

Saturday June 19th, 2021, Saturday in the Eleventh Week of Ordinary Time Year I

Good Morning from St. Bernadette's.

I hope everyone is keeping safe and well, and following all the guidance we receive to overcome these strange times, and continuing to pray for all our needs at this time.

Bit dull again today, but we don't have to make it a dull day!

We have the last extract from St Paul's letter (to be honest, I'll be glad to move to the Book of Genesis next week, when we listen to the story of Abraham). He continues to refute his detractors and talks about the visions and revelations that he has been given from God – after which he asked for and received a 'thorn in the flesh' to bring him back to reality, and to be sure he didn't get too proud and boastful. God's grace is to be sufficient for him, and *'I am quite content with weaknesses, insults, hardships and persecutions... For it is when I am weak, that I am strong.'*

When I look into my life and see my weakness,

help me to trust you.

May I, like Paul, embrace my weakness so that you can be my strength.

May you work through my weakness to change me

May I glorify you in my weakness,

looking away from myself and

to the wonders of your amazing love.

Grant me Gospel joy, especially in the midst of my weakness.

Through Christ our Lord.

And our last extract from the Sermon on the Mount, continues with some more practical advice for Christian living, advice neatly designed to always make us feel better about life (and neatly following on from the first reading today). It's actually good advice which, two thousand years after Jesus first gave it, perhaps holds more true than ever. Jesus says, *'I am telling you not to worry,'* not to worry about the material, and believe and know and see that the Lord is looking after us. God our heavenly Father knows what we need before we even ask him, *'So do not worry about tomorrow: tomorrow will take care of itself,'* to which Jesus adds, perhaps ruefully, *'Each day has enough troubles of its own.'*

Father I heaven,

help me follow the advice of your Son, Jesus,

and cease worrying and trust myself wholly to You, and your will.

Help me to live one day at a time.

*Help me to not worry about tomorrow
but instead focus on today,
and see the great things you're doing in my life right now.
I want to trust in your promise to take care of every one of my needs, material and spiritual.
Help me to trust you more and worry less.
And in doing so, help me to remove the worries of others.
Through Christ our Lord. Amen.*

And the hymn 'Lord For Tomorrow And It's Needs' makes a most appropriate hymn 'just for today'.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yBaDH1jHWI4>

And we go to Italy for our Saint of the Day, St. Romuald. St. Romuald was born at Ravenna in Italy about the year 956, and had a somewhat worldly and materialistic youthhood. Then one day, obliged by his father, Sergius, to be present at a duel fought by him, he watched his father kill his enemy, and was so appalled by his Father's crime, he decided to make prayer and reparation for it himself. He took himself off to a Benedictine Monastery, at first wanting to stay for just forty days, but eventually actually becoming a member of the community there, and eventually the Abbot. Such is God's mysterious way in changing someone's life! He founded several monasteries, and was revered for his holiness, as well as the way he fought spiritual temptations and even several attempts on his life, with calmness and trust in God. He died in one of the monasteries he founded, in Ancona, on June 19, about the year 1027.

*O Father Romuald,
O sign of perfect solitude
who heeded so well the Lord's command to enter into your cloister to pray,
whose great measure of self-denial led you to contemplation in God's holy presence,
whose only desire was that souls might draw close to Him,
pray that all who seek the Lord may approach Him with a whole heart,
that in such perfect devotion all might find Him present
in their souls, in their spirits,
and be elevated in their lowliness to His indescribable divine love,
to His peace which passes all our understanding
and draws us ever closer to His wounded side.
Through Christ our Lord. Amen.*

St. Romuald wrote a very short rule for his monks (very different to the long Rule of St. Benedict) of only seven precepts, the last of which is:

*'Sit like a chick,
content with the grace of God,
for unless its mother gives it something,*

it tastes nothing and has nothing to eat.'

And I truly don't think there is anything needs adding to that!

We're back at the weekend, so I hope all is going well, and while we don't have the lifting of restrictions we were hoping for this Monday, we at least have our Masses, here in Church and online, at 5pm this evening and 10am Sunday morning, as well as an hour with the Blessed Sacrament (and Reconciliation in the Sacristy). And for that, however 'restricted' we feel our services to be or complain about them, let us be truly, truly thankful. *Sit like a chick, content with the grace of God.*

And for the last day of the week, Tobias, the Presbytery cat, insisted on a look in. Although he wasn't too impressed at the suggestion to sit like a chick...

I hope you are having the best weekend you can!

And remember, St. Bernadette's is not closed. We're just doing things differently for a while, until we are allowed to gather together once more, more stronger, more faithful, more loving, more creative, and more grateful for the amazing community that is St. Bernadette's.

With love and faith in Jesus.

Fr. P.