

SACRED HEART HEARTBEAT

ENGLISH LANGUAGE
ROMAN CATHOLIC PARISH



5th SUNDAY OF ORDINARY TIME February 9/10, 2019
SECOND SUNDAY COLLECTION

COMING SPECIAL EVENTS AND CELEBRATIONS

Feb. 9/10 – **SECOND SUNDAY COLLECTION**

Feb. 11 – Our Lady of Lourdes

February 16/17 – Renewal of Marriage Vows at both weekend Masses

Feb. 18 – Ask Father John – 7 PM (*See note on Page 3*)

Feb/ 22 – Feast of the Chair of Peter

March 1 - First Friday – Adoration following the 8:30 AM Mass

March 4 – Novena of Grace to St. Francis Xavier begins

March 9/10 – **SECOND SUNDAY COLLECTION**

March 9 – Children’s Mass at Sweifieh

March 12 – Canonization of St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier

March 13 – **ASH WEDNESDAY** – Mass at the Jesuit Center at 8:30 AM and 6 PM

Imposition of ashes AFTER each Mass

March 17 – 1st Sunday of Lent; Feast of St. Patrick

March 19 – Feast of St. Joseph

March 21 – Mother’s Day in Jordan

March 23 – First Confessions at 4:00 PM at St. Mary of Nazareth

March 23/24 – Anointing of the Sick at Both Masses

March 25 – Solemnity of the Annunciation of the Lord

March 29 – Daylight Savings time begins

April 5 - First Friday – Adoration following the 8:30 AM Mass

April 13/14 - **SECOND SUNDAY COLLECTION**

April 21 – Palm Sunday (In Jordan we follow the Orthodox calendar)

April 23 – Memorial of St. George

April 25 – HOLY THURSDAY

April 26 – GOOD FRIDAY

April 27 – HOLY SATURDAY – EASTER VIGIL

April 28 – EASTER SUNDAY Morning Mass at 10 AM at the Jesuit Center

RECEPTIONS AFTER MASS

Someone asked recently why we haven’t had any receptions after Mass at Sweifieh so far this year. The answer is simple – no one has come forward to help coordinate these events after the Saturday Mass. When someone does, we will be delighted to schedule some of the popular receptions.



Pope Francis'

MONTHLY
PRAYER
INTENTIONS

For a generous welcome of the victims of human trafficking, of enforced prostitution, and of violence.

RENEWAL OF MARRIAGE VOWS

It has been said of both religious vows and marriage vows that you take them once, and you renew them in your life every single day. It is good every now and then to stop, and remember the day when you took those vows, and perhaps, in celebration, to renew them. It is an act of deep symbolism – and if you do NOT renew then, you are still married. They are eternal.

So at both Masses next weekend (February 16/17), any couple who wishes to come forward and renew their vows will be invited to do so. If you want to bring witnesses, as you had on your wedding day, that's fine. And if you want rings blessed, that can be part of the renewal as well. I assume your rings were blessed, and that doesn't "wear out" or have a time stamp. But as part of the commitment, rings can be blessed as well.

There is no need to register – just come to the front of the Church when the priest invites you.

CHILDREN AND MASS

I am delighted when little children are at Mass, and in complete joy and innocence they feel at home enough to be children. There does come a time when slightly older children need to learn that this is a solemn and sacred event that does call for different behavior – and children understand that. But up to then, as this article reminds us, we should rejoice in the presence of God in our midst in our children. And if they distract you from your prayer, pray the children and let that joy of God enter into your heart.

Here is an article from *America* magazine from 2014 which explores the same subject:

The joy of having loud and messy kids at Mass by Brian Doyle

Usually the daily noon Mass on campus is attended by the familiar dozen or so faculty and staff and students and neighbors; but today, to my amazement, there are 4-year-old twin boys in front of me, complete with parents, the father immensely tall and the mother adamantly not.

The noon Mass is legendary for starting on the button and never going more than 25 minutes because afternoon classes start at 12:30 p.m. and you want to give students a chance to make their flip-flopped sprint across campus. For the first five minutes the twins sit quietly and respectfully and perhaps even reverently, each in his seat between mom and dad. This does not last. At 12:07 p.m. I see the first flurry of fists and elbows as they jockey and joust. At 12:11 p.m. one of them, incredibly, pulls a bunch of grapes from his pocket and begins to eat some and to lose the rest on the floor. At 12:13 p.m. there are easily a dozen grapes and both boys under the chairs. At 12:15 p.m. the mom, clearly a veteran of these sorts of things, pulls two cookies from her pockets for the boys. At 12:20 p.m. the dad finally bends down from his great height and tersely reads his sons the riot act, a moment I have been waiting for with high fraternal glee, for I have been in his shoes. I have been at Mass in this very chapel with my small twin sons, who have dropped Cheerios from the balcony onto the bald spots of congregants below and stuck their arms into the baptistry just to see what it would feel like (it's cold and wet, one son said, indignantly) and made barnyard noises at exactly the wrong moments and ran all around the chapel shaking sticky hands with startled, bemused congregants at the Sign of Peace.

"If there are no little kids at Mass, pretty soon there won't be any Masses."

After Mass I say to the celebrant with a smile that it is not every day we are graced by rambunctious ruffians who scatter grapes and crumbs on the floor and giggle and yawn and shimmy and snicker and lose their shoes and drop hymnals on the floor with a terrific bang and pay no attention whatsoever to the Gospel readings and the homily and the miracle of the Eucharist but rather gaze raptly at the life-size cedar crucifix and try to blow out a candle on the altar as their parents carry them up for a blessing and say *Hi!* to the grinning priest as he lays his hand upon their innocent brows and spend the last five minutes of Mass sitting in the same single seat trying to shove the other guy off but only using your butt and not your hands; and the priest, unforgettably, says this to me:

I love having little kids at Mass. I love it when they are bored and pay no attention and squirm. I love it when they get distracted by a moth and spend five minutes following the moth's precarious voyage among the lights. It's all good. They are being soaked in the Mass. They hear the words and feel the reverence and maybe they even sense the food of the experience, you know? Sometimes people complain and make veiled remarks about behavior and discipline and decorum and the rapid dissolution of morals today and stuff like that but I have no patience for it. For one thing *they* were little kids at Mass once, and for another if there are no little kids at Mass, pretty soon there won't be any Masses. You have to let kids be kids.

I love having little kids at Mass. If you are distracted by a little kid being a little kid you are not focused on what's holy. Little kids are holy. Let it be. My only rule is no extended fistfights. Other than that I don't care about grapes and yawning. I think the cadence and the rhythm and the custom and the peace of the Mass soak into kids without them knowing it. That's why a lot of the students here come back to Mass, I think—it sparks some emotional memory in them, and once they are back at Mass then they pay attention in new ways and find new food in it. It's all good. The more the merrier. I don't mind dogs when I celebrate Mass, either. For one thing they are generally better behaved than little kids, but for another I figure the Mass soaks into them too, and how could that be bad? You know what I mean?]

I say I do know very well what he means and we shake hands and he heads to the sacristy to disrobe and I head back to work. But about halfway back to my office I feel awfully sad that I do not have grapes and cookies in my jacket pockets. I don't even have remains of ancient Cheerios anymore, and there were years there when my pockets were so filled with brittle crumbs that birds followed me in rotation, sparrows in the morning and crows in the afternoon. For a minute I want to shuffle back to the chapel and catch that tiny mom and ask her for a cookie, just because, but then I realize that she will think I am a nut and I remember that I had my run as the dad of little kids squirming at Mass. It was a sweet glorious unforgettable run, too, and now it's someone else's turn, and how good and holy that is, that there are still little kids under the seats, paying no attention whatsoever.

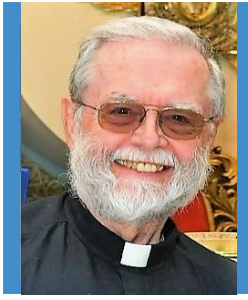
But they will.

“

Those who have deep spiritual aspirations should not feel that the family detracts from their growth in the life of the Spirit, but rather see it as a path which the Lord is using to lead them to the heights of mystical union.

Pope Francis
Amoris Laetitia, #316

”



RAMBLINGS

OF THE REVEREND REDACTOR

Last weekend we had the blessing of candles, the blessing of throats and at Sweifieh, the sacrament of Confirmation. I had a lovely dinner with friends on Saturday night and the usual chores and errands on Sunday before the evening Mass at Freres. On Monday I got up very early in the morning to watch the Super Bowl on television, and that night, I met a friend for dinner at the Dubliner Pub for some great conversation. Tuesday I had the weekly Bible Study group, and afterward we all went out to lunch. On Wednesday I visited the King Hussein Center, and a friend who is in a home, I went to the weekly meeting of the Rotary Club of Amman Cosmopolitan (where I am a member) and visited with someone who is preparing for Confirmation.

In between there was preparation for class and upcoming events, writing homilies and invitation letters, preparing the Mass Program for the coming week and of course, this weekly Newsletter. There was mail to answer and chores around the house, errands to run and people who just needed to talk. I prayed – read the Breviary (if I don't include that someone will ask) and worked on plans for attending my 50th reunion at the University of Notre Dame for the second time. (I am a member of the both the class of 1968 AND 1969.)

I have been working on the advance preparations and schedules for Lent, and First Confessions, and other special events in the parish. I did laundry and ironing, had several meetings with people for various projects or counseling, confessions or helping with their travel plans in Jordan.

I mention all of these because God was in each and every one of those activities and chores. "Find God in all things" is one of the goals of spiritual life, and when we are successful in remembering that and doing that and working at that, it makes all the difference in the world. Sharing the time with God in prayer is, of course, a major moment, but being aware of God's presence when doing laundry, or cleaning the kitchen or running an errand when the traffic is not co-operating turns everyday chores into something else. I don't use the radio when I'm driving because it's such a great time for quiet moments with God. It's a little chilly still, but I love being able to sit out on the roof, watch Amman go by and find God in both the traffic and the people. We know God is in all things – and if we pay attention, often enough, God is easy to find.

When I was in Nigeria, I had several thousand buttons made – bright red buttons with white writing that said "FIGIAT". On some that was all it said, on others, in smaller letters in a circle around the button "Find God in All Things." I gave them away at meetings, at church, to people on the street. They were bright and colorful and for a while, everywhere you went there were FIGIAT buttons.

We know that God is present in everything. But we get busy, and distracted, and tired, and angry and it is easy – very easy – to forget. Maybe I should make some more buttons. But until I do – FIGIAT.

FIND GOD IN ALL THINGS. You'll be surprised at what a difference it can make in your life.

Let us continue to pray for one another.

Fr. John's Email: pastorsh@jordanjesuits.org Website: Jordanjesuits.org

Fr. John's Mobile: 079 013-8985 (If no answer, leave a message.)

Facebook: Parish Group. (You have to ask to be admitted, but you will be.)

END OF YEAR REPORT

The End of Year Report for 2018 is now available. It has been mailed electronically to all who receive HEARTBEAT in that fashion, and is available on the Facebook page and on the website.

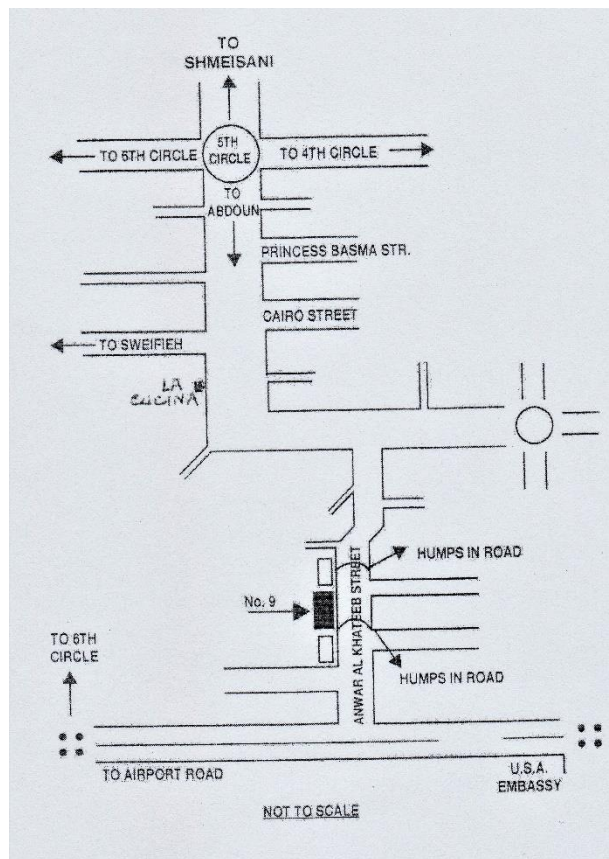
MISCELLANEOUS

In January, Mass attendance at Sweifieh was approximately 755 (that may be a little low, I'm hoping to get more accurate counts in the future), at Freres 188 and the daily Mass at the Jesuit Center (morning Mass 6 days a week) had an attendance of 449.

ASK FATHER JOHN

On Monday, February 18, we will have the first "Ask Father John" for 2019. As is the norm, no question is out of bounds. You may have theological questions, liturgical questions, something about the End of year Report you want clarified, something in the news – even if you don't have a question yourself, the questions of others may prove stimulating. Our hosts for the evening are Vivian and Paul David, at 9 Anwar Al Khatib Street, Sweifieh. Their apartment is on the top floor. In case you get lost -- 079 588-9330. Map on the right. Please RSVP but if you are suddenly free at the last minute, please come ahead.

If you have never attended one of these, it is an informal gathering where any question is permitted. Topics can be topical, historical, personal, theological, philosophical or just things that you have always wondered about. If Fr. John doesn't know the answer, someone else present might. If no one knows – Fr. John promises he will look it up and find the answer. Great fun, a chance to meet people you've known by sight from Mass and sometimes even educational. Please join us.



Blessing the children at the Children's Liturgy of the Word



Piotr Świeżaczyński receives the Sacrament of Confirmation. His father was his Sponsor.



Through the intercession of St. Blaise, Bishop and martyr, may you be spared from all ailments of the throat and from all illness.



Saint Josephine Margaret Bakhita

Feast_day: February 8

Patron of Sudan

Birth: 1869

Death: February 8, 1947

Beatified By: May 17, 1992 by Pope John Paul II

Canonized By: October 1, 2000 by Pope John Paul II

Saint Josephine Margaret Bakhita was born around 1869 in the village of Olgossa in the Darfur region of Sudan. She was a member of the Daju people and her uncle was a tribal chief. Due to her family lineage, she grew up happy and relatively prosperous, saying that as a child, she did not know suffering.

Historians believe that sometime in February 1877, Josephine was kidnapped by Arab slave traders. Although she was just a child, she was forced to walk barefoot over 600 miles to a slave market in El Obeid. She was bought and sold at least twice during the grueling journey. For the next 12 years she would be bought, sold and given away over a dozen times. She spent so much time in captivity that she forgot her original name.

As a slave, her experiences varied from fair treatment to cruel. One of her owners was a Turkish general who gave her to his wife and mother-in-law who both beat her daily. In 1883, the Turkish general sold her to the Italian Vice Consul, Callisto Legani. He was a much kinder master and he did not beat her. When it was time for him to return to Italy, she begged to be taken with him, and he agreed. She was given away to another family as a gift and she served them as a nanny.

Her new family decided to travel to Sudan without Josephine, and placed her in the custody of the Canossian Sisters in Venice. While she was in the custody of the sisters, she came to learn about God. She was deeply moved by her time with the sisters and discerned a call to follow Christ.

When her mistress returned from Sudan, Josephine refused to leave. The case went to court, and the court found that slavery had been outlawed in Sudan before Josephine was born, so she could not be lawfully made slave. She was declared free.

She was baptized on January 9, 1890 and the Archbishop who gave her the sacraments was none other than Giuseppe Sarto, the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, who would later become Pope Pius X. For the next 42 years of her life, she worked as a cook and a doorkeeper at the convent. She also traveled and visited other convents telling her story to other sisters and preparing them for work in Africa.

On the evening of February 8, 1947, Josephine spoke her last words, "Our Lady, Our Lady!" She then died. Her body lay on display for three days afterwards.

In 1958, the process of canonization began for Josephine under Pope John XXIII. On December 1st, 1978, Pope John Paul II declared her venerable. Sadly, the news of her beatification in 1992 was censored in Sudan. But just nine months later, Pope John Paul II visited Sudan and honored her publicly. He canonized her on October 1, 2000.

(Some of this article was taken from CATHOLIC ONLINE)