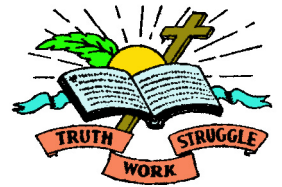


ST. FRANCIS POLISH NATIONAL CATHOLIC CHURCH

"Make me a channel of your peace." —St. Francis

1752 Harton Avenue • East Meadow, NY 11554

(516) 794-5189 • www.StFrancisPNCC.org • Pastor Andrew Koterba



Sunday, February 3, 2019
Fourth 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.

8:00 AM - "Hymn of Faith"

Mass Book page 63

READING I - Jer 1:4-5, 17-19

The word of the LORD came to me, saying: Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I dedicated you, a prophet to the nations I appointed you.

But do you gird your loins; stand up and tell them all that I command you. Be not crushed on their account, as though I would leave you crushed before them; for it is I this day who have made you a fortified city, a pillar of iron, a wall of brass, against the whole land: against Judah's kings and princes, against its priests and people. They will fight against you but not prevail over you, for I am with you to deliver you, says the LORD.

RESPONSORIAL PSALM - 71:1-2, 3-4, 5-6, 15-17

R. I will sing of your salvation.

In you, O LORD, I take refuge; let me never be put to shame. In your justice rescue me, and deliver me; incline your ear to me, and save me.

R. I will sing of your salvation.

Be my rock of refuge, a stronghold to give me safety, for you are my rock and my fortress.

O my God, rescue me from the hand of the wicked.

R. I will sing of your salvation.

For you are my hope, O Lord; my trust, O God, from my youth. On you I depend from birth; from my mother's womb you are my strength.

R. I will sing of your salvation.

My mouth shall declare your justice, day by day your salvation. O God, you have taught me from my youth, and till the present I proclaim your wondrous deeds.

R. I will sing of your salvation.

READING 2 - 1 Cor 13:4-13 (short version)

Brothers and sisters: Love is patient, love is kind. It is not jealous, it is not pompous, it is not inflated, it is not rude, it does not seek its own interests, it is not quick-tempered, it does not brood over injury, it does not rejoice over wrongdoing but rejoices with the truth. It bears all things,

believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never fails. If there are prophecies, they will be brought to nothing; if tongues, they will cease; if knowledge, it will be brought to nothing. For we know partially and we prophesy partially, but when the perfect comes, the partial will pass away. When I was a child, I used to talk as a child, think as a child, reason as a child; when I became a man, I put aside childish things. At present we see indistinctly, as in a mirror, but then face to face. At present I know partially; then I shall know fully, as I am fully known. So faith, hope, love remain, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Priest/Lector: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia

R: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Priest/Lector: The Lord sent me to bring glad tidings to the poor, to proclaim liberty to captives.

R: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia

GOSPEL - Luke 4:21-30

Jesus began speaking in the synagogue, saying: "Today this Scripture passage is fulfilled in your hearing." And all spoke highly of him and were amazed at the gracious words that came from his mouth. They also asked, "Isn't this the son of Joseph?" He said to them, "Surely you will quote me this proverb, 'Physician, cure yourself,' and say, 'Do here in your native place the things that we heard were done in Capernaum.'" And he said, "Amen, I say to you, no prophet is accepted in his own native place. Indeed, I tell you, there were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah when the sky was closed for three and a half years and a severe famine spread over the entire land. It was to none of these that Elijah was sent, but only to a widow in Zarephath in the land of Sidon. Again, there were many lepers in Israel during the time of Elisha the prophet; yet not one of them was cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian." When the people in the synagogue heard this, they were all filled with fury. They rose up, drove him out of the town, and led him to the brow of the hill on which their town had been built, to hurl him down headlong. But Jesus passed through the midst of them and went away. This is the Gospel of the Lord. **R: Praise be to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**

OFFERTORY HYMN - "Oh, Lord, I Am Not Worthy"

COMMUNION HYMN - "Here I Am, Lord"

RECESSIONAL HYMN - "Hail Mary, Gentle Woman"

