

Monty & Eltham

The Catholic Parishes of
St Francis Xavier & Our Lady Help of Christians



We acknowledge the Wurundjeri people who are the traditional custodians of this land and pay respect to the elders past, present and emerging of the Kulin Nation.

Gospel: John 2:13-25

Just before the Jewish Passover Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and in the Temple he found people selling cattle and sheep and pigeons, and the money changers sitting at their counters there. Making a whip out of some cord, he drove them all out of the Temple, cattle and sheep as well, scattered the money changers' coins, knocked their tables over and said to the pigeon-sellers, 'Take all this out of here and stop turning my Father's house into a market.' Then his disciples remembered the words of scripture: Zeal for your house will devour me. The Jews intervened and said, 'What sign can you show us to justify what you have done?' Jesus answered, 'Destroy this sanctuary, and in three days I will raise it up.' The Jews replied, 'It has taken forty-six years to build this sanctuary: are you going to raise it up in three days?' But he was speaking of the sanctuary that was his body, and when Jesus rose from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this, and they believed the scripture and the words he had said.

During his stay in Jerusalem for the Passover many believed in his name and when they saw the signs that he gave, but Jesus knew them all and did not trust himself to them; he never needed evidence about any man; he could tell what a man had in him.



Reflection

John tells the story of the cleansing of the temple very early in his gospel, shortly after the beginning of Jesus' ministry. In this he differs from the three other evangelists. They present it late in their gospels as the last straw which brings Jesus' conflict with the religious authorities to a head and finally provokes his execution. Also in contrast to the synoptics, John has Jesus come to Jerusalem for a number of Passovers; this is the first.

By placing this event so early, John achieves two things. He establishes a dynamic of confrontation between Jesus and the authorities that will be played out from this point on in a variety of ways. And he introduces the theme of Jesus as the new temple. This focus, central both to this episode and to the gospel as a whole, is unique to John and colours his account of the cleansing.

It might be argued that if John hasn't already established himself as a master dramatist by this stage of the gospel, the story of the cleansing of the temple achieves that for him. It is impressively told, combining narrative, dialogue and action in a powerful whole that suggests layers of meaning to be uncovered. As John says in the original conclusion to his gospel, "these [signs] are recorded so that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing this you may have life through his name" (20:31).

Break Open the Word 2021

This parish has a commitment to ensuring the safety of children and vulnerable people in our community.

For more information visit pol.org.au/eltham or pol.org.au/montmorency.

We support the recommendations of the Royal Commission into institutional abuse and pray for all the survivors.



PARISH TEAM & INFORMATION

OUR PEOPLE & OUR CONTACT DETAILS



Parish Priests

Terry Kean - Pastor in Solidum

terry.kean@cam.org.au

Michael Sierakowski - Moderator

michael.sierakowski@cam.org.au

Barry Caldwell

Parish Office

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9435 2178

Mon - Fri 9am-3pm

montmorency@cam.org.au

Kate Kogler:

Parish Secretary

eltham@cam.org.au

Gina Ang:

Pastoral Worker & Caring Group Co-Ord—**Eltham**

gina.ang@cam.org.au

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Child Safety Officer

SFX&OLHC.ChildSafety@cam.org.au

Website:

www.pol.org.au/montmorency

www.pol.org.au/eltham

(pol stands for Parish OnLine)

Facebook:

[St Francis Xavier Parish Montmorency](#)

Monty & Eltham Newsletter & Facebook items:

eltham@cam.org.au

Schools

St Francis Xavier Primary School

Principal: Philip Cachia: 9435 8474

principal@sfxmontmorency.catholic.edu.au

www.sfxmontmorency.catholic.edu.au

Holy Trinity Primary School

Principal: Vince Bumpstead: 9431 0888

principal@htelthamnth.catholic.edu.au

www.htelthamnth.catholic.edu.au

Our Lady Help of Christians Primary School

Acting Principal: Therese Stewart: 9439 7824

school@olhceltham.catholic.edu.au

www.olhceltham.catholic.edu.au

ASRC — Donate Food and Goods

Our Foodbank is operating to support people seeking asylum. Most-needed food and groceries:

- Tuna in oil 400g
- Sweet or savoury biscuits
- Dishwashing liquid 1 litre
- Pasta 500g packs penne, spirals, shells
- Tinned vegetable peas, corn, carrots
- Tinned legumes chickpeas, lentils, red, black & white beans
- Full cream UHT milk 1 litre
- Soap bars
- Shampoo
- Conditioner
- Tinned tomatoes 400g
- Honey small bottles
- Coconut cream
- Black tea bags



Let us pray for all those who have gone before us marked with the sign of faith ...

Montmorency

For the recently deceased:

For those whose anniversaries are at this time:

Terry Dearsley, Paul Andre Said

For those in need of healing, remembering especially:

Eltham

For the recently deceased:

For those whose anniversaries are at this time:

Josephine Marie Landy

For those in need of healing, remembering especially:

Violetta, Fr Barry Caldwell, Vicki Jordan,

Lidia Marazzato, Christine Scott,

Ibyszek Wojciechowski, Sylvek Zylevicz

To include an anniversary please contact Parish House

9435 2178 or eltham@cam.org.au.

Baptisms

This weekend we welcome to our Eltham Parish Community on Sunday at 12 noon:

Sophie Henderson
daughter of Sasha

&

Charlie Rose Richter
daughter of Stephen & Rachel

We pray for *Sophie & Charlie*, their parents & Godparents.

May God keep them always in His love.



RECONCILIATION

available upon request

please call the Parish Office 9435 2178

Collections last weekend: 28 Feb 2021

Community	Thanksgiving	Presbytery
Eltham	\$204.00	\$580.80
Montmorency	\$1,574.00	\$1,751.45

Please note the above figures are monies banked & do not include visa/mastercard or direct debits. Thank you so much for your contributions.



Please help our parish continue our important pastoral activities.

You can give an offering online today with CDFpay.

Find our parish by visiting:

<https://bit.ly/CDFpayEltham> or <https://bit.ly/CDFpayMontmorency>

Homily

Most of us dislike confrontation. Have a think about it. Many of us will avoid confrontation at all costs? We keep off certain subjects of conversation because we have a very different view to someone.

We feel uncomfortable when a person asks a very confronting question at a meeting. Not always, for there are times when we welcome the question, for it needs to be asked, as long as we are not the person to ask it.

We let things go when a family member or a friend says something that offends us. There are times when it's best to let it go, but then there are times when it would be far better to talk it out, even though it's so difficult to raise the subject. Time drifts by and we still haven't approached the situation.

Let's face it or not, confrontation is necessary. If ever we claim that our faith story tells us differently, let's look at the Gospel story today, of Jesus confronting the money changers in the Temple.

Jesus drove the money changers out of the temple and knocked over their tables. He told them to stop turning his Father's house into a market. That's confrontation.

We can ask why did he do this? Some of us will say, Jesus wanted the Temple to be a Temple of prayer, where people would gather in quiet and silence.

Let me suggest something else was on Jesus's mind. It was just before the Jewish feast of Passover. We know that a practising Jew, he would have come to Passover many times. As a small child he would have loved the feast, the meeting with other children, the festivity and celebration of it all.

Yet he had also seen injustice in the exploitation of the poor who were required to buy animals or birds for sacrifice to appease God. And who made the profit? The money changers and the owners of the animals and birds for sacrifice. It was a rort and once more the poor were at the mercy of the rich. Jesus saw through this whole Jewish system of sacrifice and he had to speak up. This offended the Jewish authorities and they were out to make him pay. Ironically he would become the sacrifice, meeting a cruel death on the cross.

Today's Gospel in a way, belongs to all men and women who have spoken up for the truth that best lived in them. People we honour as martyrs in our faith tradition. People who have dared to confront unjust systems. People with passion in their words and actions as they stand against injustice. Only have to think of the streets of Myanmar filled with people standing for their truth and opposing the military regime.

We think of a person like Martin Luther King. That famous peaceful yet confronting march on Capital Hill where he led thousands upon thousands of black people singing 'we shall overcome'. What did they seek? Equal rights with the white people of America, and not the domination and suppression they had experienced. Remember those famous words of Martin Luther King:

"I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the colour of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today."

Today's gospel is for all of us who dare to speak the truth that we best discern, even and especially when it takes us along the road of confrontation.

Today's Gospel is for all of us who will not settle for apathy and look the other way when we see injustice.

Today's Gospel is for all of us who realise that the spiritual journey is not always a peaceful Journey. We will have to confront if we are to live the way of Jesus, for we will have to see the poverty and pain of people and do something about it. That's the Jesus way.

Terry

SVDP Lent and Easter Pamphlets 2021

We are now about a half way through our preparation for Easter. Following on from our note a couple of weeks ago, the Montmorency conference of St Vincent de Paul (SVDP) highlight further titles of small booklets which may be of interest to parishioners and their families to help in their preparation for Easter. Here are just a few of the new titles:

- ***Lent for Busy Catholics***
- ***How to Celebrate Lent***
- ***One Minute Reflections for Lent***
- ***Stations of the Cross for Married Couples***
- ***Calvary – A Lenten Rosary Reflection***



St Vincent de Paul Society
good works

Please note the booklets are now located on the wall next to the front door. Please feel free to browse these and other related booklets together with the many other topics of interest.

A gold coin donation in either of the St Vincent de Paul boxes at the front or side entrance to the church will help defray costs.

Are you interested in becoming a volunteer with St Vincent de Paul through our conference, perhaps at our Vinnies shop in Briar Hill, or in some other administrative capacity? If so please contact Mike on 0417 221 245 or the Parish Office.

Every week through Lent, a writer will reflect on a journey through a wilderness to an unexpected grace. Here, **Fiona Benson** describes how humiliation and sickness led her to take a different path

Ordinary sorrows

A rejection, this time from Rada. It comes on a Wednesday. My boyfriend - call him R - visits at the weekend. We are on the pavement by Green Park; I am fretting about the track line of acne that has erupted down the side of my nose. Perhaps it's because I've been crying about the rejection. He laughs. Greasy tears. Then he says: no one notices a few spots, but there are other things ... and trails off. Like what? Like your moustache. The traffic lights change and we cross.

I have fine, blonde hair all over my face; recently, it's been thickening on my upper lip. I've been trimming it with scissors and have spoken of it to no one (the shame). I've been telling myself that it doesn't show. I was wrong. R and I break up, but tryst every few months. I long for him in between, but know not to write, or phone, or ask for anything at all. Instead, I subsist on slivers and scraps of affection. Rejection becomes a mode of being: Lamda, Webber Douglas, Central - recalls, then nothing. I stop eating. At night, I can't get warm. I curl up in bed wrapped in jumpers, and shiver, and ache. I finger my bones and my sore skin, the lumps of rosacea that boil across my cheeks. It takes hours to get to sleep.

When I don't have night class - acting at Mountview, for 30 or so drama-school hopefuls - I get off the Tube a station early, and toil along the side of the motorway to the pool, strip in the cold changing room, then walk to the toilets, my bare feet slapping on the wet tiles. I pee, then wash my hands and stare at myself in the mirror, hating my flesh, until someone comes in and I leave. I lower myself into the water, skin crawling with goosebumps, and thrash up and down the lanes: quick snatches of breath under my arms, my limbs leaden with fatigue, my goggles filling, my eyes chlorine-stung and scarlet-rimmed. Still I plough on, until I cramp in my leg or my foot, and have to haul myself out.



This swimming looks like health, but feels like drowning. I want to disappear.

Some evenings, though, I go to late opening at the Tate Modern. Night comes in off the river and expands darkly in the freezing turbine hall. I shiver in my thin blouse and cheap jacket, but move up the elevator and through the galleries to the Rothko Room, swimming against the tides of people leaving. I walk in, and it feels like home. It is warm, as if the massive generators and furnace still fired. Here in this room of red, humming canvas, these depths of paint, I sit and feel held. Sacrilege. To sit in this room of grief, its dim, red graves, and feel one's own slight sorrows held.

In a sandwich kiosk at Clapham Junction halfway below street level, I study the sandwiches. I am lightheaded and my legs are trembling. My mouth waters for the lemon drizzle cake, voluptuous slices wrapped in cling film, sparkling with sugar, home-made. In the end I take a green apple and hand over 50 pence. The cashier rolls his eyes.

Self-starved, my immune system fails. An ordinary bout of tonsillitis turns into quinsy. My parents take me home. Despite penicillin, it is acutely, raggedly, painful to swallow; I spit my saliva into a tissue. I smell putrid. At hospital, I'm put on a drip, my oxygen is monitored. The doctor

asks if I've been eating properly. I keep my eyes down as my mother - who is gregarious in any crisis - tells her I've always been slim. The doctor asks if I've been feeling sad or depressed. I feel my mother shift forward on her seat. Anyway, I cannot talk - no voice - so I shake my head.

Days later, in the hospital bathroom, I run my first bath in a week. The nurse has detached the cannula for the occasion. I feel strangely free. Thunder of water, rust stain under the outflow, faint grit on the porcelain. A bath thousands have lain in. I force my jaw open as far as it will go, like jemmying a locked sash window, and peer through the narrow slit to see the back of my throat in the mirror: a plump yellow wall, like the pus-covered back of an enormous toad. I'm awestruck and ashamed.

You'd think this would be the turning point, but I do not mend; and though, at the hospital, I test positive for glandular fever, I will not receive this information for another year. So I return to London and flog myself hard. During the day I work as a temp, mostly at the Lord Chancellor's Department. Once, on time for a rarity, I collect my lanyard, turn to swipe into the life, and a middle-aged woman grabs me by the arm. She says, Look at them, - gesturing at the security guards; they're all watching you, you know why? Your thong is showing. I hitch up my skirt, apologise again and again, cursing the stupid knickers (bought to impress R), explain that I've been ill, lost weight, my skirt keeps slipping down, I didn't mean to offend - but her lips are pressed together, she is shaking her head, moving away. All she sees is a slovenly blonde. Later that day I escape to the toilet, put down the lid, sit with my head on my knees, and am instantly asleep. When I come to, I've no idea how long I've been gone. Making my way home, I cry openly on the street, wiping my nose across my sleeve. If you keep walking, people do not notice your face is full of tears.

Sometimes though, I remember the hospital. I remember being woken in the morning by the nurse stroking my arm. She had the kindest voice I'd ever known and her touch was gentle and cool as she attached a new back of saline to the cannula in the back of

my wrist, telling me not to look, sensing I was scared. She knew I was lonely and sad. She said, the throat feels all your emotions, it's where you store your grief. She said, You'll get better, love, here comes the sun - sang doodle, doodle to make me smile. She was right. I was discharged after a week; perhaps the real surprise was that I wanted to live.

My last audition - Guildhall. About a hundred of us wait in a large gymnasium for the results after two days of call-back scrutiny, including acting, singing, movement and interviews. There have been kind words and praise. A game of basketball starts up, into which I intrude myself. I cannot catch the ball, and fumble, and trip. Finally, a teacher comes in. I cannot feel my own body. It is numb, it has flown. My name is not called in the first, short acceptance list. Nor in the second waiting-list list. It is called in the third list, the long list of all those who - thank you very much for your time and we regret - they do not want.

Life goes on. All that year there are moments of reprieve. Walking home in the dark there are sometimes foxes - angular familiars nosing at the bins; once, cubs playing on a front lawn, a rough chuffing sound, jumping over a lavender bush. Something in me kindles at the sight of their raw flames. And sometimes as I walk, poems write themselves in my head. I rush to my room to write them down, and then cannot leave them alone, working them up into something whole, completely in their thrall, under their enchantment. Before all this, I'd wanted to be a writer, but had reached the verdict that I wasn't good enough, condemning myself before I'd begun. Now, I find these poems don't give a damn whether they are good or bad or indifferent. They write themselves in secret, spell their way into being. And I begin to dedicate myself to them. Poetry is a room that can hold any joy, or pain. What a way to haul yourself out of the dark, this wordnet casting up your sorrows like silver fish, turning them into something water-lit and glimmering. I decide to write, and live. Look at me now, fat, married with two children, and blessed. You'll get better, love. Here comes the sun. There are other paths to live.

Fiona Benson's first collection of poems, *Bright Travellers* (Jonathan Cape, 2014) won the Seamus Heaney Prize. She won the Forward Prize for Vertigo & Ghost (Johnathan Cape, 2019). She lives in Devon with her husband and their two daughters.

Catholic Archdiocese of Melbourne - Vacant Positions

Please see below an update to current vacant roles listed on our CAM website. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced people for the positions of:

- **Director, Mission and Pastoral Life, Catholic Diocese of Sandhurst, Bendigo**
- **Business Manager, St John's Parish, Mitcham**
- **Safeguarding Officer, East Melbourne**
- **Senior Manager Product, IT & Products, Catholic Development Fund**
- **Marketing Coordinator, Catholic Development Fund**
- **Media & Communications Officer, Oblate Office of Mission**

Further details of the above positions can be found on the Archdiocese website at: <https://melbournecatholic.org/job-vacancies>



**Market Stall,
Saturday March 27,
5-9pm, Malahang Park,
cnr Southern & Oriel Rds,
West Heidelberg: Books for sale**

We'll be participating in a community market to sell books and Elizabeth's quince jelly. This market is run by Olympic Adult Education as part of Banyule Council's Lantern Festival. It is expected there will be 10-20 market stalls, 2 food trucks and Council-provided music, so with the large illuminated lanterns it should be a wonderful sight and worthwhile community experience.

We'll need:

1. Four group members (4.30-7pm) to set up and a second four (7-9.30pm) will pack up. We expect to be given a marquee. Cathie has 2 tables (60x122cms and 85x85cms) and a vehicle to bring books.
2. Members to select books at (hopefully) Greta's house. A market organizer suggested fiction, crime, sci-fi & some children's books - not autobiography. To help, contact Cathie via cpr.rge@bigpond.net.au

Even if not helping on the night, feel free to come with a friend to buy a book or two!



New generations ready for livelihood success

In rural Cambodia, many families face food shortages because of difficult conditions for agriculture.

Thanks to your generosity, our School Children's Project is providing children in Cambodian schools with training in agriculture and ecology through the System of Rice Intensification (SRI) method.

This simple method of rice farming, developed by a French Jesuit priest, reduces costs and increases production. It puts rural farmers in a significantly better position to provide for their families and build a stronger future for their community.

ROSTERS:	
<i>week ending 7 March</i>	
Eltham	
Beckford, Peter	Commentator
Dopheide, Marlis	Reader
<i>week ending 14 March</i>	
Montmorency	
Said, Mike & Marie	ASRC
Eltham	
Frediani, Gabriella	Altar Society
Scannell Family	Pilgrim Rosary Statue
Scully, Greg	Commentator
Nolan, Kathleen	Reader

Monty & Eltham Calendar of Events

Saturday 6th

2:00pm Kadasig Aid & Development AGM Montmorency
 6:00pm Mass (160 people) Montmorency

Sunday 7th - Third Sunday of Lent

8:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency
 10:00am Mass (160 people) Eltham
 12:00pm Baptism: Charlie & Sophie Eltham
 1:00pm Listen & Chat & Pray Montmorency

Monday 8th - Labour Day

Tuesday 9th

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency

Wednesday 10th

6:30am Meditation Montmorency
 9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Thursday 11th

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency
 10:30am ASRC food collection & delivery Montmorency

Friday 12th

9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Saturday 13th

10:00am Baptism: Lucas Eltham
 6:00pm Mass (160 people) Montmorency

Sunday 14th - Fourth Sunday of Lent

8:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency
 10:00am Mass (160 people) Eltham
 12:00pm Baptism: Emerson, Verity, Saige & Frankie Montmorency

1:00pm Listen & Chat & Pray Eltham

Tuesday 16th

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency
 10:00am Craft Group Montmorency
 7:00pm Reconciliation Celebration Montmorency

Wednesday 17th

6:30am Meditation Montmorency
 9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Thursday 18th

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency
 10:30am ASRC food collection & delivery Montmorency

Friday 19th

9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Saturday 20th

11:00am Baptism: Asher & Leo Eltham
 6:00pm Mass (160 people) Montmorency

Sunday 21st - Fifth Sunday of Lent

8:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency
 10:00am Mass (160 people) Eltham



Top Shelf

A parishioner donated a book for the library. It is *Doing Up Buttons* by Christine Durham. It is a practical account of dealing with a stroke. I first read it when my father had one, and then offered it to my parish priest, after his stroke. It is a personal account of understanding head injury. I am putting it on the top shelf should you find a need for it.



Great to see some of the books for Lent have gone off the shelves. *Bridges* by Thomas Merton is still there. Anything by Merton is a gift.
 Trish

Our Lady Help of Christians Catholic Primary School

OPEN DAY

Thursday 18th March

Tours throughout the day

'EVERY DAY IS OPEN DAY'

Please call the school office and arrange a convenient time!



Educating Since 1928

1-13 Henry Street

Eltham 3095

Phone (03) 9439 7824

email school@olhceltham.catholic.edu.au



Photos from last week's baptisms...

Neve Anne Ashleigh



Daily Reflections for Lent - Not By Bread Alone 2021



Reflection: The paradox of the cross is central to our lives as Christians. Salvation was earned for us through suffering. Victory over death earned through the most barbaric execution. Taken on strictly human terms, the crucifixion should be something to downplay or hide. Why would we want to advertise a suffering Saviour, a crucified King? But we don't hide the cross; we display it as a sign of hope, a badge of honour. We may hang a crucifix in our home or even wear one around our neck to remind us that we are saved through God's "foolishness." The cross is a sign that God will save us in spite of ourselves, because our God knows what it means to be human. After the cleansing of the temple in today's gospel, the story ends reminding us that Jesus "did not need anyone to testify about human nature. He himself understood it well" (John 2:25). We are blessed with the foolishness of a God willing to be born in a manger to a poor teenage girl, willing to live in poverty and die in shame, willing to entrust his mission to a group of fishermen. Wisdom is disguised as foolishness; strength is disguised as weakness; salvation is disguised as death on a cross.

Meditation: Notice the crosses that hang around you, not only in your home but perhaps in unlikely places or places you just never noticed before. They're everywhere. On churches, yes, but also woven into the fabric of our lives. No one doubts the sign of the cross. When you see a cross around someone's neck or hanging from a car's rearview mirror or perhaps even tattooed on someone's shoulder, you don't think, "I wonder if they really believe." When we mark ourselves with the sign of faith, no matter how we do it, we mark ourselves as one of Jesus' tribe, as disciples who may not always get it right but who keep on trying, who trust in the foolishness of God. Look for crosses. What do they say to you? What does the cross mean to you? If you wear one around your neck or display one in your home, how often do you contemplate its meaning? Make time to do that today.

Prayer: God of all faithfulness, we trust in your wisdom even when we don't understand it, even when the world thinks we are fools for believing. We believe. We trust. We know.

Prayers of the Faithful for 7 March 2021 Third Sunday of Lent

Celebrant: Heavenly Father, we place our prayers before you.

We pray for the whole Church, for Pope Francis, for all the bishops, priests and church leaders that we will continue to strive to follow Christ's teaching and bring the Good News to the world.

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pray for all those affected by the Covid-19 pandemic, especially those in the countries which have experienced a great loss of life, and we pray that all nations will work together to provide vaccines, especially for the most vulnerable.

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pray for all people who suffer from discrimination, whether it be racial, religious, political or any other form, that they will be treated always with dignity and compassion as demanded by Christ's teaching.

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pray for those who are unemployed, especially as a result of the pandemic, and the homeless that they will receive the help they need to overcome their disadvantage.

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pray for the millions of adults, like Olivia in Tanzania, that did not have the opportunity to receive an education. Through our support of Project Compassion, may they find new opportunities to learn and grow so they can be architects of their own development.

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pray for all those dealing with illness, of mind, body or spirit, that they will experience God's healing love. We pray especially for *Violetta, Fr Barry Caldwell, Vicki Jordan, Lidia Marazzato, Christine Scott, Ibysek Wojciechowski, Sylvek Zylevich.*

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pray for those who have recently died, especially ... , and for those whose anniversaries occur at this time, including Terry Dearsley, Josephine Marie Landy and Paul Andre Said. We pray for those who mourn that they will be comforted in the knowledge that their loved ones are sharing eternal life with Christ.

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

We pause for a moment for our own personal prayer. (PAUSE).

We pray to the Lord. Lord, hear our prayer.

Celebrant: Lord God, we humbly ask that you strengthen our faith so that we may be true disciples of Jesus. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.



A Time to Listen - A Time to Chat - A Time to Pray



Dear Parishioners & Friends of St Francis Xavier, Montmorency &
Our Lady Help of Christians, Eltham

These are sensitive days, as we continue to adjust to a CovidSafe way of life, knowing that serious changes to our daily routine might occur at any time! (What to do?)

It is my intention to still open up the ‘**Season of Lent**’ to some opportunities for our Catholic Communities to come together to ‘Listen & Chat & Pray’ regarding any anxieties, concerns and hopes for our present & future as two vibrant local communities. These gatherings are important occasions to participate and hear from parishioners and thus continue to walk together in Faith and Love - as our future is not yet clear, given these terrible Covid19 era in which we live.

With this in mind and given our weekend timetable of Masses & Baptisms, I am going to suggest that Sundays at 1pm be our start time at SFX and OLHC.

These gatherings are important occasions to “Listen and Chat & Pray”.

We will continue our gatherings with the following::

- **Third Sunday of Lent (March 7th.) in the SFX parish Hall - 1pm**
- **Fourth Sunday of Lent (March 14th.) in the Gathering Area, OLHC Church - 1pm**

Beyond these important opportunities to gather in a CovidSafe way - a time to pray and symbolise these meetings could be realised as we move into Holy Week:

- **Fifth Sunday of Lent (March 21st.) at the SFX parish Hall - 1pm**
- **Palm Sunday (March 28th.) at the Foyer OLHC Church - 1pm**

So, an opportunity is now being offered to the Catholic Communities of Montmorency & Eltham to get together - some 3 times during Lent, to Listen, to Chat and to Pray in response to these Covid days and our future possibilities as we move forward.

If you are available, please consider these dates and times - warmest thanks,

Michael



Third Sunday of Lent
7th March 2021



Oliva, 22, didn't have the opportunity to go to school, and was embarrassed that she was unable to read, write or count. Her business was losing money because she couldn't add up.

Then Oliva enrolled in Caritas Australia's literacy and numeracy classes. She also set up a home classroom to teach her neighbours for free, because they were too shy to attend larger classes.

Oliva has now graduated, attendance at her classes is growing, her kiosk is thriving and she is helping her children with their homework. She aims to become a pastor and run for leadership in the next local election - to help her community to 'Be More.'

Please donate to Project Compassion 2021 and support people like Oliva's gain access to education to build a brighter future and live in communities that upholds everyone's dignity.

You can donate through Parish boxes and envelopes, by visiting www.caritas.org.au/projectcompassion or phoning 1800 024 413.