



PARISH OF CASHEL NEWSTEAD  
23RD SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME / B  
9TH SEPTEMBER 2018  
FR. MERLYN KENNY-043 3325112



#### Mass Times & Masses for the dead as follows:

Sat	8th Sept	8.00pm	
Sun	9th Sept	11.00am	Lady's Well: Tom, Hannah, Sean and Anthony Fagan & D.F.M.
Mon	10th Sept	8.00pm	Annie Forde & D.F.M. of the Skelly Family, Portanure.
Tues	11th Sept	8.00pm	Mass for the people of the Parish.
Wed	12th Sept	No Mass	Adoration as usual.
Thurs	13th Sept	9.30am	Special Intention.
Fri	14th Sept	9.30am	Morning Mass but <b>No evening Mass</b> re: Station.
Sat	15th Sept	8.00pm	Patrick Brennan Jnr. Derrygowna.
Sun	16th Sept	10.30am	

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

**Eucharistic Roster:** 8.00pm Sat 15th Sept Liz Hanley & Caroline Murtagh.  
10.30am Sun 16th Sept Helen Hassett & Elizabeth Whiston.

**Readers' Roster:** 8.00pm Sat 15th Sept Conor Skelly.  
10.30am Sun 16th Sept Brid Sweeney.

**Please pray** for the happy repose of the soul of Joe Flood, Greenhall, whose funeral took place during the week. May he rest in peace.

**Weekend Retreat in the Burren Co Clare. 28 – 30 September.** Why not come on a guided journey to the most secret and sacred places in the Burren and let the silence and beauty of this unique landscape renew in body and soul? Further information from Mary at 087 970 1130/Nóirín at 087 9459151.

**Congratulations** and best wishes to Justin Hopkins & Michelle McManus who were married in Ballymahon Church on Thursday.

**Stations:** For Station Mass please contact me at 086 0603433.

Already booked:

Friday 14th Sept	Ita & Michael Donlon, Derryshannogue.
Friday 21st Sept	Kathleen & Michael Casey, Derraghan Beg.
Friday 28th Sept	Sean Skelly, Caltramore.
Friday 5th Oct	Lorraine & Eddie Kearney, Fortwilliam / Greenhall
Friday 26th Oct	Chris and Seamus Casey, Greenhall Upper, Aughnacross, Carrickdunican.
Friday 2nd Nov	Lorraine and Justin Murtagh Newpark and Clonmee.

#### Reflection:

Nicholas II was one of the most beneficent Tsars of Russia. On one occasion he was acting orderly officer to troops stationed in a lonely Cossack fortress. The Tsar was not actually living in the fortress, but billeted some miles away, but the sentries had to be ready and alert whenever the orderly officer came. It was a cold blustering night and the wind howled mournfully round the tower and rattled the windows of an office in which a young man sat. Count Ivanovitch gazed with dull eyes at the fire; there was nothing he could do—he was smashed.

Ivanovitch was the darling of society, both in Moscow and St. Petersburg; brave, dashing, handsome, he was everybody's favourite. His father had held high military rank and served the Tsar faithfully until his death. Now exposure and disgrace loomed before Ivan. For months he had been living far beyond his means, and he was head over ears in debt. Then, poor foolish boy, he made what was bad so much worse, for he began to help himself from the regimental funds.

He was always going to pay it back, but somehow he never did. It would be quite impossible now; his debts rose like a mountain before him. Tomorrow the military auditors were coming to the fortress to check up the accounts.

The table behind was all spread over with open account books and ledgers; he had been going through them again and again till his head ached. He would be court-martialed and dismissed the Service—perhaps imprisoned. Yes, his career was smashed.

Gazing moodily into the fire, the wretched boy cried out, 'That is the only way out.' He got up and found his pistol and was bringing it back to the fire when the open ledgers and books on the table seemed to draw him. He sat down, went over them again and again then made some rough calculations on a sheet of paper; it was no good, so, pistol in hand, he went back to his seat by the fire.

There was no hurry, he had about five or six hours left. He stared into the fire and thought he saw in the burnt-out coals a picture of his wasted life. Then, because he was very young and unhappy, his eyes drooped and closed and he fell asleep still clutching the pistol.

At midnight the orderly officer arrived at the fortress and went his rounds. Coming along the corridor he was surprised to see a light under the door of the office at that hour. He opened it softly and looked in. A litter of books and ledgers open on the table and his friend, Count Ivanovitch, asleep in a chair with a pistol in his hand — was what he saw. Amazed, he went nearer to examine the books, and on the table he found a sheet of paper inscribed, 'What I owe,' a long, long list of figures followed and at the end a boyish scrawl: 'So great a debt, who can pay it?' The orderly officer looked more closely at the sleeper and marked the misery and despair on his face, then he took up a pen, added a few words at the bottom of the page, quietly removed the pistol and went away. As dawn broke Count Ivanovitch awoke stiff and wretched. The day had dawned which was to bring the dreaded scrutiny. There was just one way out, but where was the pistol? He got up to search for it, then he went over to the table. It was not there; but he saw something at which he stared incredulously. It was just a sheet of paper covered with a long list of debts in his own writing, but something had been added since he fell asleep. Under his last despairing question, 'Who can pay so great a debt?' was now written: 'I will, Nicholas, Tsar.'

There was nothing he would not do for his benefactor ever afterwards for as he would always - "That man saved my life." It was the turning point to a life that henceforth became one of integrity and honour.

**Moral:** Just when everything is going well, life has a way of throwing a spanner in the works for all of us. Not everyone will have a Nicholas Tsar of Russia to bail us out. But we who believe have someone better ... Jesus Christ. But He does want our help. And certain types of evil can only be cast out by prayer and fasting ... Mt 17:21 ... certainly relevant to what we see going on in the world at this moment in time.