

# St Francis of Assisi, Baddesley Clinton

[Archdiocese of Birmingham: Registered Charity No. 234216]

Fr John Sharp

[www.sfachurch.org.uk](http://www.sfachurch.org.uk)

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Eighteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time (C)

4<sup>th</sup> August 2019

## PARISH LITURGY – MASS TIMES and INTENTIONS

|          |         |                      |
|----------|---------|----------------------|
| Saturday | 6.00 pm | People of the Parish |
| Sunday   | 9.30 am | Lawrence Murray      |

Monday [Feria]

9.00 am Betty Parsons

Tuesday [Transfiguration of the Lord]

9.00 am Peter McCarthy

Wednesday [Feria]

9.00 am James McHugh

Thursday [St Dominic, priest]

9.00 am Private Intention

Friday [St Teresa Benedicta of the Cross, virgin, martyr, patron of Europe]

9.00 am Welfare of Sue Slater

*Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at the end of Mass until 10.00 am*

Saturday [St Lawrence, deacon, martyr]

9.00 am Private Intention

Confessions: Saturday, 4.30-5.00 pm

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Please pray for the sick in our parish and those who have died: **Mabel Poole; Alfred Onion; Peter James Rice; Freda Blackstone; Arthur Rodney Crossley; Nellie Concannon; Sr Elizabeth; Agnes Newham** (anniversaries).

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*Last Week's Collection: £460.75. Thank you.*

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Our annual **Day of Eucharistic Adoration** is on Tuesday, 20<sup>th</sup> August. The Blessed Sacrament will be exposed at the end of the morning Mass and the church will be open all day until Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 6.00 pm.

If you can commit to spending a specific half-hour in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, please sign the list at the back of church. Ideally, there should always be two people present at any time.

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For that one moment, in and out of time,  
On that one mountain where all moments meet,  
The daily veil that covers the sublime  
In darkling glass fell dazzled at his feet.  
There were no angels full of eyes and wings,  
Just living glory full of truth and grace.  
The love that dances at the heart of things  
Shone out upon us from a human face.  
And to that light the light in us leaped up,  
We felt it quicken somewhere deep within,  
A sudden blaze of long-extinguished hope  
Trembled and tingled through the tender skin.  
Nor can this blackened sky, this darkened scar,  
Eclipse that glimpse of how things really are

‘Transfiguration’ by Malcolm Guite