



comunidad

Ministry for Lesbian and Gay Catholics

April 2010

Mark Your Calendar

MONTHLY MEETING

FIRST TUESDAY OF THE MONTH AT 7:00 PM
ST. MATTHEW'S MEISEL HALL
672 TEMPLE AVE.
LONG BEACH, CA 90802

APRIL 6TH

CREATING A SPACE FOR GOD

APRIL 25TH

FOURTH SUNDAY BRUNCH

MAY 4TH

CINCO DE MAYO AT COMUNIDAD

MAY 16TH – 17TH

LONG BEACH PRIDE
WELCOME HOME CATHOLIC BOOTH

JUNE 2nd

OUT and CATHOLIC

JUNE 27TH

BEACH MASS

VISIT OUR WEBSITE AND BLOG AT

WWW.COMUNIDADLB.ORG

CONTACT US AT:

COMUNIDAD@COMUNIDADLB.ORG

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Our April Gathering

Creating a Space for God

Only through prayer does the heart open a space for God. One of the oldest and simplest forms of prayer is Scriptural Prayer ('Lectio Divina'). We will focus on the Easter message of Resurrection and its application to the lives of the LGBTQ community, letting God speak to us through sacred scripture. Steven Nadolny will lead us. We will meet at 7:00 pm in Meisel Hall. The program will begin at 7:30 pm. Please bring your bible.

Annual Appeal

Our Annual Appeal fundraiser continues. The Appeal is very important to us, since your tax-deductible donation is our only source of revenue. The money is used to continue our ministry to Gay and Lesbian Catholics. In addition to holding monthly meetings our other activities include a spiritual retreat, AIDS walk, Long Beach Pride booth and the Parish festival.

Economic times are challenging. Please consider donating to Comunidad. No amount is too small. Thank you.

Jay Schmidt Remembered

Jay died on March 11 after a long struggle with pulmonary fibrosis. Comunidad had a special place in his heart. In his own words, "Attending the Long Beach gay pride festival, I noticed a booth sponsored by a Catholic Church here in Long Beach. This couldn't be the church I was raised in, could it? That thought kept running through my mind. So, eventually, I went to a Sunday Mass...The homily was by a young priest. He made me feel that I could be

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accepted by God even if I was gay." The Church was St. Matthew's. The booth was the Comunidad's "Welcome Home Catholics" booth. Jay, you will be missed. Rest in peace.

Beach Mass

On June 27th at 12:30 pm join us for a Comunidad-sponsored Beach Mass. The celebrant will be Fr. Will Conners. The mass will be held across the street from Anna Totta's house at 5231 E. Ocean Blvd, Long Beach. After the Mass there will be a potluck. Anna will supply hamburgers and sausage. Please bring a dish to share.

Prayerfully Out (HRC)

God of the Resurrected One,

Forgive us for the times we have ignored those who are wounded among us.

Forgive us when we were the ones wounding them.

Forgive us when we were the ones indifferent among them.

Help us to see those we do not see. Help us to feel their pain.

Give us the strength to fight for the rights of all to belong in our community.

Give us the strength to shout and use our voice for those who are voiceless among us.

May we be agents of your resurrected life: seeking to hear, see, feel, and include those whom we have ignored.

May we embrace this day as the beginning of a new time in the life of this community.

In the name of Jesus Christ, our Resurrection and Peace. Amen.

An Easter Meditation

Still I Rise

Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame

I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.