

Parish Bulletin

The Official Publication of Santuario de San Antonio Parish
We Care Because We Pray

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(Green)

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Love is a Choice

By Donnie Tantoco

Father Dennis Paez asked me, “Donnie, what has God done for your husbandhood and fatherhood?” This was a question I have not really reflected upon -- and I wondered why I haven’t thought -- about such a basic yet important question. It’s just like what my Lola Glecy always reminded me -- to always open my eyes, ears, and nose -- because oftentimes the answer to most nagging questions are right in front of you. I thank Father Dennis for enlightening me and pointing me towards this deep reflection as I examine how God works as I strive to be a better husband and father. I guess that’s why we all need shepherds like Father Dennis.

Patty Pineda also gave me a perspective when she suggested that I include a portion about my Lolo and my Dad for this article. It was the perfect advice -- since almost everything I know about how a MAN should LOVE his wife, children, neighbors, including his enemies is to a very big extent -- from these 2 very important figures in my life.

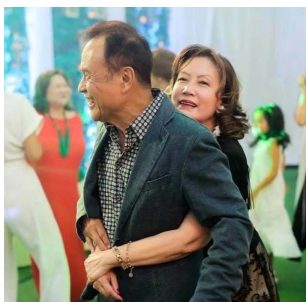
Allow me now to share some insights that I know were the handiwork of God through the example of my Dad and my Lolo Benny.

My Loving Dad, Rico: Love is a Choice

When I was midway through my childhood, my father Rico, told me, “Donnie, you will be married one day. It will be tough at times, but you must remember this. Don’t give up because you will never be happy if you don’t make your marriage work.” Shortly after that talk, my family went through an upheaval; and I witnessed my

parents endure and ultimately survive one of the worst conflicts of their marriage.

I believe what my Dad was conveying to me is that LOVE IS NOT JUST A FEELING. LOVE IS ALSO A CHOICE. And it’s a choice that a spouse has to make consciously and selflessly over and over again. I will falter and feel aggrieved



many times; however, after letting this feeling run its course -- I should ultimately know that to love is a decision and a choice -- with gigantic and everlasting rewards on the one hand -- and consequences on the other hand. My Dad said there is good pain and bad pain. Do not run away from good pain.

My parents showed me that -- in a relationship, it is much more joyful and gratifying to give -- than to receive. They showed me that everlasting love comes from making that choice to love, to forgive, to trust over and over again. We receive this kind of love from the Holy Trinity, and having received it, we are commanded to give it to others freely and selflessly.

In 1 Peter 4:8, we are told “Let your love for one another be intense, because love covers a multitude of sins.” The choice is clear. It is to love not moderately but intensely. Not sometimes or just during Valentine’s; but every single day and moment. There is this myth that masculinity means that we are not supposed to show too much emotion. How lucky am I to have a father and grandfather who did not subscribe to this. To my dad, *carpe diem* means to fully express your love every day. You don’t **(continued on page 2...)**



2020: Year of Ecumenism
Interreligious Dialogue
and Indigenous Peoples



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St. Bonaventure, The Seraphic Doctor

Bishop and Doctor of the Church -- Bonaventure is a popular Italian saint -- from the 13th century. He was a theologian, a great thinker, and a writer who authored the "Life of Saint Francis." At age 22, Bonaventure entered the Franciscan Order and was ordained a priest. He taught Scripture and Theology, and later became the General of the Franciscan Order. Because of his guidance and leadership of the community, he has been called the second founder of the Franciscans.

Despite his great reputation and the esteem of his peers, Bonaventure remained a humble and warm man. When he received the news that he was made Cardinal -- Bonaventure was in the middle of washing dishes -- in the convent where he was staying. He had the messengers hang the red hat of a cardinal on a tree outside until he finished his task. After washing the grease from his hands -- he went to put on the hat -- humbly accepting his new office.



Bonaventure wrote about Christian life, in that -- it did not mean turning one's back on the world -- but that it meant simply doing ordinary things of our life very well. He wrote, "The perfection of a religious person is to do common things in a perfect manner... A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue."

St. Bonaventure is known as the "Seraphic Doctor" for his works that communicated his burning love of God. His Feast Day is celebrated on July 15.

In the Philippines, the San Buenaventura Chapel -- of the St. John the Baptist Parish in Liliw, Laguna -- was erected to commemorate the 1664 miracle, wherein tears of blood were seen flowing from the eyes of the venerated image. This was witnessed by the Cura Parroco, Padre Juan Pastor and 120 other witnesses. Also, in recognition of this miracle, the first major bell in the church of Liliw was dedicated in honor of San Buenaventura.

(...continued from page 1: Love is a Choice) know how much time you have. Whatever you want to say -- whatever you want to do out of love for another -- you have to do it now; do it consciously and intensely. Make this and not your work the highest priority of each day. Then you will have no regrets.

This is how I try to be to all, but especially to my beloved wife. I will strive to express intentionally and intensely, all the love I have for her. In the end, I trust her completely, because I notice that when she is confident in my love, she loves me more than I love myself. I give her all my trust, because when you are trusting, you are loving.

My Loving Grandfather, Lolo Benny: Love is about extending grace and expressing faith.

There is the verse that reminds me of my Lolo and it goes, "You must all be quick to listen, slow to speak and slow to get angry. Human anger does not produce the righteousness that God desires." James 1:19-20.

Someone said that the best gift you can give another is not money or material gifts. IT IS FOCUSED ATTENTION. My Lolo is quick to listen. I have been having breakfast with him every Wednesday since 1993, and I can tell you that -- HE IS THE BEST LISTENER TO CONVERSE WITH -- not only at a mental level, but also on spiritual and emotional levels.

My Lolo is also slow to anger. He was my boss from 1993 to 2013. I don't remember him criticizing me or demeaning me

even once. Someone said that to love someone, you have to express your faith in him or her. This is what my Lolo gave me, not from a place of being rational -- but from a place of loving me, seeking to encourage me, hungering for me -- to know and fulfill my calling.

I did not have to earn his trust and respect. He gave it to me lock, stock and barrel from the very beginning. Because he believed in me, I believed in myself. Because I knew he had my back, I took on huge risks. I made a ton of mistakes, but he held me accountable. He made me suffer the consequences, but I never felt judged nor condemned by him. I always felt that at the end of the day -- he cared more about the strength of my spirit and my character -- than my accomplishments. He and my dad taught me -- to always try to have the right thoughts because from the right and loving thoughts -- everything else flows.

I am striving to be this kind of father to my adult children. I want to be the greatest encourager, affirmer, faith-and-trust-giver in their lives. I want to give them the kind of faith and trust that I received from my Dad and my Lolo. To love is to always give the benefit of the doubt. And as long as we work on and we pray for what is pleasing to God, in the end that will be self-fulfilling.

Love is a choice. And to be a great lover to my wife and children; I have to choose to love, choose to extend grace, choose to express faith over and over again -- no matter what.

I Was Faithful to You

By Marly Laraya

Faith in Action (FIA), SSAP Solidarity Outreach Services (SSAP-SOS)

"Oh joyous heart! Attending Mass for the first time in three months!" This was the message I had sent out early morning of June 15 to those nearest and dearest via Viber chat -- brimming with love and gratitude to share -- having finally received the physical Holy Eucharist for the first time during this over-extended quarantine.

The quarantine period had started off surreal enough -- bewildering proclamations on TV by the President on March 12 -- where the word "lockdown" was cannonballed loosely enough to freak me out into driving at 7:30am the next morning to Marikina -- to buy enough leather, threads, accessories, and tools to keep me busy with bag and furniture projects -- to last me for more than a couple of months. They laughed at me in the leathercraft store saying -- I was more afraid of having nothing to do at home -- than to go hungry for the unknown number of months ahead.

Nerves were frayed and on end for extended periods. My mother is a lifelong COPD (Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease) sufferer in her 80s. There were real emergency moments when we contemplated taking her -- weakened constitution and all -- to the Emergency Room, knowing full well that the traces of pneumonia in her lungs might result in her transfer to the COVID floors for diagnosis and treatment. We learned to be ER assistants in her bedroom along with the caregiver -- with Dad as the excellent resident-in-charge -- on a hotline with his sister the pulmonologist, all the way in New Jersey. Friends responded to our calls for help with medical equipment and access to supplies that were increasingly difficult to obtain.

With all the time available -- the kitchen became my playground -- and my balcony garden increasingly turned to the edible variety. With all the goods delivered directly from farms, and made available through online channels -- strawberry preserves, lemon-lime jams, avocado ice cream and guacamole, fresh mango, honey and pestos -- and all this freshness became standard. Even my cocktail desires gave way to learning to make my own homemade ginger beer so that I could have refreshing Moscow Mules for our e-Happy Hours with friends.

Along with all this creative focus and learning was -- the growing din of need and desperation of our brothers and sisters -- some in the outskirts, some in our own neighborhoods. We'd give out from online accounts, from our wallets and pockets and loose change and goods in the car, goods from the house, with the foreboding knowledge that this was not going to turn for the better any time soon.

The prayers started off with healing for those afflicted with COVID-19, and for the frontliners, the victims and their families. For our brothers and sisters in the outskirts, and in our own neighborhoods and -- as the failings of systemic responses became more and more apparent -- prayers for the country

and for the government. As the economy slowed to a weak heartbeat, we added prayers for friends and family whose businesses and livelihood were barely sustainable. Then just as these tornadoes of darkness would take root, there was thankfulness for the kindness of strangers, for heroes who inspired us, comforted us; heroes who would find a way to meet supply with demand, the private sector and corporates who cleared passage for a new way to survive, neighborhood groups which learned to support each other, friends who reached out.

The three months prior to my first physical Mass during quarantine had been a roller-coaster ride of apprehension, but had also ironically been a really fertile time of silence with our God. I had countless hours to "ponder in my heart" and still more hours to contemplate on what the "most loving response" would be. I unceasingly found comfort in the arms of Our Mother as I contemplated the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary each day. In times of despair -- I would find peace in heeding her words -- "to do whatever He tells me."

The daily Online Masses of SSAP were a real lifeline to me. Our seven servants of God -- standing stoically and holding the



fort during the most confusing times of this pandemic -- gave me solid footing and a foundation to keep building on my faith. I welcomed the Saviour each morning into my home and was fortified by the Communion of Saints and Heavenly Hosts as angels would come and join us as we acclaimed the Hosannas. For restful sleep at night I learned to "cast my burdens upon Him". For wakeful days I continued to embrace His urging to "be not afraid" and continue to live a productive, loving, creative, and generous life.

I was at the Church early on the day of The First Mass. I had decided to join a friend to celebrate her mother's birthday in Heaven. I was so excited to see people!!! The setup of the pews in the half dim Church was strange but necessary. I still felt like I had stepped back into an old home. Seats were assigned to each of the 6 Massgoers, and my seat serendipitously had a placard of Deuteronomy 31:8-9, where the words "Do not be afraid" greeted me. I remember going through Mass with joy and happiness just streaming through me, where each Psalm and song, response and gesture were just so meaningful.

The Consecration left me misty and when it came time for Holy Communion, I felt like a *(continued on page 7...)*

A Community of Stewardship of Talents

Throughout this lockdown, we have seen our loved ones and people we know revisiting old interests and exploring new hobbies. After several months at home, some of us have become bakers, gardeners, baristas, homeschool teachers, and masters at webinars. Despite the restrictions -- we have all found ways to be of service to others -- in both big and small ways. Some of us are also blessed with the opportunity to still serve the Church in these difficult times.

We have all been blessed -- with gifts and abilities -- whether or not these are profitable or pleasing to others. Each person is given unique gifts -- and God calls each to be stewards of these gifts -- in special ways. We have seen over the years how the members of our Parish share their gifts and abilities in the service of the Church through the ministries. This is seen in the Ministry of the Parish Bulletin, through the contributions of parishioners and the Editorial Team.

The Santuario de San Antonio Parish Bulletin aims to be a source of both **formation** and **information** through the publishing of the weekly bulletin. Many people have shared their stories of faith through the Parish Bulletin -- stories which have inspired and moved others -- in our faith community. Through the Parish Bulletin, members of the Parish have been called to serve in ministries and have deepened their faith and sense of community. Every week, the Parish Bulletin shows us that -- the Santuario de San Antonio Parish is a community of stewardship of talents -- wherein members share their time, abilities and spirituality.

For the members of the Editorial Team, the Parish Bulletin is another way to share our time and talents. In turn, we are blessed with the opportunity to get to know the Parish in a deeper way, and to read and share much-needed stories about faith, hope and love in our extraordinary times.

Get to Know the Editorial Team!



MONICA MADRIGAL

I work as a fashion designer of my own clothing label. I am also an active member of the Parish Bulletin and San Antonio Single Young Adults. One way that I serve God is by helping others through the work that I do. For example, since the start of the ECQ, I am happy that I have been able to help out my production team by providing them with a continuous source of income. As a creative, I see God in the beauty of the world around me -- from the colors of the sunset to the intricate craftsmanship of the local traditional handwoven textiles I work with.



RACHELLE C. WENGER

I'm a full time homemaker -- a wife and mom of 2 young adults. On the side, my time is spent designing interiors, facilitating workshops and talks, and designing home products handmade by local artisans. I also teach Catechism through CCD (Continuing Catholic Development) and Co-Chair of the Lectors and Commentators Ministry. As Editor-in-Chief of the Parish Bulletin, I direct and guide our Team in its vision to provide timely, relevant and inspirational articles for our Parish Community. By apportioning my time and talents, I hope to glorify the Giver -- by providing jobs to the artisans, spreading beauty and peace in the homes I design -- while still fulfilling my responsibilities as homemaker for my own family. I also facilitate various workshops that help high-powered women live balanced and fulfilling lives. Every single day, I try to give my best in thanksgiving to everything that God has blessed me with and to ultimately help others see Him by the works I do.

CLAR GOMEZ



I'm an education advocate and a teacher at heart. Outside of my work at a non-profit organization, I indulge in many hobbies such as art, baking and playing on my ukulele. While on lockdown, I've been busy working, helping out at home, checking up on my friends, serving the Single Young Adults (SYA) community (online), and editing for the Parish Bulletin. There are so many things we cannot do during this crisis, but what little we can do can be an offering to God.



PEACHY MARAMBA

I spend my days in front of the television. I have two Masses a day and I have about three Rosaries and the Prayer to St. Michael the Archangel. I am now doing a Book of Prayers, when I'm not writing articles for the Parish Bulletin. For my book, I would like to solicit contributions from everybody of their favorite prayers.



RAMON M. ONG

As I approach age 80, I thank the Lord every day that He has allowed me to serve my country, my fellowmen and my family for such a long, long time. I try to use what little energy I have left, to prepare myself to meet Him and account for all the talents He has entrusted to me. My work with the Parish Bulletin -- although it consumes several hours and several days each week -- has given me much satisfaction, as it is a unique way to be of benefit to my beloved parishioners, even if I am alone and unseen in my little room. All I need is my laptop, the Internet and the Lord's approval to serve Him for one more day.

LIANNE TIU



By participating in daily Mass, I tell our Lord, "I love You" (adoration), "Thank You" (thanksgiving), "I'm sorry" (reparation), and "Please" (petition). It is not enough that I write articles or talk about Christian faith; I try my best, with my many defects and failures, to help people and to live my everyday life doing God's Will happily. My ordinary work as a wife, mother, and accountant are wonderful opportunities to show my love for Jesus Christ and to make His love and goodness known to others.



CAREN TORDESILLAS

My husband and I grew up serving SSAP through music since we were very young. When we got married and had our firstborn, we made it a point to include praying together in our daily routine. As a mom, and as someone who works in the creative field, I always tell my kids and those around me to do things with love. When you work with love, you work with God. And this helps me to produce results that make me happy in the things I do -- photographing people, drawing, baking, and doing the layout for the Parish Bulletin.

JOIN THE PARISH BULLETIN TEAM!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO CONTRIBUTE ARTICLES AND VISUAL CONTENT.

Contact us to share your talent at ssappb@yahoo.com IG: @ssapnewstoday



NINEE PASCUAL-LOPEZ

One of the things I am most grateful for is daily prayer. During the recent ECQ when a lot of people were scared and anxious, I simply resorted to strengthening my prayer life with daily online Masses and gathering different groups of friends to pray the Rosary at different times of the day, every day. Being able to pray together, share stories and laughter became such a wonderful source of comfort, encouragement and joy for all of us. Today, although we haven't seen each other since March, our daily prayer time has brought us closer to one other.

The Monster That's Lurking

By Rita Galvez

I asked mother for another story
As she slowly tucked me into bed
Not a fairytale, I added, something real,
Or something scary and frightening
instead!

"Then I'll tell you a truth," mother said
with a smile,
"A truth attached to the lives of men."
As she patted my head, words started
to form
And slowly the story began.

"There was once a time when the
world stopped,
A time not too long ago.
When streets were emptied and
children ran home
Except for those who had nowhere to
go.

There was a monster in the world" said
mother.
"A monster that preyed on our lungs.
It would take those we loved in its
clutches
Take mothers from daughters, rip
fathers from sons

And this monster it sang to the people,
A siren's song that darkened their
hearts.
A song of take more and a hymn of me
first
That ripped a crumbling world apart.

The monster then thrived in that ruin,
Where doors closed shut to those
suffering
And for those with no home and no
riches
It was a cruel world they found
forming."

I told mother then to stop.
I told mother I'd had enough.

"Don't cover your ears, dear, but listen
For this story is not over yet.
Battling the darkness created a light,
One too bright to ever forget.



Out came those that gave comfort,
Out came those that gave hope,
Those that worked to soften
hardened hearts
And kept despairing ones afloat.

They came from all corners and
crevices
In numbers both big and small
Coming not just to battle a monster
But to show the people that they
would not fall

Sometimes they fought with no
armor
And others they fought from afar.
But hand upon hand they lifted us up
And showed the truth of what we all
are.

What are we? I asked and she
answered,
As if unearthing a secret to me.

"We're hope," she said "or we can be,
We're all things that we try to name.
And though we are made to walk
different paths,
We find still, we are all the same."

Then she took my hand and she told
me,
Her eyes haunted with ghosts of the
past.

"One day if the monster returns,
Remember the stories I've passed."

So, I lived every day still
remembering,

For I saw what she told me was true
And every time the world tried to darken
my heart
I said no to the horrors it drew.

Which is why I stand here today
And why I'll stay standing tomorrow
For every day where you or I fight a
monster
Is a day worth another to follow.

Santuario de San Antonio Pastoral Team

Fr. Baltazar A. Obico, OFM - Guardian
Fr. Reu Jose C. Galoy, OFM - Vicar Provincial,
Parish Priest, Friary Procurator
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Parish Pastoral Council

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Marie Tycangco – Vice President
Teng Jorolan - Secretary

Home Quarantine Musings

By Nena Veloso-Mewshaw

I was born and raised by a very religious and loving couple
who lived up to ripe old age.

One day, Mama gathered all of us together and said, "I
can see that you, my dear children are enjoying and happy
with each other, but you will not be together like this forever.
Eventually, you will have your own families and live far from
each other. So, look for others, real friends, who will love and
care for you like your own brothers and sisters."

Today, I have my own special friends -- perhaps I can count
them all with my fingers -- but I have chosen them carefully
through the years. So did all my three bothers and sisters; they
finished studies with their respective chosen professions, and



then they all got married. Today, they have successful children
and grandchildren.

I admit that I learned humility early in life. Humbled
because all my overachieving siblings did not only garner
honors in their studies but also practiced successfully their
professions. In my case, I got married -- to an American
gentleman who has been residing in our country for many
years -- and became a fulltime homemaker. However, we
raised a daughter, who became a Doctor of Medicine from
our State University at age 23, and a son who was in the
"Dean's List" while taking up MBA at the State University of
Washington, D.C.

While my two children were still studying, I went back
to college. I was granted a Full Scholarship -- by PASUC, the
Philippine Association of Universities and Colleges -- while
at the same time, I was the executive secretary of PASUC. I
graduated as a Doctor in School Administration in Higher
Education. My old father lived long enough to attend my
graduation!

When I became a widow, I was recommended -- by my
Philosophy professor -- to be a Visiting Scholar in Philosophy
and Psychology at the Harvard University Graduate School in

Boston. I completed my Scholarship as one of the Proctors in
the Liberal Arts Department. My job was to administer Entry
and Final Examinations of said University.

I lived like a queen with my daughter in the States. But
as a senior citizen churchgoer, I had difficulty driving twenty
minutes daily to go to church. So, I decided to come back home
where I could visit any church at any time. Alone now, I found a
place here in Makati, and a well-trained caregiver, who knows
what to do and expect as my helper.

At the onset of our 2020 Holy Week, the announcement
came about a 2-week-stay-at-home quarantine. I emailed
and texted my relatives and friends -- to tune in to the EWTN
Catholic Channel -- it broadcasts religious services to more
than 140 countries. They showed Holy Mass several times
daily, the Adoration to the Blessed Eucharist immediately
after, a reading about the lives of saints and the Holy Rosary,
plus many others. I always think of Fr. Peyton's famous saying,
"The family that prays together, stays together."

There is now a new terminology about Mary, MARIOLOGY.
Mary is inseparable from Jesus.

Another name for Mary is "STELLA MARIS" meaning Star
of the Sea. Then there is Fatima -- the most authentic apparitions
of the Blessed Mother -- and the "Divine Messages" of
penance, prayers, and sacrifices.

Pope Francis is often shown celebrating Mass in EWTN. He
encourages us to PRAY, because God answers our prayers in
His way. Ask our Father in Heaven -- anything we want from
Him -- because prayer is the most powerful weapon we have.

I would like to end this article with the meaningful
message to me from my daughter, whose two cardiologist
friends survived COVID-19, "Our accomplishments are mere
accoutrements when facing death. In the end, only God
matters. Furthermore, it was not only the treatments that led
to their recovery -- but also the many prayers offered by their
friends."

(... continued from page 3: I Was Faithful to You)

child again, so excited to get in line! Because there were colored
markers to make us stand 2m apart, my head was tilted down
to make sure I was hitting the spot. My eyes widened when on
the floor I spied the bare feet of Fr. Tasang delighting on the
cool granolithic floors. I smiled broadly and it was time to raise
my head to receive my Lord and King.. and my heart swelled as
I received Him and heard His Words in my head..."Did you miss
Me?" ..and my tears flowed over and I answered "Yes, Lord!"
and my heart piped in to tell Him "I was faithful to You... and
see, I am sooo strong!!!" And like a child flexing his muscles
and confidently prancing about under the adoring gaze of a long
absent Father -- I must have skipped back to my seat -- knowing
that my faithful God is always, always with me.



SANTUARIO DE SAN ANTONIO PARISH

FORBES PARK, MAKATI CITY

SCHEDULE OF MASSES AND PRAYERS

STARTING JULY 01, 2020

SUNDAY MASSES

6:00 AM TAGALOG
 8:00 AM TAGALOG (STREAMED)
 10:00 AM ENGLISH (STREAMED)
 12:00 NN ENGLISH
 4:00 PM ENGLISH
 6:00 PM ENGLISH (STREAMED)

GUIDELINES FOR MASS ATTENDEES

- PRE-REGISTRATION REQUIRED
- ONLY 10 PERSONS ALLOWED
- OPEN TO 21-59 YEARS OLD
- MUST HAVE NO PRE-EXISTING CHRONIC CONDITION
- PLS. CALL 8843-8830 UP TO 35 TO REGISTER
- NO ENTRY TO THOSE WITH BODY TEMP. OF 37.6 CELSIUS AND HIGHER
- NO FACE MASK, NO ENTRY
- OBSERVE SOCIAL DISTANCING
- SANITIZE HANDS ALWAYS


MONDAY - FRIDAY (STREAMED)

7:30 AM MASS
 12:00 NN ANGELUS & ORATIO IMPERATA 3
 3:00 PM DIVINE MERCY HEALING PRAYER
 5:30 PM HOLY ROSARY
 6:00 PM MASS

SATURDAY MASSES (STREAMED)


7:30 AM ENGLISH
 6:00 PM ANTICIPATED SUNDAY MASS

<https://tinyurl.com/FacebookSSAP>
<http://tinyurl.com/FacebookYoutube>
<https://tinyurl.com/HomepageSSAP>
<https://tinyurl.com/InstagramSSAP>



SANTUARIO DE SAN ANTONIO PARISH

FORBES PARK, MAKATI CITY



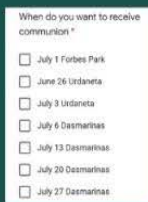
Holy Communion

FOR 60 YRS. OLD & ABOVE AND BELOW 21 YEARS OLD

VILLAGE COMMUNION

Dasmariñas Village	Mondays	8:15 AM
Forbes Park	Wednesdays	8:15 AM
Urdaneta Village	Fridays	8:15 AM

GUIDELINES




When do you want to receive communion *

- July 1 Forbes Park
- June 26 Urdaneta
- July 9 Urdaneta
- July 6 Dasmariñas
- July 13 Dasmariñas
- July 20 Dasmariñas
- July 27 Dasmariñas


Fill out Registration Form ONLINE (<https://forms.gle/ike4UhcAoVFJAlkA7>) cut-off is 2 days before assigned Communion day.

Put a check on all desired dates.




Contact Information *

Submit and wait for your confirmation. If you do not get a confirmation one day before your village schedule, please register again or call the parish.




Attend the 7:30 AM ONLINE Mass at home on your assigned Communion day.

Household members from 21-59 years old can join village communion provided they attend the 7:30 AM ONLINE Mass.



Please wait for the priest/minister to arrive at your gate. Please wear your face mask and observe social distancing (1.5m). If your body temp. is 37.6 Celsius and higher, do not go out for Communion.




Take Communion by hand, consume host in front of priest and go back inside your house.

Pls call 8843-8830 up to 35 for details.

DRIVEWAY COMMUNION

- Open to parishioners 21 - 59 years old with no pre-existing conditions.

1. Attend the ONLINE mass BEFORE driveway Communion.
2. Drive up main driveway. Presider or Minister will wait for an hour after the mass.
3. Roll down your window and extend hands to receive host.
4. Consume Host, roll up window & go on your way.



SANTUARIO DE SAN ANTONIO PARISH

FORBES PARK, MAKATI CITY

RESUMPTION OF CHURCH SERVICES UNDER QUARANTINE

- IATF guidelines on age restriction to be observed.
- Those with pre-existing medical conditions are encouraged to stay home.

- Wear a face mask & bring sanitizer/alcohol.
- Temperature of 37.6 Celsius & above - stay home.
- Remember to observe social distancing (1.5m).

BAPTISM

- Only the parents and one set of godparents will be allowed.
- Strictly by appointment.
- Please call 8843-88-30 up to 35.

CONFESSION

- Open to 21-59 years old.
- Strictly by appointment.
- Please call 8843-88-30 up to 35.

WEDDING

- Only simple weddings are allowed this year with only the bride and groom with one set of sponsors and the immediate family.
- Strictly by appointment only.
- Please call 8843-88-30 up to 35.

WAKES

- For death attributed to or related to COVID-19, wakes are not allowed and cremation or burial must be made within 12 hours from death.
- Wakes should not exceed 3 calendar days.
- Wake attendees should not exceed 10 persons including members of the immediate family.
- Only the immediate family is allowed during funeral masses in the church.
- Please call 8843-88-30 up to 35.




SANTUARIO DE SAN ANTONIO PARISH

FORBES PARK, MAKATI CITY

MONDAY - SATURDAY
after the 7:30 am & 6:00 pm masses

SUNDAY
after the 8 am | 10 am | 6 pm masses



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Asking for help is a sign of strength.
 We are here for you.
 The SSA Parish is offering counseling services.

Please call anytime at
 8843-8830/31 and ask
 to be connected for
 counseling with a priest.

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