

PARISH OF YOUGHAL

Canon Bill Bermingham, PP, Emmet Place, Youghal - 083 868 7196;

Fr. Pat Corkery CC, Emmet Place, 024 - 92336 / 087 960 1558; Fr. Gerard Cremin CC, Upper Strand, - 024 90296;

Fr. Brendan Mallon CC, Magner's Hill, - 024 92456; Canon Tom Browne PE, South Abbey, - 024 93199;

Deacon John Nestor; Urgent Sick Calls; 087 977 9906; Email: youghalcatholicparish@gmail.com

Thanks to all who contributed to our parish income last weekend:

Parish Collection - 21/22 Dec.	€2,695.00
28/29 Dec.	€3095.00
Maintenance Fund - 21/22 Dec.	€1,499.00
28/29 Dec.	€1,660.00

Parish Office, 3 The Presbytery, Emmet Place

Open: Mon to Friday 9 am - 1 pm

Thursday, 2 pm - 6 pm

Parish secretary: Ann J. Walsh - 024 91717

Please pray for those who have died. May they rest in peace: *For Francis Cooney (Clonmel),*

Ann Twomey, Rosemary Dennehy, Carmel Treacy,

Fr. Jim Hannon & Geof Bellingham (Plymouth & Youghal) who died recently.

For Dick Heaphy whose First anniversary occurs at this time.

St. Vincent de Paul Youghal: Anyone who needs a little help phone: 087 127 3448

Eucharistic Adoration: If you are willing to spend an hour in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament every week, contact: Una 087 996 1004. The following days and hours need cover:

Friday: 5 - 6 pm

Saturday: 3 - 4 pm

The Adoration Chapel, Emmet Place, Youghal.

Tomorrow / Monday is the Feast of the Epiphany and a Holy Day of Obligation. Masses on Monday in the Parish Church at 8 am and 12 noon; Gortroe Church at 9.30 am; Strand Church at 10 am and Holy Family Church at 7.30 pm.

The Diocesan directory for 2020 is available at the back of the Church and from the Parish office €3.

Lectio Divina

The Art of Sacred Reading

Read • Meditate • Pray • Contemplate

A monthly meeting (every 4 weeks) in the prayer room, Youghal parish office, for Lectio Divina, led by Deacon John Nestor, from 07.30 to 08.30pm.

Lectio Divina is contemplative reading, meditating and praying of the Scriptures. It is the traditional practise of reflecting on the living Word of God.

No study or resources needed.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

Next Meeting -

Thursday, 23rd January 2020 - 7.30 to 8.30 pm

The Epiphany

A stable's a good place for revelations.

Some of the most profound discoveries are made in back rooms, half by accident, by people half-exhausted, looking for something else.

Just as we felt like giving up, when the whole thing had become ridiculous and had gone on much too long, and we were blaming

everybody else for our mistakes,

we came upon the unexpected answer in the most unlikely place:

a speechless, thoughtless, helpless child who just lay there, needing to be loved.

In this defiance of all natural things was born the enabling power of sacrifice—

a being whose ambition was to seek

its own destruction and then call upon his followers to do no more or less.

What kind of way was this to rule a world?

He just lay there, needing to be loved.

It would be stopped. Each Herod would conspire for its destruction, when they cannot tempt it

with possessions nor subdue it with pain

nor lull it to sleep with alcohol or television.

Here was something we could not buy or cure,

digitise, transplant, update, invest in,

analyse or write a business plan for.

He had no army, text-book, voters' mandate

or computer markup language

with which to implement this great design:

he just lay there, needing to be loved.

It was the most implausible demand.

Anything else we might negotiate

but not this secret life secured through death:

grace, born out of deprivation,

grace born of the endurance of the oppressed,

grace born of the hardships of the poor,

grace born of the forgiveness of the intolerable,

grace borne in the dignity of silence, grace born

from incomprehensible submission

to the absolute abuse of power.

In the strength of his weakness

he just lay there, needing to be loved.

Aeons after energy exploded into matter

here in this stable was let loose

a yet more potent power:

shedding the fabric of his former life

like an old coat, reckless that the truth

would prove for all he knew fatal

to everything to which he had thus far clung.

Our gifts were tokens. There was nothing more to do

but leave the child to his own terrible story,

and return by different routes

to our own countries, strangers to us now,

yet seeing them as if for the first time,

how they just lie there, needing to be loved.

By Godfrey Rust

Confessions:

Saturday: After 10am Mass - After the Vigil Masses

Thursday before the First Friday after 10am Mass in Our Lady of Lourdes