

the little servants of Christ The King prayer community
Sudbury, Ontario

.... proclaiming the power of the Holy Spirit and a personal relationship with Jesus Christ

December 2022



Our Mission Statement: *"If we live by the truth and in love, we shall grow in all ways into Christ, who is the head by whom the whole body is fitted and joined together, every joint adding its own strength, for each separate part to work according to its function. So the body grows until it has built itself up, in love."* - Ephesians 4:15-16

The Twelve Days of Christmas

To many of us, Christmas just isn't Christmas without the music that goes along with it. Songs such as Silent Night and The First Noel come to mind, but the one carol that has a great deal of meaning, and is one that school children delight in being able to sing on their own, is known as The Twelve Days of Christmas.

So, what's the story behind it? Well, from 1558 to 1829, Roman Catholics in England were not allowed to freely and openly practice their religion. As a result, someone penned the carol as a summary of the principles of Christianity — also known as a catechism — for young Catholics, unable to receive instruction, to learn.

There are two meanings of the carol: The first one knows and references the multitude of gifts received by the writer's "true love". The second and hidden meaning of the carol is reserved for members of the Catholic Church to understand, as each line contains a word that references a religious principle, which would help the Catholic children to remember.

Following, are the meanings that are hidden in the lyrics:

On the first day the "true love" refers to Jesus Christ and His birth on earth as the embodiment of Holy love. The partridge in the pear tree represents Christ, as well.

The two turtle doves were the Old and New Testaments.

The three French hens stood for faith, hope and love.

The four calling birds were the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

The five golden rings represented the Torah or Law, the first five books of the Old Testament.

The six geese a-laying stood for the six days of creation.

Seven swans a-swimming represented the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit-----Prophecy, Serving, Teaching, Exhortation, Contribution, Leadership and Mercy.

The eight maids a-milking were the eight beatitudes.

Nine ladies dancing were the nine fruits of the Holy Spirit-----Love, Joy, Peace, Patience, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness and Self-Control.

The ten lords a-leaping were the Ten Commandments.

The eleven pipers piping stood for the eleven faithful disciples.

The twelve drummers drumming symbolized the twelve points of belief in The Apostles' Creed.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on December 8th, is one of the most prominent Marian feasts in the Catholic Church. The Solemnity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary breaks with the penitential simplicity of the Advent season to give us a chance to celebrate the Mother of God, through whom the incarnation of the Word of God was made possible. It celebrates her nature as a holy and sinless woman from the time of her conception, and Our Lady gives us a model of a life without sin in conformity with God's will. As she is such an important figure in the Advent and Christmas seasons, the feast of her conception allows us to honour her as we prepare for the coming of her Son.

Prayer to the Immaculate

Pope Francis



Virgin most holy and immaculate,
to you, the honour of our people,
and the loving protector of our city,
do we turn with loving trust.

You are all-beautiful, O Mary!
In you there is no sin.

Awaken in all of us a renewed desire for holiness:
May the splendour of truth shine forth in our words,
the song of charity resound in our works,
purity and chastity abide in our hearts and bodies,
and the full beauty of the Gospel be evident in our lives.

You are all-beautiful, O Mary!
In you the Word of God became flesh.

Help us always to heed the Lord's voice:
May we never be indifferent to the cry of the poor,
or untouched by the sufferings of the sick and those in need;
may we be sensitive to the loneliness of the elderly and
the vulnerability of children,
and always love and cherish the life of every human being.

You are all-beautiful, O Mary!
In you is the fullness of joy born of life with God.

Help us never to forget the meaning of our earthly journey:

May the kindly light of faith illumine our days, the comforting power of hope direct our steps, the contagious warmth of love stir our hearts; and may our gaze be fixed on God, in whom true joy is found.

You are all-beautiful, O Mary! Hear our prayer, graciously hear our plea: May the beauty of God's merciful love in Jesus abide in our hearts, and may this divine beauty save us, our city and the entire world.

Amen.



As Nancy carried Matthew to the restaurant with her husband holding the door, a dirty looking beggar stood near the entrance. Matthew squealed with glee and said, "Hi there." "Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy," the man said to Matthew. Matthew continued to laugh and answer, "Hi, hi there." Everyone in the restaurant noticed, and looked at us and then at the man. The old fellow was creating a nuisance with my beautiful baby.

My husband and I were embarrassed. We ate in silence; all except for Matthew. We finally got through the meal and headed for the door. My husband went to pay the check, and told me to meet him in the parking lot. The old man sat poised between me and the door. "Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Matthew," I prayed. As I drew closer to the man, I turned my back trying to side-step him. As I did, Matthew leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's pick-me-up position. Before I could stop him, Matthew had propelled himself from my arms into the man's. Matthew in an act of total trust, laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The

man's eyes closed, and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, gently cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back. I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Matthew in his arms for a moment, and then his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, "You take care of this baby." He pried Matthew from his chest unwillingly, longingly, as though he were in pain and said, "God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift."

With Matthew in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying, and why I was saying, ***"My God, my God, forgive me." I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who made no judgment; a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of clothes. I was a Christian who was blind, holding a child who was not. I felt it was God asking - "Are you willing to share your son for a moment?", when He shared His for All Eternity.***

"An invisible thread connects those who are destined to meet, regardless of time, place, and circumstance. The thread may stretch or tangle. But it will never break."

Author Unknown

My Gift To You At Christmas

As we journey through Advent and towards Christmas, I would like to share this prayer:

“I Believe”

I believe that Christmas is more than a time for parties and ornaments.

It is a time for remembering Christ and the Incarnation of God's love in human flesh.

I believe there are gifts more important than the ones under the Christmas tree, such as...
The things we teach our children.

The way we share ourselves with friends and loved ones
and the industry with which we set about reshaping the world in our time.

I believe that the best of carols are often sung by the poorest voices,
from hearts made warm by the wonder of the child Jesus.

I believe in the angel's message that we should not be afraid...
that the child of Bethlehem is able to overcome all anxieties and insecurities.

I believe in prayer and quietness as a way of appropriating Christmas...
that if I wait in silence I will experience the presence of the One born in the manger,
for He lives today and everyday, as surely as He lived then.

I believe in going away from Christmas as the Wise Men went... “another way.”

I want to be different when these days are past...
more in touch with God...
more thoughtful...
more caring...more like God.

And I believe God will help me now and in the time ahead.

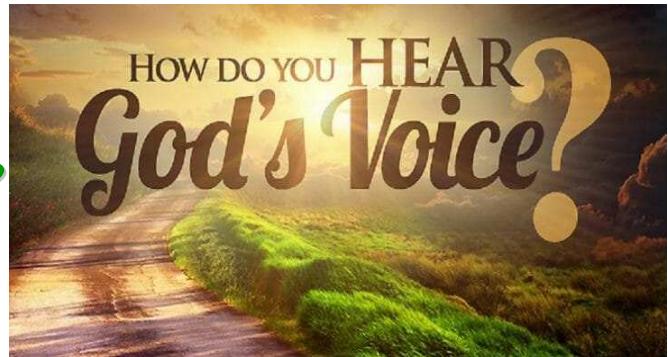
Amen.



Let the Christ-life of Christmas live in your heart, and peace shall abide forever!

God Bless.

Have You Muted God?



God is fond of speaking. He spoke creation into being, He breathed into scripture, and He became the incarnate Word. We are surrounded by God's voice, yet we do not hear Him. Some people treat His creative words as if they were produced by a random word generator. They knock the breath out of His written word and leave it gasping for air. And then they bury the incarnate Word, and reduce His life to an epitaph on a historical tombstone.

We live in a culture that is incapable of getting good God reception because some of the church towers have been torn down, and the only option left for us is to tune our radios to the sponsored post-modern frequency. Since God hasn't stopped speaking, we don't need to unmute Him, we just need to reestablish better broadband reception. We don't need divine hearing aids to boost His signal, we just need to be quiet and listen.

The life-giving seed of God's word is just as fertile now as it has ever been; the problem is that our soil has become much harder. Our culture needs some serious tilling if His word is to germinate and grow a hundredfold crop. Tilling elicits images of toil, where hard surfaces are broken up, rocks are cleared, and fertile soil is only discovered once you dig deeper. Tilling is a wonderful metaphor for apologetics because it reflects the often-uncomfortable nature of the work and the need to get one's hands dirty. It also reveals the consequences of ineffective apologetic farming, because when done improperly, the word of God falls on hard paths, quickly dies in shallow soil, or gets choked out by doubt.

Once our sanctuary is inhabited by a spirit it comes alive with worship; a worship that generates a very particular soul music shaped by the unique architectural acoustics of our temple. The mind then transmits this worship to the body, and we see it physically manifested as the fruits of the spirit. Therefore, we need to be very careful about the kind of spirit we invite into our sanctuary because the one we choose will have a profound downstream effect on our soul, mind, and body.

We worship a speaking God whose voice reverberates throughout the universe, but sadly some are deaf to His words. I believe the problem isn't that God has been muted, but that He has been drowned out by the incoherent ramblings of some people. The best strategy for moving forward is to encourage silence, so that people can hear echoes of the words He spoke into creation; attune their ears to the historical acoustics of His written word; and perhaps most important of all, listen to the stories of those whose lives have been transformed by His incarnate Word, because it is only when we are quiet that we can hear His still small voice.



I Miss Those Days

Every time Christmas comes around I find myself reminiscing about the “Good Old Days.” I remember the entire family being together and the house was filled with laughter, good food, music, festivities, love, peace, joy, we would all go to church together, sing in the choir, and celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ. Oh, how I remember

the fun I had as a child in the “Good Old Days.” I have many memories, and some of my memories may be your memories, as well. Let's See... Do you remember...

The Beatles on the Ed Sullivan show.

Drinking Tang.

Having a gigantic black and white Television set.

Riding a Banana bike.

Wearing Go-Go Boots.

Eating Jello Salads, Popeye Cigarettes, Wax Lips, Black Cat Gum...

Watching TV as a family... Bonanza, My Three Sons, The Hillbillies, Francis the Talking Mule...

A Rotary phone that plugged into the wall.

A Typewriter with black and red ribbon, and correction tape. Carbon paper for copies.

Pepsodent powdered toothpaste.

Washing machines that had a double ringer to rinse water out of the washed clothes.

And a clothesline... I loved the clothesline. As a matter of fact we could learn so much about a family by what was on their line. Read on.....

A clothesline was a news forecast, to neighbours passing by.

There were no secrets you could keep, when clothes were hung to dry.

It also was a friendly link, for neighbours always knew,

If company had stopped on by, to spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the fancy sheets and towels upon the line;

You'd see the company tablecloths, with intricate design.

The line announced a baby's birth, to folks who lived inside,

As brand new infant clothes were hung, so carefully with pride.

The ages of the children could so readily be known.

By watching how the sizes changed, you'd know how much they'd grown.

It also told when illness struck, as extra sheets were hung;

Then nightclothes and a bathrobe too, haphazardly were strung.

It also said “Gone on vacation now”, when lines hung limp and bare.

It told “We're back!” when full lines sagged, with not an inch to spare.

New folks in town were scorned upon, if washing was dingy grey,

As neighbours carefully raised their brows, and looked disgustedly away.

But clotheslines now are mainly a thing of the past, for dryers make work much less.

Now what goes on inside a home, is anybody's guess.

I really miss that way of life; it was a friendly sign.

When neighbours knew each other best, by what was hanging on the line.

Ohhhhh, I love the family memories, especially at Christmas time.

In Memory Of



Margaret Elizabeth Reid (nee Szilva)

We would like to extend our deepest sympathies to the family and friends of **Margaret Reid**, a long time member of our prayer group, who passed away Thursday, November 3, 2022.



Augustine Proulx (née Despatie)

We would like to extend our deepest sympathies to the family and friends of **Augustine Proulx**, a long time member of our prayer group, who passed away Friday, November 18, 2022.



Nicla Luisa Donnelly (née Anzil)

We would like to extend our deepest sympathies to the family and friends of **Nicla Donnelly**, a long time member of our prayer group, who passed away Friday, November 18, 2022.

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.”

Matthew 11:28-30



the little servants of Christ The King prayer community **Follow us on one or more of the following:**



We still provide Mail Outs to those who prefer this method only.

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