



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

Sat	9th Nov	8.00pm	Bea (Bridget) Mulvihill., Dermeara.
Sun	10th Nov	10.30am	The Healy Family of Drummee, Tim & Kitty & D.F.M.
Mon	11th Nov	8.00pm	John Duke, Pollagh.
Tues	12th Nov	8.00pm	Maria & John McGlynn.
Wed	13th Nov	No Mass.	
Thurs	14th Nov	9.30am	Special Intention: Marian Fagan.
Fri	15th Nov	8.00pm	Mary Fagan & D.F.M. Dermeara.
Sat	16th Nov	8.00pm	Kevin Mulvihill (15th Anniv).
Sun	17th Nov	10.30am	
Mon	18th Nov	8.00pm	Patrick, Molly & Nanny Forde & D.F.M. Forthill.

*Rosary* continues on Saturday before Mass at 7.40pm.

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

**November List of the Dead:** During this month we remember our families and friends who have gone to their rest. Please fill in names on sheets provided at each entrance and drop them in the box at the altar starting on Friday 1st November. Those included on the list will be prayed for at each Mass during November.

## **Eucharistic Ministers:**

8.00pm	Sat	16th Nov	Monica Farrell & Kathleen Clarke.
10.30am	Sun	17th Nov	John Flood & Carmel Hopkins.

## **Readers:**

8.00pm	Sat	16th Nov	Lisa Dowd.
10.30am	Sun	17th Nov	Sean Farrell.

## **Stations booked as follows:**

Jack & Anne Bannon, Ballinahinch. To be arranged later.

## **Stations held already:**

Margaret & Pat Brennan, Derrygowra.  
Ger & Anne Hand, Newpark/Clonmee.  
John & Antoinette Flood, Greenhall Lwr/Forthwilliam.  
Paddy Donlon, Derryshannogue/Derrylosh.  
Angela & Frank Carberry, Derrahau.  
Peg Boyce.

**The Annual Regional Pioneer Mass** will be celebrated on Friday 15th November at 7.30pm in St. Brigid's Church Ardagh.

**Mass for Deceased Members of staff of ESB** Lanesborough will be held in ESB Sports and Social Club house on Wednesday 20th November at 8pm.

**Lanesboro Community College** will hold their open day for 5th & 6th class pupils on Wednesday 20th November. Students will have the opportunity to attend classes, meet students and teachers and experience secondary school for a day. All parents are welcome to visit the school on the evening of the 20th November between 7pm and 9pm to find out more about the school. Principal's address will begin at 7pm followed by a tour of the school where you will meet our students and teachers. Please contact the school for more details on 043 3321139.

## **Reflection**

A lonely old man in a nursing home passes away. While the nurses are cleaning the room, they happen upon a poem he had written, which gives them an entirely different view of the person known as *"the cranky old man."*

What do you see? What do you see?  
What are you thinking, when you look at me?  
A cranky old man, not very wise,  
Uncertain of habit, with faraway eyes?  
Who dribbles his food and makes no reply.  
When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try!"  
Who seems not to notice, the things that you do.  
And forever is losing ... a sock or a shoe?  
Who, resisting or not, lets you do as you will,  
With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill?  
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?  
Then open your eyes. You're not looking at me.  
I'll tell you who I am, as I sit here so still,  
As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.  
I'm a small child of 10, with a father and mother,  
Brothers and sisters, who love one another.  
A young boy of sixteen, with wings on his feet  
Dreaming that soon now, a lover he'll meet.  
A groom soon at twenty, my heart gives a leap,  
Remembering the vows, that I promised to keep.  
At 25, now I have young of my own,  
Who need me to guide, and a secure happy home.  
A man of thirty, my young now grown fast,  
Bound to each other, with ties that should last.  
At forty, my young ones have grown and are gone,  
But my wife is beside me, to see we don't mourn.  
At fifty once more, babies play 'round my knee,  
Again we know children, my loved one and me.  
Dark days are upon me, my wife is now dead.  
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing young of their own,  
And I think of the years, and the love that I've known.  
I'm now an old man, and nature is cruel,  
A jest to make old age look like a fool.  
The body, it crumbles, grace and vigour depart,  
There is now a stone, where once was a heart.  
But inside this old carcass, a young man still dwells,  
And now and again, my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joys, I remember the pain,  
And I'm loving and living, life over again.  
I think of the years, all too few, gone too fast,  
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.  
So open your eyes, people, open and see:  
Not a cranky old man,  
Look closer, see ME!

... and YOU!  
Moral: You and I are in this poem ... We are on a journey beyond this finite realm ... hopefully, in the words of Jesus in today's Gospel ... "we will be judged worthy of a place" there. In November, we remember our loved ones who are already that other world. The saints tell us that we are closest to them at the *Consecration of the Mass* when our prayers for them are at their most efficacious. There's an old tradition of (a) coming to Mass more regularly at this time on their behalf ... Or (b) spending some time in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.