>Holy Communion on the half-hour: 8AM – 11; 530-7PM</i> <i>St Elphege BM</i>	no Public Mass
If you have prayer requests or news for the bulletin, please email Agnes Anderson: jimandy41@outlook.com	

Welcome, visitors, to Our Lady of the Snow Catholic Church. Please feel free to ask the ushers any questions and to join us after Mass for our usual socializing. You are welcome to browse through any of our literature. Extra Missals are at the back of the church.

****Remember, Holy Communion may only be received by Catholics who observe the traditional teachings of the Catholic Church, are in the state of sanctifying grace, and have completed a three hour fast.*

RIP Commended to your private prayers: Apr: John Mercure, Joseph Bittner; Mar: Thomas Drahman, Doris Rice; Feb: Jack Felthager, Margie Solomon, Anthony Toler, Lillie Riney, Norman Bailey; Jan: Carol Balizet

Remember in your good prayers: Mar: Kathy Morrison, Sarah & Anastasia King, Diane Sloop, Joan Smith; Coralee Fox, George Sullivan, Ron Nats

Announcements

Happy and Blessed Easter, everyone! It will be an odd Easter, but so was the First Easter an odd and different day. . All in union with Mary!!



It is truly meet and just, right and helpful to salvation, for us always to praise Thee, O Lord, but more gloriously on this night above others, when Christ our Pasch was sacrificed. For He is the True Lamb Who has taken away the sins of the world, Who by dying has destroyed our death, and by rising again has restored us to life. And therefore with angels and archangels, with thrones and dominations, and with all the hosts of the heavenly army, we sing the hymn of Thy glory, evermore saying:

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, Lord God of hosts.

Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.

Hosanna in the highest!

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest!

Alleluia, Alleluia! Let the holy anthem
rise,
And the choirs of heaven chant it in the
temple of the skies;
Let the mountains skip with gladness,
and the joyful valleys ring
With Hosannas in the highest to our
Savior and our King!

Alleluia, Alleluia! He endured the
knotted whips
And the jeering of the rabble and the
scorn of mocking lips.
And the terrors of the gibbet upon which
He would be slain:
But His death was only slumber, He is
risen up again!



Alleluia, Alleluia! like the sun from out
the wave,
He is risen up in triumph from the
darkness of the grave,
He's the Splendor of the nations, He's
the Lamp of endless day;
He's the very Lord of glory Who is risen
up today!

Alleluia, Alleluia! He has burst our
prison bars;
He has lifted up the portals of our home
beyond the stars;
He has won for us our freedom, 'neath
His Feet our foes are trod;
He has purchased back our birthright to
the kingdom of our God.



Alleluia, Alleluia! Blessed Jesus, make us rise
From the life of this corruption to the life that never dies.
May we share with Thee Thy glory, when the days of time are past.
And the dead shall be awakened by the trumpet's mighty blast!



When all was over on Friday afternoon, and the Body of their Victim lay lifeless and cold in the grave, the priests, fearful of His assurance that He would rise from the dead the third day, "made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting guards."

But "He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh at them: and the Lord shall deride them (Ps. 2).

Very early on the first day of the week, while it was yet dark, our Lord rose again. His sacred body, united once more to the Soul, rose glorious and immortal, every vestige of its humiliation gone. He rose in stillness and in solitude: only legions of adoring angels, and perhaps the holy souls from Limbo, to witness His Resurrection. His hour of triumph had come. The most glorious victory earth has ever seen was His, a victory that by proving His Divinity beyond the possibility of cavil, was to become the central point of the Church's faith, so that the preaching of the Gospel, was to be called the preaching of the Resurrection. Yet He would have no human eye as witness, no stir in the tomb, nothing to give notice by the faintest sign of what had passed within.

How differently we should have arranged His triumph! There were a million and half or two million of His people in Jerusalem. He might, had He so willed, have roused them from slumber by a terrific earthquake, which, if it did not shake the city into ruins, would have hurried them panic-stricken out of their dwellings into the surrounding valleys. Then, in the sight of King Herod, and the Governor, and priests, and Pharisees, of the vast multitude out of every nation under Heaven, He might have risen in glory from the tomb.

His thoughts are not our thoughts. The meekness and humility which had marked His earthly life seemed to cling to Him still. It was not Himself but His Angel who so terrified the guards that they became as dead men. He went quietly hither and thither among His friends, attractive and loveable as of old, but with a new tenderness, almost playfulness of manner, now that the burden which had lain on His Heart for three and thirty years was lifted from Him. We see Him coming, and hiding, and calling them by their name, as when He went to the Sepulchre in search of Magdalen, revealing Himself unexpectedly in the inn at Emmaus, or in the Upper Chamber on Mount Sion; or using His Omnipotence to provide breakfast for the disciples on the seashore of Tiberias. We find Him walking with them, eating with them, giving Himself to be handled by them, making it His study to convince them that He was in very deed the Master they had loved and followed in the days gone by. The natural questions of their hearts would be: "Is it in truth the Lord Himself? If it is He, is He changed towards us by our miserable falling away from Him? Is the same familiar intercourse to be allowed us as before, the same confidence, the same love?" "Jesus knew that they had a mind to ask Him" these vital questions, and He anticipates them. "Peace be to you. It is I, fear not. See that it is I Myself. Handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see Me to have. And when He had said this He showed them His hands and His feet."

MY GOD, I BELIEVE, I ADORE, I TRUST, AND I LOVE THEE.
I BEG PARDON FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT BELIEVE, DO NOT ADORE, DO NOT TRUST, AND DO NOT LOVE THEE!

