

Mass Times & Intentions as follows:

Sat 15th Feb 8.00pm Annie (Nanny) Healy, 1st Anniv.
Her husband Michael, son James & D.F.M.
Sun 16th Feb 10.30am John, Tom & Patricia Smyth, Curroole.
Mon 17th Feb 8.00pm Johnny Bawle, Curroole.
Tues 18th Feb 8.00pm Martin Bryce, brother of Nora Nolan, who died recently in London.

Wed 19th Feb No Mass.
Thurs 20th Feb 9.30am Special Intention.
Fri 21st Feb 7.00pm in the Church - Re: Station at 8pm.

Sat 22nd Feb 8.00pm Tom & Mary Ellen Delaney, Carrowbeg.
Paddy Casey, Mullingar, late of Comadough.
(Month's Mind).

Sun 23rd Feb 10.30am John Farrell. (1st Anniv.)
Stations commencing: Five already booked. One completed. Call: 086 0603433.

Fri 14th Feb 8.00pm: Margaret & Michael Bawle, Portlaurine.
Thurs 20th Feb 7.00pm: Liz & Peter Hanley, Loughawn - Dermecana.
Thurs 12th Mar 8.00pm: Carmel & Sean Hopkins, Drumnee - Saint's Island.
Fri 13th Mar 8.00pm: Jack & Anne Bannon, Ballinahinch.

Derrydarragh area station: The house due to take the station cannot now do so this year. If anyone else would like to host it in the area, I am happy to facilitate them.

Eucharistic Adoration continues Wednesday 3-9pm and Friday 7.30-8pm re Station.
Rosary continues on Saturday before Mass at 7.40pm.

Eucharistic Ministers:

8.00pm Sat 22nd Feb Ann Kelly & Marsha Carberry.
10.30am Sun 23rd Feb Brendan Bannon & Margaret Boyce

Readers:

8.00pm Sat 22nd Feb Conor Skelly.
10.30am Sun 23rd Feb Joseph Kenny.

Newtowncashel Drama Group presents 'Cat Among Pidgeons' by Tom O'Brien in 'The Hill' Newtowncashel, on Friday the 28th, Saturday the 29th of February & Sunday the 1st of March @ 8.30 pm. Admission by ticket only. Call (086) 2521536.

Newtowncashel Defibrillator Group would like to invite anyone interested in learning CPR and the use of a defibrillator, to 'The Hill' on Tuesday night at 7pm.
Any enquiries, please telephone 086-8566608 or 087-6190134.

The Lourdes Assisted Pilgrims Annual Collection amounted to €547, and thank you for your generous support. The Pilgrimage takes place from the 29th June to the 3rd of May. Names of sick people who would like to come to Lourdes should be submitted as soon as possible to Elizabeth Clyne at 3325156.

The hospital was unusually quiet that bleak January evening, quiet and still like the air before a storm. I stood in the nurses' station on the 7th floor and glanced at the clock. It was 9 p.m. I threw a stethoscope around my neck and headed for room 712.

Room 712 had a new patient: Mr. Williams. A man all alone. A man strangely silent about his family. As I entered the room, Mr. Williams looked up eagerly, but dropped his eyes when he saw it was only me, his nurse. I pressed the stethoscope over his chest and listened. Strong, slow, even beating. Just what I wanted to hear. Then he looked up from his starched white bed. "Nurse, would you?" He hesitated, tears filling his eyes. "Would you call my daughter? Tell her I've had a heart attack. A slight one. You see, I live alone and she is the only family I have." "Of course I'll call her," I said, studying his face. He gripped the sheets and pulled himself forward, his face tense with urgency. "Will you call her right away - as soon as you can?" He was breathing fast - too fast. "I'll call her the very first thing," I said, patting his shoulder. I flipped off the light. "Nurse," he called, "could you get me a pencil and paper?" I dug a scrap of yellow paper and a pen from my pocket and set it on the bedside table. I got her number from information and dialled. Her soft voice answered. "Janie, this is Sue Kidd, a registered nurse at the hospital. I'm calling about your father. He was admitted tonight with a slight heart attack and -" "No!" she screamed into the phone, startling me. "You must not let him die!" she said.

Her voice was so utterly compelling that my hand trembled on the phone. "He is getting the very best care." "But you don't understand," she pleaded. "My daddy and I haven't spoken in almost a year. We had a terrible argument on my 21st birthday, over my boyfriend. I ran out of the house. I-I haven't been back. All these months I've wanted to go to him for forgiveness. The last thing I said to him was, 'I hate you.'"

Her voice cracked and I heard her heave great agonizing sobs. I sat, listening, tears burning my eyes. A father and a daughter, so lost to each other. Janie struggled to control her tears, I breathed a prayer: "Please, God, let this daughter find forgiveness." "I'm coming. Now! I'll be there in 30 minutes," she said. Click. She had hung up. I hurried down the hall nearly in a run. I opened the door.

Mr. Williams lay unmoving. I reached for his pulse. There was none. "Code 99. Room 712. Code 99. Stat." The alert was shooting through the hospital within seconds. Mr. Williams had had a cardiac arrest. I bent over his mouth, breathing air into his lungs. I positioned my hands over his chest and compressed. One, two, three. I tried to count. At 15 I moved back to his mouth and breathed as deeply as I could. He could not die! The door burst open. Doctors and nurses poured into the room pushing emergency equipment. A doctor took over the manual compression of the heart. A tube was inserted through his mouth as an airway. Nurses plunged syringes of medicine into the intravenous tubing. I connected the heart monitor. Nothing. Not a beat. My own heart pounded. "God, please don't let it end like this. Not in bitterness and hatred. His daughter is coming. Let her find peace." But nothing. No response. Mr. Williams was dead. A nurse unplugged the oxygen. One by one they left, grim and silent. How could this happen? How? I stood by his bed, stunned. A cold wind rattled the window, pelting the panes with snow. How could I face his daughter? When I left the room, I saw her slumped against the wall by a water fountain. Such devastating hurt reflected from her face. Such wounded eyes. She knew. The doctor had told her that her father was gone. I took her by the hand and led her into the nurses' lounge. "Janie, I'm so sorry," I said. It was pitifully inadequate. "I never hated him, you know. I loved him," she said.

"I want to see him." We walked slowly down the corridor to 712. She pushed open the door. Janie leaned over the bed and buried her face in the sheets. I tried not to look at her, at this sad, sad good-bye. I backed against the bedside table. My hand fell upon a scrap of yellow paper. I picked it up. It read: "My dearest Janie, I forgive you. I pray you will also forgive me. I know that you love me. I love you too ... Signed Daddy!"

The note was shaking in my hands as I thrust it toward Janie. She read it once. Then twice. Her tormented face grew radiant.

Peace began to glisten in her eyes. She hugged the scrap of paper to her breast. "Thank You, God," I whispered, looking up at the window. A few crystal stars blinked through the blackness. A snowflake hit the window and melted away, gone forever. Life seemed as fragile as a snowflake on the window. But thank You, God, that relationships, sometimes fragile as snowflakes, can be melted together again—but there is not a moment to spare.

I crept from the room and hurried to the phone. I would call my father. I would say, "I love you."

Moral: "Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away."

The poet Philip James Bailey first released "Festus" in 1839.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most ... feels the noblest ... acts the best."

- *Guidposts Magazine*

- Vicki Corona