

**5** Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear saint of our Isle,  
On us thy poor children bestow a sweet smile;  
And now thou art high in the mansions above,  
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.  
*On Erin's green valleys, on Erin's green valleys,  
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.*

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, thy words were once strong  
Against Satan's wiles and an infidel throng;  
Not less is thy might where in heaven thou art;  
O, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,  
Dear saint, may thy children resist unto death;  
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, their prayer,  
Their banner the cross which they glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,  
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more;  
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright,  
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,  
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wert on earth,  
And our hearts shall yet burn, wherever we roam,  
For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.

**6** In bread we bring you Lord, our body's' labour  
In wine we offer you our spirit's grief.  
We do not ask you, Lord, who is my neighbor?  
But stand united now, in one belief.  
For we have gladly heard your Word, your holy Word  
And now in answer, Lord, our gifts we bring.  
Our selfish hearts make true, our failing faith renew,  
Our life belongs to you, our Lord and King.

The bread we offer you is blessed and broken,  
And it becomes for us our spirit's food.  
Over the cup we bring, your Word is spoken;  
Make it your gift to us, your healing blood.  
Take all that daily toil, plants in our heart's poor soil,  
Take all we start and spoil, each hopeful dream.  
The chances we have missed, the graces we resist,  
Lord, in thy Eucharist, take and redeem.

#### **From the Catechism of the Catholic Church (1861)**

Mortal sin is a radical possibility of human freedom, as is love itself. It results in the loss of charity and loss of the state of grace. If it is not redeemed by repentance and God's forgiveness, it causes exclusion from Christ's kingdom and the eternal death of hell, for our freedom has the power to make choices for ever, with no turning back. However, although we can judge that an act is in itself a grave offense, we must entrust judgment of persons to the justice and mercy of God.

#### **What are we doing at Mass?**

##### **Fr. James explains THE LITURGY OF THE WORD**

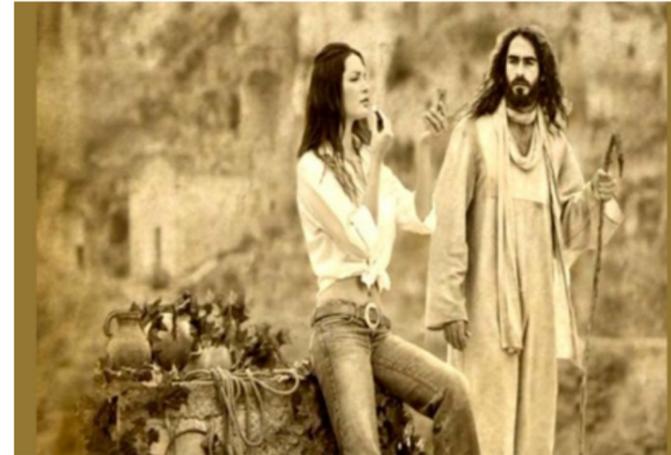
Next weekend we receive the second of our "worksheets" for this year, which concerns the Liturgy of the Word at Sunday Mass. Both Pope Francis and our own Bishops have called on us this year to think more and more about the importance of the Sacred Scriptures in our journey of faith: as Bishop John says: "in listening to the readings from the Scriptures we hear God Himself speaking to us. The Letter to the Hebrews reminds us that "the Word of God is something alive and active"; even the most familiar passages of the Scriptures speak to us in different and new ways according to the circumstances of our lives, challenging and reassuring us, day by day.

We must continually investigate and pray with the Scriptures that God be made present in all our actions, choices and decisions." In weeks to come we will explore different parts of the Liturgy of the Word one by one, but for this Sunday please spend some time thinking about the way in which we have a personal encounter with Jesus through the Word of God proclaimed in Sunday Mass.



#### **A Woman of no Distinction**

*by Chris Kinsley & Drew Francis 2007*



I am a woman of no distinction  
of little importance.  
I am a woman of no reputation  
save that which is bad.

You whisper as I pass by & cast judgmental  
glances,  
Though you don't really take the time  
to look at me,  
Or even get to know me.

For to be known is to be loved,  
And to be loved is to be known.  
Otherwise what's the point in doing  
either one of them in the first place?

**I WANT TO BE KNOWN.**

I want someone to look at my face  
And not just see two eyes, a nose,  
a mouth and two ears;  
But to see all that I am, and could be  
all my hopes, loves and fears.

But that's too much to hope for,  
to wish for,  
or pray for  
So I don't, not anymore.

Now I keep to myself  
And by that I mean the pain  
that keeps me in my own private jail  
The pain that's brought me here  
at midday to this well.

To ask for a drink is no big request  
but to ask it of me?  
A woman unclean, ashamed,  
Used and abused  
An outcast, a failure  
a disappointment, a sinner.

No drink passing from these hands  
to your lips could ever be refreshing  
Only condemning,  
as I'm sure you condemn me now  
But you don't.

You're a man of no distinction;  
Though of the utmost importance.  
A man with little reputation, at least so far.

You whisper and tell me to my face  
what all those glances have been about, and  
You take the time to really look at me.  
But don't need to get to know me.  
For to be known is to be loved and  
To be loved is to be known.

And you know me.  
You actually know me;  
all of me and everything about me.  
Every thought inside and hair on top of my head;  
Every hurt stored up, every hope, every dread.

My past and my future, all I am and could be.  
You tell me everything,  
you tell me about me!

And that which is spoken by another  
would bring hate and condemnation.  
Coming from you brings love, grace,  
mercy, hope and salvation.

I've heard of one to come  
who could save a wretch like me  
And here in my presence, you say  
I AM He.

To be known is to be loved;  
And to be loved is to be known.

And I just met you.  
But I love you.  
I don't know you,  
but I want to get to.

Let me run back to town  
this is way to much for just me.  
There are others: brothers,  
sisters, lovers, haters.

The good and the bad, sinners and saints  
who should hear what you've told me;  
who should see what you've shown me;  
who should taste what you gave me;  
who should feel how you forgave me.

For to be known is to be loved;  
And to be loved is to be known.  
And they all need this, too.  
We all do  
Need it for our own.

## Pope Francis on New Paths for the Church & Integral Ecology, Querida Amazonia (16)

A history of suffering and contempt does not heal easily. Nor has colonization ended; in many places, it has been changed, disguised, concealed, while losing none of its contempt for the life of the poor and the fragility of the environment. "The history of the Amazon region shows that it was always a minority that profited from the poverty of the majority and from unscrupulous plundering of the region's natural riches, God's gift to the peoples who have lived there for millennia and to the immigrants who arrived in centuries past".



### Pope Francis' to young people (Christus Vivit 132-4)

Are you looking for passion? As the poem says: "Fall in love!" (or "let yourself be loved!"); "nothing is more practical than finding God, than falling in love in a quite absolute, final way. What you are in love with, seizes your imagination, will affect everything. It will decide what gets you out of bed in the morning, what to do with your evenings, spend weekends, read, whom you know, what breaks your heart, and amazes you with joy and gratitude.

Fall in love, stay in love, and it decides everything". This love for God, that can approach everything in life with passion, is possible thanks to the Spirit, for "God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit given to us".

He is the source of youth at its best. Those who trust in the Lord are "like a tree planted by water sending out its roots by the stream; it shall not fear when heat comes and its leaves stay green". While "youths shall faint and be weary" those who wait for the Lord "shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint".

What does it mean to live the years of our youth in the transforming light of the Gospel? We need to raise this question, because youth, more than a source of pride, is a gift of God: "To be young is a grace, a blessing". It is a gift that we can squander meaninglessly, or receive with gratitude and live to the full.

**This Week's Feasts: Mon: Bl John Amias**, Yorkshireman, cloth-merchant, husband, father, as a widower fled the country to become a priest. Ordained at Rheims in 1580 he returned to the Mission, working in Lancashire where he was arrested in 1588 and martyred in 1590 with **Bl. Robert Dalby**, a former Anglican clergyman arrested coming ashore at Scarborough.

**Tue: St Patrick**, born in Britain 385, was taken to Ireland as slave. After escape he became a priest & Bishop for Ireland. He converted many to the faith. He died in 461 and was buried at Downpatrick.

**Wed: St Cyril of Jerusalem**, bishop of Jerusalem 348, famed for the teaching given to candidates for baptism, vigorously defended the faith during the Arian heresy, being exiled thrice. **St. Edward of Wareham**, King c975, murdered in 978 by order of his stepmother.

**Thu: St. Joseph**, secondary patron of our parish, Patron of the Universal Church, of workers and of a happy death.

**Fri: St. Cuthbert**, Anglo-Saxon monk, bishop and hermit, died in 687 at Lindisfarne. He is buried at Durham..

**Sat: St. Enna**, prince of Ulster, became a monk, founding monasteries at the end of the 5th century. **Bl. Matthew Flathers**, from Otley, was arrested soon after landing in England in 1606 and, for being a priest, was martyred in York. **Bl. Thomas Pilchard**, from Sussex, was arrested several times for being a priest and martyred in 1587

## SUGGESTED HYMNS FOR SUNDAY MASS

### Please do not use the Hymnbooks

**1** Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come:  
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
his word my hope secures;  
he will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
and mortal life shall cease:  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
a life of joy and peace.

**2** ALL ye who seek a comfort sure  
In trouble and distress,  
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
Or guilt the soul oppress,

Jesus, who gave himself for you  
Upon the cross to die,  
Opens to you his sacred heart;  
O to that heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly he invites;  
Ye hear his words so blest;  
"All ye that labour come to me,  
And I will give you rest."

O Jesus, joy of saints on high,  
Thou hope of sinners here,  
Attracted by those loving words  
To thee I lift my prayer.

Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood  
Which forth from thee doth flow;  
New grace, new hope inspire, a new  
And better heart bestow.



**3** God forgave my sin in Jesus' name.  
I've been born again in Jesus' name  
And in Jesus' name I come to you  
To share his love as he told me to.

*He said 'Freely, freely you have received;  
freely, freely give.*

*Go in my name, and because you believe others  
will know that I live.*

All pow'r is giv'n in Jesus' name  
In earth and heav'n in Jesus name  
And in Jesus' name I come to you  
To share his pow'r as he told me to.

God gives us life in Jesus' name  
He lives in us in Jesus' name  
And in Jesus' name I come to you  
To share his peace as he told me to.

**4** Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast,  
body of Christ, be thou my saving guest,  
blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,  
wash me with water flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy Passion be,  
O blessèd Jesu, hear and answer me;  
deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,  
so shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,  
in death's dread moments make me only thine;  
call me and bid me come to thee on high  
where I may praise thee with thy saints for ay.