



# St. Hugh of Lincoln Roman Catholic Church

*"Never have so few done so much so  
well for so long!"*

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October 26<sup>th</sup>, 2025  
Christ the King  
Pentecost XX

## ✦ Announcements ✦

All Souls Remembrance Envelopes are available in the vestibule. Please fill one out if you would like your intentions placed on the altar and remembered in the All Souls Day Mass.

The Sign-up sheet for Holy Hours for our Forty Hours Devotion is in the vestibule. Forty Hours will be November 7-9.

After the closing ceremonies of Forty Hours on Sunday, November 9<sup>th</sup>, our annual St. Hugh Dinner will be had. We hope that you will be able to join us. There is a sign-up sheet in the vestibule so we may be able to have an accurate count of people attending.

There is no Mass next Friday.

All Saints Day is on Saturday and it is a Holy Day of obligation. Mass is at 9:00 AM. All Saints party follows immediately after. Children may dress up as a Saint and come and present the Saint's life in order for Father to try and guess

*Toties Quoties* indulgences may be gained starting at noon next Sunday and continue throughout All Souls Day, which is transferred to Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup>. Schedule for All Souls Day Masses to be announced.

### 📖 Set Your Missal:

**Mass:** Pentecost XIX, Comm. All Saints, Trinity Preface

### Collection Totals:

High Mass: 57 souls, \$681.97

Low Mass: 23 souls, \$266

**🕯 The Sanctuary Lamp** will burn this week for the following intention:  
**Special Intention**

### Serber Schedule

**Friday October 31<sup>st</sup>:** No Mass

**Saturday November 1<sup>st</sup>:** **High Mass:** MC: Andrew Sandberg **TH:** Timothy Sandberg **AC1:** Aleks Tobias **AC2:** David Sandberg **CB:** Andrew Kimpel **TB:** Elias Larson, Dominic Scheeler, Bennett Larson, Sam Kimpel, Seamus O'Connor, and Christopher Scheeler **Usher:** Bob Mueller

**Sunday November 2<sup>nd</sup>:** **High Mass:** MC: David Sandberg **TH:** Aleks Tobias **AC1:** Bennett Larson **AC2:** Timothy Sandberg **CB:** Andrew Sandberg **TB:** Elias Larson, Dominic Scheeler, Christopher Scheeler, and Connor Friel **Usher:** Tonu Tobias  
**Low Mass:** **AC1:** Seamus O'Connor **AC2:** Sam Kimpel **Usher:** Jeff Kimpel

## **The Trimmin's on the Rosary**

Ah, the memories that find me now my hair is turning gray,  
Drifting in like painted butterflies from paddocks far away;  
Dripping dainty wings in fancy – and the pictures, fading fast,  
Stand again in rose and purple in the album of the past.  
There's the old slab dwelling dreaming by the wistful, watchful trees,  
Where the coolabahs are listening to the stories of the breeze;  
There's a homely welcome beaming from its big, bright friendly eyes,  
With The Sugarloaf behind it blackened in against the skies;  
There's the same dear happy circle round the boree's cheery blaze  
With a little Irish mother telling tales of other days.  
She had one sweet, holy custom which I never can forget,  
And a gentle benediction crowns her memory for it yet;  
I can see that little mother still and hear her as she pleads,  
“Now it's getting on to bed-time; all you childer get your beads.”  
There were no steel-bound conventions in that old slab dwelling free;  
Only this – each night she lined us up to say the Rosary;  
E'en the stranger there, who stayed the night upon his journey, knew  
He must join the little circle, ay, and take his decade too.  
I believe she darkly plotted, when a sinner hove in sight  
Who was known to say no prayer at all, to make him stay the night.  
Then we'd softly gather round her, and we'd speak in accents low,  
And pray like Sainted Dominic so many years ago;  
And the little Irish mother's face was radiant, for she knew  
That “where two or three are gathered” He is gathered with them too.  
O'er the Paters and the Aves how her reverent head would bend!  
How she'd kiss the cross devoutly when she counted to the end!  
And the visitor would rise at once, and brush his knees - and then  
He'd look very, very foolish as he took the boards again.  
She had other prayers to keep him. They were long, long prayers in truth;  
And we used to call them “Trimmin's” in my disrespectful youth.  
She would pray for kith and kin, and all the friends she'd ever known,  
Yes, and every one of us could boast a “trimmin'” all his own.  
She would pray for all our little needs, and every shade of care

That might darken o'er The Sugarloaf, she'd meet it with a prayer.  
She would pray for this one's "sore complaint," or that one's "hurt  
hand,"

Or that someone else might make a deal and get "that bit of land";  
Or that Dad might sell the cattle well, and seasons good might rule,  
So that little John, the weakly one, might go away to school.  
There were trimmin's, too, that came and went; but ne'er she closed  
without

Adding one for something special "none of you must speak about."  
Gentle was that little mother, and her wit would sparkle free,  
But she'd murder him who looked around while at the Rosary:  
And if perchance you lost your beads, disaster waited you,  
For the only one she'd pardon was "himself" – because she knew  
He was hopeless, and 'twas sinful what excuses he'd invent,  
So she let him have his fingers, and he cracked them as he went,  
And, bedad, he wasn't certain if he'd counted five or ten,  
Yet he'd face the crisis bravely, and would start around again;  
But she tallied all the decades, and she'd block him on the spot,  
With a "Glory, Daddah, Glory!" and he'd "Glory" like a shot.  
She would portion out the decades to the company at large;  
But when she reached the trimmin's she would put herself in charge;  
And it oft was cause for wonder how she never once forgot,  
But could keep them in their order till she went right through the lot.  
For that little Irish mother's prayers embraced the country wide;  
If a neighbour met with trouble, or was taken ill, or died,  
We could count upon a trimmin' – till, in fact, it got that way  
That the Rosary was but trimmin's to the trimmin's we would say.  
Then "himself" would start keownrawing – for the public good, we  
thought –

"Sure you'll have us here till mornin'. Yerra, cut them trimmin's short!"  
But she'd take him very gently, till he softened by degrees –  
"Well, then, let us get it over. Come now, all hands to their knees."  
So the little Irish mother kept her trimmin's to the last,  
Every growing as the shadows o'er the old selection passed;  
And she lit our drab existence with her simple faith and love,

And I know the angels lingered near to bear her prayers above,  
For her children trod the path she trod, nor did they later spurn  
To impress her wholesome maxims on their children in their turn.  
Ay, and every “sore complaint” came right, and every “hurt hand”;  
And we made a deal from time to time, and got “that bit of land”;  
And Dad did sell the cattle well; and little John, her pride,  
Was he who said the Mass in black the morning that she died;  
So her gentle spirit triumphed – for ‘twas this, without a doubt,  
Was the very special trimmin’ that she kept so dark about.

But the years have crowded past us, and the fledglings all have flown,  
And the nest beneath The Sugarloaf no longer is their own;  
For a hand has written “finis” and the book is closed for good –  
Here’s a stately red-tiled mansion where the old slab dwelling stood;  
There the stranger has her “evenings,” and the formal supper’s spread,  
But I wonder has she “trimmin’ s” now, or is the Rosary said?  
Ah, those little Irish mothers passing from us one by one!  
Who will write the noble story of the good that they have done?  
All their children may be scattered, and their fortunes windwards hurled,  
But the Trimmin’ s on the Rosary will bless them round the world.

### **Note From Father**

Dear Faithful,

Autumn truly has begun, as the temperatures in Cincinnati dropped considerably at the beginning of the week (presumably here in Milwaukee too). Highs have been in the fifties with frost warnings at night. But the days continue to be brilliantly sunny. I, for one, do not mind the cool crisp days. Fall is my favorite season, even if it is followed by winter. Luckily, in Cincinnati, our autumns tend to be longer lasting, and thus greatly enjoyable.

The fall temperatures set themselves up perfectly for the St. Gertrude Parish chili party, which accompanies Forty Hours this weekend.

Thankfully, only a minority of offerings are actual Cincinnati chili...which is some disgusting (in my humble opinion) pasta topping concoction that has no resemblance to chili...or human food for that matter (again, my opinion). Most are proper chilis and they are delicious. Unfortunately, I am not around to sample the many different options of chili...or to enjoy the time of adoration of Forty Hours. However, in a few short weeks, I will be able to enjoy our own Forty Hours here, at St. Hugh.

Fr. Simpson will get to enjoy a portion of the Forty Hours this week before heading to Dallas for Sunday. However, he will get to be part of the full Forty Hours here, along with me. The recently tonsured Poncho Capitillo will assist as straw sub-deacon for the remaining ceremonies at St. Gertrude's in Fr. Simpson's place.

The one downfall with the arrival of autumn is the coinciding arrival of cold season. Fr. Brueggeman was recently struck by a bit of a cold, Sr. Magdalene had some sort of sore throat recently, and Bp. McGuire was also suffering through a bit of illness upon my departure north. Even the cats were not exempt...Jacamo, whom we affectionately refer to as "Fat Cat" lost his voice and croaked more than meowed for his food. Cavaradossi (opera fans may recognize the cat names as coming from Tosca...they were given by Bp. Dolan), whom we call "Little Cat", wasn't sick, per se, but he had wounded his foot and was pathetically hobbling on the other three. He went to the vet, and it was an infection from some mystery wound sustained in his outdoor travels. He should be ok, but has to stay inside for a week...should be an adventure trying to contain him...like herding cats, as they say.

As we finish off this month of October, dedicated to the Holy Rosary, I thought you might enjoy this beautiful long form Irish poem. The quiet repetition of heavenly praise, while thumbing along one bead at a time and thus accessing a steady silent flow of grace to our souls is poetic itself. The devotion was a key in preserving the Faith in the Emerald Isle during the many times of hardship and persecution throughout that nation's history. May it be found to echo through that country's hills again, as well as throughout our own land, as well.

In Christ,

Fr. Stephen McKenna

## **This Week's Schedule**

<b>Mon</b>	<b>10/27/25</b>	<b>Vigil Ss. Simon &amp; Jude</b>
<b>Tue</b>	<b>10/28/25</b>	<b>Ss. Simon &amp; Jude, App</b>
<b>Wed</b>	<b>10/29/25</b>	<b>Resumed Mass of Sunday</b>
<b>Thu</b>	<b>10/30/25</b> 6:00 PM	<b>Feria</b> Holy Hour
<b>Fri</b>	<b>10/31/25</b> **N.B.**	<b>Vigil of All Saints</b> No Mass due to Halloween
<b>Sat</b>	<b>11/1/25</b> 8:30 AM 9:00 AM	<b>All Saints Day</b> Rosary, Confessions High Mass (+) <i>Virginia Kramer (Mark Cash)</i>
<b>Sun</b>	<b>11/2/25</b> 8:00 AM 8:45 AM 10:45 AM 11:15 AM	<b>Pentecost XXI</b> <b>Within Octave</b> Rosary, Confessions High Mass <i>Steve &amp; Joanne Heckenkamp (Friel &amp; Sandberg Families)</i> Rosary, Confessions Low Mass <i>People of St. Hugh of Lincoln</i>

## General Information

**Baptism:** By appointment. At least one parent as well as the sponsors must be practicing Roman Catholics who attend the Traditional Latin Mass exclusively.

**Confession:** Before Mass on Sundays, and other times as indicated in the weekly bulletin.

**Confirmation:** Solemnly administered periodically in the year and may be administered privately by request. Catholics who received confirmation in the post Vatican II rite (1971) should arrange to receive confirmation conditionally in the traditional rite.

**First Holy Communion:** Administered each year on the Sunday after Corpus Christi. Adequate knowledge of the catechism is required.

**Matrimony:** If you are contemplating marriage, please make an appointment to speak with a priest before you set a date. At least one of the parties must be a practicing traditional Catholic and member of this parish. Weddings are forbidden during Advent and Lent.

**Communion for the Sick:** Please contact the pastor or coordinator when a church member is hospitalized or too ill to attend Mass.

**Extreme Unction:** Do not put off making arrangements until the last moment, but contact the pastor or coordinator promptly if a church member is gravely ill or in danger of death.

**Decorum in Church:** Respect for God in the Blessed Sacrament requires a reverent silence. Please turn off cell phones and keep children well behaved. Both young and old should wear dignified and modest clothes in church, and women should wear a dress or skirt, and a veil or hat. Veils are available in the vestibule. Men should wear shirt and tie as well as a jacket or sweater.

**Holy Communion:** Only baptized practicing Catholics in the state of grace may receive Holy Communion. You must be fasting:

- Three hours from solid foods and alcoholic beverages.
- One hour from other liquids.
- Water may be taken at any time.

The communicant kneels at the communion rail, and receives the Blessed Sacrament on the tongue. The communicant does not say “Amen” after the priest says “*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam. Amen.*”

**Singing:** The faithful are invited to join in singing any hymns preceding or following the Mass, but only the choir sings during the course of the Mass.