

Greeting and Penitential Rite

Opening Prayer

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading

Colossians 3:12-17

Response : Thanks be to God

Responsorial Psalm

*Amazing Grace how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.*

*'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!*

*Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.*

*The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my shield And portion be,
As long as life endures.*

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

GOSPEL

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to John 14:1-6

Homily

Intercessions

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Offetory Hymn

Be Still for the Presence of the Lord

*Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One, is here;*

*come bow before him now with reverence and fear:
in him no sin is found- we stand on holy ground.*

Be still, for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One, is here.

*Be still, for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;*

*he burns with holy fire, with splendour he is crowned:
how awesome is the sight- our radiant King of light!*

Be still, for the glory of the Lord is shining all around.

*Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place:*

*he comes to cleanse and heal, to minister his grace-
no work too hard for him. In faith receive from him.*

Be still, for the power of the Lord is moving in this place.

Eucharistic Prayer

Our Father

Communion

Irish Blessing - Bob Chilcott

*Those who are unable to receive Holy Communion, or are members of other churches
or faiths, are invited to receive a blessing. To receive a blessing place your right
hand on your left shoulder as you approach the priest at the altar.*

Lady Of Knock

*There were people of all ages
Gathered 'round the gable wall
Poor and humble men and women
Little children that you called
We are gathered here before you
And our hearts are just the same
Filled with joy at such a vision
As we praise your name*

*Golden Rose, Queen of Ireland
All my cares and troubles cease
As I kneel with love before you
Lady of Knock, my Queen of Peace*

*Oh, your message was unspoken
But the truth in silence lies
So we gaze upon your vision
And the truth I try to find
Here I stand with John the teacher
And with Joseph at your side
And I see the Lamb of God
On the Altar glorified*

*Golden Rose, Queen of Ireland
All my cares and troubles cease
As we kneel with love before you
Lady of Knock, my Queen of Peace*

*And the Lamb will conquer
And the woman clothed in the sun
Will shine Her light on everyone
Yes, the Lamb will conquer
And the woman clothed in the sun
Will shine Her light on everyone*

*Golden Rose, Queen of Ireland
All my cares and troubles cease
As I kneel with love before you
Lady of Knock, my Queen of Peace (x 2)*

Prayer after Communion

Poems

Achill - by Derek Mahon

Read by Kate Scarborough and Megan Scarborough

*I lie and imagine a first light gleam in the bay
After one more night of erosion and nearer the grave,
Then stand and gaze from the window at break of day
As a shearwater skims the ridge of an incoming wave;
And I think of my son a dolphin in the Aegean,
A sprite among sails knife-bright in a seasonal wind,
And wish he were here where currachs walk on the ocean
To ease with his talk the solitude locked in my mind.*

*I sit on a stone after lunch and consider the glow
Of the sun through mist, a pearl bulb containedly fierce;
A rain-shower darkens the schist for a minute or so
Then it drifts away and the sloe-black patches disperse.
Croagh Patrick towers like Naxos over the water
And I think of my daughter at work on her difficult art
And wish she were with me now between thrush and plover,
Wild thyme and sea-thrift, to lift the weight from my heart.*

*The young sit smoking and laughing on the bridge at evening
Like birds on a telephone pole or notes on a score.
A tin whistle squeals in the parlour, once more it is raining,
Turf-smoke inclines and a wind whines under the door;
And I lie and imagine the lights going on in the harbor
Of white-housed Náousa, your clear definition at night,
And wish you were here to upstage my disconsolate labour
As I glance through a few thin pages and switch off the light.*

In Loving memory of our wonderful friend

Read by Julie Bartlett