

Anniversaries February

Alan Cameron, Daniel Taylor, Margaret Parsons, Fred Allen, Mary Butler (Molly)
Peter Robinson (Skip), Vera Lawrence
Jack Moran, Bernard Skidmore, Malcolm Wenzlick

Covid-19 Protection Framework—Red

When New Zealand goes into Red under the Traffic Light System the following requirements will be followed for our Masses

- Record keeping/scanning required.
- At gatherings, face coverings are required for workers and volunteers.
- Gatherings at a place of worship up to 100 people based on the maximum number of people who could occupy the space if each person was 1 metre apart.
- Vaccine Passes will be Required.

Notices

From Titipounamu Study & Joy— Online Sessions (Evening):

Online Sessions (Evening):

The Holy Spirit – A Driving Force with Kieran Fenn fms.

Mondays, 14, 21, 28 February, 7-8.30pm. ZOOM. \$25/session or \$50/series.

<https://www.studyjoy.nz/events/the-holy-spirit-a-driving-force-2/>

For more information and registration: www.studyjoy.nz

Muffin Talk Radio Programme recordings and video clips on religion, interfaith and community available at <https://www.studyjoy.nz/category/resources/muffin-talk/>

This Sunday night (13th February), John Cowan's guest will be television & radio presenter Clive Anderson. A barrister by training, during his 15-year law career Clive Anderson begun stand-up comedy and script-writing, before rising to fame as the host of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* on radio and

Mass Times

Tuesday St Joseph's @ 9am
Thursday St Patricks @ 9am
Saturday St Joseph's @ 9am
(Masses can go ahead as they are under 10 people- No vaccine pass required)
Saturday St Patricks@5.30pm (Vigil)
Sunday St Joseph's@9.30am
Vaccine Passes required for Sunday Masses
Scan, wear a mask and physically distance -2m

then television. Winner of the British Comedy Award in 1991, Clive went on to front ten series of his own show *Clive Anderson Talks Back* and four series of *Clive Anderson All Talk*. Alongside anthropologist Mary-Ann Ochota, 2018 saw Clive host *Mystic Britain*, a 10-part series exploring ancient places and rituals, investigating the strange and sacred beliefs of Britain's past. Clive took his first solo stage show *Me, Macbeth & I* to the fringe in 2019 to critical acclaim and continues to present *Loose Ends* and *Unreliable Evidence*. In 2021 he started his own podcast *My Seven Wonders* with Clive Anderson starring famous guests and discussing their own personal Seven Wonders of the World.



Fr Paul Kerridge (Parish Priest)

13th February, 2022

15 St Joseph Street, Waipukurau, Phone- 858-9383, office number- 8586416,

Hours Tuesday 7.15-1.45pm, Thursday- 12.15-1.45pm and Friday -7.15-1.45pm

E-mail - cat.chb@xtra.co.nz

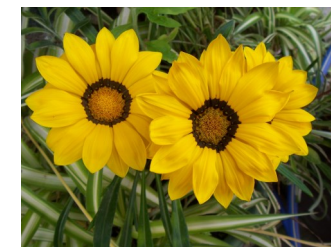
www.holytrinitychb.com

Rātini Kupu

13th Hui-tanguru , 2022 6th Sunday in Ordinary Time

I admit I am one of those people who divide God's world according to my notions of comfort. My personal preference is transferred so that I see some things as good and some as not good. Monarch butterflies are lovely, white butterflies are ugly. I admire a porpoise but not a shark. In my garden, flowers are good, weeds are bad. I don't pause to think that the difference between a weed and a flower is a judgement. Right now, I could fill a page with the goodies and baddies defined by convenience, which is okay, I suppose, as long as I recognise what I am doing. The judgment belongs with me and not the object. Sometimes, I find it necessary to go beyond personal convenience, and I am sure we all do this from time to time. We look at something as it is in itself. I think of this as a form of prayer because it always brings me to God. It's all about seeing beauty beyond prejudice, and in that beauty, seeing the Creator. When we were children, and the world was new, we lived closer to the ground; we found wonder everywhere. The convolvulus plant was not a weed. We pressed the base of the white flowers, chanting, "Grandfather, grandfather, pop out of bed," and we watched the white flower leap into the air. We collected bugs and worms in a jar, not because we were callous, but because we thought they were beautiful, and we wanted to possess them. But then we grew, the earth was no longer close and we lost sight of that original beauty. The world became something to be used. But we can recapture the freshness of child vision when we go past judgmental thinking. The heart is moved by the shining blue on the body of a blowfly, and the gauzy wings that hum in flight. No man-made flying machine has such speed and grace of movement. In a city street, a dandelion blooms above a crack in the pavement. The flower is a plate of yellow petals layered on a stem with two strong leaves, all wider than the crack that conceals the roots. How did a seed get there? Blown by the wind? Guided by something beyond our perception? The snail in the garden is also a miracle. How does this small boneless body create the fine structure of its shell? Where and how does it get the knowledge? Is there some blueprint programmed in it? Programmed by whom? When I look closely and without judgement at something in nature, I become lost in the ineffable I call God. My heart seems to expand and there is a feeling of sweetness that I can't describe. For a few seconds, I have a sense of connection with everything on earth. I call this feeling the prayer of the sweet wonder.

Joy Cowley is a wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and retreat facilitator.



Seeking happiness

How often we hear optimistic news about the progressive recovery of the economy. They tell us that we are now witnessing economic growth, but growth of what? Growth for whom? They are hardly telling the whole truth of what's happening. Economic growth in the developed world often masks the gulf between those who can better their standard of living more and more and those who are going to stay cut off, without work or future in this macro-economic system. We must be uneasy at how the provocative consumerism of those whom the system favours clashes with the misery and insecurity of so many. Let's not forget the economic, financial and social mechanisms denounced by John Paul II which "function almost automatically, making more rigid the situations of wealth for some and of poverty for others." We cannot settle for a society that is profoundly unequal and unjust. In his clear and Gospel-based encyclical *Sollicitudo rei socialis*, John Paul II called this situation clearly sinful. We can offer all kinds of technical explanations, but when the final result is in, it's the always greater enrichment of those who are already rich and the collapse of the poorest. We see easily why even today there are many who follow Nietzsche and think that Jesus' attitude is the fruit of resentment and the powerlessness of those who can't attain justice any more and who seek God's vengeance. Jesus' message isn't born out of the powerlessness of cast-aside and resentful people, but out of his intense vision of God's justice that can't allow the final triumph of injustice. It's been twenty centuries, but Jesus' word keeps being decisive for the rich and for the poor. Word of denouncing for some and of promise for others, it's alive and well and challenges us all. [José Antonio Pagola]

Beatitudes: Roots that go deep

In today's passage from Jeremiah, note the active roots that stretch to the stream. What are we striving for? He also mentions the heat and drought which inevitably comes. Life is like that. Ups and downs. Challenges. Crisis.

Tragedy. Nevertheless, if one is plugged into God, the source of love, mercy, and goodness, one will still bear fruit and green leaves. If our aims are elsewhere, we are going nowhere. Even in a desert place we can still turn back and trust that God, for whom nothing is impossible. There can still spring up a river of life, by his grace.

The homily could start from the letter of Paul to the Corinthians. It would remind the faithful of our beliefs in the afterlife .. of a life united with God. Is this something we ever think of? When have we last recalled our own mortality? When have we pondered about heaven? Do we truly believe that Jesus was raised from the dead? Do we believe that we too have a future? Perhaps it is time in your faith community to ponder these questions to simply keep the minds of the faithful heavenward. Another theme: Dependence is Not a Sign of Weakness. This is well rooted in salvation history. When mankind walks humbly, takes care of the poor, the orphan, the widow, the alien, and is utterly dependent upon God then true happiness and peace ensues. When mankind gets prosperous, fat, lazy, self-seeking, independent, and disregards the marginalized then trouble ensues. True happiness is nowhere to be found. The grace of God is scarce. The Beatitudes list the kind of people who are called Blessed. It is by no accident that these individuals are all utterly dependent upon God due to their circumstances – the poor, the hungry, the sad, the despised. They are the faithful, they are prayerful people.

They are like trees who can weather the drought by stretching their roots to the underground water. They are dependent upon God and feel serene. On the contrary are those to whom Jesus says WOE. They have a false sense of security. They are well-off, socially popular and in need of nothing. It is difficult – but not impossible – to hold on to a sense of utter dependence upon God in these situations. Dependence upon God is not a sign of weakness; rather it keeps one in contact with a never-ending source of strength. *associationofcatholicpriests.ie*

An Invitation to Pray for our Parish

On the first Friday of each month, there will be Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in St Joseph's Church from 10am to 3pm. The intentions are for all the needs of our Holy Trinity Parish family. You are invited to come along during this time and to pray for one hour before the most Blessed Sacrament.

St Vincent de Paul –Our next meeting is the 15th February @ 10am in the parish office. New members always welcome.

As you look out the window, what season is it? It can be hard to tell nowadays. With the past years of crazy weather, it can be hard to tell if it is winter, spring or summer based on the temperature. And the calendar months don't often help either. November, 2021 gave me temps in the 70-60's rather than the usual 50-40's. But more importantly, November, 2021 moved me into a different type of season of life as I became a grandmother for the first time. Wow! How did that happen? Of course, I know how but the nine months of preparation for this big day for my eldest daughter did nothing to prepare me for the emotional roller coaster it gave me. Am I the only one who felt strangely old when their first grandchild arrived? Where did the years go? How did I get this old? How much time have I wasted? And even as I write this, I can't help but think how cliché these statements are. I can remember, years ago, when older friends looked at me with my large family while sharing photos (print photos mind you, not on their cell phones which didn't yet exist) of their newest grandchild. "Savor these years," they would tell me with a wry smile, "they go by so fast." Ha! I thought. With two in diapers, two toddlers and the pile of laundry waiting for me at home, I would think, "Please, let these years fly by!" And they did: they flew by bringing along several more children along with way. Yet, over the weeks and months preceding my grandson's arrival, I found myself spending way too much prayer time sending up laments of regret and sorrow. With several adult children making their way, and their own mistakes, out in the world, it was easy for me to think of each and every one of the mistakes I made in raising them. All too soon, my prayers

became all about me. I stopped sending out prayers of grateful joy about the new life soon to arrive. I forgot to pray for the strength my children needed to face their battles and temptations. I focused only on the mistakes I made in seasons long past, and nothing else. But, seasons in life change both outside our windows and in our lives. The pages on the calendar are torn off and thrown to the ground. Time flies and what are we to do? I needed to remember each season of my life, past and present, with God's love and mercy in mind. Blessedly, a quick re-reading of Ecclesiastes 3 put me aright. God has given us a proper time and moment for everything, and I soon "recognized that there is nothing better than to rejoice and to do well during life" (Ecclesiastes 3:12). I needed to rejoice and strive to do well in my life. When our seasons of life radically change, either with really good news such as the birth of a child or really bad news such as a poor medical diagnosis, it is human nature to re-examine one's life in light of this news. The good news is usually easy to handle but the bad news never is. However no news should ever allow us to forget God's love, mercy, and protection.

I took advantage of Christmas confession and re-adjusted my prayers accordingly. With both young adults in the world and teens still at home being prepared to launch, the season of life my husband and I are both parents sitting around the dinner table and parents praying from the porch as was the prodigal son's father. There is much to rejoice in and much to intercede for; as with every season of everyone's life. Time does fly by and it is our constant struggle to keep the past, the present, and the future in proper perspective. Seek forgiveness not recrimination for our past, embrace the present moment as best we can and put the future in God's hands. Copyright 2022 Rachel Watkins

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