

Mass Times & Masses for the dead as follows:

Sat	7th	July	8.00pm	Andrew Rowan, (1st Anniv)
Sun	8th	July	10.30am	Mass for the people of the parish.
Mon	9th	July	8.00pm	Special Intention.
Tues	10th	July	8.00pm	Special Intention.
Wed	11th	July	No Mass.	Adoration as usual.
Thurs	12th	July	9.30am	Special Intention.
Fri	13th	July	8.00pm	
Sat	14th	July	8.00pm	Tom & Annie Murray & Son John, Caltramore & Tara.
Sun	15th	July	10.30am	

Eucharistic Adoration continues on Wednesday 3pm-9pm and Friday 8.30pm-9pm

Baptism: We welcome into our Christian community baby Chloe Mary Casey, who was baptised on Saturday last. Congratulations to her parents Cian & Sonia.

Eucharistic Roster: 8.00pm Sat 14th July Nora Nolan & Mary Casey.
10.30am Sun 15th July Oliver Costello & Teresa Farrell.

Readers' Roster: 8.00pm Sat 14th July Emma Casey.
10.30am Sun 15th July Emily Farrell.

Wedding: Congratulations & best wishes to Siobhan Murray & Anthony O'Donoghue who were married on Saturday.

A Bus to Phoenix Park for the Pope's visit will be organised if there are enough people willing to travel. Please put your name on the list in the children's room at the back of the Church.

Cemetery Sundays: Saints Island: 12th Aug @ 12.00 Noon & Cashel: 19th Aug @ 12.00 Noon.

Reflection: *Journalist, author, philosopher* - member of the Académie française, and chief editor of France's influential weekly, Le Figaro Magazine, André Frossard (1915-1995) was one of Europe's most highly respected intellectual lights. In June of 1935, he underwent a sudden conversion, which, in an instant, transformed him from a militant atheist into a fervent Catholic. As a child, André Frossard was raised in a spirit of atheist ideology that strove against every manifestation of religious belief, in particular the Catholic Church. His father, Louis Oscar Frossard, was a well-known French politician and atheist. It was he who founded the French Communist Party in 1920 and became its first general secretary. André's mother was a non-practising Protestant, and his grandmother was Jewish. Young André saw the Catholic Church as a bastion of ignorance. When he was thirteen years old, he read Voltaire and Rousseau. From these writers, his heart and mind imbibed a caustic antipathy toward the Catholic Church and Christianity.

"We were perfect atheists, those who do not even wonder about their atheism.

God did not exist. His image or those that evoke his existence did not appear anywhere in our house. Nobody spoke to us about Him. There was no God. The sky was empty; the earth was a combination of chemical elements gathered in capricious forms by the play of attractions and natural repulsions. Soon it would give us its last secrets, among which: **there was no God at all.** Do I need to say that I was not baptized? I slept in a room in front of a portrait of Karl Marx. Karl Marx fascinated me. He was like a lion, a sphinx, a solar eruption. Karl Marx escaped time. There was something in him that was indestructible, transformed into stone, the certainty that he was right. That block of compact dialectics veiled my childhood dream.

Sunday for us was the day for the running water of the trout stream. At Christmas, the bells of the nearby towns did not find echo between us and God. It was a Christmas that commemorated nothing - without religious memories ... but much feasting. We rejected everything that came from Catholicism."

In 1935, twenty-year-old André Frossard was working as an aspiring journalist in Paris. Though he was an atheist, he had nevertheless befriended a practising Catholic, André Villemain, who tried unsuccessfully to lead him to a belief in God. On June 8, 1935, Villemain invited Frossard to dinner. They drove to the Latin Quarter in an old clapped-out car and stopped in front of a chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was perpetually exposed. Villemain asked Frossard to wait a moment while he attended to some business in the chapel. It is believed Villemain had asked the sisters to pray for his atheist friend's conversion. After waiting a while, the impatient Frossard got out of the car and entered the chapel. Standing at the back, he ran his eye over the people kneeling inside. In vain he sought out his friend. Just then, he turned his attention to the Blessed Sacrament which stood exposed for adoration.

He had no idea what it was, for he had never seen a monstrosity before. Suddenly, in a manner he could not explain, he felt a mysterious power outside of himself penetrate his heart. The power released him from the spiritual blindness caused by his atheism and enabled him to experience another world, a world more real than the one we perceive with our senses.

"What I saw was an indestructible crystal of infinite transparency [from which radiated] a pale-blue light of almost unbearable intensity. It was a world; another world of a radiance and brightness that in one stroke cast our world among the fragile shadows of unfulfilled dreams. From the dark shore upon which I stood, I gazed on this new reality and truth and saw the order of the universe. At its summit was the Self-Evident Nature of God who was both Presence and Person. A moment earlier I had denied Its existence. Christians call this Presence 'Our Father.' I felt all Its tender goodness and sweetness... a sweetness unlike any other, **capable of breaking the hardest stone and that which is even harder than stone—the human heart.**"

"The eruption of this reality of God was accompanied by a joy which is the exultation of one rescued from death ... the joy of a shipwrecked man at the very moment he is plucked from the seas. Only now did I realize how mired in the mud I had been all this time. I was amazed I could have lived and breathed in such a state. At the same time I acquired a new family - the Catholic Church. Her mission was to lead me to where I had to go, for I had a long journey before me ...

Frossard would subsequently learn that what had been revealed to him in this special way, the Catholic Church had formulated and proclaimed centuries earlier. "I found myself in a bizarre situation - as if Christopher Columbus had returned from America only to have Queen Isabella's ancient map-readers (who had never left their homes) explain his discoveries to him in the minutest detail, right down to the precise locations of the villages and plantations".

"That day," writes Frossard, "I became a Catholic from head to toe, a Catholic beyond any doubt - not a Protestant, or a Muslim, or a Jew. On leaving the chapel I was as shocked to find myself a Catholic as as I would have been had I walked out of the zoo a giraffe. No institution had been more alien to me than this Church. I would even say: no institution had seemed less sympathetic ... The Church was as far from me as the moon or the planet Mars. Voltaire had told me nothing good about her, and since I was thirteen years old I had read practically nothing apart from Voltaire and Rousseau."

Early each morning he attended Holy Mass at the Church of St. Madeleine. At noon he adored the Blessed Sacrament at the Church of St-Roch. In the afternoon, during a break at work, he prayed the rosary.

He also became involved in the resistance movement against the Nazis. In 1943, less than a year after he was married, the Gestapo arrested him as a member of the underground and detained him in the German prison at Fort Montluc. During those nightmarish months spent behind bars, he came to realize that the one freedom that no one could deprive you of ... is your spiritual freedom. He was one of the few prisoners to survive the war. He was liberated in the spring of 1945.

"I do not make this claim on the basis of theories and logical arguments, or on the basis of hearsay. I make it on the basis of experience ... **I saw!** ... I do not know why I should have been chosen to be an eyewitness. When you know that God exists, that Jesus is His Son, that He awaits us in that other world, that there will never be another hope in this world apart from that offered by the Gospel; when you know all this, you have to speak out. I have done this, and will continue to do this, until the moment I go to contemplate forever what I was given to see during those moments when for me ... **time stood still**". (From the world-wide best seller: "God exists, I found Him", by Andre Frossard).

Moral: In today's Gospel the local people's refusal to believe stops Jesus from working any miracles there. Because of God's gift of free-will ... I can stop Jesus from coming to me too ... **through my lack of faith ... that is the astonishing reality!** Andre Frossard ... son of the atheistic founder of the French Communist party ... was chosen by God to show us what happens when the reverse is true!