

Lord Let Me Walk

Lord let me walk that lonely road with you,
Under the weight of the wood.
Lord let me walk that last mile in your shoes,
Under the weight of the wood.

Lord let me cool your lips baked like clay,
Under the weight of the wood.
Dried up like rain on a hot and dusty day,
Under the weight of the wood.

They gave you gall and sour wine for your food,
Under the weight of the wood.
Father forgive them; they don't know what they do,
Under the weight of the wood.

Lord, must the journey always end this way,
Under the weight of the wood?
How many times have we nailed you up today,
Under the weight of the wood?

Freedom can be found, laden down,
Under the weight of the wood.

Trócaire Boxes: We thank you for your solidarity during Lent with the poorest people of our world. We invite you to bring back your Trócaire boxes during this Holy Week so that it can be our gift of Hope and Resurrection for those in our world family in most need of Easter hope.

World Family Icon comes to Carrick. The Icon of the Family was in Rome this past week, where Pope Francis broke the news that he will be coming to Ireland on the 25th and 26th August. This same Holy Icon will be in St. Marys Church, Carrick on Shannon from 12 noon on Wednesday and Holy Thursday. There will be a Service of Prayer around the Icon at 7.30pm on Wednesday evening and all are invited to come and pray in the presence of this Icon and place your family petitions beside this beautiful Icon of the Holy Family.

Bishop Francis writes: "The Chrism Mass will take place in St. Mel's Cathedral on Holy Thursday 29th March at 11.00 a.m. You are most welcome to join with me for this Mass as we together as a Diocese pray for God's guidance as we enter a time of great change. All are welcome and I welcome especially the young people preparing for Confirmation and their families in this the Year of the Family. "

Let Me Walk That Lonely Road

Today is the Sunday of the Palms. It begins "The Holy Week" . It starts at the Supper Table. Jesus takes the bread and wine into His hands, these same hands that have washed their feet. The Holy Eucharist is always Jesus on His hunkers at our feet and inviting us gently to do the same for others.

In the darkness Jesus walks to the garden of His fear, alone. His friend's kiss betrays Him. Taunted and tortured by the crowds and by the soldiers, two people stand against the crowd; Simon from the country puts his shoulder to the Cross and Veronica with the beautiful name caresses His face with a towel. Mary comes face to face with her Son on the road. Their eyes meet, in that wordless prayer of pain for the anguish of the world.

Jesus falls again and again and again. He gets up each time. The cross speaks of a cruelty beyond words. Jesus is scourged, stripped and His hands and feet are nailed to the tree. He wears the crown of shame. . The final prayer from the lips of Jesus, then, now and forever:

"Father forgive them, forgive them for they know not what they do".

Freedom can be found

Under the weight of the wood.