

It's easy to get caught up in routine and move easily from one thing to the next on a daily basis and, although we are entirely happy in this, quite often we forget what it's like to be with ourselves. Even in the quieter moments, some of us are surrounded by loved-ones a lot of the time.

Last Monday, on my day off, a small voice inside myself urged me to step out and away from everyone. It was a peaceful decision. As the teenagers slept and my husband worked away in his office, I slipped from our house and away to the Coastline beside Dalkey in the early morning.

It was a beautiful day as I positioned myself on a rock with nothing to observe but



a multitude of different blues where the sea met the sky, a constant flow of passing gulls and the soft sound of waves against the rocks. This was a place of prayer for me as a teenager. There was something about the sea that drew me and mildly terrified me at the thoughts of its power and depths. It reminded me of God; I could feel his presence distinctly in this place.

Unexpectedly, up jumped the memories of being a child on these rocks and with them, the excitement of undiscovered rock pools and rough rock faces warmed by the sun. Then too the memories of my teenage years here and finally my own children in this place. I experienced these emotions, one after another and in quick succession, each one grounding me in a part of myself I had forgotten for a considerable time; each one reminding me of the deeper parts of my own soul. In response to taking time to sit, God provides us with memories or connections that draw us back home again within ourselves. This is one of the most profoundly simple forms of prayer and connection with the Divine. Just allowing yourself to step out and spend time with the soul within you often buried by the busyness of the world.



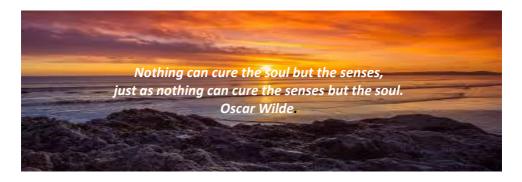
Thank you! We would like to extend our grateful thanks to Tim and Luke Weldon who have spent many hours tidying and clearing our beautiful graveyard. Thank you most sincerely



GOD'S WORD

FOR THIS
WEEK
18th September
2020

Picture: The Red Vineyard Vincent Van Gogh



This morning I went for a swim in the sea and walked on a beautiful beach. I find it invigorates my body and my soul, and as I connect with the beauty that surrounds me the world somehow feels clearer and brighter. I am aware that the days are changing, and the season of autumn is beginning to make her presence felt. I find myself trying to soak up the last rays of the receding sunshine as I give thanks for the summer season. There have been enormous changes to our lives over the last number of months as our fragile resilient world continues to battle the Covid-19 pandemic...... In spite of this the cycle of life continues.

Autumn.

And my love for, and my impatience with this rich and beauteous season continues. The trees as they shed their foliage are even more beautiful in their ritual of death and dying.



The vibrant colours that carpet the earth and prepare for the coming of winter ask me not to despair in their dying but to embrace the wonder and beauty of the Mystery. In my be-ing I am being asked to be patient, and trust as I hear the music of the sweet thrilling song of the robin.

I wander down the country lane and walk boldly through the carpet of leaves that are slowly being pressed back into mother earth where they feed her roots as she continues the cycle of death and rebirth.



I grow impatient in the waiting, but she asks me to listen and receive, and breathe in the barrenness of the landscape as the rich mulch nourishes underfoot.

In the silence mother earth digs deep and spreads her mantle of orange and rust, yellow and brown as she rests in her sensual beauty.

As I walk in the dying and barrenness that surrounds me, I am aware that there are no words, and in the silence I too rest and receive.

I trust in the Mystery that is yet to be revealed.......

Submitted by Sheila Lindsay.

World Council of Churches - World Week for Peace in Palestine and Israel



To access the World Council of Churches Online prayer service please follow the below link:

https://www.oikoumene.org/en/press-centre/events/online-prayer-service-world-week-for-peace-in-palestine-and-israel

Prayer from Christian Aid:

Pray not for Arab or Jew, for Palestinian or Israeli, but pray rather for ourselves, that we might not divide them in our prayers but keep them both together in our hearts.

When races fight, peace be among us.

When neighbours argue, peace be among us.

When nations disagree, peace be among us.

Where people struggle for justice, let justice prevail.

Where Christ's disciples follow, let peace be our way. Amen.

Submitted by Jenny Derbyshire

Parish Select Vestry Meetings:

St. Patrick's Church, Powerscourt: Wednesday 30th September at 8 p.m.

St. Brigid's Church, Kilbride: Wednesday 7th October at 8 p.m.

HEADSTONE OF THE WEEK



Sir Desmond Cochrane, buried here in 1979, was the grandson of Cochrane Henry Woodbrook, the first Director of Cantrell and Cochrane. manufacturers of carbonated drinks. Sir Desmond was Irish Consul in Beirut for Syria and the Lebanon. Major in the Α Lancashire **Fusiliers** in 1940. during WW2, he was active in the Irish Army's first deployment in Lebanon with the UN in 1953. He was married to Yvonne Sursock, philanthropist and activist, who was killed last month as the result of the explosion in Beirut, at the age of 98.

Yvonne, Lady Cochrane, worked tirelessly to preserve the architectural heritage of Beirut,

and it is tragic that her beautiful Ottoman palace was wrecked in this disaster, along with so much else. When in Ireland, Lady Cochrane attended Rathmichael Church.

Also buried here is Sir Desmond's brother, Henry. This Henry, of Woodbrook, died in 1945. He was an army Major, serving with the Irish Fusiliers in WW2, decorated MC, and died in an accident in Austria.

Also, their mother, Lady Elsa, who died in 1966

Submitted by Judith Cameron

CHILDRENS CORNER



Sometimes I sit in the morning light, and I taste the breeze with its scents of night, And I take my ease in the bluebell glade, And I thank you God for the world you've made.

c.H.





A Helping Hand

We are both proud and delighted to announce that some of our young people have stepped forward and offered their help with shopping or gardening for anyone at home at this time.



Please contact Cathy Hallissey (086 3583104) if you require an extra helping hand.



Over the COVID lockdown we received wonderful photographs and written pieces from our Parishioners that were included in the News from the Pews. We would love to receive more.

If you would like to share please email Mandy in the Parish office on office@powerscourtns.ie.

Thanking you all in advance.



The Living Room is a concept rather than one particular event. Its aim is to draw people (safely) together to participate in fellowship in many different ways. We have begun this by gathering together in the Rectory Garden every Wednesday at 10am where we read and discuss the Gospel for the coming Sunday, and this is followed by a short time of prayer. All are welcome to attend this gathering

and for those who may well be missing church, it is good way to re-connect with the Scriptures and with one another under the canopy of nature.

Remember: Wednesdays at 10am in the Rectory Garden! (Please note The Living Room is back to the original day of Wednesday)



Keep an Eye on WHAT'S HAPPENING..



