



Parish of Murhaun



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Christmas Day.

Masses: Monday 26th December 2016 — Sunday 1st January 2017

Monday	12 noon	Patrick & Florrie Sheerin.
Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	John & Babs Butler, Tom Joe Mulvey & decd. Family.
Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	Lynch Family (Lustia)
Thursday	10.00 a.m.	
Friday	10.00 a.m.	
Saturday	10.00 a.m.	
Saturday	8.00 p.m.	
Sunday	9.00 a.m.	Pro Populo.
Sunday	11.30 a.m.	Pat Beirne



Ministers of the Word

Vigil: Cian Beirne, Niamh McDonagh, Eibhlín O'Connell, Zaklina Ozdabinska.

11.30: Una McManus & Noel McPartland.

Convent: B

Altar Society: Month of JanuaryGroup A

Eucharistic Ministers: A

Offertory Collection for December 8th & last weekend : €1620.00 Thank you.

In your kindness we ask your prayers for Betty McManus, High Street, Lorraine Lynch, Creenagh and Olive Conlon, Hill Road. May they rest in peace forever.

Women's Little Christmas black dress ladies lunch in aid of North West Simon on Sunday 8th Jan @ 1p.m. in Kilronan Castle. Tickets 0877708865



Thanks to everyone who gave generously to the Christmas street light collection last weekend.

Bingo on 26.12.2016 & 2.1.207 & 7 p.m. Community Centre.



The Innkeeper's Wife



It was a night in winter
 Our house was full, tight packed as salted herrings.
 So full, they said we had to hold our breath,
 To close the door,
 And shut the night air out;
 And then two travellers came. They stood outside
 Across the threshold, half in a ring of light
 And half beyond it. I would have let them despite the crowding—
 the woman was passed her time, but I'd no mind to argue with my
 husband.

The flagon in my hand; and half the Inn
 Still clambering for wine. But when trade slackened
 And half our guests had sung themselves to be or told the floor
 their troubles,

I came out here where he had lodged them. The man was standing
 As you are now, his hands smoothing that board.
 He was a carpenter I heard them say .
 She rested on the stray and on her arm
 A child was lying
 Just lying there



As calm as a new dropped calf, his eyes wide open
 And gazing around as if the world he saw
 In the chaff strewn light of the stable lantern
 Was something beautiful and new and strange.

