



St. Augustine's Church Limerick

6th Sunday in Ordinary Time

16th February 2025

website: www.augustinianslimerick.com

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Mass Times

Monday-Friday

7.30am, 8.30am,
10.15am, & 4pm

SATURDAY

8.30am, 10.15am

Mass for the Sick

3.00pm

SUNDAY

9.00am, 11.15am
& 7.30pm

CONFESSIONS

MONDAY & FRIDAY

10.45am-12 Noon

3.00pm-4.00pm

SATURDAY

10.45am-12noon

2.30pm-4pm

All are welcome



**St. Augustine's Church
Child Safeguarding
Representatives.**

Fr. Flor O'Callaghan O.S.A.

Fr. John Lyng O.S.A.

Ms Geraldine van Dam

Mr. Robert Ryan

Ms Charlotte Gleeson

Mr. John Doyle



Trees of Life

Like a tree by the water with its roots in the stream; no fear of the heat and no fading of foliage. (Jer. 17)

That's Jeremiah's image for one who trusts in the Lord being well fed with what s/he wants. Many Irish households and farms are only now beginning to recover from a storm that found wrong trees in wrong places. Hundreds or thousands of them, tall with shallow roots, lost their grip in the wind and brought down the power lines with them. The blackouts or "outages" are well publicized.

For a time in the last century we lived in a place where most of the natural vegetation was poor. There were tortured thorn bushes that stayed small and twisted. There were naked baobabs whose fat limbs struggled to produce flowers no bigger than shirt-buttons. Other growing things stayed close to the ground, keeping heads down in a harsh environment. In contrast, an import from the East stood proud, reliable and evergreen above the sand. That was the neem tree. German and British colonials of a hundred years before had brought in the seeds or seedlings from India and they flourished. Plant your seedling and water it for a short time and you could then let it fend for itself. It did so with remarkable success. Its aptly-named tap-roots burrowed determinedly downwards until making contact with moisture and used it with great efficiency to become a mighty tree, shapely, evergreen and sturdy. I never saw one uprooted or splintered by storm.

The men who went before us planted neems around sites for houses, schools and churches. The trees flourished, in some cases long after the buildings they were meant to shelter had returned to dust. The plans of men might have gone agley but the neem continued to parade its perfection.

Regulation of public building standards was non-existent or easily negotiable. Each storm-season saw many a roof behave like an autumn leaf and come to rest where it was never meant to be. I knew a mission-man who built carefully there in an enclosure well protected by mature neems. Foundations were strong, deep and laced with steel. Iron rods rose through concrete pillars into the reinforced collar of concrete atop the walls. The roof was tied and double-tied at every joist and joint and fastened to the Fort Knox underneath. It was all so well-put-together that the only way you could imagine it moving would be the fantastic notion that the whole thing, underground to overhead, might take off in one indivisible piece like a concrete and steel balloon. Impossible.

The edifice was greatly admired. It would stand forever. It gained further kudos by comparison with a government building nearby that went up at the same time. This latter was less carefully, if more expensively, constructed. The local populace, schooled in scepticism by wide experience, spoke of this with shaking heads.

Things rested so until the first big storm of the year. Tar-barrels and assorted cans were tumbleweed scuttling across the ground. The neems stood firm with their foliage streaming downwind like the tails of sprinting horses. Our mission building stood firm. Not so its state-owned neighbour. After a couple of agonised groans the roof of this took off trailing like celebratory streamers the flimsy ties meant to anchor it. After a couple of whirls above the battlefield it fired itself into our model building and its perfect roof. The neems sheltered what they could but were no defence against aerial attack. No Iron Dome there. The weak destroyed the strong.

Only the trees themselves came through unharmed. Like Jeremiah's blessed being, they were well connected.

J.L.

Thought for the Day

We all know from experience that happiness can be confused with all sorts of things — enjoyment, getting my own way, pleasure etc. We also all know— in our heart of hearts—that true happiness is not something that I have for myself but something that I am with others. Rather than something I possess, it is something that I am, with my values and vision. The paradox of human life is that we attain happiness not by aiming at it for ourselves but only making other people the focus of our lives and loves. In the words of St Paul: Owe no one anything, except to love one another; for the one who loves another has fulfilled the law. (Rom 13:8)

Prayer : God of our happiness, give us the wisdom that you alone can give so that we also may be wise and come to life in abundance, according to your will.

Source: www.tarsus.ie/ Sunday reading/Hearers of the Word

Lenten Desert Day

Saturday 8th March 2025
10.30 – 5pm

Limerick Diocesan Centre, St Munchin's,
Corbally, Limerick V94 925C

'Turn to the Lord your God.... For He is all
tenderness and compassion'

Facilitated by Phyllis Moynihan RSM & Maire
Hearty RSM

Please bring your own packed lunch.

Tea/coffee/snacks provided

Donation €20

Book your place by contacting Phyllis at
0879636893 or

email: Moynihanphyllis525@gmail.com

The Jubilee Prayer

Father in heaven, may the faith you have given us
in your son, Jesus Christ, our brother,
and the flame of charity enkindled
in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, reawaken in us
the blessed hope for the coming of your Kingdom

May your grace transform us
into tireless cultivators of the seeds of the Gospel.
May those seeds transform from within both humanity
and the whole cosmos in the sure expectation
of a new heaven and a new earth, when,
with the powers of Evil vanquished, your glory
will shine eternally.

May the grace of the Jubilee reawaken in us, Pilgrims of
Hope, a yearning for the treasures of heaven.
May that same grace spread the joy and peace
of our Redeemer throughout the earth.
To you our God, eternally blessed,
be glory and praise forever. Amen.

We thank You, O God, for every blessing and for all the gifts we have received.
As we enter this Jubilee, teach us to recognize Your hand
in every moment of our lives and
to welcome each day as a gift of Your mercy and love.

Spirit Space: Spirituality and the Big Questions

There are many big questions in life, especially when we contemplate the future. Questions such as 'what makes my life significant?' 'how will I support myself?' and 'who will accompany me on my journey?' However, arguably even bigger questions include 'is there actually a God?' and 'what brings meaning to life?'

We are a small group of everyday people who have considered these questions and want to offer our thoughts in a series of short talks followed by a chance for you to discuss; no preaching, no piety, just a chance to air your own thoughts. Join us Mondays Feb 17th, 24th /March 3rd & 10th from 7.15pm – 9pm. Venue: Hook & Ladder (Downstairs) Sarsfield Street V94 TN88.

This Monday 17th –Is Christianity just a moral myth?

More details on the notice board at the back of the church.

Source: Parish Notes