

THIRTY-FIRST SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

3rd November 2013

St. Mary's, Belford Road, Fort William PH33 6BT Tel. (01397) 702174

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Noticeboard

<u>Sunday Masses:</u>	Vigil Mass, Saturday,	6 p.m.
	Sunday Morning Mass	10.30 a.m.
<u>Weekday Masses:</u>	10.15 a.m.	
<u>Sacrament of Reconciliation:</u>	Saturday:	9.45 to 10 a.m.
		4 to 4.30 p.m.
		5.30 to 5.50 p.m.

Monday is the Memorial of St. Charles Borromeo; Friday, the Memorial of Blessed John Duns Scotus; Saturday, the Feast of the Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.



The month of November is a very special one for Catholics. All Souls Day flows into the rest of the month, as we keep a prayerful remembrance not only of the loved ones who have died, but of all the Faithful Departed. It is appropriate that Remembrance Sunday also falls in this month. We have rejoiced in the love and the prayer of the Church in heaven, and now we reach out in compassionate prayer to those being made ready to stand before the infinite holiness of God, and this in that spiritual place or state of final purification we call Purgatory. There, in the words of scripture, the soul and all it bears is purified "like gold in the furnace". Is it not also a place of final maturation, as the child of Adam becomes the truly spiritual child of God, soon to take his or her place at the Father's table? How can your prayer, offered in the name of the crucified and risen Lord Jesus, not be part of their transformation? Faith, love and the hope of eternal life would not have it otherwise.

We pray for the Faithful Departed whose anniversaries are about this time: **Mona Timbrell, Teresa Dougan, Irene Quail, Kathleen Kearney, Mary MacDonald, Adam MacLean, Elizabeth Cameron, Mary Ellen Timbrell, Charlotte Turner, Una Brown and Alice Findlay.** May they rest in peace. We remember also **Bob Dick**, who has died peacefully in Moss Park Nursing Home. Many of us have fond memories of Bob, and numerous former pupils of Lochaber High School will remember a dedicated and inspiring teacher. May he now rest in peace.

The replacement of **the church heating** will take place in the coming weeks. We are confident that the workmen will do their best to finish on time, but some co-ordination is required between them and Hydro Electric. There may be a period when the church will be without heat, so please wrap up well. If need be, we will have our weekday Masses in the vestry.

There will be rosary at **Kilmallie cemetery** next Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. It will be offered for our loved ones who are buried there. We may have to keep an eye on the weather forecast!

This is the weekend for the annual **Mass census**. Please don't let Fr. MacKinnon forget!

We have one diocesan collection before the end of the year: it is for the **Pastoral Fund**. We will have it next Sunday.

Christmas cards will soon be ordered. Any donations to the parish stall - books, ornaments, etc. - would be most welcome, as would the occasional purchase!

Our thoughts begin to turn to Advent and Christmas. Some weeks ago, we celebrated the Jesuit missionary martyrs, St. Jean de Brébeuf among them. He composed a Christmas carol for his Huron converts. Here it is in the original with an English equivalent:

Ehstehn yayau deh tsaun we yisus ahattonnia
O na wateh wado:kwi nonnwa 'ndasqua entai
ehnu sherskwa trivota nonnwa 'ndi yaun rashata
Iesus Ahattonnia, Ahattonnia, Iesus Ahattonnia.

Ayoki onki hm-ashe eran yayeh raunnaun
yauntaun kanntatya hm-deh 'ndyaun sehnsatoa ronnyaun
Waria hnawakweh tond Yosehf sataunn haronnyaun
Iesus Ahattonnia, Ahattonnia, Iesus Ahattonnia.

Asheh kaunnta horraskwa deh ha tirri gwames
Tishyaun ayau ha'ndeh ta aun hwa ashya a ha trreh
aundata:kwa Tishyaun yayaun yaun n-dehta
Iesus Ahattonnia, Ahattonnia, Iesus Ahattonnia.

Dau yishyeh sta atyaun errdautau 'ndi Yisus
avwa tateh dn-deh Tishyaun stanshi teya wennyau
aha yaunna torrehntehn yataun katsyaun skehnn
Iesus Ahattonnia, Ahattonnia, Iesus Ahattonnia.

Eyeh kwata tehnaunnte aheh kwashyehn ayehn
kiyeh kwanaun aukwayaun dehtsaun we 'ndeh adeh
tarrya diskwann aukwe yishyehr eya ke naun sta
Iesus Ahattonnia, Ahattonnia, Iesus Ahattonnia.

'Twas in the moon of winter-time
When all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou
Sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wandering hunter heard the hymn:
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapp'd His beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high...
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heaven
Is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
In excelsis gloria."

Fully conscious of this communion of the whole Mystical Body of Jesus Christ, the pilgrim Church from the very first ages of the Christian religion has cultivated with great piety the memory of the dead, and "because it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins" (2Mc 12:46), also offering suffrages for them. (*Vatican II, Lumen Gentium, 50*).

Each night, when I go to sleep, I die. And the next morning, when I wake up, I am reborn. (*Mahatma Gandhi*)

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies. (*Williams Penn*)

Death is no more than passing from one room into another. But there's a difference for me, you know. Because in that other room I shall be able to see.
(*Helen Keller, left blind and deaf by a childhood illness*)

How strange this fear of death is! We are never frightened at a sunset.
(*George Macdonald*)

A human being does not cease to exist at death. It is change, not destruction, which takes place. (*Florence Nightingale*)

When death comes it is never our tenderness that we repent from, but our severity. (*George Eliot*)

Our souls demand Purgatory, don't they? Would it not break the heart if God said to us, 'It is true, my son, that your breath smells and your rags drip with mud and slime, but we are charitable here and no one will upbraid you with these things, nor draw away from you. Enter into the joy?' Should we not reply, 'With submission, sir, and if there is no objection, I'd rather be cleaned first.' 'It may hurt, you know' - 'Even so, sir.'

I assume that the process of purification will normally involve suffering. Partly from tradition; partly because most real good that has been done me in this life has involved it. But I don't think the suffering is the purpose of the purgation. I can well believe that people neither much worse nor much better than I will suffer less than I or more. . . . The treatment given will be the one required, whether it hurts little or much.

My favourite image on this matter comes from the dentist's chair. I hope that when the tooth of life is drawn and I am 'coming round,' a voice will say, 'Rinse your mouth out with this.' This will be Purgatory. The rinsing may take longer than I can now imagine. The taste of this may be more fiery and astringent than my present sensibility could endure. But . . . it will [not] be disgusting and unhallowed. (*C.S. Lewis, Anglican writer; also author of "Narnia"*)

Just to be is a blessing. Just to live is holy.
(*Abraham Hetchel*)

Life breaks all of us sometimes, but some grow strong at broken places. (*Earnest Hemingway*)

I am an old man and have known many troubles, but most of them have never happened. (*Mark Twain*)