



Mass Times & Masses for the dead as follows:

Sat	23rd Nov	8.00pm	Paddy McArdle (3rd Anniv).
			Also Michael & Annie, Estate Rd.
Sun	24th Nov	10.30am	Peter Nolan (4th Anniv) Carrickmoran.
Mon	25th Nov	8.00pm	Beatrice & Brendan Bawle, Loughawn.
Tues	26th Nov	8.00pm	James & Mary Sweeney,
			Also Joseph Dunne & DFM Derrygowna.
Wed	27th Nov	No Mass.	
Thurs	28th Nov	9.30am	People of the Parish.
Fri	29th Nov	8.00pm	Annie-Mai Kenny, (9th anniv) Derrydarragh.
Sat	30th Nov	8.00pm	Tommy Carberry, (3rd anniv) Derrahauan.
Sun	1st Dec	10.30am	John Casey & Noreen Gibbons, Derrydarragh & Athlone.

Rosary continues on Saturday before Mass at 7.40pm.

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

Eucharistic Ministers: 8.00pm Sat 30th Nov Ann Kelly & Laura Hanley.
10.30am Sun 1st Dec Helen Hassett & Elizabeth Clyne.
8.00pm Sat 30th Nov Michelle Donnelly.
10.30am Sun 1st Dec Dermot Healy.

Readers:

Please pray for the happy repose of the soul of Joe Mulvihill, Cross, who died during the week.

Reflection Weakness or Strength?

Sometimes your biggest weakness can become your biggest strength. Take, for example, the story of one 10-year-old boy who decided to study judo despite the fact that he had lost his left arm in a devastating car accident. The boy began lessons with an old Japanese judo master. The boy was doing well, so he couldn't understand why, after three months of training the master had taught him only one move.

"Sensei," the boy finally said, "Shouldn't I be learning more moves?"
"This is the only move you know, and this is the only move you'll ever need to know," the sensei replied.

Not quite understanding, but believing in his teacher, the boy kept training. Several months later, the sensei took the boy to his first tournament. Surprising himself, the boy easily won his first two matches. The third match proved to be more difficult, but after some time, his opponent became impatient and charged; the boy deftly used his one move to win the match. Still amazed by his success, the boy was now in the finals.

This time, his opponent was bigger, stronger, and more experienced. For a while, the boy appeared to be overmatched. Concerned that the boy might get hurt, the referee called a time-out. He was about to stop the match when the sensei intervened.

"No," the sensei insisted, "Let him continue."
Soon after the match resumed, his opponent made a critical mistake: he dropped his guard. Instantly, the boy used his move to pin him. The boy had won the match and the tournament. He was the champion.

On the way home, the boy and sensei reviewed every move in each and every match. Then the boy summoned the courage to ask what was really on his mind.

"Sensei, how did I win the tournament with only one move?"

"You won for two reasons," the sensei answered. "First, you've mastered one of the most difficult throws in all of judo. And second, the only known defence for that move is for your opponent to *grip your left arm.*"

The boy's *biggest weakness* had become his *biggest strength*. So with the Good Thief in today's Gospel ... how so?

"God's Days" is a reflection that sheds light on this mystery ...

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I should never worry - two carefree days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these days is *Yesterday*. Yesterday, with its cares and fret ... pains and aches ... mistakes and blunders, should have passed forever beyond my recall.

It was mine; Now ... it is God's!

The other day that I do not worry about is *Tomorrow*. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and performance, is as far beyond my mastery as its dead sister, Yesterday.

Tomorrow is God's ... It will be mine!

There is left, then, for myself but one day in the week - Today. Anyone can carry the burdens of *just one day*; anyone can resist the temptation of *today*. It is only when we willfully add the burden of *these two awful eternities - Yesterday and Tomorrow* - such burdens as *only* the Mighty God can sustain - that *we break down*.

It isn't the *experience of Today* that drives us mad. It is the *remorse* of what happened *Yesterday* and *fear* of what Tomorrow might bring.

These are *God's Days ... Leave them to Him!*

Moral: The Good Thief knew his yesterday was gone ... and tomorrow was in God's Hands ... he grasped the moment ... *carpe diem!*

Now called St. Dismas ... He is the Patron Saint of:

- those condemned to death;
- those who have engaged in dishonest business;
- those who have done the worst things possible;
- those who are discouraged because of irresolvable situations;
- those who have a fear of dying without repenting of their sins.

Why is St. Dismas the patron saint of so many people? Because he is the *first canonized saint* in History: that very man who was a great criminal and lived a very bad life ... Simply, because he *softened his hardened heart and humbled himself* to believe that *Jesus was who He said He was - The only one who can save us*.

Coming to Mass on Sunday ... saying my daily prayers ... confessing my sins ... being good to the poor and oppressed ... exhibits the same *softness of heart and humility as the good thief* - And then we can be sure of the same response from Jesus on our death-bed too ...

"This day you will be with Me in Paradise." Were there ever any more beautiful words spoken in all of history? ... and they are *ours* for the taking ... if we but adopt the same attitude as Dismas: *"Remember me"* ... in essence - the same words Jesus puts before you and me ... this very day ... at the Consecration of the Mass - when he challenges us ...

"Do This in Memory of Me."