

Holy Trinity and St. George Parish Magazine

Autumn 2025



To everything there is a season,
And a time for every purpose under heaven.

Ecclesiastes 3:1

Issue 33

Suggested Donation: £1

The Monastery of the Heart

Dear Friends:

Greetings from the Land of Absolute Insanity. And welcome to Issue 33.

I have never struggled as much with the greeting. Things are devolving into chaos all around me and the anger to which I have confessed in issues past threatens every day to overwhelm me. So I turn to the task of bringing our magazine to you as a welcome distraction and a tool of meditation, and save the tortured reflection for my articles.

My Sisters of St. Joseph Associates group has begun a new season at our retreat house and this year we are reading our way through Joan Chittister's The Monastery of the Heart. I will write a review of it for you once we are done, but it promises to be a goodie. Our first meeting, it fell to me to introduce it and to lead a discussion of the introduction and Chapters 1 – 2. I decided to share photos and memories of five of my favourite ruinous religious sites in the North: Fountains Abbey, Byland Abbey, Furness Abbey, Whitby Abbey and Jervaulx Abbey. None of my fellow associates were familiar with any of them. I endeavoured to pass on to them the unbelievable atmosphere of these places, the aura of prayer soaked into the stones over centuries ~ a tall order. I asked them two questions:

What place or activity in your life offers you deep peace and tranquility?

What can you do to enhance this feeling?

The answers were lovely and varied: a certain window in the home which afforded a lovely view, creative pursuits, gardening, centring prayer, etc. Visiting the list above would have been top of my list, but as I am here and not there, writing, walking and cycling in rural places and sewing my felt crafts keep me in that atmosphere of internal depth and order. It has never been more essential to my wellbeing. We all agreed that if the world's leaders could operate out of a similar spiritual place, we would all be in much better shape. We are called to do our part and to pray the ripples travel far and bear fruit.

I hope you enjoy this issue as much as I have enjoyed putting it together. Many thanks to **Raymond Daley, Pamela Boyes, Brian Stabler**, and **Catherine Callaghan** for their contributions. We would love to receive submissions from you, too. Items of local interest are, as you know, particularly cherished by our readers. And the Advent/Christmas issue is right around the corner!

As the early nights set in and the woolies come out, know that I am thinking of and praying for all of you. I wish with all my heart that I were there with you!



Celeste



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Thanks to Raymond Daley for this encouraging SVP update! I was seriously worried, and he was as well, after his last update and the dire need for volunteers. Trust you, wonderful people, to come through! Here's hoping a few more people can find the time in their busy lives to lend a hand. There is no more important work at the parish level.



A Huge Thank You

I would like to open with a quote from Sherry Anderson:

***Volunteers don't get paid,
Not because they're worthless
But because they're priceless.***

Following my recent Parish Magazine article and membership appeal, the SVP are most grateful to those who have joined us. I hoped and prayed that the parish wouldn't let us down and they have indeed responded positively. However, we could still do with one or two more new members to get us over the line. If you can help or know anyone who would be able to, this would be appreciated.

This is what we do:

Visiting and Befriending

For decades, the essence of our work has been that person-to-person contact and spending time with people is our greatest gift. We call this *befriending*.

How does befriending work?

Volunteer members visit to understand and assess each request for help individually but also to give people a sense of belonging through the work of:

- offering friendship and support
- providing food
- providing clothes
- providing furniture
- helping with transport

- providing financial assistance, where able
- supporting ex-offenders or people in prison if there is one nearby
- raising funds to send children to our SVP holiday camps
- organising trips and social events for older people
- supporting migrants, refugees or people seeking asylum
- offering care to the terminally ill and their families through [end of life companionship](#)



The above list of support is not exhaustive, as each volunteer member group has different capabilities. Each Parish Group or Conference responds according to the specific needs in their area. In our area we have done everything in that list with the one exception: we have never sent any children to SVP Holiday Camps. Last year, in response to increased demand, our 8,857 visiting members across England and Wales made 475,064 visits and spent 625,084 hours visiting.

Please note, our visiting members have a duty of care when assessing requests or referrals. They are not qualified to undertake responsibilities within the remit of trained professionals, such as care workers. We have strict safeguarding policies and procedures, and all visiting members must hold a DBS certificate.

For further information, please visit our website: www.svp.org.uk or email me on RaymondD@svp.org.uk

We look forward to working with our new members and welcoming anyone else on board.

Raymond Daley - Kendal SVP President

Prayer for Teachers and Students

Lord God, we praise you for the gift of our life and the blessings of mind, body and spirit.

Bless our children as they begin another school year.

Fill them with the gifts of wisdom, knowledge and understanding.

Bless the parents of our school children. We pray all homes are schools of love and faith.

Bless our teachers and all the staff who work in our schools.

Bless those who drive the buses, prepare the meals, keep our schools clean,
and the police and security who keep us safe.

We pray that our students will devote themselves to their studies
and draw ever closer to you, the source of all knowledge.

We pray that our teachers teach with gentle patience.

Grant that we may always follow our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life,
forever and ever. Amen.



I read my “Daily Word” each morning as a little signpost, something to look for and reflect on as the day progresses. I read it again at the end of the day to see whether and how the focus statement related to the events of the day. They generally do. How does God do that? 😊

Selections from “The Daily Word”

From the Sept. ~ Oct. 2023 Issue:

I let go and let God work in and through me.

Trying to control the outcomes of a situation can be frustrating and wearisome, leaving me anxious and unsettled. I may think I know best what needs to happen either for myself or for another, but do I really? As I pray, I hear the quiet whisper of my heart to trust and let go ~ to know something even better than I had imagined awaits.

As I release my attempts at control, I open the way for the highest and best outcomes. If I struggle, I affirm: *I release this in love. I let it go.* With these words, I speak my heart’s desire to see good unfold. As I let love guide my thoughts and actions, I more fully align with the good that is always seeking to manifest. I let go and trust the right and perfect outcome is on its way.

It is God who is at work in you, enabling you both to will and to work for his good pleasure.

Philippians 2:13



I am tender, meeting life with grace and acceptance.

When I touch a flower’s petals, I notice their softness and how tender and supple they feel. Yet flowers grow and thrive outdoors, withstanding sunlight, rainfall and wind.

Today I will be like the flowers, growing in the sunshine and bending with the wind and rain. I will be tender, adapting to the world as it changes and growing through my experiences.

I am true to myself, living freely and authentically. Like the flower, I bloom and stand tall. I am tender, bending when the storms of life blow around me and reaching for the sky when the sun returns.

In my softness, I am strong. In my flexibility, I am resilient. In my tenderness, I grow through even the most challenging circumstances.

Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

Matthew 5:5



Seeking comfort is an important part of my self-care practice.

Throughout the seasons of life, my self-care needs change. During my low points especially I may need comfort to keep going and cope with what is before me.

From small creature comforts to deep, nurturing attention, I find or ask for what will help. Maybe some cozy clothing and a restorative nap are what I need. Perhaps my needs are greater, and I seek reassuring words and a consoling hug.

Comfort is a necessity, not a luxury. Feeling secure, nourished and rested help me bear up under the weight of life's more difficult periods. If, in the past, I neglected myself to meet the needs of others, I now give my needs the consideration they deserve. I find the comfort I want as often and for as long as I need to.

Beloved, I pray that all may go well with you, and that you may be in good health, just as it is well with your soul.

3 John 1:2



From Daily Word May ~ June 2025:

I count it all joy and rejoice, always.

Joy is life-enhancing energy that nurtures and inspires my positive thoughts, feelings and beliefs. At times, it bursts forth like a geyser erupting with exuberant delight. Other times, it bubbles up like cool, refreshing water from a natural spring. Just as water flows through the earth in different ways, so divine joy

moves within me ~ sometimes easily felt, other times hidden beneath the surface. Even on days when joy seems distant, I trust it is within me.

Much like the living waters Jesus offers the woman at the well, joy springs from my divinity ~ the inexhaustible well within me ~ eternal, replenishing and ever-present, quenching my soul's thirst even if my emotions feel dry. Whether joy surges or rests, I know it is rooted in God and will nourish me deeply.

My brothers and sisters, whenever you face trials of any kind, consider it nothing but joy.

James 1:2



I give thanks for the blessing of my memories.

My memories are the gossamer threads of my life experiences, each strand tying one experience to another to weave a tapestry that is the picture of my life.

Each recollection connects my past experiences with the present. Some are tender, some can make me laugh, and some might bring a tear to my eye.

I give thanks for lessons learned, relishing the happy times blessings and releasing any unhappy ones. All form the fibre of my being. They comprise the sum total of who I am, how I respond to present circumstances and how I weigh the decisions I make for the future.

My memories shape my thoughts, supporting me as fuel for my spiritual growth as well as light that guides me every day.

The memory of the righteous is a blessing.

Proverbs 10:7



Joyfully, I celebrate my freedom today.

Carrying regret over past mistakes and missed opportunities may blunt my experience of freedom, keeping me bound to the past and hesitant about the future.

Wanting to reclaim my freedom, I find release through prayer. As I pray, I claim release from my past. I deny that feelings of embarrassment over failures have power over me. I affirm that everything I have experienced along my spiritual journey ~ my successes as well as my failures ~ has lead me to the life I'm living now. This awareness helps me reframe the past. Memories I had perceived as mistakes I now regard as learning experiences which I can use for my soul's growth and expansion.

The Christ within as set me free! I am now unbound as I celebrate my freedom.

So if the Son makes you free, you will be free indeed.

John 8:36



I claim healing and know my wholeness.

I am an ageless spiritual being in an aging physical body. Rather than lament the aging process or worry about the end of life, I give thanks for my human experience and the good it brings me.

As I grow older, my body begins to remind me that it needs more rest, healthy exercise and fresh nourishment to sustain its vigour. Whenever I face a health challenge, I centre my prayerful thoughts on my divinity and feel God's saving power flowing forth from within me. I trust my body knows how to heal itself.

I also seek appropriate healing treatments to support my health and know my wholeness. I am grateful for the work of health professionals as the hands of the Great Physician. I pray for those who work to restore me to health.

It will be a healing for your flesh and a refreshment for your body.

Proverbs 3:8



Oh, how I love this time of year, and I thoroughly enjoyed (as always) these seasonal contributions from Pamela Boyes! In the days of our dearly-departed pastor of Sacred Heart Michael Doyle, we celebrated Lammas by enjoying bread after Mass, baked by various parishioners. In her ON THE RADIO section, I could almost hear the sting after each joke! I was unfamiliar with PRAYER FOR EARTH and found it very poignant.

Pamela's Pages



The first day of August was Lammas Day, an historical and traditional Anglo-Saxon harvest festival that symbolically opens the autumn season. Lammas Day ~ from the Old English *hlafmaesse*, ("Loaf Mass") ~ is also known as Loaf Mass Day. It heralds the start of the cereal harvest, which is some of the most back-breaking and important agricultural work of the year!

Around this time, the first ears of the cereal crop would be ceremonially reaped, baked into the first bread to be made from the new crop of the autumn, and offered up in a temple and, later on, in a church. For those who herd livestock instead of growing corn, Lammas falls halfway through the time of the summer pastures. This meant it was a great time for a meeting-up of the clans, tribes and families. It also became an opportunity for religious services, feasting, match-making young singles, games... and lawsuits!

The health of a harvest was vital for the wellbeing of the community. Until the 17th century, every time the local harvest failed (and the harvest would fail often for a few years in succession in bad decades), people would die of hunger and the number of burials in the local churchyard would more than double.

Lammas of some kind is celebrated throughout Northern Europe. Whilst known as "Lammas" in English, it's known by other names throughout the continent. The Irish call it "*Lughnssadh*" and the Welsh "*Gwl Awst*". The concept of celebrating a beginning-of-autumn festival is pre-Christian, but Lammas is the Christianised version most commonly recognised today.

Much about the origins of Lammas is obscure, but it's a festival with a long, interesting, and somewhat unusual history, and my article is very much a synopsis of this festival!





Lammas Loaf

2-1/4 tsp. active dry yeast
1 tsp. sugar
1-1/4 cup warm water, divided
2 Tbs. melted butter, divided
2-1/2 - 3 cups bread flour
1 Tbs. sea salt
2 Tbs. fresh sage, minced
2 Tbs. fresh rosemary, minced
2 Tbs. fresh thyme, minced
2 Tbs. fresh oregano, minced
2 Tbs. poppy seeds

If using dried herbs, then use 1 tsp. instead of 1 Tbs., as dried herbs are stronger-tasting than fresh.

- Put 1/4 cup of the warm water in a large bowl and sprinkle the yeast and sugar over it, stirring to dissolve. Add the remaining cup of warm water and 1 Tbs. of the melted butter.
- In a separate bowl, combine the sage and salt with 2-1/2 cups of flour. Add to the yeast mixture, a little at a time, stirring with a wooden spoon to form a slightly sticky dough. Add a bit more of the remaining flour, if necessary, to make dough workable (so it doesn't stick to everything.) Turn dough out onto floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic (5-6 mins).
- Oil a large bowl and place the dough in, turning to coat. Cover with a clean damp cloth and let rise in a warm place until doubled in size ~ about 90 mins. Punch dough down. Divide it into thirds; add one of the remaining herbs to each section of dough and knead it in.
- Form each section into a long rope ~ about 20". Arrange on a greased or papered cookie sheet and braid them together, pressing the ends together and tucking them under slightly. Cover and let rise 45-50 mins or until doubled in size.

- Preheat oven to 375 degrees when there is 15-20 mins rising time left. Brush with remaining butter and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake 35-40 mins or until golden and hollow sounding when you knock it.

On The Radio



One of the regular features in “Sounds of the 60’s,” which we listen to, is the brief chat that Tony Blackburn has with Dermot O’Leary. His show follows immediately afterwards at 8:00 AM, if you are listening live. They have established a routine where they trade jokes in answer to questions about how their week has been!

- Dermot told Tony recently that he had got a handyman to do some work. He gave him a list of things that needed to be done. When the handyman had finished, Dermot went through the list and realized the handyman had only done items, 1, 3 and 5. Well... he only does odd jobs!
- Tony, by contrast, has just started a job as an archaeologist. His life is in ruins.
- One week Dermot told us that a man had been going around stealing everyone’s knitting. Police think he is following a pattern.
- Over the last couple of years, both Tony and Dermot have told the story about a local store being broken into. The thieves stole 500 cans of energy drinks and 100 kg of coffee. How do these people sleep at night?
- Earlier this year Dermot told us that a mate has been fired from his job at a calendar factory. Before he could finish, Tony told us that he kept taking days off.



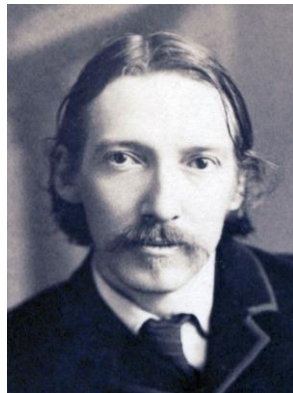
Autumn brings with it cold weather and the coming of darker nights, as we transition from the warmth of summer to the chill of winter. However, in this delightful poem, Robert Louis Stevenson finds 'something bright' in every season, as he celebrates the tradition of bonfires. My love of poetry began at primary school, and I have always enjoyed Stevenson's poems. As a child, his rhyming and his imagination really appealed to me, particularly the poem 'From a Railway Carriage' which is very popular and one of my favourites.

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!



Robert Louis Stevenson
13 November 1850 ~ 3 December 1894
Novelist, Poet, Travel Writer

Throughout much of the world, nature is under threat: forests are being cut down, rivers polluted and animals dying. This short poem by Myra Cohn Livingston vividly captures two beautiful moments in nature and offers a prayer: let this stay.

Prayer For Earth



Last night
an owl
called from the hill.
Coyotes howled.
A deer stood still
nibbling at bushes far away.
The moon shone silver.
Let this stay.

Today
two noisy crows
flew by,
their shadows pasted on the sky.
The sun broke out
through clouds of grey.
An iris opened.
Let this stay.



Myra Cohn Livingston
17 August 1926 ~ 23 August 1996
American poet, writer, educator

A Prayer for Catechists

Loving Father, we pray today for our catechists.
We thank you for their gift of ministry in our church.
Grant them your wisdom that they may grow in the understanding and teaching of your Word.
Grant them also your love, that they may be fruitful heralds of your Word
and lead others to love you.
Pour forth your Holy Spirit upon them to grant them wisdom about what is important,
knowledge of the truths of faith,
understanding of their meaning,
right judgement about how to apply them in life,
courage to persevere even in the face of adversity,
reverence before all that is sacred and holy,
and that loving zeal which leads others to a transforming encounter with your Son.
We pray this through Christ our Lord.
Amen.



I am living in the country with the biggest disparity between rich and poor anywhere in the world, and it is a constant source of shame and frustration to any of us with a heart and a soul. I cannot for the life of me understand how the American oligarchs can justify their pay, nor how they can turn a blind eye to those around them in such desperate need. Where's Robin Hood when you need him...?

The Great Chasm

by Celeste Bonfanti

As our pastor has three parishes to run and has just been named Vicar of the City of Camden, New Jersey ~ necessitating extra meetings and duties ~ we frequently have visiting priests. One of my favourites is a very tall Oblate of St. Francis de Sales named Mike McCue. He is a soft-spoken man of deep spirituality and an impeccable sense of social justice; he works closely with those suffering from substance use disorder and lives among the neediest in our state.

Last Sunday we had the parable about Lazarus and the rich man. I have always liked this parable and

have happy memories of hearing my father sing in a cantata with it as its theme. So I was pleased that it was the focus of Fr. Mike's homily.

He started by marveling at how the rich man, even in the afterlife, expects to be waited on, asking Abraham to send Lazarus down to him with water! This after literally stepping over Lazarus all his life without ever extending a bit of charity to him. How hard it is to see clearly when one feels that entitled!

But then Fr. Mike went on to say that Jesus was a wonderful, dynamic storyteller and always uses the active voice when relating his parables: he tells us who did what, not merely what happened. So it was noteworthy, Fr. Mike said, that in this case, Jesus slips into the passive voice when Abraham tells the rich man:

*'Between us and you a great chasm has been set in place,
so that those who want to go from here to you cannot,
nor can anyone cross over from there to us.'*



Fr. Mike said there is no doubt that this choice of words was intentional on Jesus's part as it is phrased so very differently than the norm. He doesn't say GOD has set a great chasm in place between them. So who set this chasm there...? Jesus intended this open question to prompt reflection.

The chasm, he said, was set there by the rich man.

Those who have are the ones who separate themselves from those who have not, not vice versa. And the great chasm is getting wider and wider, by epic proportions. In the UK, according to the Aberdeen Group Charitable Trust [www.aberdeenplc.com] the ratio between the pay of the average CEO and the average worker was between 52:1 and 54:1. And according to the Economic Policy Institute [www.epi.org], from 1978 to 2023, the wages of the average US worker have risen 24%. while, in the same period, the wages of the average US CEO have risen 1,085%. It is obscene, and you may be sure this yawning chasm was not put in place by those at the bottom.

I have always worked with disadvantaged populations, and anyone with a front-row seat in this tragedy can enumerate the monumental cost of the great chasm, from infant mortality to educational outcomes to life expectancy. A Lazarus may aspire to be a rich man, but it is all but impossible for him to do anything effectual about it. The deck is well and truly stacked. As the saying goes, "If you're not outraged, you're not paying attention."

As Christians, we are called to take action, in every way we can, to care for the needy and to strive to fill the great chasm. Our efforts generally feel like a drop in the ocean. But I can tell you, from the needy and often



unhoused customers at our parish thrift shop, even a drop in the ocean makes a difference.

The most common observation shared with our volunteers is how much it means that we are there, with a smile and a snack and a free blanket or pair of trousers. We have frequently heard customers say, “You really seem to care about what happens to me.... You don’t know what it feels like to know I can just come in to get warm....” Such simple offerings, and yet they go so far. Just looking people in the eye

can make a difference when they feel utterly invisible to so many passersby. All of it, thimbleful by thimbleful, makes a start at filling the great chasm.

Our pastor emeritus was famous for saying, “Do your bit.” If all of us indeed do our bit, by direct action, pressuring lawmakers to make substantive change and storming heaven on behalf of our needy brothers and sisters, we can ensure that there will be no more Lazaruses in our community. Everyone will own their identity as a child of God and a valued member of the human family.

OK, now, before you flip through the pages looking for this issue’s Castaway, Brian Stabler sends apologies and promises there will be one in the next issue! This John Clare poem is a lovely way to reflect on this beautiful time of year. In particular I love the lines “I love to see the cottage smoke curl upward through the naked trees.” It reminds me powerfully of my first autumn in Cumbria. I have always appreciated the reading from Amos which Brian has included here. Why do I feel like James appreciated it as well? They were cut from the same cloth, those two.

Brian’s Bits

WHAT IS A CARDINAL?



Even though we see them quite often, most Catholics know very little about cardinals. After all, they are not a big topic in catechism classes. What we do know comes mostly from the media, where cardinals are often depicted as remote and formidable figures in their scarlet robes who help lead the Church and who gather together in the Sistine Chapel to elect a new Pope.

In truth, cardinals are indispensable officials who began their long careers as humble young priests and who, by earning the confidence of the Pope, are entrusted with the very future of the Catholic Church through their right to vote in papal elections.

While powerful members of the most select body in the world, cardinals recognise that their tasks on

behalf of the Pope and the Church are as varied as their talents: they may travel the globe on special missions, administer vital archdioceses and choose new Popes. Because of their sway and their closeness to the Pope, cardinals are sometimes thought to possess superior spiritual authority to bishops. This is not true, for unlike the office of bishop, the rank of cardinal was not established by Christ. Rather, it came into being out of the need of the Popes for reliable advisers.

Put simply, a cardinal is a priest or a bishop who has been named by the Pope to what is known as the Sacred College of Cardinals, so-called because it is a body, or college, of church officials. Membership bestows no heightened spiritual authority, but the cardinals have as their two chief duties assisting the Pope in the government of the vast worldwide Church and, above all, electing each new pontiff whom they serve. By ancient custom, they are called “princes” because of the diplomatic status their position gives them and because, in previous centuries, many of the members belonged to the great noble families of Europe. Today most cardinals come from truly humble origins.

The central part played by the cardinals can be seen in the origin of their name, from the Latin word *cardo*, meaning “a hinge or pivot,” denoting that they are the key counselors, or pivots, for the whole Church.



Kinds of Cardinals

For many centuries, certain laymen were also made cardinals. This practice was finally abolished in 1917 when church law made it necessary for all cardinals to be “...priests of outstanding learning, piety, judgment and ability.” To add to the significance of cardinals in the Church, in 1962 Pope John XXIII commanded that each cardinal should be consecrated a bishop if he was not already one. The Pope, however, may permit a new cardinal to be appointed without episcopal consecration.

Today three types of cardinals remain. Cardinal bishops originated out of the actual bishops of the suffragan dioceses surrounding Rome, the so-called “suburbicarian sees” ~ that is, the dioceses neighboring Rome. Today cardinal bishops are senior members of the College of Cardinals who are engaged in full-time service in the Roman Curia. The patriarchs of the Eastern Catholic Churches are also assigned rank among the cardinal bishops.

Cardinal priests today are officials of the Roman Curia or bishops whose dioceses are outside Rome, such

as the Archbishops of Chicago, Paris, New York and Mexico City. They hold title to a particular church in Rome, a historical reminder of the earlier custom of the clergy of Rome participating in the election of the Pope.

Cardinal deacons are titular bishops assigned to full-time service in the Roman Curia or are theologians honored by the pope for their contribution to the Church. Cardinal deacons are reminiscent of the seven deacons who once administered the districts of Rome and the deacons who assisted in the papal household. They hold title to assignment to one of the deaconries of Rome.

Cardinals and Consistories

The Pope alone decides who will be made a cardinal. Any priest can be named to the college, and all new members receive a formal document, called a *biglietto* (literally a “ticket”) informing them of the honour. They are then enrolled formally into the Sacred College through an elaborate ceremony in Rome called a consistory.

The number of cardinals has varied considerably over the centuries. During the Middle Ages, it was not unusual for there to be a mere handful; at one point, there were only four choosing a new Pope. Pope Sixtus V (r. 1585-1590) decreed that there should be 70 members, a number that was unchanged until 1958, when St. John XXIII increased it by five. That number grew steadily, so that today there are around 180. By papal decree, no more than 120 are eligible to vote in a conclave to elect a new pope, although it has been set aside a few times, especially during the reign of St. John Paul II. At the age of 80, cardinals lose the right to take part in any papal election, but their counsel is still prized by the Pope.

Symbols of the Cardinals

Most people think that cardinals wear red. Cardinals actually wear scarlet, a custom that began in a formal sense in 1245 when Pope Innocent IV bestowed the famed red hat upon the cardinals. Scarlet reminds the cardinals that they must be willing to give of themselves for the Church, even to the point of shedding their blood.



New cardinals receive several symbols of their new title: a *zucchetto*, a *biretta* and a ring. A scarlet *zucchetto* (or skullcap) and scarlet *biretta* (a four-cornered silk hat) are both placed upon the cardinals’ heads by the hand of the Pope. The ring is a symbol of a cardinal’s dignity, pastoral zeal and communion with the See of Peter.

The Cardinals’ Oath

Below is a translation of the oath of fidelity and obedience to the Pope and his successors, pronounced

by the cardinals at the time they receive the *biretta* or cardinal's hat:

I [name and surname], Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, promise and swear to be faithful henceforth and forever, while I live, to Christ and His Gospel, being constantly obedient to the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, to Blessed Peter in the person of the Supreme Pontiff [current pope's name], and of his canonically elected Successors; to maintain communion with the Catholic Church always, in word and deed; not to reveal to anyone what is confided to me in secret, nor to divulge what may bring harm or dishonor to Holy Church; to carry out with great diligence and faithfulness those tasks to which I am called by my service to the Church, in accord with the norms of the law.

So help me Almighty God.



There are many fine poems about Autumn. Here are two of them.

Autumn

I love the fitful gusts that shake
The casement all the day
And from the mossy elm tree takes
The faded leaf away
Twirling it by the window-pane
With thousand others down the lane

I love to see the shaking twig
Dance 'til the shut of eve
The sparrow on the cottage rig
Whose chirp would make believe
That spring was just now flirting by
In summer's lap with flowers to lie

I love to see the cottage smoke
Curl upwards through the naked trees

The pigeons nestled round the coat
On dull November days like these .
The cock upon the dung-hill crowing
The mill sails on the heath a-going

The feather from the raven's breast
Falls on the stubble lea
The acorns near the old crow's nest
Fall pattering down the tree
The grunting pigs that wait for all
Scramble and hurry where they fall

John Clare



Autumn Song

Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse's flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on.
Whispering neighbours, left and right,
Keep us from the real delight;
And the active hands must freeze
Lonely on the separate knees.
Dead in hundreds at the back
Follow wooden in our track,
Arms raised stiffly to reprove
In false attitudes of love.
Starving through the leafless wood,
Trolls run scolding for their food;
And the nightingale is dumb,
And the angel will not come.
Cold, impossible, ahead

Lifts the mountain's lovely head
Whose white waterfall could bless
Travelers in their last distress.

W. H. Auden



This Issue's Featured Hymn highlights a beloved hymn and provides a link to a recording of it, along with a little information about it. *All are welcome to submit a hymn.*

This issue, I want to shine a light on a hymn which is indelibly connected to American Thanksgiving and harvest celebrations. My principal sources were Encyclopedia.com (<https://www.encyclopedia.com>) and Discipleship Ministries (<https://www.umcdiscipleship.org>), a site maintained by the United Methodist Church.

This Issue's Featured Hymn: We Gather Together

Thanksgiving here in the US is my favourite holiday. When I lived in Kendal, I always took the day off (along with 4th July) to remind myself that I was Yank. 😊 I would prepare a turkey meal or go to a carvery and think about the loud and boisterous gang of relations I was missing (more than thirty family members frequently gather at my sister Maria and her husband Bob's house to enjoy the meal and "tavern warmers"). There would always be a phone call, of course, and I would think of the childhood tradition I had with my father: a Thanksgiving walk, just the two of us (probably to get me out of the house while the feast was prepared!)

"We Gather Together" and "All Good Gifts" are the two hymns most closely identified with Thanksgiving. Of course, neither one is American! "We Gather Together" is a Dutch hymn which was most likely composed by Adrianus Valerius and first published in 1626. Talk about a Jack of all trades! Valerius was a poet, historian, lawyer, musician and sheriff!

The hymn was translated in 1894 by a musicologist from New York by the name of Theodore Baker. According to the Discipleship Ministries website, *"Some of the political overtones in this hymn faithfully translated by Baker are apparent. Hymnologist Albert Bailey suggests that the phrase, 'The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing,' is an allusion to the persecution of the Catholic Church under the policies of Spain."*

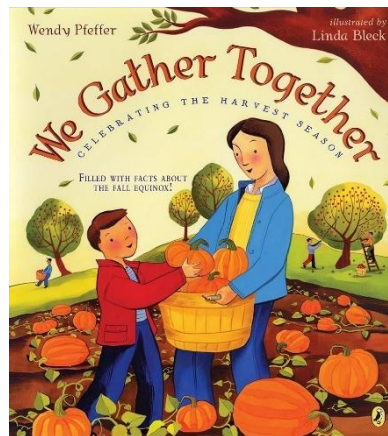
The sweetness and simplicity of the melody somehow make these intense lyrics trip off the tongue! I can't sing it without smiling.

["We Gather Together" - Hymn](#)

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;
He chastens and hastens His will to make known;
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing;
Sing praises to His Name; He forgets not His own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, were at our side, all glory be Thine!

We all do extol Thee, Thou Leader triumphant,
And pray that Thou still our Defender will be;
Let Thy congregation escape tribulation;
Thy Name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!



A Prayer for Grandparents and the Elderly

Blessed are those who have not lost hope.

Sirach 14:2

How beautiful are these words of yours, Lord!
Help us to continue our pilgrimage through time, animated by the hope that comes from You!
Help us in this divisive world, to bring the hope of communion.
Help us in this world, wounded by wars, to bring the hope of peace.

Help us in this world, which is dehumanizing, to bring the beauty of an ancient smile.
Help us to be, for our grandchildren, for our loved ones and for everyone we meet,
the memory of Your tenderness.
Help us to bring, in a world distracted from You, the hope of a new life that only You can give!
For in You, Lord, nothing is lost.
For in You, Lord, everything begins anew!



This is not so much an article as a collection of thoughts, but each of them has been very much on my mind recently. This could become a recurring feature in the magazine; feel free to send your contributions.

Words Matter

by Celeste Bonfanti

As anyone who writes will lament, the way in which our language is changing is often less than edifying. Powered largely by texting, social media and an increasing amount of time online, written English is in danger of being permanently “dumbed down.” I am sure I bore everyone in my sphere with my anguished observations to this effect. My least favourite example of this is a recent advert for a caterer which gives the name, and then merely, “Because... food.” *Aarrgghh!* Do we no longer feel the need to communicate in complete sentences...?

Professors who want to be sure their students’ words are their own and not generated by AI need to conduct assessments in the classroom with paper and pencil, no technology allowed. While I mull for ages the words to describe my students on the seemingly endless reports we need to write, most of my colleagues feed it all through AI and wash their hands of one of the most important tasks in any teacher’s day.

Good writers labour over each and every word, tasting all possibilities in an effort to be precise, to clearly convey their message. Errors in copy cause us pain. The sight of signs with misspellings in public places raise our blood pressure. Conversations with partners who use too many “like’s” or “you know’s” are irritating to the point of distraction.

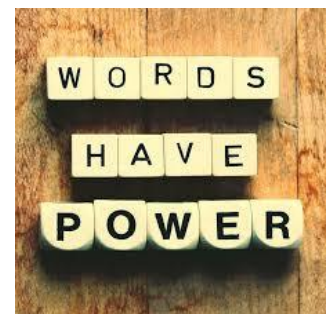
The real reason for all this concern is simply the fact that *words matter*. Jesus was a master storyteller and a dynamic preacher; he was well aware of the power of words. Nor did he value the verbose: “But let your ‘Yes’ be ‘Yes,’ and your ‘No,’ ‘No.’ For whatever is more than these is from the evil one.”

I offer the following reflections for consideration:

- Words written by an English author changed my life and introduced me to all of you. When I was sixteen, I read a historical novel by Rosemary Hawley Jarman called We Speak No Treason. Masterfully written, it had been a best seller years before, and I was introduced to whom Ricardians consider the *real* Richard III. I wrote to the author care of the publisher to tell her how deeply the book had affected me and she wrote back to tell me that my letter had arrived on 22nd August, the anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth Field. She had attended a memorial service which had been attended by members of the American Branch of the Richard III Society. I hadn't been aware of the society, and for my seventeenth birthday, my parents gave me membership; I have been a member ever since. When I first visited England, it was with the Society in 1985 on Bosworth's 500th anniversary. I met Rosemary, who became a dear friend, and cried all the way home on the plane. I returned on my own in 1987 and 1988. I moved to Kendal in 1989. All from the words of an inspired author.
- An associate professor of linguistics I heard the other day was talking about spending a week with teens at a summer getaway. Over the course of the week, he heard aspects of their conversation evolving so rapidly that he realised, if he hadn't been present, he would have had no idea what they were talking about. He gave three examples:
 - They used the word "chat" as their elders may have used the word "hey" to open a topic of conversation. "Chat, I heard that Fred has a new job." This is literally the shorthand of social media entering face-to-face conversation.
 - An Instagram meme of an overweight cat looking hungrily at a meal left on the doorstep was captioned, "Chill out biggie its not for you." (And yes, the missing commas and apostrophe are killing me!). This tickled the teens to the degree that, by the end of the week, they had adopted "Biggie" as an affectionate nickname for anyone of any size. The word ceased to have any connection to its original meaning.
 - They used the word "giving" as we might have used the phrase, "you reminded me of...." For example, "That was a great essay. You're giving William Shakespeare."

The intent of words is to communicate a message. When we feel such a generational divide that we literally don't know what is being said, we are forced to acknowledge that, yes, words matter.

- At a parish dinner dance, the band blithely performed the song "Blurred Lines," which is all about the "mixed signals" the male singer believes he is receiving from his romantic partner as he doesn't take "no" for an answer. I watched a dance floor full of parishioners happily gyrating to one of the most controversial songs in pop music without ever once considering what the words meant.
- In social sciences, we have moved from "vagrants" to "the homeless" to "the unhoused." In this and many other fields, the terminology is constantly changing. In disability, we have moved from "the handicapped" to "the disabled" to "people with a disability." "Autistic people" were "people on the spectrum" and are now "neurodivergent." People self-identify with a variety of pronouns. It's enough to make one's head spin.
- I have kept a journal over the years of the memorable things my Deaf students have said. While many Deaf children struggle with communication and literacy, sometimes they knock it out of the park:



- One little girl created the word “lonely.” When I asked her to explain it, she said, “Well, sometimes when I’m by myself, I’m happy and I don’t want anyone around. I’m alone but I’m not lonely. And sometimes when I’m with people, I feel sad. I’m not alone, but I’m lonely. And sometimes, I’m both: alone and lonely. That’s lonely.” This conversation took place well over twenty years ago and I have not only never forgotten it, I have adopted the word myself.
- One of the brightest boys I ever taught, now a teacher himself, told me after math class one day that he had a riddle for me:
 - Question: What is the shapes’ favourite fairy tale?
 - Answer: Cylinder-ella.
- I was teaching one of my girls the word “litter,” explaining that sometimes it meant trash on the ground, and sometimes it meant something someone could sit in or lie on to be carried, and sometimes it meant a group of animals born together. Her eyes lit up and she said, “I was in a litter of three!” She was a triplet! She knew she was a mammal, so why is her use of the word in this context so funny?
- In my writer’s group, my pen is poised to catch the words of my friends I don’t want to forget. One of them wrote: “A snowfall which hits the eye as a cymbal hits the ear.” I think of this phrase every time I am snow-blind in the winter sunshine.
- I live next to a couple whom I have struggled to get to know. This is surprising, because all our other neighbours are quite friendly and forthcoming. This couple appears to lead a charmed life. They live in a large, glorious old house with a picturesque garage at the back of a well-appointed garden with a patio, a smoker, and other amenities. They have a team of cleaners and another team of gardeners. They had a second some built in the mountains of Upstate New York. He works as a contractor, and she is an artist with a home studio who is also a competitive runner. They have frequent large and noisy parties which cause us all to park far from our homes. And parking is a bit of a bone of contention: although they have a long drive and the garage, the wife always parks on the street where the rest of us struggle for spots.

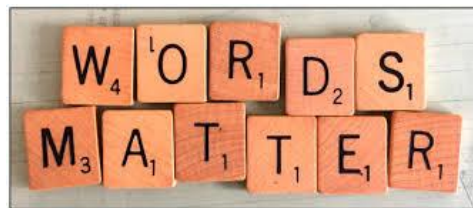


And so I tended to sigh when considering this couple, who seemed to be the personification of privilege. All that changed last week. We are having an unseasonably warm autumn, and everyone’s windows are open. I was working on this issue in my sitting room when the couple must have entered their kitchen, only a few steps away. There was a tone in the husband’s voice I had never heard before ~ cold, mocking and menacing. “Apparently I don’t do enough around the house for you. I don’t do enough with the dog. I don’t....” I crept upstairs to keep from hearing any more, embarrassed to have overheard words which have forever changed my view of what had appeared to be an idyllic life.

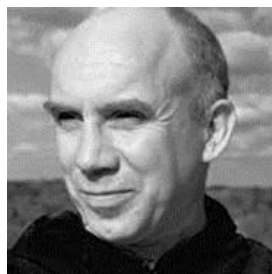
- Donald Trump attracted roars of laughter when he declared, “I have the best words.” He is surely the most inarticulate president (I will not capitalise it for him) we have ever had, and his vocabulary is pitiful. It is so easy to parody him it feels like shooting fish in a barrel. But there are serious problems here. He somehow misses the irony in the fact that, while he clamours for a Nobel Peace Prize, he renamed the ‘Department of Defense’ the ‘Department of War.’ Truly Orwellian. I could fill this issue with examples of how the current administration butchers and twists language. One of the most egregious examples was after the murder of Charlie Kirk, when White House officials justifiably objected to those who posted

ghoulishly online, appearing to condone the killing... only to cause far more objections by adding, “There is no room for hate speech in America.” They have trafficked in little else since Trump took office. Indeed, Trump is on tape repeatedly declaring how much he hates Democrats. Has such a thing ever happened before, a sitting US president openly saying he hates 50% of his own country? And how can one hope to raise civilised children when the president himself sets such a heinous example and uses such hateful words? The fallout from the toxic, combative atmosphere sewn by this administration has real-word consequences. I recently heard a woman say that she had been inappropriately touched by a stranger in the queue at Starbucks and when she turned to confront him, he said, “Don’t you know? We’re allowed to do this now.”

- Finally, the power of words struck me forcibly during an exchange with one of the customers at our thrift shop. She came to our attention when she tried to shoplift a couple of outfits. The fact that she was in dire need was not in question. She was told that all she had to do was ask if she needed a hand, but that stealing from us was stealing from the church. This made an impression on her. She returned later with money and bought the clothes she wanted. On a shift soon after this, I overheard her speaking to one of our volunteers, but it was loud and I missed some of the exchange. Later I was returning to the shop after filling one of the little libraries in the neighbourhood and she was just leaving the shop. I asked her, “I didn’t quite hear before. Is your name Janey or Jamie?” There was a pause. She squared her shoulders and said, “I’ll tell you. My name is Jamie Lynn Joseph... because somebody should know my name.” I can think of no better example of how



Merton Corner



Christian holiness can no longer be considered a matter of purely individual and isolated acts of virtue. It must also be seen as part of a great collaborative effort for spiritual and cultural renewal in society, to produce conditions in which all can work and enjoy the just fruits of their labour in peace.

Thomas Merton in Life and Holiness

A Big Thank You Re: Mary's Meals

by Catherine Callaghan

Thank you to everyone who supported our last fundraising coffee morning in July. We raised a staggering £386, which is absolutely fantastic! Our heartfelt gratitude goes out to you all.

Not only was the morning a success financially, it was also a great social event. Everyone who came thoroughly enjoyed themselves, chatting and catching up with old and new friends. Keep an eye out for our next coffee date, coming up soon.

Here are some photos from the last one!



Pilgrimage to Cleator: 7th September 2025

by Raymond Daley



Over 400 people came to Cleator Pilgrimage on Sunday 7th September from all over the Diocese. Our SVP hired a minibus, and we took seven parishioners, although we had hoped for more interest during what is a Pilgrimage Year for the Diocese. Some were regular pilgrims. Others who came for the first time were impressed by the experience. People have no idea of the scale of the event unless they actually come to the Pilgrimage. Father Paul Johnstone, the parish priest, said: "This is a special year for us, as it is the Jubilee Year that was announced by Pope Francis. Of course, Pope Francis passed away, but it's still got a special character. So, our Pilgrimage this year has a special character as well. Also, it is one hundred years since the founding of our diocese, the Lancaster Diocese. This is a diocesan event, so more people are coming this year than we'd normally expect." And so, it came to pass.

Due to the weather conditions, we had to celebrate Mass inside the magnificent church of St. Mary's. It was absolutely packed, as the picture above shows. Bishop Paul Swarbrick concelebrated Mass with other diocesan priests, followed by Benediction and blessing of the sick. Mass was due to begin at 3pm, but this year the Government, in its infinite wisdom, had decided to send an alarm signal to everyone with a mobile phone. For this reason, it was decided to delay the start of Mass for a few minutes. This helped to avoid too much disruption, but people were still getting the alert tones until after 3.15 when peace was finally restored.



The Shrine, known as the Grotto, at Cleator is a replica of the one at Lourdes. This picture shows pilgrims visiting the shrine after the Pilgrimage. It has quite a rich history. The communities of Cleator and Cleator Moor were dependent on the mining and iron industries, and during the Great Depression of the 1920's and 1930's, times were very difficult for many. Fr. Clayton (priest in Cleator from 1904 to 1954) placed an appeal in the national Catholic press, and generous support was received from around the country. To provide employment for some of the parishioners, Fr. Clayton bought some land adjoining the church's site and asked for volunteers to help construct a replica of the Grotto at Lourdes. These volunteers were rewarded with vouchers for food and clothing. The Grotto was opened on 30th October 1927, and rapidly became a focus for pilgrimage from all parts of the Diocese. The tradition of Pilgrimage continues, with groups coming each year. Every September the Diocesan Pilgrimage always brings many people together.



This picture from last year shows Bishop Paul and Priests of the Diocese outside at the Grotto during Benediction and blessing of the sick. We pray for all our parishioners at Cleator each and every year.

Which Gospel?

Christ's Miracles

by Celeste Bonfanti

Of course, our next issue will be devoted to the Nativity Stories and the early life of Jesus. This issue, I'd like to look at his miracles. They make for very interesting and inspirational reading, for sure.

John is the only evangelist to record Jesus's first miracle at the wedding feast at Cana. Both Mark and Luke record as Jesus's first cure the healing of the demoniac in the synagogue at Capernaum on the Sabbath, and mention in general terms "...a number of cures."

John's first recorded cure is of the royal official's son, when Jesus was at Cana. Jesus tells the official to go home to Capernaum, and en route he is greeted with the good news of his son's recovery. John goes on to record the cure of the sick man at the Pool of Bethesda. This also takes place on the Sabbath.

The first cure recorded by Matthew is the cure of the leper who tells Jesus, "If you are willing, you can make me well," to which Jesus replies, "I am willing." We then have the first of many requests by Jesus to keep the whole thing quiet, and as usual, it utterly fails, to the point that Jesus has to stay out of the towns for fear of being mobbed. I have always felt sorry for these people, who experience the most miraculous, life-changing cures and long to celebrate and sing it from the rooftops, only to be recorded for all time as making things difficult for the Messiah!

Matthew and Luke both record the cure of the centurion's servant. I love this story, as it flies in the face of all we think we know about those stoic Romans. Here is this man going to an itinerant Hebrew preacher on behalf, not of a wife or child, but of a beloved employee. Matthew's account of the cure of Peter's mother-in-law, who leaps up to serve them all as soon as she's well, as happening *after* the cure of the centurion's servant. Interestingly, both Mark and Luke record the cure of the mother-in-law as happening *before the first four disciples are called*. That would mean he had cured her before he had approached Peter and invited him to follow him. Was it on the strength of this cure that Peter overcame his shame about being "a sinful man" and threw in his lot with Christ?

Next we have one of those stories which appears in two forms in the Gospels but which surely happened only once ~ the bizarre tale of the pigs charging over the cliff. In Matthew, it is due to the cure of two demoniacs of Gadara. In both Mark and Luke, it's the result of the cure of one Gerasene demoniac. The demons cast out by Jesus beg to be sent into the pigs and Jesus does so ~ hence the stampede. (When I was in Galilee, the hill where this is reported to have happened was pointed out to us across the sea. It was one of those moments I recall with crystalline clarity. The hillside was impossibly green and each contour stood out in deep shadow.)

Mark records the cure of Jairus's daughter. Luke does as well but, surprisingly, does not mention Jairus by name. He is usually far more precise than the other evangelists, so it seems that Mark had some inside information here; perhaps Jairus was an acquaintance.

Both Mark and Luke record one of my favourite miracles, the cure of the woman who had been suffering with a haemorrhage for twelve years. (I included this in one of my liturgical dramas, first performed at Holy Trinity and St. George many moons ago, and later at the dismal parish I joined when I first returned to the States. But this US production was memorable, perhaps because the parish was so dead and the congregation so unaccustomed to anything out of the ordinary. When I invited parishioners to take part and showed them the script, one woman insisted on playing the part of this woman. She was much older than I would have preferred, but she identified intensely with the role as she had nursed her husband through Alzheimer's for ~ you guessed it ~ *twelve years*. She delivered the lines, *"Twelve years...! It is impossible to relate how twelve years of this burden had changed me.... I was so beaten down that I avoided the company of my neighbors, even my sisters. Days would go by between conversations with anyone. It seemed I wasn't truly living, merely existing day to day, like a shadow,"* with such heartfelt passion, I shivered.)



Matthew, Mark and Luke all mention the cure of the paralytic at Capernaum whose friends lower him down through the roof because the room is too full for them to get him in any other way. What faith these men had in Jesus's ability to heal! This was both a famous and infamous cure, as Jesus first tells the man, "Son, your sins are forgiven," which sends the authorities into paroxysms of rage. He is in no mood for this, clearly, as he says,

"Why are you thinking these things? Which is easier: to say to this paralyzed man, 'Your sins are forgiven,' or to say, 'Get up, take your mat and walk'? But I want you to know that the Son of Man has authority on earth to forgive sins." So he said to the man, "I tell you, get up, take your mat and go home."

When the man does, the people marvel, "We have never seen anything like this before!" And you can just feel the plot to destroy him getting clearer and clearer in the minds of the authorities, who couldn't bear to have their power threatened.

Matthew goes on to record the cure of two blind men and of a mute demoniac. And all three synoptic Gospels include the Sabbath cure of the man with the withered hand. Luke alone records the miracle of the son of the widow of Nain being restored to life. (I love this one because he comes back to life talking! I only wish Luke had recorded what he was saying!) Luke also gives the strange, second-hand mention of the fact that Jesus had cast seven demons out of Mary Magdalene ~ one would presume that such a major miracle could have had

its own blow-by-blow account! The three synoptic Gospels agree that the degree of unbelief in Nazareth prevented Jesus from performing many miracles there.

We read in our first “Which Gospel?” article about the handful of stories mentioned in all four Gospels, which included the Feeding of the 5,000. All but Luke mention Jesus walking on the water, but only Matthew mentions Peter walking to meet him and losing his nerve. John includes the odd detail that as soon as Jesus was taken into the boat, the boat arrived at the shore.

Mark is the only evangelist who includes the miracle of the calming of the storm (I remember dear Enda Lyons saying that “Peace! Be still!” was a wonderful thing to tell our busy brains when we kept turning things over and over in our minds).

Jesus effects so many cures that both Matthew and Mark give up trying to list them all, citing multiple “cures at Gennesaret,” and Matthew writes of “cures at the Lake of Galilee.” Both also mention the cure of the daughter of the delightfully persistent woman; in Matthew, she is a Canaanite and in Mark she is Syro-Phoenecian.

It’s Mark who writes of the cure of the Deaf man, which has always been a bit controversial within the Deaf Community. In the UK, the Sunday when this Gospel is read was known for many years as Ephphatha Sunday, as Jesus says “*Ephphatha! [Be opened!]*” during the cure. It was used to take up collections for charities serving Deaf people. My old boss at CDA, Mick Barber, was the son of Deaf parents and used to say that the real miracle would have been the community’s full acceptance of the Deaf man and a willingness to communicate with him. I don’t know any culturally Deaf people who want to be “cured” as they consider their Deafness a culture they value highly. Of course, it’s a different story for those who lose their hearing.



Both Matthew and Mark record the Feeding of the 4,000, and as they both wrote previously of the Feeding of the 5,000, this appears to be a separate event (although I’ve always thought the two feeding miracles could have been one and the same, with people remembering it differently).

All three synoptic Gospels include the story of the Sabbath cure of the epileptic demoniac, but only Luke includes the cure of the woman bent double in the temple; he is the author of most of the women’s narratives. (This reading means a lot to me. I am not a fan of *lectio divina*, I’m not sure why. But from time to time, when I am on retreat, we are asked to engage in this type of imaginative prayer. Once, we were asked to choose a character within this particular story for *lectio divina*, and I chose the woman herself. The experience was powerful. When she was cured and stood, she was immediately hit with massive vertigo as her field of vision and blood flow changed so radically for the first time in many years. She had to reach out for support as her head spun. And to identify for certain who had cured her, she had to look at the feet of the men around her to find Jesus.)

Matthew is the only evangelist who includes the weird story of Jesus directing Peter to catch a fish which ends up having a coin in it which covers both of their tax payments! I would love to know who decided that this “miracle” needed to be included in the Gospels when Mary Magdalene and Thomas’s accounts did not!

John is the only evangelist who writes of the raising of Lazarus, which I have always found surprising. And Luke is the only one who writes of the healing of the ten lepers, only one of whom returns to give thanks. (This is another cure I included in my liturgical drama, but it wasn’t about the one who returned. I wrote about

one who had gotten so caught up in the miracle and the celebration of the return to life that returning to thank Jesus completely slipped his mind... a fact he regretted for the rest of his life.)

Mark writes of the cure of a blind man at Bethsaida. Is this the same man whom John records as born blind and cured on the Sabbath? And speaking of blind men, there is a discrepancy in the accounts of what may have been Christ's last cure, on the road approaching Jericho as he headed to Jerusalem. Both Mark and Luke write of the cure of a single man; once again, Mark has the particulars here, naming him Bartimaeus, while in the usually-precise Luke he is unnamed. But Matthew says that *two* blind men were cured that day. I hate to think that one man's story was lost, but by all accounts, Bartimaeus was a squeaky wheel, so it's possible!

The miracles of Jesus are evidence of God's direct intervention in the lives of ordinary people. I'm sure that they drew more people to him than his preaching, human nature being what it is. Even Jesus himself seems to sardonically admit as much when he tells the people that they are pursuing him because of the feeding miracles. The miracles were public acts, both large and small, and their accounts ring through the ages in the pages of the Gospels, harbingers of faith for millennia.

"All too often, I resist resting. I hurry on, trying to get everything done. Washing and folding laundry. Planning and cooking dinner. And I never get it all done. Sabbath, a weekly celebration of rest, was a gift to us busy, tired humans. Jesus said it was made to meet the needs of people, and not people to meet the requirements of the Sabbath. (Mark 2:27, NLT).

"Jesus took naps in boats (Mark 4:38). He withdrew each morning to be renewed in prayer (Mark 1:35). Jesus rested. So should we.

"Jesus is still calling, 'Come to me.' He promises to give us rest ~ each and every one of us. In response, I'm sitting in the recliner, my feet up, obeying him."

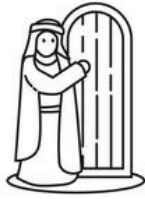
Suzanne Davenport Tietjen

"Mornings with Jesus"

September ~ October 2025

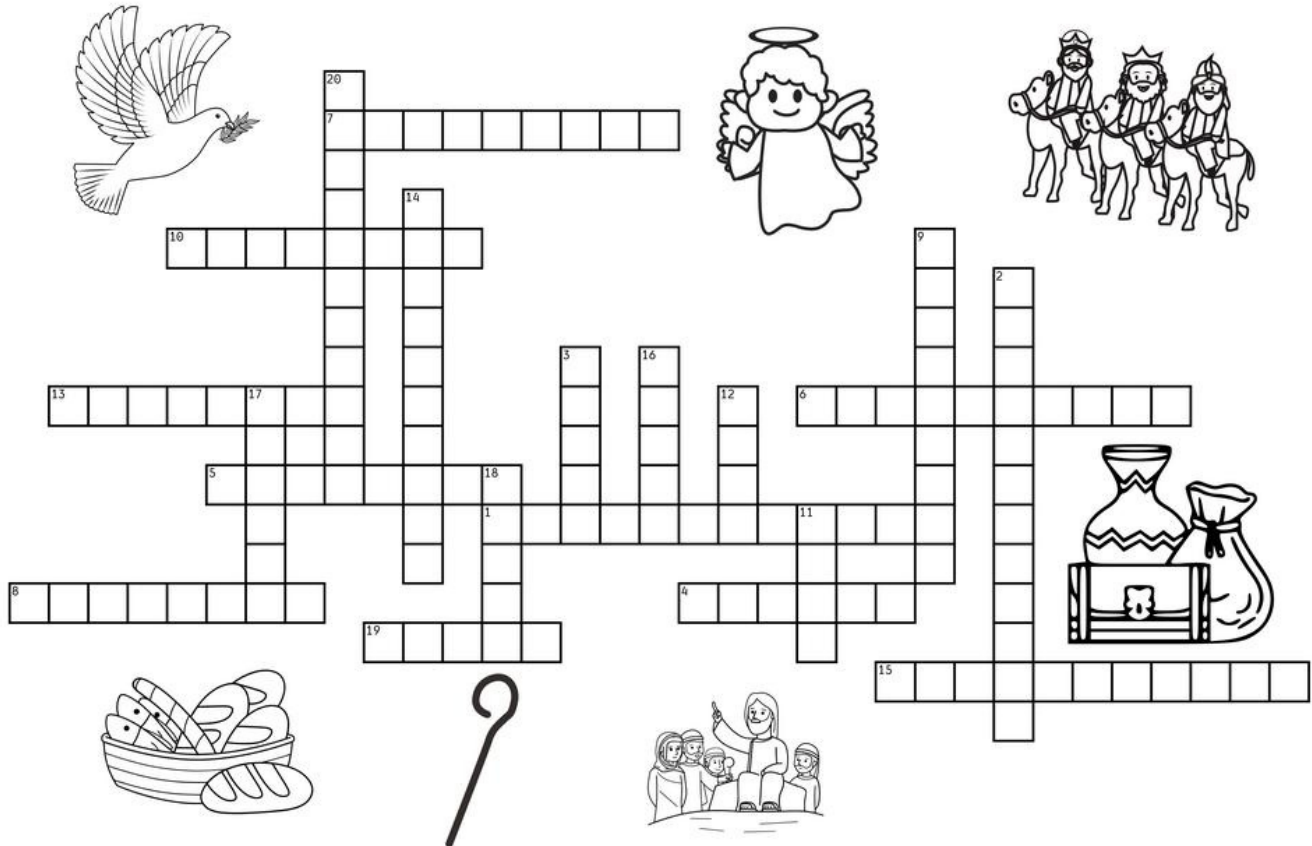
FAITH STEP: Prayerfully consider ways you could practice resting, either daily in random moments, planned quiet times, or by attending an organised retreat.





Scripture Crossword

Find the correct answers to the clues and fill them into the crossword puzzle.



DOWN

2. Unwavering belief in God's will
3. Traitor who betrayed Jesus
9. An important event at the end of the world
11. Biblical site of resurrection
12. Jesus uses this plant as a metaphor
14. A struggle against wrong desires
16. What Jesus and Peter walked on in Matthew
17. The one who let Barabbas go free
18. God's boundless kindness
20. Restoring a relationship after hurt

ACROSS

1. Easter celebrates this event
4. His nickname was 'Doubting'
5. A divine gift or action
6. Feeling regret and changing your behavior, as written in the New Testament
7. Obeying God's commandments
8. Christ's method of teaching in the New Testament
10. A religious group Jesus warned about hypocrisy
13. Part of the group called The Twelve
15. Oppressed for faith
19. Biblical figure who brings news



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Autumn Colors



Word list:

AMBER
BEIGE
BROWN
BURGUNDY
CHESTNUT
COPPER
CRIMSON
GOLD

MAHOGANY
MAROON
OLIVE
ORANGE
RED
RUST
SIENNA
YELLOW



To everything there
is a season



Ecclesiastes 3:1