



Liturgy Cycle A

First Sunday Of The Lent

Dying TO Self

Introduction

In today's Gospel we see Christ in the desert, struggling with the tempter. Through prayer, fasting, and fidelity to the word of God he emerges victorious. We all have to face temptations. Lent provides us with a great opportunity to intensify our efforts to overcome them.

First Reading (Genesis 2:7-9; 3:1-7)

This deals with the tempting of Adam and Eve. In spite of all God did for them, at the first suggestion of the tempter, they disobeyed him.

Second Reading (Romans 5:12-19)

By his obedience to God, Christ undid the harm done by the disobedience of Adam.

Gospel (Matthew 4:1-11)

This Gospel shows that, like us, Jesus had to struggle against evil. He was tempted in every way that we are, but he did not succumb.

Prayer Of The Faithful

Let us pray that through prayer, self-denial, and attention to the word of god we may celebrate this holy season fruitfully, and so prepare well for Easter.

R: Create a new spirit within us, O Lord.

For all the followers of Christ: that they may take the path of self-denial and renewal this Lent. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Create a new spirit within us, O Lord.

For all those who hold public office: that they may not seek their own interest and glory, but seek to serve others humbly and faithfully. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Create a new spirit within us, O Lord.



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For all those who are totally enmeshed in the care and worries of this life, and who have no time or thought for the things of the spirit. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Create a new spirit within us, O Lord.

That we may have the courage and strength to tackle our worst and constant temptations. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Create a new spirit within us, O Lord.

Communion Reflection

The American writer, Thoreau, lived for two years in the woods.

'I went into the woods, 'he says,

**'To confront the essential facts of life, lest when I come to die
I should discover that I had not lived.**

'I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans.

Nay, often I did better than this.

There were times when I could not afford

**to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether
of head or hand.**

I love a broad margin to my life.

'Sometimes in a summer morning,

**I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a reverie,
amidst the pines,**

in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around me.

**'I grew in those seasons like corn in the night. They were not time
subtracted from my life,**

but so much over and above my usual allowance.

'It is not enough to be industrious;

so are the ants.

What are you industrious about?'