

The Parishes of
 St. Joseph's, BATLEY CARR
 &
 Our Lady & St. Paulinus, DEWSBURY
 DIOCESE OF LEEDS
 Registered Charity no: 249404

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Sunday 24th January 2021 Third Sunday in Ordinary Time

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CHURCH</u>	<u>COMMEMORATION</u>
23th Saturday	6.30 pm St. Joseph's	Matthew Riley & Charlotte Kestin (Engagement Thanksgiving)
24th Sunday	10.30 am OLASP	People of the Parish
25th Monday	10.00 am OLASP	<i>Jenny Wright (Intentions)</i>
26th Tuesday	10.00 am St. Joseph's	Mary Walsh & Glynn (A)
27th Wednesday	10.00 am OLASP	<i>Requiem: Audrey Lane</i>
28th Thursday	10.00 am St. Joseph's 1 pm Crematorium	<i>Emma Hillary (YB)</i> <i>Eileen Chadwick (RIP)</i>
29th Friday	10.00 am OLASP	<i>Silvester Kiss</i>
30th Saturday	6.30 pm St. Joseph's	People of the Parish
31st Sunday	10.30 am OLASP	Margaret Gilmartin

For the Requiem of the late Audrey Lane, the limit is thirty mourners. Whilst there might be ten members of the family, the people who tend to come to that Mass are most welcome to come and support the family and there should be room for one or two more who may want to pay their respects to Audrey.

Masses: *Maria Graciete Miranda Nogueira (mother of Rui de Souza), Arthur Francis Roche (Anniversary & Birthday), Eileen Chadwick.*

Recently Deceased: *Audrey Lane, Eileen Mary Chadwick, Theresa Lodge, Eileen Wainwright.*

Prayer List: *Mgr Michael Kujacz, Rev. Patrick Kelly, Tracey Smith, Rose Rodgers, Deborah DeCesare, Maureen Oldroyd, Jensen Burrows, Dominic Ramm, Eileen Thomson, Anton Burrows, Janice McNab, Ann Steffen, Rhona Naughton, Sheena Dunbar, Maurice Conboy, Bella Varey, Jean Halligan, Nora Naughton, Ann Wharton, H.W, Elizabeth Evans, Gordon Lodge, Mark and Nico Griffin, Sheila Sutton, Andrea Cuesta, Susan O'Donnell, Ariann (Rome), Ray & Margaret, Sam Greenwood, Bernard Gaughan, Dot Cordy, Michael Brooke, Roger Meehan.*

Getting the Jab: It is good to know that people are receiving the protection of the vaccine. Many other countries have failed to get themselves organised and the virus is still causing havoc without hope of remedy. Let us keep a worldwide as well as a local perspective of this challenge and hold each other in prayer.

Keeping the Faith Alive in Our Homes: One of my friends sent me a link the other day. His son, Gregory, is a teacher and working with the Franciscan Friars in Bradford to provide a reflection of the Sunday Gospel. This seems suitable for home schooling and also for the rest of us. If you have a few moments it might be worth a look: themark10mission.co.uk

Safeguarding vulnerable children & adults: Elizabeth Stanley: 079 38 59 77 25 & Andrea Jackson 078 09 29 85 15

Baptisms, Weddings: For those planning, please get in touch so we can plan for brighter days ahead.

The Flea Market: Saint Joseph's. **Turnover is high. New stock is always required. Back open soon.**

FOODBANKS: Both Parishes are collecting food for families in need. Just drop your donation (tins, pasta, toiletries etc) in church. **Fusion Foodbank, Dewsbury:** The food bank has been inundated with requests for food during the pandemic. As well as the usual they are also requesting treats for the families for Christmas such as selection boxes and biscuits etc.

Money in via the church basket - Many thanks:

OLASp: £514.00

St. Joseph's £152.00

Saint Paulinus Parochial Hall: As you may be aware the Paroche was broken into in the small hours earlier this month. The main damage is in the former Member's Lounge. It is to a French Window, glass windows, a bar shutter and that caused by smoke as a small fire was started. Hopefully the insurance will cover the repairs. However, additional checks will take time and money to make sure that the Hall is safe to use. Work will be carried out to ensure the Hall is repaired, checked and safe. Whilst it will not be open during the works, all should be done whilst such venues are closed anyway.

PARISH MAINTENANCE: Work is on going to the fabric of both Saint Joseph's and St. Paulinus. Hopefully all will go well and not interfere with the Masses celebrated daily.



Sometimes we hear something fresh which can make us sit up and take notice.

I watched some of the Inauguration Ceremony of Joe Biden.

One of the most captivating moments was provided by a twenty two year old poet from California.

She wrote specially for the occasion.

Some of her words might chime with us in our current situation.

Here are her words in full.

“The Hill We Climb” by Amanda Gorman

When day comes we ask ourselves
Where can we find light in this never-ending shade?

The loss we carry,
A sea we must wade.

We braved the belly of the beast;
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace.

And the norms and notions of what just is
Isn't always justice.

And yet the dawn is ours before we knew it.

Somehow we do it;
Somehow we've weathered and witnessed
A nation that isn't broken but simply unfinished.

We, the successors of a country and a time
Where a skinny black girl descended from slaves
And raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president,
Only to find herself reciting for one.

And yes we are far from polished, far from pristine,
But that doesn't mean we aren't striving to form a union that is perfect.

We are striving to forge a union with purpose,
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colours,
characters and conditions of man.

And so we lift our gaze not to what stands between us,
But what stands before us.

We close the divide, because we know to put our future first,
We must first put our differences aside.
We lay down our arms

So we can reach out our arms to one another.
We seek harm to none and harmony for all.

Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true:
That even as we grieved, we grew,
That even as we hurt, we hoped,
That even as we tired, we tried,
That we'll forever be tied together, victorious—
Not because we will never again know defeat
But because we will never again sow division.

Scripture tells us to envision
That everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree,
And no one shall make them afraid.

If we're to live up to our own time,
then victory won't lie in the blade but in all the bridges we've made.
That is the promised glade,
The hill we climb if only we dare it.

Because being American is more than a pride we inherit,
It's the past we step into and how we repair it.

We've seen a force that would shatter our nation rather than share it,
Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.

And this effort very nearly succeeded,
But while democracy can be periodically delayed
It can never be permanently defeated.

In this truth, in this faith we trust,

For while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us.
This is the era of just redemption.

We feared at its inception.
We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour,
But within it we found the power
To author a new chapter,
To offer hope and laughter,
To ourselves sow. While once we asked:
How could we possibly prevail over catastrophe?
Now we assert: How could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?

We will not march back to what was,
But move to what shall be,
A country that is bruised but whole,
Benevolent but bold,
Fierce and free.

We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation
Because we know our inaction and inertia
will be the inheritance of the next generation.
Our blunders become their burdens

But one thing is certain:
If we merge mercy with might and might with right,
Then love becomes our legacy
And change our children's birthright.

So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left.
With every breath of my bronze pounded chest,
We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the golden hills of the West.

We will rise from the windswept Northeast where our forefathers
first realised revolution.
We will rise from the lakeland cities of the Midwestern states.

We will rise from the sunbaked South.
We will rebuild, reconcile and recover
In every known nook of our nation,
In every corner called our country,
Our people, diverse and beautiful,
Will emerge battered and beautiful.
When day comes we step out of the shade,
Aflame and unafraid.

The new dawn blooms as we free it.
For there is always light if only we're brave enough to see it,
If only we're brave enough to be it.

*Keep safe and well.
Please get in touch for anything I can help you with.
The Churches are open throughout the week for Mass.
Fr. Jonathan*