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Attending Mass at Another Church

by Teresa Koh

It was a welcome relief when (at the beginning of March) our Archdiocese announced that we could book to attend Mass in yet another church other than in the one which we previously registered (for me – it was with St Mary's).

As Church of the Holy Cross is just 15 minutes' walk from my house, I thought it would be great and easier for me to attend extra Masses and more so, during this Lenten period whenever I can find available booking slots. So I did.

On 8 March 2022, I made, my way down to Holy Cross Church, feeling so blessed and thankful for this new possibility.

As I sat in the church waiting for the noontime Mass to start, I kept thanking and telling the Lord that it was good to be there.

After Mass, I even lingered around the church front as it has been quite thirty months since I was last there. I experienced a sense of "blessed assurance" of His Grace.

With this change in the booking rule, I believe I will be able to attend more Masses at Holy Cross Church, at least, during this Lenten season and during the pandemic when I try to avoid public transport.

Praise the Lord. God is good.



The first Meet-up of 10 Seniors

by Teresa Koh

Don't be surprised if I shared that I was prompted to get out of my house and start catching up with old relatives, friends and the Seniors in my group as one of my Lenten activities.

Acting in faith, I arranged and met with some relatives and friends. I realised it was good therapy for me as well. I resolve that henceforth, I should maximize my "off days" from my grandmothering duties.

As I haven't seen our 84-years-old David Pattiselanno for more than two years, I arranged for a meet-up. However, his lovely wife, Josephine, asked us to their home for lunch instead and with the recent easing of the Covid-19 restriction measures, the lunch was extended from five to ten people.



So on 3 April, ten Seniors gathered at his place. It was everyone's first visit and it was the first time the Seniors Group could gather in such a big group.

Everyone seemed to have so much to catch up. We toured his house with David showing us his photo display of his adventurous flying and sailing days.

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After a hearty meal, we adjourned to the living room where Josephine (even though it was her first time meeting some of us) candidly shared her journey of her struggles in her work and looking after David's aged mother.



David also entertained us on his harmonica, with Elizabeth singing. We ended off the gathering, praying the Rosary. It was indeed an afternoon that brought back memories of our past weekly gatherings before the pandemic. Perhaps this could be a new norm - to gather once a month in a Senior's home (but still subject to a group of ten).



My Stay In India During the Coronavirus Pandemic by Leo Lasrado

On 1 March 2020, I returned to India, Pangalore, to be with my son's family. Four days later, the Indian Authorities visited me and placed me on 28 days home quarantine. A health worker remained in touch with me. A policeman visited me regularly. My house was also sanitized.

All this kept my neighbours wondering. Getting food was a challenge as grocery stores were closed. The roadside vegetable and food vendors were chased away by the police. Due to these food problems, I became weak. Curfew was in force and we were prevented from going out of the house.

Seeing the plight of the residents, some youths living in our housing colony came together to help the residents. They got a few fruit and vegetable vendors and started selling them from the school premises nearby. For the seniors, they personally delivered the items at their doorsteps. Their spirit of service was commendable.

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Another casualty of the pandemic was fear of visiting others. The housebound seniors who lived far away from their children were helpless. I visited a few of them and boosted their spirits. I also provided them with homeopathic medicines for their ailments. When my neighbours were infected with the Covid-19 virus, I plucked up enough courage and visited them.

After a few days, I saw another neighbour gathering medicinal leaves. On inquiring, they informed me that there was an attack of dengue fever. Everyone in the family was affected to a different extent. I went to their house immediately with the appropriate homeopathic medicine. Next morning I visited them and found they were responding to the treatment. They insisted that I sat with them for a while. They narrated how I was the only one who visited them.

A week ago, a distraught mother in my neighbourhood requested for homeopathic medicine for treating the fever of her son who had coronavirus. I obliged, and the fever was gone by administering two doses of my homeopathic medicine.

Another senior neighbour of mine told me that blood clots were seen in his leg and he was advised to undergo a medical procedure which he abhorred. I treated him with homeopathy and the clots disappeared. His doctor did some investigation and discovered prostate cancer. He was advised to take an injection of a radioactive medicine, which he did. However, the subsequent PSA test showed that the number had shot up considerably. He requested for my homeopathic medicine which I procured and gave him and the PSA numbers came down gradually.

These are the little ways in which I tried to live the Bible while I was back in India for the last two years. With the recent travel border opening, I am glad to be able to return to Singapore

