

Reflection Friday Week 32 All Saints of the Assumptionists 2020

We also celebrate our three blessed martyrs, *Pavel, Karmen and Josephat*, put to death by the communist government in Bulgaria because of their faith. Our founder, the venerable Fr Emmanuel d'Alzon wrote to his students in Nîmes:

What chance is there of my going straight to heaven? What am I to do? Where am I going to look for friends when I see the dead being so neglected? But there is a sure means of insuring myself against that terrible day – a means at my disposal. Let me acquire a tender devotion to the Holy Souls in purgatory. The living may forget me (they invariably do) but not the dead. If I have thought about them, prayed for them, suffered for them – then they will never, never forget!

Holy Souls, this is the deal I propose. You are suffering in the flames of purgatory. Very well, I for my part am going to offer God, through Mary's intercession, the little I have to offer Him in the way of atonement from henceforth till my dying breath. I'm going to offer it all for you, keeping nothing back for myself – so much so that whatever merit I acquire goes to the relief of your pain. And in return, when my time comes to depart this life – whether by that time you are up in heaven or still down in purgatory – you will pray and intercede on my behalf – you will obtain mercy and pardon for me, as I have endeavoured to obtain it for you.

On the day when the weight deadens
on your shoulders and you stumble,
may the clay dance to balance you.
And when your eyes freeze behind
the grey window and the ghost of loss
gets in to you, may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green, and azure blue
come to awaken in you a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.
And so may a slow wind work these words
of love around you, an invisible cloak to mind your life.

What did Saint Patrick say when he “drove” all the snakes out of Ireland? “Everyone got seat belts on back there?”

How do you make someone a saint?

You beat the hell out of them!!!

