



“But you know them* ...”

And still you doubt them. You search for “Truth” as if they do not exist. They’re there with you, in spite of your infidelities, your unbelief — a fleeting moment in the whole period they will be with you, and with the rest of the human race.

When you are bored, listless, alone, tempted, they are at your side. They will always be there. They wait, not because they can, but because you made them wait.

Will they leave you because you so desired it? We will not know for sure in each case, but they have been faithful and merciful companions to those on death row, those dying silently in hospitals due to COVID-19, those forced to do things that make them feel unclean, less than human, by circumstances that seem overwhelming — forced into war as children, sold off for sex, entrapped into substance abuse by medically approved drugs, homeless because of the system that insists that profits are necessary.

They roam as they will, throughout the earth. They might not be known as you and I know them, but their presence probably is the same. They are the inspiration that turns night into day. A ray of sunshine that lifts the corners of your mouth. The rainbow that hides in plain sight, a spectacle that has not happened for a long time,

for only those whose eyes are lifted up by them can see it.

They give life to all things, be it life kept safe through icy winters, scorching droughts, or wild bushfires. What is harsh, is sometimes necessary. Like fire to break open the seed pods, so that the seeds can be scattered. Like a flood that swamps every corner of the land, distributing the richness of the soil to every corner it touches. Like grieving and mourning for a loss, because by doing so there is the possibility of growth, just as training, formation, exercising, all require a particular barrier to be breached, change to happen, pain felt as a consequence, awakening the dead senses, opening the eyes and ears to make unfamiliar the familiar.

Yes, they continue to be with us, and they are kind to us, just as we know them to be.

Just as we continue to live with them, as familiar as the air we breathe — until we cannot breathe the air, we cannot be in the same places once

more, we cannot do the same things over and over again.

We might have forgotten some things. It’s the season, it was work, it was that other something, anything, nothing, that caused me to forget. It was just our human nature.

Not that they keep that against us. No, they are there, still, even if we turn our eyes away, shutter our ears, drench our hearts with ice and doubt, to do what might otherwise not be like them, or liked by them.

They are patient. They are kind. They are not jealous of our forays. They don’t seek our attention and trumpet their good deeds. They don’t seek to bring us down, to show that they are better. They don’t anger easily, and there’s no accounting of what we did or did not do right by them.

They don’t like it when we stray from them, but they are joyful for us, with us, when we seek them. Like mothers and fathers, they wait up late into our twilight years to make sure we get home safely.

They trust us more than we trust ourselves. Like the sun that always rises after the dark night, they are hopeful — and bring hope, if we let them in. They are always there, no matter what the season, or unseasonable, unreasonable, unpalatable event, is.

Then, our attention might turn to “Truth”. “What is Truth?”

Where are they, when predictions of economic despair wreak fear in our hearts? Where are they when there is so much fake news and hate online? Where are they when science and technology give sure and repeatable answers?

Their presence disappears, because we do the one “magical” thing we can — we will and make them disappear.

They're no longer existing in this reality. No, there is no war here. No depravity. No famine. No want.

We turn them “off” like we do with the televisions, websites, mobile messages, letters.

Until, someone reaches out to us, touches us, is in front of us and gains our gaze, our attention, our wonder.

Someone we might not fully know, yet seems familiar, able to kindle feelings of affection, sadness maybe, responsibility even. We see someone like them, but not them. An uncanny feeling that this someone is known like them, but not quite.

Someone who might be willing to love us, we think, if we love them unconditionally. Or at least we hope. We are never sure — sometimes we don't hear this someone's thoughts, messages, cries.

As someone returns home, might we remember how we too share this home, and they are always waiting for us. They, the Holy Spirit.

MICHAEL PHUNG, SJ

**I shall ask the Father, and he will give you another Advocate to be with you forever, that Spirit of truth John 14:16*

PARISH NEWS

During this ‘Circuit Breaker’ period, the entire grounds of the Church of St Ignatius is closed to the public. For your health and safety, please do not enter church grounds. The pedestrian passage way/staircase next to the main church building is also closed until further notice.

If you have any business to transact with the parish office during this period, please first contact us by telephone (6466 0625) or email (administrator@stignatius.org.sg) and we will advise you on how to proceed.

A **Liturgy of the Word for Children** session entitled *Sundays with Jesus* is available at <https://stignatius.org.sg/home/>

A recorded **GOSPEL REFLECTION** by Fr Colin Tan, SJ for this weekend 17 May, is available at Weekly Sunday Reflection: <https://stignatius.org.sg/home>

LIVE STREAMING OF MASSES at 12 noon on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Presided by Fr Jerome, SJ. Please go to www.youtube.com/c/jeromeleonsj

The live streaming will only be available about three minutes before noon. Masses are only live-streamed and no recording will be uploaded.

All are welcome to join Fr. Ravi, SJ and our youth community, De Vita Christi, for **EUCCHARISTIC ADORATION** "live" on YouTube, every Wednesday, 8pm -10pm. The link will be posted on Telegram.

Fr Colin Tan, SJ is available for **TELE-MEETING** with 10 parishioners daily. Call the office (6466 0625) to leave your name and number. He will be happy to return your call. Or email him at csi.pp@catholic.org.sg

RIP NEWS– RISEN IN THE LORD

Lucy Kiang – 91 years old
Departed: 6 May 2020

Louis Cheong Choo San – 86 years old
Departed: 13 May 2020

ARCHDIOCESAN NEWS

ANGELICO ART AWARD

This may be the perfect time for artists to stop, slow down, reflect on and give expression to this theme "I Will Recount all Your Wonders." Psalm 9:2. Even if you're are not an artist, it may be a good prayer space to contemplate with drawing or image.

- Deadline 15 August 2020.
- Open to all (regardless of religion), 14 years and above.
- Organized by Heartspace, in support of the Catholic Foundation.
- Please go to www.angelicoart.com for more details.

Many of us may now have opportunities that we did not usually have, to spend quality time with people close to us, including Jesus! Set time aside each day to read the Word of God, to draw strength, hope and wisdom from Jesus. And tell others about Him. Share Jesus in your conversations.



Fr Colin Tan, SJ Parish Priest ★ Fr Jerome Leon, SJ Assistant Parish Priest ★ Fr Ravi Michael Louis, SJ Assistant Parish Priest
Angela Kurnadi Parish Administrator ★ Suzie Wee Parish Accountant ★ Gerard Robert Youth Coordinator ★ Cheryl Lek Youth Coordinator ★ Susan Thian Catechetical Coordinator
Robert Ong Sacristan ★ David Saw Operations Manager ★ Steven Leong Facilities Manager ★ Therese Gian Communications Manager