

Special Issue
Advent and Christmas 2009



The Christmas Story according to St. Luke and St. Matthew



And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, (because he was of the house and lineage of David) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being heavy with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were struck with great fear.



And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Messiah the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward humankind. And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, that the shepherds said to one another, Let us now go, then, to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the message which had been told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where the Messiah should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Ruler, who shall be the shepherd of my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had called the wise men to him, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly. And when they came into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him. And when they had opened their treasures, they presented to him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. And being warned by God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed for their own country by another way.



And when they had departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and stay there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled what was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt I have called my son. But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.



The Prophecy of Simeon

Prayer from John 14

“I am in the Father and the Father is in me”

by Pam Phillips, Hampton Roads Associate

As we prepare for this Holy season
and celebrate Hanukkah and Christmas,
let us enjoy this time of great wonder
and astounding joy
as we worship,
spend time with our families, and
enjoy the holiday symbols that remind us that
we are all God’s Children.

The flame that burns the brightest,
is the light of the eternal human spirit.

May we discover in ourselves the Light
that illuminates our hearts.
That Light is the light of God’s love for us.
He lights our way in the darkness and
He fills our hearts with great joy.

That light radiates from each of you,
in all that you do in service of another.

This holiday season, may your light shine brightly
We ask you, dear God,
to bless us and our families
more abundantly than we ever imagined.

AMEN



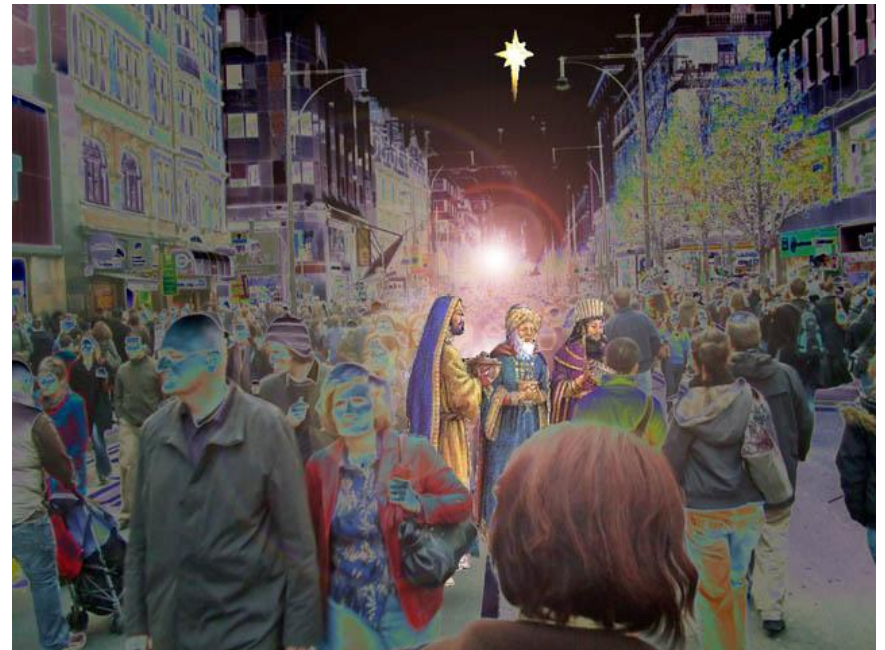
Christmas 1943

by Theresa Duff, Scottish Associate

In Leicester, England, late on a cold and snowy Christmas Eve in 1943, a young wife, Kathleen, sat alone by a meager fire. Coal, like most other commodities, was rationed as Britain endured yet another year of war. Married in June 1940 she faced her first Christmas without her husband, John, as he, at thirty years of age had, until then, been considered too old for active service and had only just been called up. He was training at a Royal Air Force base some 40 miles away as their two children, Michael, aged two years and eight months, and Anne, thirteen months, were sleeping upstairs. Kathleen had prepared for Christmas as best she could with the limited resources available, but she started to shed a few silent tears, not of self-pity, but for the pain of separation and concern for her husband's safety. There was a knock at the door. She was not expecting anyone but thought one of her neighbours might be in need, so drew back the bolt and opened the door. To her amazement there stood her husband, his uniform cap dusted with snow, eyebrows and moustache rimed with frost and overcoat stiff with cold. He had managed to get a 24-hour pass by swapping duties with a friend whose family lived hundreds of miles from the base. With no other means of transport available, John had borrowed a bicycle to make the journey home. It had taken him over five hours to cover the distance in the blackout and through the atrocious weather. More than once he had to dismount and walk because of the icy conditions and even got a warning from an air-raid warden to extinguish the cycle lamp. What joy there must have been in that reunion!

Yes, you probably have guessed – the people in this story were my mum and dad, my brother and elder sister. My mum shared the story with me, but they did not speak about it often. I am not even sure whether Dad had to cycle back to the base the next day or managed to get a ride. Like many of their generation they were not particularly demonstrative in their love, but it was enduring and the basis of our family life. Together they shared 59 years of marriage with all its joys and sorrows.

So today I think of all those who will be apart from their loved ones at Christmas for whatever reason. Let us pray that all will know the peace that Christ brought to the world, and in sharing God's love with their neighbour, bring an end to conflict.



The French Associates were happy to participate in preparing this prayer at our meeting in Paris recently.

PRAYER FOR THE ADVENT TIME

(inspired by St. Francis of Assisi)

O Lord, The Whole World Is Expecting You!

*You who created the Sun, the Moon and all the Stars,
The Wind, the Air and the Clouds,
The Earth which feeds and sustains us,
The Water which gives Life,
The Fire which enlightens the Night,
We sing for the good You did for us.*

*You who can see the forests we destroy,
All the lands and rivers we dry,
The native peoples sacrificed for the profit,
For the well-being of a few nations
But for the worse of all the have-nots,
We ask You to forgive us for the evil we do to You.*

*In these expecting days, give us the hope
To believe in a better world.*

*You who sent us your dear Son, Jesus,
Born of the Virgin Mary in order to save us.
He was born for us, a pilgrim on the road,
He had no room to shelter Him and was born in a crib.*

*We praise You, O Lord, for the advent of Your Son in
Humanity.*

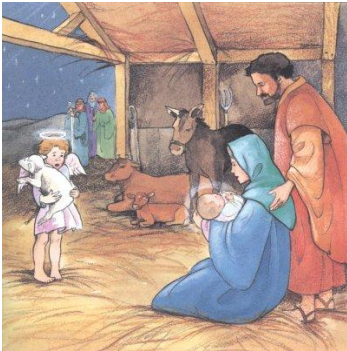


The Birthday of A King

by Catharine D. Moore, Darby Associate

I am currently participating in a class entitled “Writing Your Memoirs.” Seems it’s a timely topic in a retirement community. Coincidentally, Amy Kulesa called and asked me to write a reflection on Advent or Christmas for this periodical. I thought back to my connections with Christmastime and Bon Secours, which includes all except the first 14 years of my life.

As a Guild girl, I remember how we decorated St. Francis Country House around the beginning of Advent. We also appointed ourselves the “official” carolers. We had no real experience in how to harmonize and the only way we could concentrate on our parts was to have the sopranos at one end of the hall and the altos at the other. (In retrospect, I’m sure that could only have been Regina Clifton’s scheme!) We delivered the only version of “Silent Night” with the third voice consisting of gales of giggling. Patients Gertie Myers, Ann and Alice Byrne and others raved over our efforts. We came away with the life lesson that caregivers can make an important difference in the lives of the sick by providing art and music, no matter how primitive.



My memories advance forward to Christmas Eve of 1955 when I was a new novice in a “party of one” in the Congregation of Bon Secours. Advent was ushered in with the announcement of a “Grand Ménage” which was translated into a major house-cleaning; then began elaborate decorations. The Refectory (dining room) was done in the theme of a book entitled, The Littlest Angel.” I was introduced to the art of

painting holiday scenes on our very tall windows with poster paint. My selection was a picture of two choir boys. I tried to make them look like my big brothers, Jack and George, who were altar boys. When the moon shone through these pictures, I was sure I was the next Van Gogh.

Choir practice was much more intense and harmonious and I learned new hymns, bits of which have stayed with me to the present day. My favorites included: “*Though Poor Be the Chamber,*” “*Come Here, Come and Adore*” and “*The Birthday of A King*” which went as follows:
“In the little village of Bethlehem
There lay a child one day
And the sky was bright
With a holy light
Twas the birthday of A King.”
Alleluia, how the angels sang
Alleluia, how it rang
And the sky was bright with a Holy light
Twas the birthday of A King.”

The Protestant Church across the street had a preference for this hymn also. Their bell tower on Baltimore Street was directly across from my bedroom window. On Christmas Eve “Alleluia, how it rang” resonated in my bones.

Christmas Eve – ah yes. That first Christmas away from home is in my bones also. I could close my eyes and envision my extended family piling into Grandpop Dan’s house next door. There would be boisterous exchanges of “Pollyanna” gifts, eggnog and exuberant laughter. Brothers Jack and George would leave to serve Midnight Mass. It took me a long time to get over the fear that they might scare Santa off. The “Ghost of Christmas Past” delivered a punch of homesickness to my solar plexus.

I'm startled back to attention by the voice of Novice Mistress, Mother Angelina, announcing that it is time for the novices to line up and go to our adjacent hospital for Midnight Mass. It reminded me of the poem:

“In an old house in Paris
That was covered in vines
Lived 12 little girls in two straight lines.”

We emerged from the cloister cocoon to the glaring lights and din of a bustling hospital unit. Yet, there too are the carols and decorations.

Going through Pediatrics, I glance into a room. There is 6 year-old Timmy sitting up in bed, covered with water droplets in his oxygen tank. I'm told he has Leukemia. Tim's big brown eyes follow me. Someone has painted a picture of the Little Drummer Boy, inspired by the new song of that title, on his window.



We wind our way through the post-partum hall where I hear a chorus of infants with their cat-like cries. The nurses have swaddled each infant in a big red stocking for their visit to their moms for feeding. Now THIS is a happy Christmas tableau I say to myself.

Then we turn down “St. Theresa’s Hall” and I’m startled to hear much different cries. It is the wail of a family who has just learned of the unexpected death of their mother from a heart attack.

Is this the life of a nursing sister? Can I really do this?

Then we approach the choir loft. We join the professed sisters singing “O Holy Night.” I see Sr. Kathryn Ann but she is soon called out to the emergency room. Sisters Rose and Severn, Gabriel Mary and Julia Marie, Sisters Bernard Anthony and Mary Regina all sing with fervor. Mother Helena places the infant in the manger. I take strength from their voices and compassionate presence to the patients in our chapel.

*“Alleluia, how the angels sang;
Alleluia, how it rang!”*

We return to our novitiate with its ornate tree; rich hot chocolate and cookies are served. Our crèche invites us to ponder the mystery of the Christ Child.

I flash forward to present times and reflect on the blessing I have received through belonging to the Bon Secours Associates for over two decades. Our Yuletide involves gathering at Joanne Jones’ home. There we’ve shared in the Christmas joy of being with her family, and celebrating the magic that comes with the presence of children, and now grandchildren. We’re assured of an abundance of ornate trimmings, scrumptious food, and sharing Joanne’s “giving cup” with her family around her table. Even Santa often makes his appearance on a fire truck in tune with our celebration. Often we bring gifts for the less fortunate.

I am grateful to all who are Bon Secours for sharing journeys from the crib to the cross. A heartfelt welcome is extended to Bon Secours and Associates on the birth of a unified community.

“Alleluia, it is the birthday of Our King!”

The story of "Silent Night, Holy Night"

There have been many stories of the origins of the Christmas carol "Silent Night, Holy Night." One of the most popularly told is as follows:

In the winter of 1818 at St. Nicholas' Church at Obendorf, a village near Salzburg, Austria, Joseph Mohr, the assistant to the priest, faced a dilemma. It was just days before Christmas, and the church organ which was so important to providing music for the Christmas services was broken. Since the organ repairman was not a local of the village it would actually be months before the repair could be made, and Christmas would be long past.

His solution to the problem of the broken organ resulted in one of the most popular Christmas carols of all time. In 1816 Mohr had written a simple poem that the villagers could understand expressing the wonder of the birth of Jesus. He asked his friend Franz Gruber who was the organist at St. Nicholas to write music to accompany his poem so that they could sing it together using a guitar to accompany their singing.

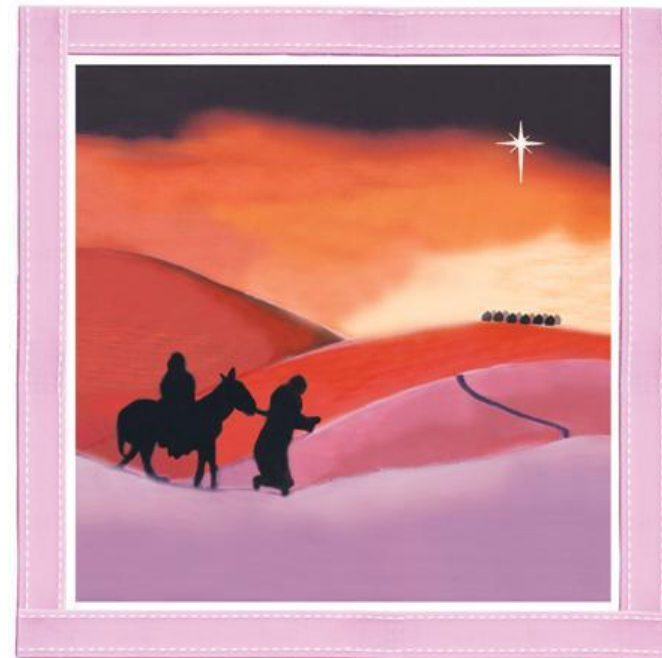
They first performed their newly composed Christmas carol at the Christmas Eve midnight service on December 24, 1818. It did not instantly receive the worldwide recognition it has come to know, however. It was not until years later in 1825 when Carl Mauracher was rebuilding the organ at St. Nicholas that a handwritten copy of the words and music was found in the organ loft.

Mauracher was from an area in the mountains of Tyrol which had many traveling folk choirs who performed throughout Europe. He carried the carol back home, and it became a popular song with the choirs as they traveled and spread its popularity wherever they went.

In some versions of the story it is told that mice had eaten the bellows of the organ. Others say that Gruber himself had broken the organ. It is believed that there was frequent flooding of the area that caused rust and mildew to affect the condition of the church organ often making it unplayable. It is actually not known however if the organ was truly broken at Christmastime of 1818. Some say that Mohr simply wanted a new carol for the service and was fond of the guitar as an instrument. Some stories tell that both the poem and the music were hastily written that Christmas Eve. A manuscript for "Silent Night" in Mohr's hand was discovered in 1995 which is dated 1816. In the manuscript Mohr credits the melody used for the carol to Franz Gruber.

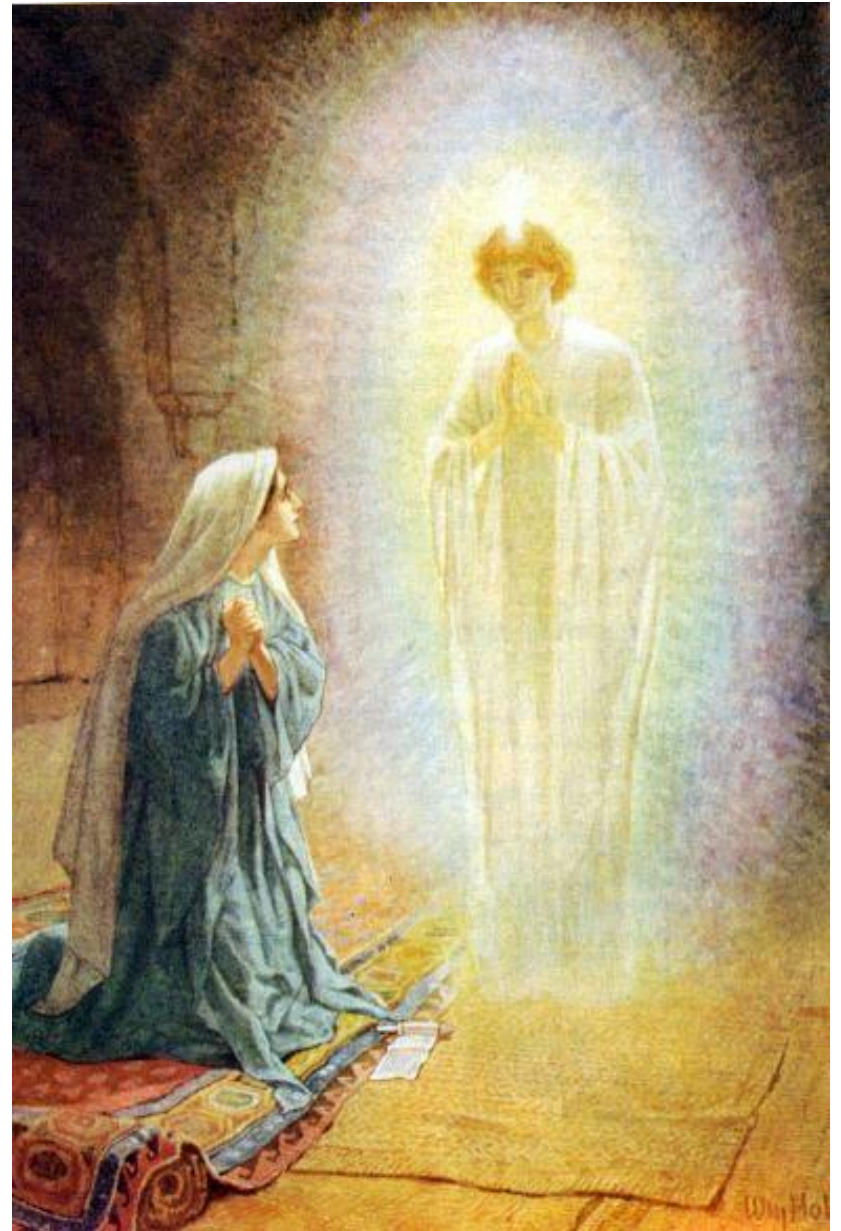
Whatever the details of the circumstances, Joseph Mohr's and Franz Gruber's contribution of Christmas music for their village's Christmas Eve midnight mass gave us all the beautiful "Silent Night, Holy Night."

From internet by Janice Hayden



The Magnificat of Mary

My soul glorifies the Lord
and my spirit rejoices in God my
Savior,
for he has been mindful
of the humble state of his servant.
From now on all generations will call
me blessed,
for the Mighty One has done great
things for me—
Holy is his name.
His mercy extends to those who fear
him,
from generation to generation.
He has performed mighty deeds with
his arm;
he has scattered those who are proud
in their inmost thoughts.
He has brought down rulers from their
thrones
but has lifted up the humble.
He has filled the hungry with good
things
and has sent the rich away empty.
He has come to the help of his servant Israel,
for he has remembered his
promise of mercy,
the promise he made to our fathers,
to Abraham
and his children forever.



The Jesse Tree

*“But a shoot shall sprout from the stump of Jesse, and from his roots a bud shall blossom.”
(Isaiah 11:1)*

A Jesse Tree is a sort of “family tree” for Jesus. Jesse was the father of King David, and the Messiah was prophesied to come from the “house and lineage of David.” Because Joseph was of the House of David, he traveled with Mary, his wife, to Bethlehem, the ancestral home of the House of David, to be counted there for Caesar’s tax roll. Jesus, born in Bethlehem (translated “House of Bread”), fulfilled the prophecy that the Messiah would come from the descendants of Jesse at a time when the family’s numbers and apparent blessing had been reduced (“stump of Jesse”).

Making a Jesse Tree provides an opportunity to reflect on the Biblical happenings which preceded Jesus’ birth. Their strong Jewish identity and promises of Scripture influenced Mary’s assent and Joseph’s fidelity.

In studying Jesus’ roots, we select persons to whom God made promises. A symbol is assigned to represent each person, taken from an incident in their life as recorded in the Bible.

A Jesse Tree may be constructed in many different ways. A small evergreen or bare tree limbs are often used. Each day of Advent, one symbol is made from paper, cloth or other materials and hung on the tree. During the day or evening, perhaps at the evening meal, a passage in Scripture about this person or event can be read. In this way we will follow the story of Jesus’ family tree up to his birth at Christmas.



Symbol Suggestions

In the Beginning (Earth)	Bronze Serpent (same)	Prophecy: Suffering Servant (cross)
The Fall (Apple & Snake)	Jonah (whale)	Prophecy: Light of the World (Candle)
Noah (Ark & Rainbow)	Ruth & Boaz (sheaf of wheat)	Elizabeth & Zechariah (old couple)
Blessing to Abraham & Sarah (camel & tent)	Jesse (house in Bethlehem)	Magi from the East (star)
Sacrifice of Isaac (lamb)	David & Goliath (slingshot)	Angel Gabriel (angel)
Jacob’s Dream (ladder)	Kingship of David (harp & crown)	Mary (Rose)
Joseph in Egypt (colorful coat)	King Solomon (temple)	Joseph (hammer & tools)
Passover (Doorway with blood)	Prophecy: The New Creation (Lion & Lamb)	John the Baptist (locusts & animal skins)
Moses & Commandments (Tablet with 10 C.)	Prophecy: Good Shepherd (staff)	Jesus-Yeshua (baby in a manger)

The Peruvian Associates share some Christmas traditions.



We begin with the first Sunday of Advent, on which at the Churches and in many families the Christmas Wreath is placed, with four candles representing each week. This reminds us that we are getting closer to the great day of Christmas. The prayers are said around the wreath at the beginning of each week.

On the 24th, in the different parishes, the Holy Mass is celebrated.

In some parishes, a live nativity is celebrated with the participation of the youth. In others, children, dressed as shepherds, visit homes, bringing presents to baby Jesus. The shepherds dance around the manger and the families offer them some candy.



During the Christmas Mass there is a lot of participation from the families. Afterward each family returns to their houses to share in the traditional milk with Chocolate and "Paneton" (Cake) and chicken. Families with more means also eat turkey. Carols are

sung and prayers are offered.



*The Associates from Cork, Tralee and Mount Desert shared these traditions and stories. **Nollaig Shona Duit!** (Gaelic greeting for Merry Christmas!)*

IRISH CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

Ireland, like most countries, has a number of Christmas traditions that are all its own. Many of these customs have their root in the time when the Gaelic culture and religion of the country were being suppressed and it is perhaps because of that they have survived into modern times.

THE CANDLE IN THE WINDOW



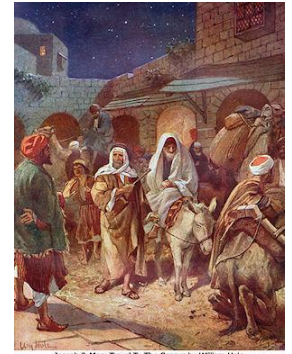
The placing of a lighted candle in the window of a house on Christmas eve is still practised today. It has a number of purposes but primarily it was a symbol of welcome to Mary and Joseph as they travelled looking for shelter. Today it signals a welcome for any traveller or stranger passing by at Christmas time.

A further element of the tradition is that the Christmas candle should

be lit by the youngest member of the household and only be extinguished by a girl bearing the name 'Mary'.

THE LADEN TABLE

After evening meal on Christmas eve the kitchen table was again set and on it were placed a loaf of bread filled with caraway seeds and raisins, a pitcher of milk and a large lit candle. The door to the house was left unlatched so that Mary and Joseph, or any wandering traveller, could avail themselves of the welcome.



Joseph & Mary Travel To The Census by William Hole

THE WREN BOY PROCESSION

During Penal Times there was once a plot in a village against the local soldiers. They were surrounded and were about to be ambushed when a group of wrens pecked on their drums and awakened the soldiers. The plot failed and the wren became known as 'The Devil's bird'.

On St. Stephen's day a procession takes place where a pole with a holly bush is carried from house to house and families dress up in old clothes and with blackened faces. In olden times an actual wren would be killed and placed on top of the pole.

This custom has to a large degree disappeared but the tradition continues in some communities where groups of people gather together and travel around the local village singing songs, telling stories and performing traditional dances while also raising funds for local charities. Meanwhile, the tradition of visiting from house to house on St. Stephens Day has survived and is very much part of Christmas.

DECORATIONS

The placing of a ring of Holly on doors originated in Ireland as Holly was one of the main plants that flourished at Christmas time and which gave the poor ample means with which to decorate their dwellings.

All decorations are traditionally taken down on Little Christmas (January 6th), and it is considered to be bad luck to take them down beforehand.



The Holly Bough

A particular tradition for the people of Cork is the publication of "The Holly Bough" newspaper. Published especially for Christmas, it recounts stories old and new about Christmas and all the traditions associated with it. It contains information particularly relevant to Cork and has many photographs of celebrations past.

It has been published annually for the past 60 years and is an integral part of the Christmas reading list for all Corkonians.

Why I send Christmas Cards

There is a list of folk I know,
All written in a book,
and every year at Christmas time
I go and take a look.
This is when I realize that
these names are a part
not of the book they're written in
but of our very heart.

For each name stands for someone
who has touched my life sometime,
and in that meeting they've become
the "Rhythm of the Rhyme".
I really feel I am composed
of each remembered name,
and while you may not be aware
of feeling quite the same,
my life is so much better
than it was, before you came.

Once you have known someone,
The years cannot erase
The memory of a pleasant word
Or of a friendly face.

So never think of Christmas cards
are just a mere routine
of names upon a list,
forgotten in between.
For when I send a Christmas card
that is addressed to you,
it is because you're on a list of folk
I am indebted too.

And whether I have known you
for many years or few
In some way you have been a part
in sharing things I do.
So every year when Christmas comes
I just realize anew,
The biggest gift that God can give
Is knowing folks like you.



Blessing for the New Year

The Richmond Associates want to share this with you. You may wish to pray this together at your January 2010 group gatherings!

Reader 1: New Year Toast

Here's to the New Year

May it bring more joy and success and less grief and regret.
To our dreams . . . May we never stop believing in them
and taking the actions that will make them a reality.
To our friends, loved ones and co-workers,
may we take the time to let them know
how much they mean to us in our lives.
Let us encourage more and criticize less,
give more and need less.
And whenever we can.
Let us create harmony and peace.



All: To new beginnings . . .
let us start fresh, right now,
to make the best year ever,
a very happy New Year to all of us.

Reader 2:

Lord, we thank you for this season reminding us that you came to live among us, for our sakes. We thank you for the chance to make a new start at any time, not just at New Year. Help us to be faithful to you, and love others as you love us. Lord, hear us. **All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

Reader 3: His Unfailing Presence

Another year I enter, its history unknown.

Oh, how my feet would tremble, to tread its paths alone.

But I have heard a whisper, I know I shall be blest:

"My presence shall go with thee and I will give you rest."

What will my New Year bring me? I may not, must not know.

Will it be love and rapture, or loneliness and woe?

Hush, hush I hear a whisper, I surely shall be blest:

"My presence shall go with thee and I shall give thee rest."

(author unknown)

Reader 4:

At the start of the New Year we are reminded of the world's deafness to the message of peace sung by the Christmas angels. We pray for those in conflict, for our leaders and that those in the military will be kept safe. Lord, hear us. **All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

Reader 5: Epiphany

The feast of the Epiphany means manifestation or revelation.

Dear Jesus,

As you led the three kings to you by the light of a star, please draw us ever closer to you by the light of faith. Help us to desire you as ardently as they did. Give us the grace to overcome obstacles that keep us far from you. May we, like them, have something to give you when we appear before you. Mary, our Mother, help us to know your Son. Amen.

Reader 6:

We pray for all those among us and elsewhere who are unemployed, homeless, elderly, handicapped, hungry, sick, imprisoned, oppressed or in need of compassion and intercession. Lord, be our light and hope. Lord, hear us. **All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

Reflection:

What especially speaks to you as we begin another New Year in these uncertain times?

The light of God's unconditional love? A need to change?

God's never-ending presence? The world's current problems?

Gratitude for our gifts?

The comfort and example of our Blessed Mother Mary?

Other?

Reader 7:

We pray for all families represented here today. Each one is made up differently and faces the many ups and downs of family life. We remember that Jesus was born, was nurtured and grew up in a family with the emotions that we know. We pray that each family and

community finds a place for that selfless love, revealed to us through the life, teachings and example of our dear Lord. We also remember our dearly departed family members and friends. Lord, hear us. **All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

ALL: St. Francis Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is discord, harmony.
Where there is error, truth.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.
Good Master, grant
that I may not so much seek to be consoled, as to console.
To be understood, as to understand.
To be loved, as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.

**Join hands for the Lord's Prayer and
Gesture of Peace**





Nollaig Shona Duit



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