

SOLEMNITY OF THE EPIPHANY OF THE LORD

5th January 2014

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

Charity No. SC002876

www.stmarysfortwilliam.org



A New Year Blessing

May the Lord bless you and keep you.
May the Lord let his face shine on you
and be gracious to you.
May the Lord uncover his face to you
and bring you peace.
Amen.

<p style="text-align: center;">Noticeboard</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Sunday Masses Saturday, 6 p.m. Sunday, 10.30 a.m.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Weekday Masses 10.15 a.m. Except on Wednesday, when Mass will be at 11 a.m. (Funeral Mass of Neil MacVarish RIP)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Sacrament of Reconciliation Saturday 9.45 to 10 a.m. 4 to 4.30 p.m. 6.30 to 6.45 p.m.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>This week's Masses are those of the Christmas Season Next Sunday is the Feast of the Baptism of the Lord.</i></p>
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Last week, we thanked all those who did so much to make our Christmas a true celebration of the birth of Our Saviour. That "Thank you" is also for the past year. God bless you for all that you do in the service of your parish community, and may God bless you and yours in this New Year. A very special thanks must be given to the different parishioners who, each week, count our collections, attend to the Piety Stall income, and record the unsold Catholic papers. These are quiet and time-consuming services of the parish, for which Fr. MacKinnon is especially grateful. He is also indebted to those who clean the church in the course of the year.

We pray for our Faithful Departed, especially **Neil MacVarish** who has died recently. We give thanks for a man of faith and great warmth of heart, and we extend our prayer and sympathy to those who loved him best: Theresa, Serena, Neil, Veronica, Maria and all the family. May Neil now rest in peace with Dolly and all the loved ones who have gone before him. Neil's Funeral Mass will be on Wednesday at 11 a.m. We pray also for those whose anniversaries are about this time: **Margaret Mitchell, Bob Gribben, Ronald MacInnes, Catherine Kearney, David MacPherson, Patricia MacGrail, Ian Dhu MacDonald, Neil Gillies, Kate MacDougall, Tony McHugh, Roderick MacDonald, Kathleen Slattery, Annie Argue, Mairi Gillies, Joe MacLean, Anne Dryden, Hamish Brogan, Bella McHugh and Bernard Dougan.** May their souls and the souls of all the Faithful Departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

This week, **Father Stanislaw** will be going to Campbeltown to look after St. Kieran's parish. We wish him well!

This Sunday we have the annual **Justice and Peace** collection. Whatever you can give after the expenses of Christmas is really appreciated. And please remember the **Crib collection** which supports the Church's missions in the name of our children. We are running out of time, as the Crib will soon be gone!

Our sincere thanks to all who contributed so generously to **SCIAF's** work in Syria and the Philippines. Our Christmas collection came to £1089.32!

Holy Communion will be taken to the housebound in the course of this week.

We still await John Watt's **history of our Diocese**. As soon as our copies arrive, we will let you know.

Great progress has been made in the restoration of **the church in Glenfinnan**. To mark this, there will be a Mass of Thanksgiving on Sunday, 19th January, at 3 p.m., followed by refreshments in the Prince's House Hotel. A warm welcome is extended to everyone. If you would like to take part, please 'phone Fr. Tony Wood at 01687 450223.

Journey of the Magi by TS Eliot

A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the
darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.



Potpourri

I see Him, but not now; I behold Him, but not near; a Star shall
come out of Jacob; a sceptre shall rise out of Israel...
(Numbers 24:17).

We are all children of one heavenly Father. We belong to the
same human family and we share a common destiny... What is
happening in the heart of man? What is happening in the heart
of humanity? It's time to stop!
(Pope Francis on New Year's Day)

For last year's words belong to last year's language
and next year's words await another voice. (T.S. Eliot)

We spend January 1st walking through our lives, room by room,
drawing up a list of work to be done, cracks to be patched.
Maybe this year, to balance the list, we ought to walk through
the rooms of our lives...not looking for flaws, but for potential.
(Ellen Goodman)

Christmas in Bethlehem. The ancient dream: a cold, clear night
made brilliant by a glorious star, the smell of incense, shepherds
and wise men falling to their knees in adoration of the sweet
baby, the incarnation of perfect love. (Lucinda Franks)

Kings may be judges of the earth, but wise men are the judges
of kings. (Solomon Ibn Gabirol)

May Light always surround you;
Hope kindle and rebound you.
May your Hurts turn to Healing;
Your Heart embrace Feeling.
May Wounds become Wisdom;
Every Kindness a Prism.
May Laughter infect you;
Your Passion resurrect you.
May Goodness inspire
your Deepest Desires.
Through all that you Reach For,
May your arms Never Tire.
(D. Simone)

Each New Year, we have before us a brand new book
containing 365 blank pages. Let us fill them with all the
forgotten things from last year—the words we forgot to say, the
love we forgot to show, and the charity we forgot to offer.
(Peggy Toney Horton)

A New Year's resolution is something that goes in one year and
out the other. (Anon.)

My New Year's Resolution List usually starts with the desire to
lose between ten and three thousand pounds.
(Nia Vardalos)

At my age I do what Mark Twain did. I get my daily paper, look
at the obituaries page and if I'm not there I carry on as usual.
(Patrick Moore)

Do you realize that in about 40 years, we'll have thousands of
OLD LADIES running around with tattoos? (And RAP music
will be the Golden Oldies!)

How come it takes so little time for a child who is afraid of the
dark to become a teenager who wants to stay out all night?