

Kincasslagh Parish Newsletter, Palm Sunday, 5th April 2020

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Schedule of Masses

St. Mary's Church, Kincasslagh

[Next Weekend](#)

[Next Week](#)

St. Columba's Church, Acres

[Next Weekend](#)

Sunday @ 11.30 a.m. Web Cam only

[Next Week- Holy Week](#)

11.00 a.m. on webcam. Monday to Wednesday.

Thursday Evening Mass of the Lords Supper, @ 7.00 p.m.

Good Friday Way of the Cross @ 3.00 p.m.

Holy Saturday Easter Vigil @ 9.00 p.m.

Easter Sunday @ 11.30 a.m.

Without Congregation

The intentions below will be offered during these masses.

Anniversaries and Masses

Owen & Sally Gallagher, Meenmore, Sunday

Günter Jakob, Belcruit, Monday

Peter Gallagher, Glasgow & Glenties, Tuesday

Hugh Francis Sharkey & His mother Mary and the **Sharkey Family**, Belcruit. Easter Sunday.

Recent deaths

Michael Stack, England. Cousin of Marie Martin

Mary Edge, nee Jeannie Bonner who died in Hospice care in Dublin during the week.

Mary Kelly, Dublin. Sister of Irene Campbell, Meenmore

Jim Bree, Glasgow who died during the week.

Dorothy (Cee) Hanley, Ramelton who was buried on Friday.

Kathleen McBride, Falkirk

Brendan Malleary

Betty Beattie, Cambusbaron

Michael Stack, Buried in England during the week

Patrick Carr who died in Warrington during the week.

Myra Roberts

Pearl (Maggie Neil) Lawson, nee Gallagher

who passed away on Friday. Funeral in Holytown crematorium on April 14. Family only. Ashes to be brought to Burtonport at a later date.

Anniversaries

John Boyle, Carrick Trentagh, Letterkenny

Sadie Cunningham Barrhead, birthday remembrance

Act of Spiritual Communion

A Prayer by St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori

My Jesus,
I believe that You are present
in the Most Holy Sacrament.
I love You above all things,
and I desire to receive You into my soul.

Since I cannot at this moment
receive You sacramentally,
come at least spiritually into my heart.
I embrace You as if You were already there
and unite myself wholly to You.

Never permit me to be separated from You.

Amen.

This poem was written 100 years ago by H.W. Longfellow and for John Sharkey, the last verse especially has a resonance for us today.

A Song of Home

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Wearied and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart and rest,
The bird is safest in the nest:

O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best

Poem for a mother who has passed

Lord, both in physical presence and joining
from afar,
we bring you the remains of our dear mum.
We recognise you in different ways, and come
together to look for your help now.

We give thanks. For a life that nurtured our
lives, and those of many others. For hands that
sculpted beauty in flowers and art.
For a heart that scattered love like rose petals.

We ask for strength, to stand united as one,
so that, like the heavier load can be withstood
when distributed over multiple supports,
we can be there for each other
in the gap left by her presence.

We look with Hope To a future where mum's
spirit continues,
Like the flowering vine is trained up a frame,
so she has taught us in patience, in wisdom
and in kindness
Living on in influencing what we do and what
we say

Her work is done. We would have her stay
But bring her home, To be with dad, we pray.

It was March 2020 ...

The streets were empty, the shops closed,
people couldn't get out.
But spring did not know, and the flowers began
to bloom, the sun shone, the birds sang, the
swallows would soon arrive, the sky was blue,
the morning arrived early.
It was March 2020 ...
Young people had to study online, and find
occupations at home, people could no longer
go shopping, or go to the hairdresser. Soon
there would be no more room in hospitals, and
people continued to get sick.
But spring did not know, the time to go to the
garden arrived, the grass greened.
It was March 2020 ...
People have been put in lockdown, to protect
grandparents, families and children. No more

meetings or meals, family celebrations. The
fear became real and the days were therefore
similar.

But spring did not know, apples, cherry trees
and others bloomed, the leaves grew.
People started reading, playing with their
families, learning a language, singing on the
balcony inviting neighbors to do the same,
being supportive and focusing on other values.
People realized the importance of health, of
suffering, of this world that had stopped, of the
economy that has plummeted.
But spring didn't know, the flowers gave way to
the fruit, the birds made their nest, the swallows
had arrived.

Then the day of liberation came, people found
out on TV, the virus had lost, people took to the
streets, sang, cried, kissed their neighbors,
without masks or gloves.

And that's when summer came, because
spring didn't know. He continued to be there
despite everything, despite the virus, fear and
death. Because spring didn't know, he taught
people the power of life.

Claire Ward



PALM SUNDAY

What if everyone on Sunday April 5 in the morning, puts a branch on the door of their house or on the window, to celebrate Palm Sunday? It could be any green branch you can get. This would help, despite the social distancing, to be connected as we enter into the Holiest of Weeks. Want to join? We may be physically isolated, but not separated. We are united as the body of Christ.

We are the Church.