



## ST. FRANCIS POLISH NATIONAL CATHOLIC CHURCH

"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace." — St. Francis

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July 30, 2017 - *Seventeenth Sunday in Ordinary Time*

Niech Bedze pochwalony Jezus Chrystus.

R/. Na wieki, wiekow. Amen.

Praised be the Lord, Jesus Christ.

R/. Now and forever. Amen.

8:30 AM - "*Hymn of Faith*"

Mass Book page 63.

### READING I - 1 kgs 3:5, 7-12

The LORD appeared to Solomon in a dream at night. God said, "Ask something of me and I will give it to you." Solomon answered: "O LORD, my God, you have made me, your servant, king to succeed my father David; but I am a mere youth, not knowing at all how to act. I serve you in the midst of the people whom you have chosen, a people so vast that it cannot be numbered or counted. Give your servant, therefore, an understanding heart to judge your people and to distinguish right from wrong. For who is able to govern this vast people of yours?"

The LORD was pleased that Solomon made this request. So God said to him: "Because you have asked for this—not for a long life for yourself, nor for riches, nor for the life of your enemies, but for understanding so that you may know what is right—I do as you requested. I give you a heart so wise and understanding that there has never been anyone like you up to now, and after you there will come no one to equal you."

### RESPONSORIAL PSALM -

**Ps 119:57, 72, 76-77, 127-128, 129-130**

**R/ Lord, I love your commands.**

I have said, O LORD, that my part is to keep your words. The law of your mouth is to me more precious than thousands of gold and silver pieces.

**R/ Lord, I love your commands.**

Let your kindness comfort me according to your promise to your servants. Let your compassion come to me that I may live, for your law is my delight.

**R/ Lord, I love your commands.**

For I love your command more than gold, however fine. For in all your precepts I go forward; every false way I hate.

**R/ Lord, I love your commands.**

Wonderful are your decrees; therefore I observe them.

The revelation of your words sheds light, giving understanding to the simple.

**R/ Lord, I love your commands.**

### READING 2 - Romans 8:28-30

Brothers and sisters: We know that all things work for good for those who love God, who are called according to his purpose. For those he foreknew he also predestined to be conformed to the image of his Son, so that he might be the firstborn among many brothers and sisters. And those he predestined he also called; and those he called he also justified; and those he justified he also glorified.

**R/ Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.**

Priest/Cantor: Blessed are you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth; for you have revealed to little ones the mysteries of the kingdom.

**R/ Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.**

### GOSPEL - Matthew 13:44-52

Jesus said to his disciples: "The kingdom of heaven is like a treasure buried in a field, which a person finds and hides again, and out of joy goes and sells all that he has and buys that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant searching for fine pearls. When he finds a pearl of great price, he goes and sells all that he has and buys it. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a net thrown into the sea, which collects fish of every kind. When it is full they haul it ashore and sit down to put what is good into buckets. What is bad they throw away. Thus it will be at the end of the age. The angels will go out and separate the wicked from the righteous and throw them into the fiery furnace, where there will be wailing and grinding of teeth.

"Do you understand all these things?" They answered, "Yes." And he replied, "Then every scribe who has been instructed in the kingdom of heaven is like the head of a household who brings from his storeroom both the new and the old." This is the word of the Lord.

**R/ Praise be to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**

OFFERTORY HYMN - "*O, Lord, I Am Not Worthy*"

COMMUNION HYMN - "*Lead Me, Lord*"

RECESSIONAL - "*Be Not Afraid*"

# St. Francis Weekly "Faith Renewed"

## GRANDPA'S HANDS

Grandpa, some ninety years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if he was O.K. Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was O.K. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking," he said in a clear strong voice. "I didn't mean to disturb you, grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were O.K.," I explained. "Have you ever looked at your hands?" he asked me. "I mean really looked at your hands?" I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then down. "No," I replied, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making. Grandpa smiled and related this story:

"Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They braced and caught my fall, when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to hold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life. They held my rifle and wiped my tears when I went off to war. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved by someone special. They wrote the letters home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle. Yet they were strong and sure when I dug my buddy out of a foxhole and lifted a plow off of my best friends foot. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook fists in anger when I didn't understand. They have

covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleaned the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else works real well, these hands of mine hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. But more importantly it will be those hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ. I will never look at my hands the same way again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the face of my children and wife I think of grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held the hands of God. I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel his hands upon my face."

Surely, I'll never look at hands in the same way again, especially since I learned something wonderful from my grandpa's hands. 'Take a look, a really good look, at your hands and place them into the hands of the ones you love and into the hands of the one who will lead us home.



Joni & John Blenn's all original theatre company is presenting

## "American Dating Catastrophes, Vol. XV"

tonight at 7:30 p.m., one show only, at the Bellmore Movies, 222 Pettit Avenue, Bellmore.

It's 8 short one-act comedies, written by Long Islanders, all about dates that have gone bad.

Come one, come all! \$15 advance/ \$20 at the door.

See Joni for tickets or reservations.

### Take a moment out and pray...

† † † † † † † † PRAYER † † † † † † † † †

**Health Needs:** Jesus, we ask you to bring peace and your healing touch to those who are ill, afraid or worried. Amen.

**Health Needs of:** Toni Panico, Thomas Kompa, Bill Piro, Iris Cafran, Frank Kompa, John Luis Vasquez, Sophia Kyriakakis, Fred Frankel, Robert Haemer, George T. Stumper, Gregory Klein, Michael Arleo, Jim Richards, Nancy Foley, Thomas Maloney, Bill Mullan, Linda Frysztacki, Lorri Russo, Tyler & Nicholas Accardi, Nancy Fernandez Petrozza, Susan Leach, Stella Silva, Joy Realmuto, John Galvin, Michele Feudale, Linda Maloney, Lorraine Avitabile, Fran Pedone, Blanca Vasquez, Marion Kester, Elena Guigui, Bridget Early, Theresa Kasmark, Grandfather Vincent Ciurleo, Emma Zaradich, Joe Stewart, Constance Citrola, Elizabeth Zitzmann, Anne Grusell, Linda Frysztacki, Teresa Kay, Sidra Lewis, Billy Murphy, Mary Boyle, Con Boyle, Jimmy Capuano, John Blenn, Carla Calabrese, MaryAnn McEvoy, Gary P. Ribis, Rosalie Drenckhahn, James Kostolni, Ann Klein, Eileen McChesney, Patricia Travis, Mike Pope & for all those who care for the sick and disabled.

**Requiem Intentions** Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let the perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace. Amen.

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