



# Aughavas & Cloone Parishes

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11th April 2021



## 2nd Sunday of Easter Divine Mercy Sunday

**Pray for** the happy repose of the soul of Kathleen Tiernan, formerly of Drumgowla, Cloone who died in London and Oliver Creegan, Cavan and P.J. Creegan, Crott, Moyne (nephews of the late Pee Creegan, Drumkeeran, Cloone) whose funerals took place during the week.

### Masses

**Aughavas:** Sat. 10th April. 8.00 pm. Pro. Populo.

**Cloone:** Sun. 11th April. 10.00 am.

**Cloone:** Mon. 12th April. 8.00 pm. Maisie Bohan, M.M. and John Charlie Bohan, Drumhalla.

**Cloone:** Wed. 14th April. 10.00 am. Owen McCaffrey, Coroneary.

**Cloone:** Thurs. 15th April. 10.00 am. John Blessing, Acres and his parents Patrick Joseph & Maud Blessing and Peter & Mary Kate Gillogly, Annaghmonan.

**Cloone:** Fri. 16th April. 10.00 am. Tom & Annie McIntyre, Corduff and Eugene & Peggy McIntyre, Gradogue and Peter McIntyre, Drumerkane.

**Aughavas:** Sat. 17th April. 8.00 pm.

**Cloone:** Sun. 18th April. 10.00 am.

*(Please note that all Masses will be live streamed and without a congregation.)*

**Thanks** to all who contributed to the Easter Dues and the Offertory collection in Cloone and Aughavas.

### St. Thomas

It's perfectly understandable: Thomas is having trouble believing that Jesus has returned to be with his friends again. The disciples, who witnessed Jesus' arrest, torture, death and burial, are now talking about having seen Jesus in the flesh again. It sounds impossible. Thomas was not there when Jesus first appeared to the disciples, so of course he is doubtful.

Thomas' moment of doubt earned him the nickname 'Doubting Thomas', and I sometimes think this is a little unfair. Or rather, I feel that Thomas' wobble of faith does not necessarily cast him in a negative light - it makes him easier to relate to. He is grieving after the death of his master and friend. He is not ready to hear the words of comfort and consolation offered by the others, when they tell him 'We have seen the Lord.' His pain is too deep. He can't believe it, or won't believe it, until he experiences it for himself. And when he does finally encounter Jesus, an agonising eight days later, his declaration of faith is swift: My Lord and my God!' We can almost hear the relief and joy in this exclamation.

We all know that life can be painful and messy at times. It can be hard to hang onto our faith when we are in pain, or grieving or anxious. It might be difficult to accept the assurances of others that God is with us and will help us through it. We might also struggle to pray. In dark times, sometimes we just can't see the light. Thomas is a saint for those times of darkness and doubt. In our darkest days, may we, like Thomas, encounter the healing presence of the Risen Christ.

### An Easter Poem

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise  
Without delays,  
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise  
With him mayst rise:  
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,  
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part  
With all thy art.  
The cross taught all wood to resound his name,  
Who bore the same.  
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key  
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song  
Pleasant and long:  
Or since all music is but three parts vied  
And multiplied;  
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,  
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to straw thy way;  
I got me boughs off many a tree:  
But thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.  
The Sun arising in the East,  
Though he give light, & th'East perfume;  
If they should offer to contest  
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
Though many suns to shine endeavour?  
We count three hundred, but we miss:  
There is but one, and that one ever.  
*George Herbert*

### At Dawn

Colours on silage-cut field  
Before tractors move in,  
Feet-high, fog retreating.

Bands of pink-red and green  
Make magic meeting  
Swarth layers lie in between.

Verticals cross with the  
Horizontal fog line,  
Golden beams of Easter time.  
*R. Moran.*