



Catholic Parish of the Holy Trinity Plymouth



31 October 2021

Remembrance Sunday and Week 32

(Year B: year of Mark)

Saturday: Remembrance Day eve

5.30pm Mass St Paul's Int: Teresa Matthews RIP

Sunday: Remembrance Day

9am Mass Holy Family Int:: Joseph Francis Smyth RIP FDN

10.30am Mass Holy Redeemer Int:: For our parish

Monday: Weekday

6pm Mass at Holy Family Int: Cliff O'Carrolle RIP FDN

Tuesday : Dedication of the Lateran Basilica

10am School Mass St Paul's Int:: Fr Hassey RIP

Wednesday: St Leo the Great

10am Mass Holy Redeemer Int : Deceased of World War II FDN

Thursday: St Martin of Tours

No Mass

Friday: Weekday

9.30am Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament Holy Family

10am Mass Holy Family Int: Sidney William Kingwell RIP FDN

6pm—6:30pm Confessions Holy Family

Saturday (Our Lady)

9.30am Mass Holy Family Int:: For vocations to the priesthood in our diocese

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Web site: Holy Trinity Catholic Church Plymouth

Walking Together : The Synodal Process

Everyone is invited to a Diocese of Plymouth online event on 17 November at 7pm where Austen Ivereigh will explore the topic:

“Behind the global synod: why Pope Francis wants you to speak boldly and listen carefully.”

Austen Ivereigh is a writer, journalist and commentator best known for his books on and with Pope Francis, and for his role in the media explaining the convictions of the Catholic Church. He is a Fellow in Contemporary Church History at Campion Hall, Oxford and a regular contributor to The Tablet.

Please register if you would like to join us for what will be a really interesting discussion, with an opportunity for Questions and Answers.

<https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/behind-the-global-synod-a-talk-by-austen-ivereigh-tickets-196421952347>

The Ignatian prayer group will be re-starting.

First meeting will take place at 7pm – 9pm Monday 15th November 2021.

Venue will be Holy Family Presbytery.

Everyone welcome.

We hope to meet on the third Monday of each month.

For the Fallen

BY LAURENCE BINYON

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Written 1914 at Pentire Point, Cornwall