



PARISH OF CASHEL NEWSLETTER  
SECOND SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME  
14th January 2018  
FR. MERLYN KENNY-043 3325112



#### Mass Times as follows:

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

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

#### Masses for the Dead:

Sat 13th Jan 8.00pm John & Margaret Muldoon, Aughavadden. Also James Kennedy.

Sun 14th Jan 10.30am Anna May Hopkins & Thomas Hopkins, Newpark.

Mon 15th Jan 8.00pm Mary (Babs) Fagan & D.F.M. Dermacar.

Tues 16th Jan 8.00pm Canon Jeremiah Macauley, (Former P.P.) Cashel.

Thurs 18th Jan 9.30am Special Intention.

Fri 19th Jan 8.00pm Peter and Mary Kate Clyne, Caltrabeg.

Sat 20th Jan 8.00pm The Greally Family, Carrickmoran & The Ward Family, Clonmee.  
Also Matt Concannon, Carrickmoran.

Sun 21st Jan 10.30am Kathleen McCormack, (1st Anniv).

Mon 22nd Jan 8.00pm Joseph & Lizzy Cosgrove & Bridie Kelly, Derrydartragh.

**Please pray** for the happy repose of the soul of Bridge Mulvihill, Elfeet. Also for the soul of Rose Healy, Cleraune whose funerals took place during the week. May they rest in peace.

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

**Rosary** continues on Sat evening at 7.40pm.

#### Eucharistic Ministers' Roster:

8.00pm Sat 20th Jan Liz Hanley & Caroline Murtagh.

10.30am Sun 21st Jan Brendan Bannon & Margaret Boyce.

#### Readers' Roster:

8.00pm Sat 20th Jan Siobhan Casey.

10.30am Sun 21st Jan Dermot Healy.

**Stations commencing** in February - Four already booked. Enquiries: 086 0603433.

**Reflection:** Jack took a long look at his speedometer before slowing down: 73 in a 55 mph zone. Fourth time in as many months. How could a guy get caught so often?

When his car had slowed to 10 miles an hour, Jack pulled over, but only partially. Let the cop worry about the potential traffic hazard. Maybe some other car will tweak his backside with a mirror.

The policeman was stepping out of his car, the big pad in hand. Bob? Bob from Church? Jack sunk farther into his trench coat. This was worse than the coming ticket. A Christian cop catching a guy from his own church. A guy who happened to be a little eager to get home after a long day at the office. A guy he was about to play golf with tomorrow.

Jumping out of the car, he approached a man he saw every Sunday, a man he'd never seen in uniform.

"Hi, Bob. Fancy meeting you like this."

"Hello, Jack." No smile.

"Guess you caught me red-handed in a rush to see my wife and kids."

"Yeah, I guess so."

Bob seemed uncertain. Good. "I've seen some long days at the office lately. I'm afraid I bent the rules a bit - just this once."

Jack toed at a pebble on the pavement. "Diane said something about roast beef and potatoes tonight. Know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean. I also know that you have a reputation in the precinct."

Ouch. This was not going in the right direction. Time to change tactics.

"What'd you clock me at?"

"Seventy. Would you sit back in your car please?"

"Now wait a minute here, Bob. I checked as soon as I saw you. I was barely nudging 65."

The lie seemed to come easier with every ticket.

"Please, Jack ... *in the car*."

Flustered, Jack hunched himself through the still-open door. Slamming it shut, he stared at the dashboard. He was in no rush to open the window.

The minutes ticked by. Bob scribbled away on the pad. Why hadn't he asked for a driver's license?

Whatever the reason, it would be a month of Sundays before Jack ever sat near this man again. A tap on the door to the left ... there was Bob, a folded paper in hand. Jack rolled down the window a mere two inches, just enough room for Bob to pass him the slip.

"Thanks," - Jack could not quite keep the sneer out of his voice.

Bob returned to his police car without a word. Jack watched his retreat in the mirror.

Jack unfolded the sheet of paper. How much was this one going to cost? Wait a minute.

What was this? Some kind of joke? Certainly not a ticket. Jack began to read:

"Dear Jack, Once upon a time I had a daughter. She was six when killed by a car. You guessed it - a speeding driver. A fine and three months in jail, and the man was free. Free to hug his daughters. All three of them. I had only one, and I'm going to have to wait until Heaven before I can ever hug her again. A thousand times I've tried to forgive that man. A thousand times I thought I had. Maybe I did, but I need to do it again. Even now. Pray for me. And be careful, Jack. My son is all I have left. Bob."

Jack turned around in time to see Bob's car pull away and head down the road. Jack watched until it disappeared. A full 15 minutes later, he too, pulled away and drove slowly home, praying for forgiveness and hugging a surprised wife and kids when he arrived.

- Author Unknown

**Moral:** Peter was like Jack when Jesus called him first - always putting his foot in it. It was only after Pentecost when he received the Holy Spirit that he truly became worthy of the name "Rock" which Jesus gave him in today's Gospel.