



1ST SUNDAY *Cashel*

PARISH OF CASHEL NEWSLETTER

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

3RD DECEMBER 2017

FR. MERLYN KENNY-043 3325112

May hope and love dwell in our hearts this first week of Advent

Symbol

Circle
Evergreen Wreath
Candle
4 x Candles
3 Purple

Meaning

Eternity of God
Life, Immortality
Jesus is the light of the world
Four weeks of Advent
Purple = prayer, penance & preparation

Mass Times as follows:

Saturday Vigil Mass: 8pm. Sunday: 10.30am.

Monday: 8pm. Tuesday & Thursday: 9.30am. No Mass on Wednesday.

Friday is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Mass 10.30am & 8pm

Masses for the Dead:

Sat 2nd Dec 8.00pm Tommy Carberry, Derryhaun, (1st anniv)

Sun 3rd Dec 10.30am Frank Nolan, Portanure, (anniv).

Mon 4th Dec 8.00pm Special Intention.

Tues 5th Dec 9.30am Special Intention.

Thurs 7th Dec 9.30am Mass for the people of the Parish.

Fri 8th Dec 10.30am James Healy, Pollagh. (anniv)

8.00pm Richard & Annie Farrell, Cross.

Sat 9th Dec 8.00pm Phyllis Dowler, (1st anniv).

Sun 10th Dec 10.30am John Casey, Derrydarragh. (9th anniv).

Please pray for the happy repose of the souls of Fr. Louis Eustace and Moira Mulvihill.

Eucharistic Adoration: Wednesday 3pm-9pm and on Friday from 8.30pm-9pm.

Rosary continues on Saturday evenings at 7.40pm.

Eucharistic Ministers' Roster:

8.00pm Sat 9th Dec Ann Kelly & Marsha Carberry.

10.30am Sun 10th Dec Yvonne Kenny & Elizabeth Whitton.

Readers' Roster:

8.00pm Sat 9th Dec Ann Kenny.

10.30am Sun 10th Dec Laura Dermody.

Congratulations to Olivia Mulvihill & Kieran Manicle who were married last Saturday.

Concern Christmas Fast Church Gate collection takes this weekend.

Newtowncashel Drama Group present John B. Keane's play 'Moll' in The Hill on Saturday 2nd & Sunday 3rd December. Admission €10. National School & Secondary School students €5. Doors open 8pm. Curtain 8.30pm.

St. Mary's N.S. Enrolment for September 2018, takes place from Monday 4th December to Friday 15th December 2017. Enrolment pack can be collected from the school and relevant forms returned during this period.

Advent: This is the first Sunday of Advent. Advent is a time to prepare for the celebration of the birth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. The new liturgical year begins with the blessing of the Advent Wreath and the lighting of the first purple candle - The Prophecy Candle or Candle of Hope.

Cashel GAA: The club is holding it's A.G.M. on Saturday 9th Dec at 5pm in the clubhouse.

All members are requested to attend and new members are very welcome as the club reviews 2017, elects a new committee and plans for 2018.

Reflection: Many hundreds of years ago, before the advent of modern medicine, it was not always easy to declare definitively whether someone was truly dead or not. Even now with all our scientific advances mistakes are made. Some centuries ago, there was a much sought after holy mystic. On one particular occasion, he was listening to a man, well on in years, boast about how special he was to his family ... how his wife loved him so much - she said - she would die without him! ... and as for his sons and daughters - they showed nothing short of purest devotion to him. Even his grandchildren called him their favourite granddad ... and on and on he went. When he at last drew breath, the mystic turned to him and said - *"I don't believe that at all!"* "What do you mean?" said the man. "Well, said the holy monk, "only God's love is everlasting and never wanes. All human love is fragile and far from perfect". "That's not true in my case," replied the man obstinately. "I'll prove it to you," rejoined the monk.

"I'll bet you will not," argued the old man. Finally, a wager was agreed. The holy mystic had a special elixir, that once administered could induce a person into a state of almost perfect motionlessness. He called it a "corpse-like state" - with extremely low heart beat and almost undetectable breathing and then, with an antidote, he could bring the person back to normal in a few minutes. So he got the disbelieving man to go his bedroom when all were out of the house and to lie down on the bed. In no time at all, he had the man in a near perfect state of relaxation—so much so he resembled a corpse. Then the holy monk called the family. "Oh he's dead, he's dead!" one wailed and soon they were all at it. Up went such a clamour of weeping and keening, grieving and mourning that any fair-minded person would instantly believe the old gentleman's earlier claims of how special he was. Now, meanwhile ... remember ... he was totally aware and conscious of all the goings on around him.

As was the custom, a wake was held and as the night went on ... one story after another of the old man's greatness was related, one better than the other. And of all the stories, none were more effusive in eulogy and praise than those of his wife. Now, as things settled down a bit and the alcohol began to take hold - thoughts, as they do, amongst his family members, turned to the old man's money. He was a right old miser and he had a small fortune put by, which he would not let anyone - even his wife touch. Now, it was obviously up for grabs. When the family asked for a private moment in the bedroom with the corpse - soon the old reliable topic close to most human hearts raised it's head. "I'll have half of it," says the wife, and the rest is to be divided among yourselves equally." In her mind, she could already see all the lovely things she could now buy, and so with the children. Well, your man in the bed wanted to leap up straight away and lambast them all, but he could not until the mystic would have him released.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was the monk, "Please don't be sad ... do not despair!" he urged the grieving family. "I have a special ointment that will bring him back from the dead!" Well, consternation reigned. Far from jubilation, there was alarm and dismay. One said, rather unconvincedly - "It wouldn't be right!" Another - ... "He had a good innings anyway, it was time for him to go." And finally, in full hearing of the whole assembly, none other than his beloved wife herself announced:

"Ah sure! We'll get on grand without him anyway!"

At this stage, the monk had administered the potion ... and in no time at all, it was working - the auld fella began to stir in the bed ... cue - shrieks and gasps all around the place ... Then he leapt out of the bed in a thunderous rage, hell-bent on vengeance ... A tumultuous stampede ensued for the door and the first out the door ... the beloved spouse herself ...

Moral: If only we could all play the same trick as the auld fellow in the story ... then again, maybe not!! Goodness knows what we'd hear! In the immortal words of Jesus Himself: *"Be on your guard, Stay awake and Be ready! For you know not ... the day nor the hour..."*