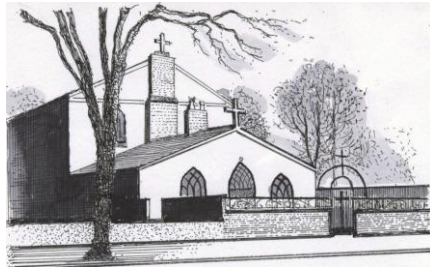


Our Lady

Help of Christians



Parish Priest: Fr David Melly
Deacons:
Rev Jim Davies
Rev Tom Simms

Portico Lane, Prescot, Merseyside L34 2QT
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27th SUNDAY OF THE YEAR 4 OCTOBER 2020
(Prayer of the Church Week 3. Parish Mass Book Page 137)

MASSES THIS WEEK

Saturday	9.00am	People of The Parish
Sunday	10.00am	Bob Wignall
Monday	7.00pm	Pat Hart
Tuesday	9.00am	Private Intention
Wednesday	7.00pm	Margaret Gorman
Thursday	9.00am	Mark Purcell
Friday	9.00am	Holy Souls

MASSES NEXT WEEKEND

Saturday	9.00am	Linda Rush
Sunday	10.00am	Keith McCrumm

Novena	No novena this week
Confessions	No confessions this week
Meditation	No meditation this week

Counters team next Sunday
No counters needed
PURIFICATORS NEXT WEEK
I will do them

CATHOLIC PIC IS IN THE PORCH TO THE HOUSE

CAFOD - CORONAVIRUS APPEAL: LIKE NO OTHER.

On Friday, 9th October we will celebrate Harvest Family Fast Day and our parish will mark it next weekend, 10th to 11th October. CAFOD asks us both to **pray** for the poorest communities in our world who are affected by the devastating impact of this virus, and to **donate** to this appeal.

There are 3 options for donating:

1. **online at cafod.org.uk/give**
2. **text CAFOD to 70085 to donate £10**
3. **collect an envelope from the porch and return directly to CAFOD.**

Thank you so much in advance for your support, Moira Devlin
SOME SIMPLE BUT URGENT GUIDANCE FROM RICHARD ROHR

There is a really deep well inside me. And in it dwells God. Sometimes I am there, too ... And that is all we can manage these days and also all that really matters: that we safeguard that little piece of You, God, in ourselves.

There is a Presence in each of us, even as we are surrounded by so much suffering. Then, the perennial classic wisdom of the Psalms: *In God alone is my soul at rest. God is the source of my hope. In God I find shelter, my rock, and my safety. People are but a puff of wind. People who think themselves important are a delusion. Put them on a scale. They are gone in a puff of wind.* Psalm 62:5–9. What could it mean to find rest like this in a world such as ours? The pandemic that seems to be returning in waves continues to wreak suffering and disorder with no end in sight, and there is no guarantee of the future in an economy designed to protect the rich and powerful at the expense of the poor and those subsisting at the margins of society. We are without doubt in an apocalyptic time (the Latin word *apocalypsis* refers to an urgent unveiling of an ultimate state of affairs). Somehow our occupation and vocation as believers in this sad time must be to first restore the Divine Center by holding it and fully occupying it ourselves. If contemplation means anything, it means that we can “safeguard that little piece of You, God.” We cannot abide in such a place for any length of time or it will become our prison. God cannot abide with us in a place of fear. God cannot abide with us in a place of ill will or hatred. God cannot abide with us inside a nonstop volley of claim and counterclaim. God cannot speak inside of so much angry noise and conscious deceit. God cannot be born except in a womb of Love. So offer God that womb. Stand as a sentry at the door of your senses for these coming months, so “the blood-dimmed tide” cannot make its way into your soul. If you allow it for too long, it will become who you are, and you will no longer have natural access to the “really deep well”.