

Holy Family RC Church Coventry

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 Registered as a Charity. Birmingham RC Diocese No: 234216



14TH SUNDAY ORDINARY TIME YEAR A

SATURDAY 4TH JULY 5 00PM
SUNDAY 5TH JULY 10 00 AM
MONDAY 6TH JULY 9 00 AM
TUESDAY 7TH JULY 9 00 AM
WEDNESDAY 8TH JULY 9.00 AM
THURSDAY 9TH JULY 9 00 AM
FRIDAY 10TH JULY 9 00 AM
SATURDAY 11TH JULY 10 00 AM PUBLIC MASS
SATURDAY 11TH JULY 5 00PM PUBLIC MASS
SUNDAY 12TH JULY 10 00 AM PUBLIC MASS

RICHARD MOORE RIP A
FR PAT 28TH ORDINATION A

JOAN HARRINGTON A
IAIN RICHARDSON RIP A
ELLIOT COX (GET WELL)
JOHNNY LYNCH RIP A
FR BRENDAN DONLON RIP A

PEOPLE OF THE PARISH

William McEnroe RIP A

JOHN & CARMEL O'SULLIVAN 51ST WED A

Masses resume 11th July 2020

+ Saturday Trial Run! 10.00am
 + Saturday Vigil 5.00 pm
 + Sunday 10.00 am
 + Mon, Thurs and Fri 9.00 am
+ Tues Wed 9.00 am. (Private Webcam only)
 Attendees must
 + Wear a mask
 + Remain 1 metre + apart
 + Sanitise hands on entering and exiting the Church
 + Follow the signs
 + Listen to the stewards who will point out where you can sit. There are Family areas so families can sit together (please note you may not be able to sit in your normal seat for now)

A One way system is in place Enter In front door leave via side door

+ All parish meetings and events remain suspended until further notice
During Mass There are No...
 + No Altar servers (Just 1 MC Robert)
 + No Readers
 + No Children's liturgy
 + No Extraordinary ministers
 + No Offertory procession
 + No Physical sign of peace
 + no Chalice distribution
 + No Parish missals or hymn books
 + No Singing
 + No Collection baskets
 + No Congregating outside

Holy Communion: Row by row starting from front. Stewards will direct.

+ Receive in silence by hand only
 + Masks to be worn to receive the host, then consume, and leave church
 (Final blessing given before Communion)

Please Note:

+ The Church will be disinfected after each Mass
 Please stay at home if...
 + You may have a pre-existing condition
 + You are feeling ill
 + You suspect you may be ill or have been exposed to Covid 19
 + You have a sick family member at home

An Act of Spiritual Communion

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**

Donations

Many thanks for the generous and kind donations that have come into the parish, your offertory and donations, during this time are so important.

“Lord, I’ve done the best I can.” During the days of the Second Vatican Council, Pope St. John XXIII used to submit all his anxieties to God with this prayer every night: “Lord, Jesus, I’m going to bed. It’s your Church. Take care of it!” I feel like this at the moment with the resumption of public Masses!

Humour!

Rest and peace: Doctor: Your husband needs rest and peace. Here are some sleeping pills. **Wife:** When must I give them to him? **Doctor:** They are for you...!

George came home from the psychiatrist looking very worried. “What’s the problem?” his wife asked. “The doctor told me I could have no worry and perfect peace of mind if I take a pill every day for the rest of my life,” he explained. “So what? Lots of people have to take a pill every day their whole lives,” she replied. “I know,” said George, “but the doctor gave me only four pills!”

First Reading

Zechariah 9:9-10

The Lord shall come to reign in Zion.

Responsorial Psalm

Psalms 145:1-2,8-11,13-14

A prayer of praise to God who is our king.

Second Reading

Romans 8:9,11-13

Those in whom the Spirit of God dwells must now live according to the Spirit, not the flesh.

Gospel Reading

Matthew 11:25-30

Jesus prays in thanks to God, who has revealed himself to the lowly.

Our newsletter which will be posted each week on the parish website and deanery website too. <https://coventry-catholicdeanery.org.uk/new/>

PLEASE NOTE SATURDAY EVENING MASS IS AT 5. 00PM EACH WEEK.

Pray for all who have died recently, **Daniel M Cunningham** Please pray for the deceased and their families at this difficult time.

Collections: Please continue to support the parish with your weekly offerings this is a vital aspect of parish life. Please put offering envelopes through the door of the presbytery. During Public Masses there will not be an offertory collection, boxes marked as “Offertory” will be at entrances and exits. Church stewards will be responsible for pointing them out

Thank you to those who have volunteered, we do need more helpers. There will be a further meeting for Volunteer stewards and cleaners as public Masses resume. This Tuesday at 7 00pm in the church (socially distanced of course) We will go through the guidelines and share with you what needs to be done for Mass. The cleaning of the church will be done on Wednesday afternoon and many hands will make lighter work! On Thursday I will be putting up the signs and marking the benches with numbers. **Those who can’t come and have let me know they want to help via email I will contact by email this weekend and give more details of how to help.**

Fr Pat is on twitter @Fr_PatBren and Facebook. I like to post reflections of encouragement there. Fr Bernard has his own email address and that is: anwylb2@btinternet.com **The parish webcam can be viewed using the link here**

<https://watchmcnmedia.tv/camera/coventry-holy-family>

You can also find the stream by going on to 'watchmcnmedia.tv', where you can select your country and county, and your church will appear in the results.



Accept the light burden of Jesus’ teaching: The second part of Jesus’ claim in the gospel for today is: “*My burden is light*” (11:30). Jesus does not mean that the burden is easy to carry, but that it is laid on us in love. This burden is meant to be carried in love, and love makes even the heaviest burden light. When we remember the love of God, when we know that our burden is to love, both directly and by loving men, the God Who loves us, then the burden becomes easy. Jesus is returning to the simplicity of God’s original Covenant and Law, giving people what they need to guide them on their path easily. By following Jesus, a man will find peace, rest, and refreshment. Although we are not overburdened by the Jewish laws, we are burdened by many other things: business, concerns about jobs, marriage, money, health, children, security, old age and a thousand other things. Jesus’ concern for our burdens is as real as his concern for the law-burdened Jews of his day. “*Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens and I will give you rest*” (11:28). Jesus still gives us rest! Is Jesus calling on those who are carrying heavy loads to come and add a yoke to their burden? Doesn’t that sound like adding affliction to the afflicted? No! Jesus is asking us to cast away our burdens and take on his yoke. This is because, unlike the burdens we bear, his yoke is easy and his burden light. The yoke of Jesus is the love of God. By telling us: “*Take my yoke . . . and you will find rest*” (11:29), Christ is asking us to do things the Christian way. When we centre in God, when we follow God’s commandments, we have no heavy burdens.

Reflection on my 28th anniversary of Priesthood 5th July 1992

Combining a nod to memory of football and my younger days, while discerning a call to the priesthood, in the midst of leaving school and starting work. This is my reflection on my call.

I Arrived a Young Man with Lofty Ideals and I Left an Older, Streetwise One.

Present day

Today, the rain is falling, as the housework is calling.

Rain, it is indiscriminate, it covers, saturates, seeps into the fabric of living

Some say it refreshes, brings life, while others contemplate being swamped under its force

A deluge from the heavens, so welcome or unwelcome, depending on where you live of course

This earth is vast its needs are simple.

Perspective is key and from my perspective

but let it rain, and when the rain stops, may I be grateful, never resentful.

Days Gone by

I loved watching big Cyrille Regis in the claret and blue.

His bustling sprints forwards, scoring goals for fun in the Holte End
before him, Laurie Cunningham at West Brom, he caught my eye too.

As a young man I never saw their colour or asked for their creed.

I saw them on a football pitch, and marvelled at their skill, their speed

I was young then, and the world was an exciting place, with so much potential

School was comprehensive, playing football got me through to the closing bell

I left school, ready for work, and left my first factory job after just half a day.

Sweeping the factory floor, hearing them old un's shout "Oi kid..."

and making tea, I decided rather swiftly, that there had to be another way!

I applied for other jobs, I found one in the Royal Mail, I became a Postal Cadet, until turning eighteen I was granted the title
Postman, with this a uniform was given, flared trousers, with strict instructions they were not to be turned in!

You see drainpipe leggings they were the fashion, but I wore colourful jumpers back then, fashion was not my thing, yet I
had found a purpose, a wage, I was laughing, working and earning money, I had a most satisfied grin.

Mind you, the district office was crazy, it had its scary moments with unhinged characters of long standing who ruthlessly
ruled the working day, one word out of line to the wrong un and you could end up bundled onto the back of a van, on the
way to central Brum!

Riding in a mail sack in the back of a post office truck was not the greatest fun, so I am told, as I was a good and a quiet un!

Life was simple back in the day, and people were the same as they are now, it's me that's changed, I see that now.

I saw people, and never thought they could be anything but friends, but not everyone thinks the same, and not everything
can be changed, or solved with a smile or a kind word, and so I looked for meaning in a preacher I had once vaguely heard,
convinced he would show me how.

I am a Catholic, I sought a meaning, a way for life, I did not want to follow the herd.

Then a journey ahead beckoned, a call if you like, not a voice in the darkness, but a voice in the stillness, where love can still
be heard.

So, I applied to be a priest, deciding to answer that call.

The sky above me was perfect blue, with an orange glow from a setting sun, I often recall

I was walking out of Oscott, that house on the hill, to the north east of Brum

I had been interviewed by four wise men, bishops and important men too, I was accepted for a stint at the seminary

I remember those vivid colours of the sky, that day, it stayed with me on the bus ride home and I remember it these days as
I stand at a graveside and pray with grieving families, and while standing at the altar, that sky floods into my conscious
thought, it seemed to say back then and still says today, I, the Christ, am with you today and will enfold you every step of
the priestly way.

On my interview day on the way home I stopped for a Macdonald's; fries and a Big Mac with a strawberry shake, before
announcing the result to my Mum when I arrived back home. I am not sure if she was happy or fearful, but she has been
supportive and kind

Most Catholics are supportive and generous, praying for me daily and grateful for my vocation I find.

(Con't next Page)

I never saw colour in another person until my childhood had past,
And then quickly growing up, I was confronted by hatred and prejudice, I prayed for hatred to evaporate and disappear fast.

It was a sobering reality of life growing older in a multicultural society, a melting pot of culture.
I like big Cyrille, even more now, and I lament at what he and so many have had to overcome, I pray today for tolerance, that justice, respect and love will win the arguments, tearing down racism and not just toppling the stature or the sculpture.

I never saw life as anything but uncomplicated, but seminary left its mark upon me, I applaud that I discovered the best of me, and I acknowledge that I found the worst of me too. I was quite glad when I was finally set free and I could be gone. I arrived a young man with lofty ideals, and I left an older, streetwise one.

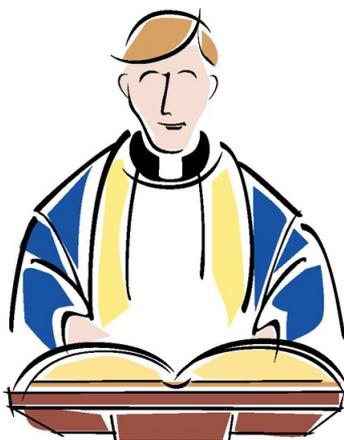
Looking back after 28 years walking along the priestly journey, I still love the silence and thankfully feel Christ's presence surrounding me still,
I hear within that persuasive voice that once said come follow me, and I happily do and pray I always will!

A Day in the future

The rain has stopped, the sun is peering through the cloud, a tint of blue returns, there is an orange glow too, as a beautiful sunset attaches itself to the ending day.

I am tired, but content, my ageing eyes close softly upon the journey that was my priestly way.

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Reflections

“If I keep my bow always stretched, it will break.” Once, St. Anthony the hermit was relaxing with his disciples outside his hut when a hunter came by. The hunter was surprised and mildly shocked to see the saint taking it easy. This was not his idea of what a monk should be doing, and he rebuked the saint. But Anthony said, “Bend your bow and shoot an arrow.” The hunter did so. “Bend it again and shoot another,” said Anthony. The hunter did so— again and again. At last the hunter said, “Father Anthony, if I keep my bow always stretched, it will break.” “So, it is with a monk,” replied Anthony. “If we push ourselves beyond measure, we will break; it is right from time to time to relax our efforts.” Jesus gives us the same message in today’s Gospel

The Jewish parable on the burden of Mosaic Law: “There was a poor widow who had two daughters and who owned a field. When she began to plough, Moses said to her through his Law, ‘You must not plough with an ox and an ass together.’ When she began to sow, the Law said, ‘You must not sow your field with mingled seed.’ When she began to reap and to make stacks of corn, it said, ‘When you reap your harvest in your field, and have forgotten a sheaf in the field, you shall not go back to get it’ (Deut.24:19), and ‘You shall not reap your field to its very border’ (Lev.19:9). When she began to thresh, the law said, ‘Give me the heave-offering, and the first and second tithe.’ She accepted the ordinance and gave them all to God.

“What did the poor woman then do? She sold her field, and bought two sheep, to clothe herself from their fleece, and to have profit from their young. When they bore their young, Aaron the priest (who represented the Law) said, ‘Give me the first-born.’ So she accepted the decision, and gave them to him. When the shearing time came, Aaron said again, ‘Give me the first of the fleece of the sheep’ (Deut.18:4). Then she thought: ‘I cannot stand up against this man. I will slaughter the sheep and eat them.’ Then Aaron said, ‘Give me the shoulder and the two cheeks and the stomach’ (Deut.18:3). The woman said, ‘Even when I have killed them, I am not safe. Behold they shall be devoted.’ Aaron said, ‘In that case they belong entirely to me’ (Num.18:14). He took them and went away and left her weeping with her two daughters.” — The story is a parable of the continuous demands that the Law made upon men in every activity of life. These demands were indeed a burden. Jesus invites us to take his yoke upon our shoulders. (Taken from William Barclay).