

Holy Trinity and St. George Parish Magazine

Autumn 2020



"Even if something is left undone, everyone must take time to sit still and watch the leaves turn."

Elizabeth Lawrence

Price: 50p

A Pandemic Autumn: Beauty Amid the Prayers

Hello, Friends:

What a difference a few months make. My situation here has utterly changed since our summer issue. I have full-time work teaching adorable four-year-old deaf children and therefore ~ COVID permitting ~ I am delighted to say that I will be with you next summer. Until I can return on a permanent basis, this is the best news I have had in many a moon.

And couldn't we all use some good news...? As my personal situation has improved, current events are so challenging it's easy to feel punch drunk. This is the last issue before the US Presidential election and the tenor of things here are far, far more chaotic than at any other point in my lifetime. The COVID situation keeps spiking, causing acute economic need and crippling isolation, infecting America's First Family (who do not follow safety guidelines). Unrest, anxiety, incivility and despair threaten us all on a daily basis.

I said to my friend last Sunday that all I wanted to do was to prostrate myself in front of the altar, and I meant it. Sometimes the Old Testament prophets say it best:

O LORD, God of my salvation, I cry out day and night before you. Let my prayer come before you; incline your ear to my cry! For my soul is full of troubles, and my life draws near to Sheol. (Psalm 88: 1–3)

I'm grateful that Catholic liturgy is so sensory-rich. Sometimes words are not enough. Like the beauty of autumn all around, our faith has the power to calm and restore us. We are Easter people; we live in hope. I have never found autumn a melancholy time of year, though I know many do. I think of all the flora dropping seeds and spores before the winter's cold to start life all over again. We need to find and celebrate life in all its forms in these trying times.

Thanks as always to all our contributors, especially to **Raymond Daley** who, in addition to his usual labours, typed up some hand-written pieces this issue. Thanks as well to **Fr. Hugh, Margaret Wadsworth, Chris D'Arcy, Pamela Boyes** and **Kathleen Hargreaves**. We have one more issue for 2020, our Advent/Christmas magazine, so please send your contributions to Raymond (jraymonddaley@gmail.com) or to me (yorkistatheart@gmail.com). We have a new feature beginning this issue: *Merton Corner*, a sampling of the writings of 20th century Trappist monk Thomas Merton. I hope you enjoy it.

Before I close, I need to send a very belated apology to **Jenny Davies**, who sent a contribution for our Spring/Easter issue which was somehow missed out and which I found only this evening! I am including it belatedly in this issue ~ I am so sorry Jenny!

Enjoy the issue and this beautiful season.

Celeste





I'm sat watching our neighbour's workmen painting the old block of flats behind the church and trying to forgive them for blocking the alleyway for ten days with a cherry-picker without letting us know. Hopefully, for their sakes, they will be finished by the weekend, as we have a storm ('Alex' I think the French weather people have called it) arriving for the day on Saturday. A day for meditation, I think, and getting ready to go to Rome on pilgrimage. We have been on tenterhooks for weeks wondering whether we will be allowed to go or not, and Monday is the day. The Prime Minister was on the TV yesterday but surprisingly, and a blessing for us, said nothing new. I think it was just a few words (quite a few words) of encouragement in difficult times. Churchill flew to Normandy just days after the D-Day landings. I am not sure what the appropriate Prime-Ministerial action would be in these circumstances, though to be fair he has suffered from it himself.

Planning everything has been complicated. We now have the Rule of Six, as you know, so full First Holy Communion preparation is not possible. All but four families have decided to postpone so we will be able to have a very small group and then tackle the second part with the others next year, or whenever we are able to go ahead. As the greatest number of people that can meet, thirty, is for a funeral, someone has said that we could call Christmas Day the turkey's funeral and then have the whole family round.

The scaffolding on the front of church has now become part of the conservation area, it has been there so long. It seems that we are waiting for the insurers to OK it. Their original excuse was that they could not go ahead because of the lockdown. Now I am not sure what the excuse is, but certainly nothing is happening. Nothing more has dropped off the front, so that is good news.

One of the successes of the COVID era has been the live-streaming of the Mass on Sunday. I never thought we would manage that, but thanks to Christine and Ken, it has worked really well. Although the viewing numbers will obviously drop off when we are all more comfortable about being in one place together, I hope we can keep it up, as those who cannot get out have found it a great benefit. What with the projectors and screening, and having eventually found a way to avoid further terminal phone calls with BT who never sorted our problem, the techno side has gone quite well.

My attempt to learn a bit of Polish over the lockdown has not really succeeded. The profusion of 'sz,' 'cz' and 'l's' with a line through them has baffled me. The 'r's' seem to be silent before a 'z' and sometimes 'c's'. However, it has been fun. I just need to stop Duolingo reminding me that I am failing.

By the time the next magazine comes out, hopefully things will look very different. Thank you for all your help in these difficult times. I know for many people it has been and is still very stressful.

Finally, keep Bernard our Deacon in your prayers as he is very ill.

God bless,

Fr. Hugh



MY THOUGHTS OF AUTUMN

*A Collection of Original Reflections by Pamela Boyes
with Collected Poems*

It is now nearly autumn. I know many people, including my mum, love this season. They love the warm and vibrant colours that wipe out the blanket of green. The dropping of the leaves from the trees as they go into a winter rest, which is why it is also called “fall.” Having been to New England in the fall, I have to say it can be quite a spectacular sight.

It is the season for apples, the Bramleys and other bakers, and my mum always made the best apple pies! I love the crab apple tree and its beautiful blossoms, one of which has a prominent place in our back garden, but I have never made crab apple jelly!

I remember my grandmother’s small orchard at this time of the year, filled with the fruits of the season waiting to be picked, and the conference pears that my brother and I picked from the trees in the orchard on our aunt and uncle’s farm, carrying them home in a big duffle bag!

It is also the season for picking blackberries out of wild hedgerows. For many, the memories of picking berries is associated both with their sweet taste, but also with bramble scratches and nettle stings.



JOY

By Hugo Williams

Not so much a sting
As a faint burn

not so much a pain
as the memory of pain

The memory of tears’
flowing freely down cheeks

In a sort of joy
that there was nothing

worse in the world
than stinging nettle stings

and nothing better
than cool dock leaves.

Autumn also brings with it cold weather and the coming of darker nights, as we transition from the warmth of summer to the chill of winter. At this time of year many kinds of birds will migrate south, travelling from their breeding grounds in the north to a warm place for winter. Geese fly in a V formation in order to reduce air resistance which helps them conserve energy for their long flights, which can be many thousands of miles. They seem to know when the seasons are turning, and when they must migrate. It is a wonderful but perhaps a sad sight to see as they leave us for warmer climes.

SOMETHING TOLD THE WILD GEESE

By Rachel Field

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, 'Snow.'

Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, 'Frost.'

All the sagging orchards,
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered Ice.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly,
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.



My thoughts of Autumn end with the Harvest Festival and memories of church thanksgiving services attended with my family over the years. Everyone giving gifts of food that would be a part of the service and then distributed to those in need. It will perhaps be somewhat different this year from those of previous years due to the COVID-19 precautions, but hopefully some form of it will be possible, as now more than ever, with the advent of food banks, our contributions of food are very much needed.

Thanksgiving

For each new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food,
For love and friends,
For everything thy goodness sends

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Update from Cenacolo UK – October 2020

By Chris D’Arcy

In recent months, the number of lads in the Kendal house has been small, and reduced to only four recently. Discussions have taken place this week, pulling together the thoughts from the Responsible (Senior Community Members), Chair of Trustees, Spiritual Director for the Community in the UK and Don Andrea, about what would be the most helpful way forward. Don Andrea and the priest leaders of the Cenacolo Community in Italy concluded that it would be best for the members of the British House to join the house in Ireland for a period of reflection and renewal. This is a temporary measure. The lads went to Knock on 11th September 2020.

The plan is a new group of lads will be sent to reopen the Kendal House “...in two or three months.” United with the Heart of the Community in Saluzzo, we continue to trust and ask for your prayers for this work of the Holy Spirit. For the time being, the House in Kendal will not be accepting new entrants. The trustees, as with all connected to the house, are saddened by this development, but glad that it is a temporary measure and remain confident, in a spirit of faithfulness and prayer, that the House will reopen in the not-too-distant future.

This should not deter those wishing to know more about the Community and possibly entering, from making enquiries. The Community is still open to welcome those who feel that they would benefit from a time of friendship, work and prayer in Cenacolo.

Initial contact could be via email: cenacolouk@gmail.com or through a phone call: 01539 736222. The Listening Points as listed on the website (cenacolouk.org) are still operational and will welcome enquiries.

The Thursday Evening Adoration to pray for those struggling with addictions and the work of the Cenacolo Community recommenced on 3rd September 2020, and will continue every Thursday at 18:30. Fr Hugh will continue to offer the first Wednesday Mass at the House. All friends are welcome to attend this mass at 18:00. Please be aware this is subject to observing any local or national changes brought about by COVID.

Our Lady Mother of Cenacolo and Queen of Martyrs' – Pray for us.

For Bruno's testimony, visit: <https://cenacolouk.org/testimonies/brunos-testimony>



*As mentioned on the introductory page, this lovely piece was submitted in the spring by Jenny Davies.
Many apologies for the late inclusion!*

The Rededication of England as the Dowry of Mary on 25th March 2020

In 1982 Pope John Paul II spoke of England as Mary's Dowry, saying:

Our society needs to recover a sense of God's loving presence and a renewed sense of respect for His will. Let us learn this from Mary Our Mother.

In England, the Dowry of Mary, the faithful for centuries have made pilgrimage to her shrine at Walsingham.

The statue of Our Lady of Walsingham reminds us it is Mary who will teach us how to be silent, how to listen to the voice of God in the midst of the busy and noisy world.

We need to live as Mary did, in the presence of God, raising our hearts and minds to Him in our daily activities and worries."



Each issue of the HTSG Parish Magazine will contain an article on the vital work of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society submitted by Raymond Daley.

This issue, it focuses on the impact of the SVP. In addition, we have a message regarding this year's beautiful SVP Christmas cards.



WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THE SVP MAKE?

The impact of the work of the SVP across England & Wales is measured by us in a variety of ways. Research by Oxera Europe, a leading economics consultancy, estimates that the SVP in England and Wales generates at least £11m per year in economic welfare improvement through its befriending programmes alone.

Last year, our 8,857 visiting members made 475,064 visits, spent 625,084 hours visiting people in need and gave out food parcels on over 25,000 occasions. In addition to our visiting work, the Society makes an impact through its many and varied projects. A few of these are highlighted below.



Our community project in Bradford provided debt advice to 242 people with £400 or more of rent arrears. In addition to preventing evictions, the debt team have made sustainable repayment offers totalling £2,295 per week or £119,340 per year, enabling clients to remain in their home.

Our 40-plus SVP community shops and support centres have reopened and are now back in operation, serving their local communities.

Our two Newcastle hostels for men on bail and released on parole or licence helped 178 offenders move on to independent accommodation and successfully reintegrate into the community.

Our annual summer holiday camps enabled 1,500 disadvantaged children and young people to experience their first ever holiday and gave over 400 young people invaluable leadership training. It's a shame that, due to the safety concerns, we have been unable to provide these this year.



Our Sudan appeal funded:

- medical treatment for over 5,000 people
- clean water for 22,000 people in Khartoum
- regular meals for 5,250 children as part of the baby feeding programme
- vocational training for 400 young people in Juba

The SVP runs baby feeding centres in the internally displaced people's camps. Young children once at risk of being lured into joining a militia by the promise of food now receive nutritious meals in a safe environment and will not be robbed of their childhood. SVP medical clinics in the IDP camps provide 6,500 free medical consultations and vital medicine each year. They are staffed by volunteer doctors and nurses on their days off.



An SVP water tanker provides over 35,000 people a day with a reliable supply of fresh water where wells cannot be sunk and droughts are common.

A vocational training programme helps young adults learn a trade and find a pathway out of poverty, while supporting their family and local communities. Courses in adult literacy, building and construction, animal husbandry, medicine and engineering are enabling a new generation to develop skills and slowly rebuild their nation.

The “Be in Hope” home in Juba, South Sudan, provides a sanctuary for 15 orphan children and young adults who have suffered from hunger or violence, and who are often preyed upon by gangs and armed militias. The idea for the home came from young people who fled the conflict in Khartoum where they themselves had been supported by the SVP.

Our overseas student sponsorship scheme supported 1,047 students in schools, colleges and universities throughout India.

SVP England and Wales is closely monitoring the Covid-19 outbreak and its impact on our work in the coming weeks and months. We are taking all steps necessary to ensure the safety and wellbeing of the people we help ~ members, staff and other volunteers ~ while continuing to operate and assist those in need.

Since March, the SVP Covid-19 Emergency Fund has been available in response to the pandemic to support those most in need during this time. Applications are welcomed from SVP conferences to assist them in providing Vincentian support to those in urgent need during this national crisis.

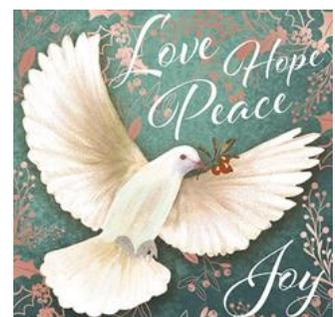
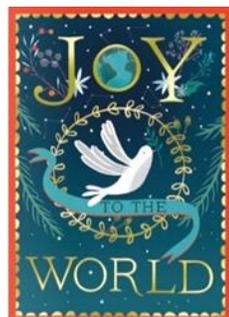
Over the past few months, I have been heavily involved in making decisions regarding grant applications which are made by a sub-committee of the Board of Trustees who discuss each case on its merits. The outcome of the application is quickly notified by email. Decisions are made and processed within two working days of an application being received and we then arrange for the grant payment to be made to the Conference’s account. There is an upper limit of £500 that can be applied for, but awards of a higher amount may be considered in exceptional circumstances.

If you know of anyone who has been seriously financially affected by the current crisis and is not getting any support, please get in touch with me as soon as you can so that funds can be applied for. Please get in touch if you would like to donate to the SVP or become involved in our work.

My email: raymond@svp.org.uk

Raymond Daley – Kendal SVP President

SVP Christmas Cards, Advent Calendars, Alternative Gifts, etc, are available on the SVP website.



Website: SVP.org.uk , then visit the SHOP to order online.

If anyone would like me to order items for them please email me at raymond@svp.org.uk. Thank you.



“Acme Excavating. Faith Speaking.”

Next, we have two lovely pieces by Margaret Wadsworth, “The Christening” and “Good Intentions”.
Enjoy!

The Christening



The child, a miniature adult, with more understanding than he can verbalise, is washed, and a simple act of faith is spoken. To speak, though, he has no need. He homes in on familiar voices.

This babe, a tiny boy in blue checked shirt, navy legs with laced shoes, has expectations of being carried and amused.

Church hears many cries of release as blessed water from the font is poured from a shell. Jack, Jack, Rebecca. A parent of each of these children holds the Light of the World in their tallow

flame, and they pray for each single child. Expensive hats and silken gowns decorate the congregation, but the spider seems unimpressed. He stirs from a lifetime’s work woven across the corner of the stone window ledge. There his ancestors have heard tiny lungs cry and larger lungs sob whilst considering the unknown path the new feet will tread. The devil, the world and the flesh. Will the icy waters guide a straight path? We sing and plead with each line of the hymn, then home to a feast along leafy lanes. A pair of swans walk in the path of our car, so we must wait and celebrate the specific. Dear white birds, on this special day of his introduction to Christ, you too are a symbol of love and purity. You will stay in my mind always.

Good Intentions

Anton lets himself out. He appears as a Lilliputian against the double doors. He shuts one with all his might, then leans against the studded wood for a moment and seems a mere fraction of the portal. Very little light reaches the cobbled street at this time of day.

Marie Polchelli expects his return in one hour. Her other expectation is that her son will turn left from their home and make his way to St Catherine’s church for Mass. Anton’s sharp little brain tells him otherwise. In fact, it points to the right feet and takes their owner up the steep incline to the sports arena opposite San Domingo’s church.

The pale Tuscan sun has risen high enough to highlight the white markings. Red asphalt orbiting the football stadium is divided into six lanes. Anton chooses the inside track and caresses the ground with the soles of his new trainers. As he gains speed, the balls of his feet tap their way round the edge of the lush green pitch. Bells from the cathedral remind him of passing time. Calligraphy on the bold hoardings, tempting him to buy, merge into black waves. The third peal of bells remind his legs to slow down. He must be back home before eight o'clock. He walks now to the stone fountain. A stone Romulus and Remus suckling a stone wolf are the custodians of this watering hole. Grandmother often told him the story of the twins. He cups his hands to hold a drink now. Water mingles with sweat on his face. He coaxes his black hair to look devout. The way back home is downhill.

"I'm home, Mama!" he yells.

His mother has just hung clean washing outside the balcony. A precarious chore, particularly from the third floor, but one which Anna Giuseppe has already performed on the opposite side of the street. Like all Siennese mamas, she hangs out her personal bunting to celebrate each day – or so it would seem! If the slightest breeze finds its way through, the sheets from each side will meet. Anton scrapes his chair on the marble floor to connect to pasta and cheese.



Did Father Potelli say Mass this morning?

"Si."

Did you see the twins there?

"Si."

What was the Gospel story today?

"Loaves and fishes."

Mama kneads the dough for tonight's pizza. Her head shakes with each thrust of her fists. Anton picks up his school bag and plants a kiss on Mama's cheek.

"See you later."

"Be good boy."

Anton has never lied to his mother before. Gita just mentions the marathon one day on their way to school. Within five minutes he sets his heart on running the race – he would train each morning – charm the innocent public to sponsor him – complete the course, collect the money and make someone very happy. Forty-five minutes of deceit each morning will soon be absolved by mother and clergy when the money appears.

For the next four weeks, church continues to be an alibi for training. The weather is kind, the church bells act as stop watch, the fountain revives and only once is Maria waiting on the street to find him returning from the wrong direction. In a flash he picks up their bemused cat and feigns a rescue. It isn't that Mama is against sport, but God must come first and then her overprotection is paramount; the youngest of nine is Anton, but the others are off her hands now. However, it must be said not even a whisper of this master plan enters Mama's ears from any of the sponsors up and down their street or from up and down several streets.

Grandmother Polchelli lives in Florence. Her small apartment there sees and hears the hordes of students who pass by on pilgrimage to the treasures on both banks of the river. This city – a museum itself – is the venue for Anton's marathon.

"I'll catch the bus early to Grandmother's on Sunday," – his casual remark doesn't alert Mama – "We'll have a longer time together," – still no suspicions penetrate the steamy kitchen as fresh soup simmers on the stove.

There are 1,500 entrants. Every variety of humankind parades their individual number for 1,500 different reasons. Personal motives start the adrenaline flowing. Anton has lift off. This time



there are soulmates to run with. He is guided along the route by cheering crowds brandishing flags – the marshals are incidental. Now over the River Arno at Ponte alla Carraia and then to the next bridge Ponte Trinita. The stench from the river flavours the oxygen today, but all along the next stretch the runners haven't an option. Sweat, body odours, screaming flag waving, crescendos of encouragement all ignoring the silent medieval stones. Then the Piazza Vecchio at last! Dwarfed by Bacchus, the god of wine, Anton feels his heart beat away from his

body. His vest is a second wet skin. He can't believe his feet are still now. Loud speakers announce end of the race. Jumbled numbers arrive in various states of collapse. Coca-Cola is placed in his damp hand. Spectators inseparable from athletes. Litter all round. Food caravans. First aiders. A throbbing head. Flash photographers or photographers with flash cameras! Anton looks up at the white statue of David. Calm, cool and unmoved, but standing victorious. Then someone taps him on his arm.

"Well done, number twenty-seven... bravo! Here is your medal."

"Grazie, grazie...!"

His reward is cold but priceless. Someone hands him a towel; the rough cotton absorbs his joy. Then suddenly he remembers his grandmother. Grandmother, grandmother! He stands up and slowly pushes his way across Ponte Vecchio, the bridge that supports shoppers, art and history. Then a small boy, a very tired small boy, is hugged by Grandma as he shares his secret. He sees tears in her eyes.

"Wash yourself down and I'll give you some lunch."

The spaghetti is good and the water is nearly as good as the fountain. The bus leaves at four o'clock. At five fifteen, the driver has to wake one happy boy.

"How's grandmother?" Mama asks.

"She's fine," Anton smiles.

"Did you have a good day, then...?"

The vineyards, around the town and beyond, absorb the summer heat. The brown earth simmers and siestas last longer. Then, in the autumn sunshine, Father Potelli sips a glass of chianti and admires his new church door.

Time for our next installment of the continuing wartime memories of Kathleen Hargreaves' father. He has been wounded by a mine and has spent quite some time convalescing in hospitals. Now it's time for physio....

Wartime Memories of an English Soldier: Part 7

by Sapper Gerard Hargreaves

I came out of hospital eventually, and after a couple of weeks in the so-called convalescent depot, I landed up in the RE depot in Ismalia. At this depot, we had plenty of hard PT ~ too hard for convalescents ~ and I successfully managed to dodge it more often than not, for my arm was still feeling a bit weak.

At the RE depot, I spent the worst few weeks I have had in the army, for I did nothing but guards all the time, and they were spit and polish affairs. There were about eight different guards in the square, and there was a stiff inspection and blowing of trumpets, etc. It took two hours to mount

alone. Starting off with an inspection before we marched up to the square and marched down to the guard room ~ we had the usual routine there. It was a bit of an ordeal, with the sun beating down. My feet got bad there, with all this standing on parade in the hot sun.



On the main guard you got very little sleep, for it was full of prisoners ~ Arabs, Jews and all kinds ~ and the MPs used to bring the drunks up from the town at night. Some of these would probably be sick on the guard room floor or they would be wanting to fight the MPs. By the time they were settled in the cells, the orderly officer would be round, calling out the guard. During the day, you would have to take your turn taking the prisoners out for drill, or for the food, to see the MO, etc. This was besides your ordinary sentry duties. What with washing of KP, scrubbing of equipment and guards, we were as badly off as the prisoners, and I was prepared to go anywhere to get out of it.

I was there five weeks altogether, but I put in for a leave and had a welcome week away. After I had put in for it, I had an interview and I asked if I could go to Jerusalem. But they said no, we couldn't go from there, and besides, you could only go there for fourteen days and had to book a place in advance so it would not be possible. The only places I could go were Ismalia or Port Said. So being already outside of Ismalia, I chose Port Said where I had a very nice time. The cathedral church there was very nice, the Catholics of all nationalities but seemed mostly French and Maltese. There had been an Italian church there, built when the war started. I think most of the Italians got out of it. However, it was very nice to laze there on the beach and sit and eat ice cream all day long.

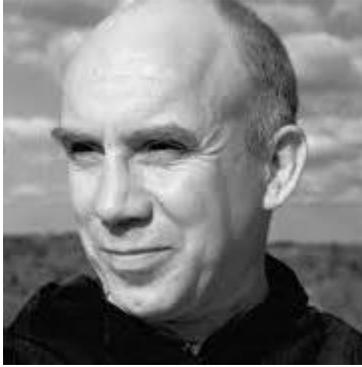
There was in Port Said a very nice Catholic canteen, but I didn't know that when I arrived, and unfortunately had booked my bed at a private place. Still, I did spend some time there but would have liked to have stayed there, too. I got quite friendly with a Jewish shopkeeper there. I think he was trying to sell me all his stock....

Back again to the depot. During my time there I was posted three times but didn't go 'til the third, and it turned out the best for me. I was standing by for a fortnight with about twenty more for posting to India. That was cancelled. Then I [could have gone] back to my old company who were at that time in Tripoli. They were going on the Italian invasion and went right through that campaign. If I had gone back to them, I would have been a lot longer in getting back to England, though I would have had the privilege no doubt of an audience with the Holy Father. However, when I went for my medical before posting I was told I *was* posted. Then I was posted to the company in which I was destined to spend the rest of my army career. They too, as I found out afterwards, should have gone on the Italian invasion, but eventually landed home instead.

It wasn't long before the company left Egypt, but before leaving there I was able to spend a couple of days in Cairo. There was a very fine cathedral there and, in the crypt, a good canteen. There was a study club running there, and if I remember rightly the SGS, but these were not for me, not being a base waller but here today and gone tomorrow.

...more next issue!

A Heavenly Smorgasbord to Finish...



Merton Corner

A feature celebrating the reflections of Thomas Merton (1915-1968)

“To say that I am made in the image of God is to say that love is the reason for my existence, for God is love. Love is my true identity. Selflessness is my true self.

Love is my true character. Love is my name.

If, therefore, I do anything or think anything or say anything or know anything that is not purely for the love of God,

it cannot give me peace, or rest, or fulfillment, or joy.

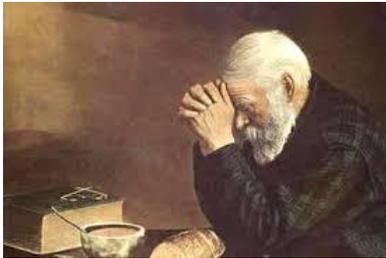
To find love I must enter into the sanctuary where it is hidden, which is the mystery of God.”

Thomas Merton in New Seeds of Contemplation

During her ministry to men incarcerated in South Africa’s most violent prison, Joanna Flanders-Thomas witnessed the power of Christ to transform hearts. In Vanishing Grace, Philip Yancey describes her experience: “Joanna started visiting prisoners daily, bringing them a simple gospel message of forgiveness and reconciliation. She earned their trust, got them to talk about their abusive childhoods, and showed them a better way of resolving conflicts. The year before her visits began, the prison recorded 279 acts of violence against inmates and guards; the next year, there were two.



Bill Crowder in “Our Daily Bread,” June/July/August 2020



“It is not needful to be in church to be with God. We can make a chapel of our heart to which we can from time to time withdraw to have gentle, humble, loving communion with Him. Everyone is able to have these familiar conversations with God, some more, some less. He knows our capabilities. Let us make a start.”

Brother Lawrence

“The truly holy person welcomes all that is earthly.”

Hildegard von Bingen



PRAYERFUL PUZZLE PAGE: This word search has a hidden message in it.

Use a highlighter to find the words so you don't go mad!

Do not highlight any words which are not listed below, even if you see them!

Then start at the top of the puzzle and write the leftover letters in the blanks below to reveal the message. Have fun!

G O F D S L L O A S E R E T

V E A S I R E B M E V O N S

S T U O R O A N G E C R T H

A A S U S N V A B T N O Y V

U I T L K R E U O S T A O K

T S I S N E S B N C A R E L

U I N O A F E E F A T S I M

M C A C H R H O I T H A E H

N N R U T T S O R F I I S A

H A F N W O R B E K C N L L

O R E E X J U M S P E T E L

Q F K H A R V E S T D S G O

O A E I G N A T I U S H N W

R V R Y R A S O R T E L A S

WORDS TO FIND:

angels

autumn

bonfires

cool

Faustina

Francis

frost

Hallows

harvest

Ignatius

leaves

mist

November

October

rake

rosary

saints

souls

Teresa

thanks

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