



**St Mun's, Ballachulish
& The Good Shepherd, Kinlochleven**
32nd Sunday of the Year (C)
10th November 2019

Mass times for the coming week

Monday	10.00 a.m.	St Martin - Memorial
Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	St Josaphat - Memorial
Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	In the 32 nd Week of the Year
Thursday	10.00 a.m.	In the 32 nd Week of the Year
Friday	10.00 a.m.	In the 32 nd Week of the Year
Saturday	10.00 a.m.	St Margaret - Feast
	6.00 p.m.	Vigil Mass – Kinlochleven
Sunday	10.00 a.m.	33 rd Sunday of the Year

A very warm welcome to all visitors.

Parish News

Gift Aid

I would like to thank all those who are able to donate within the Gift Aid scheme. This helps the parish finances greatly. Last year, we raised £5,142.37 – which has just been paid into the parish account. Envelope packs for the coming year are now available at the back of the church.

November Raffle – 16th November

Only one week to go!

There's a Coffee Morning from 10.00 a.m. until 1.00 p.m. (I think that that's right) in the Ballachulish Village Hall. The Grand Draw for raffle prizes should take place sometime just after 1.00 p.m.

Many thanks to all who have contributed and helped.

Parish Website

Our parish website has been relaunched – many thanks to Chris for all his work and expertise. You can find the website at www.catholicchurchglencoe.org.uk

November Lists

Traditionally, during November, the Church remembers those who have died. There are November Lists at the back of the church for those of you who would like to use them.

School Assembly

I will be at Glencoe Primary School for an Assembly on Wednesday at 1.30 p.m.

Collection

Last week's collection raised £310.00, of which £216.50 was gift aid, plus £147.00 from Direct Debits, giving a total of £457.00. Many thanks to you.

Confession – 9.30 – 9.50 a.m. on Saturdays and at any other time on request.
Divine Office – Vol 3. Week 4
Weekday readings: for the 32nd Week of the Year (I)

Please remember the sick of the parish in your prayers.
We remember all the faithful departed in our prayers. Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace.

I SHALL BE FILLED, WHEN I AWAKE, WITH THE SIGHT OF YOUR
GLORY, O LORD.



*'Now he is God, not of the dead, but of the living;
for to him all men are in fact alive.'*

Luke 20:38

This Sunday's Gospel. Luke 19:1-10

LOVE AFTER DEATH

Death is hard to talk about. But life after death is even harder. Since both are in this week's readings, let's try it.

Death brings many images and experiences to mind. Often much suffering accompanies them.

Real love is like a piece of rich earth that nurtures great trees.

I have been with a fair number of people as they died, and each time the event has seemed miraculous. Someone I had known and spoken with, someone whose every movement came from a mysterious source of life within them, burning bright as a candle in darkness, that someone has vanished. The body is the same one I knew before. The mouth is the same one that talked and laughed. But in the blink of my eye, the individual is gone.

"Where did she go?" "Where did he go?"

But even that way of talking is inaccurate. We "go" by means of walking, using our arms and legs, and thus changing locations. In death "going somewhere" is deceptive. It is accomplished by cessation of all motion whatsoever. Any "going" has to be at a much, much deeper level.

Only the thing called "hope" can tell us where these people go. One of the brothers in the first reading says it this way: "It is my choice to die at the hands of men with the hope God gives of being raised up by him."

Hope, not surety.

And we have only to glance at the crucifixion to see that Jesus chose to die this way. He knew his Abba so well that he kept hope alive even when everything screamed against it. God is God of life, the Gospel says; "to him all are alive," even the dead.

Why are they alive? Because God keeps love.

What?

Yes. Real love is like a piece of rich earth that nurtures great trees. Roots dig deep down in this earth for nourishment and moisture. The green selves grow out of this earth. And notice something obvious: the earth does not grow out of them! Life grows out of love, not visa versa. Their life and our lives are rooted in the rich loam of love.

It is difficult to say the last sentence correctly. Let me try again. Love is a force much deeper than life. When life ceases, love stays. It becomes the home, the embracing arms that enfold us. Love is the substance, life is the outgrowth.

So the "place" dead persons go, leaving their bodies behind, is into the heart of love, into the arms of God who is love.

Here is how the poet Hopkins put it:

Hither then, last or first,
To hero of Calvary, Christ's feet—
Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of it—men go.

Christ's feet are where you and I will be, honouring the perfect fullness of love he has achieved. Oh yes, we have to release our tight grip on the treasures we have hoarded, things we have chosen instead of love.

If we have a hard time "meaning it and wanting it" during our lives, even so we are still folded into the luxuriant soil of God's love. Of course, sometimes we refuse it, and then our roots go dry in the sun. Yet love forgives and invites us and helps us back.

It is hard to talk about. But worth it.

John Foley, SJ

Liturgy.slu.edu/32OrdC111019/reflections_foley.html