

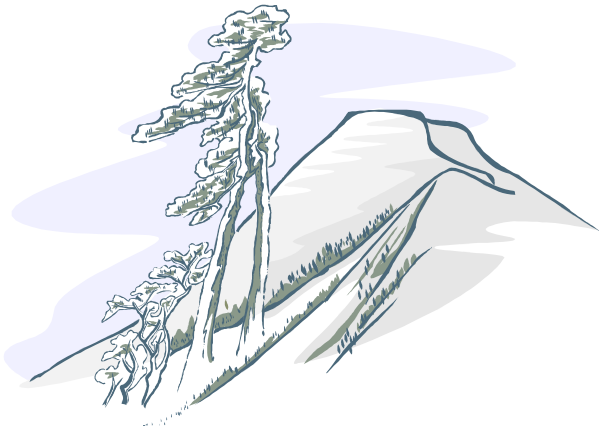
Dicembru 2008 — Nru. 347

it-Triq



ma' KRISTU l-ferh possibbli

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m i t l u f
f l s = s i l g

Mitluf fis-silg
(Hsieb fuq il-qoxra ta' barra)



Gunther Oberlin, filantropu Ġermaniż, tilef it-triq meta kien qiegħed jivvjagġa waħdu waqt tempesta qalila tas-silġ fl-inħawi tal-belt Franciża ta' Strasbourg.

Hekk kif kien mġhotti bis-silġ, ħassu li kien fil-periklu li jitlef ħajtu. Tant ħassu bla saħħa, li waqa' fl-art fil-ġenb tat-triq. Dak il-ħin, inzerta kien għaddej xufier ta' trakk kbir, li meta rah fl-art, waqaf mill-ewwel u niżel biex iġhinu. Daħħlu fil-kabina tat-trakk, u tah jixrob ftit kafe' li kellu fit-'thermos'.

Meta x-xufier sar jaf li Gunther kien sejjer Strasbourg, qabad minn jeddu u ħadu hemm. Oberlin verament apprezza l-għajjnuna li offrielu x-xufier, li min-naħa tiegħu ma ried xejn bi tpattija. "Għallanqas, għidli x'jismek", qallu Oberlin.

"Tista' tgħidli x'kien jismu s-Samaritan it-Tajjeb?" qallu x-xufier. "Ma niftakarx li ismu hu miktub xi mkien," wiegħbu Oberlin mistagħġeb.

"Mela ħallini naħbi ismi jien ukoll," wiegħbu min salvah. Tassew att ta' mħabba għall-proxxmu fl-aqwa tiegħu.

Dan ix-xahar jaħbat l-24 anniversarju mill-mewt ta' omm ħabib tagħna li offra l-ispejjeż ta' din il-ħarġa tal-fuljett. Nix-tiqtikom tingħaqdu magħna fit-talb għal ruħha. Grazzi ħbieb.

Id-Direzzjoni



**fuljett
ta' kull xahar
mahrug
minn grupp
ta' talb
fost
Il-Haddiema**

**Nru. 347
Dicembru 2008**

Te Deum

(Editorjal)

Hbieb,

Bil-ghajjnuna t'Alla, qed noqorbu lejn it-tmiem ta' sena ohra. Hemm qraba u hbieb tagħna li bdew din is-sena u ma spiċ-ċawhiex għax Alla sejhilhom għal għandu. S'issa ahna għandna hawn.

Nindenjaw ruħna niringrazzjawh 'l Alla li jzommna hajjin?

Mhux hekk biss, imma lil Alla għandna għax niringrazzjawh ta' hafna u hafna grazzji li tana matul din is-sena li ser nispiċċaw. U appuntu għalhekk fil-knejjes kollha, fl-aħħar tas-sena, jingabru l-insara għall-funzjoni ta' ringrazzjament lil Alla. Dari l-knejjes kienu jkunu maħnuqa bin-nies herqana biex ighidu t-'Te Deum' ta' l-aħħar tas-sena. Imma llum il-ġurnata, nistgħu ngħidu hekk għall-attenzenza fil-knejjes għal din iċ-ċelebrazzjoni?

Filgħaxija u mal-lejl isiru dawk il-'parties' u l-festi ta' egħluq is-sena u l-bidu ta' sena ġdida. Ara dawn, dawn iva, kibru u ždiedu fil-popolarità, imma l-funzjoni tat-'Te Deum' donnha qed tnin. Hasra! Ma għandna qatt ninsew niringrazzjaw lil Alla. Alla jstenniha l-gratitudni tagħna, u jkun kuntent (biex nitkellmu ta' bnedmin li ahna) jekk il-"grazzi" tagħna ngħiduhielu mhux biss għalina imma wkoll għal dawk li f'dawn iż-żminjiet jinsew jiringrazzjawh.

Grazzi Mulej ta' kull ma għamilt magħna matul is-Sena 2008! Grazzi ta' kollox!

The party is over

I went to a party,
And remembered what you said,
You told me not to drink, Mum
So I had a coke instead.

I felt proud of myself,
The way you said I would,
That I didn't drink and drive,
Though some friends said I should.

I made a healthy choice,
And your advice to me was right,
The party finally ended,
And the kids drove out of sight.

I got into my car,
Sure to get home in one piece,
I never knew what was coming, Mum
Something I expected least.

Now I'm lying on the pavement,
And I hear the policeman say,
The kid that caused this wreck was drunk,
Mum, his voice seems far away.

My own blood's all around me,
And I try hard not to cry.
I can hear the paramedic say,
This girl is going to die.



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I'm sure the guy had no idea,
While he was flying high,
Because he chose to drink and drive,
Now I would have to die.

So why do people do it, Mum
Knowing that it ruins lives?
And now the pain is cutting me,
Like a hundred stabbing knives.

Someone should have taught him,
That it's wrong to drink and drive.
Maybe if his parents had,
I would still be alive.

My breath is getting shorter, Mum
I'm getting really scared.
These are my final moments,
And I'm so unprepared.

I wish that you could hold me Mum,
As I lie here and die.
I wish that I could say, "I love you, Mum!"
So I love you and good-bye.



Grajja mill-habs



Hafna minna żgur li semghu bil-mexxej Afrikan Nelson Mandela li fis-sena 1993 rebaħ il-Premju Nobel għall-paċi u bejn is-snin 1994 u 1999 kien il-President ta' l-Afrika t-Isfel.

Tajjeb ngħidu li qabel ma Mandela kellu dawn l-unuri, għadda minn żmien iebes hafna, speċjalment matul is-27 sena li dam il-habs minhabba t-twemmin politiku tiegħu favur is-suwed fl-Afrika.

Għall-ewwel, il-habs kien fuq il-gżira Robben, imma fis-snin sebgħin, Mandela, flimkien ma' prigunieri politiċi bħalu, ġew mehuda fil-habs ta' Pollsmoor. F'dan il-habs kien hemm kamra żgħira li fiha kien hemm sempliċiment mejda, tubu tad-dawl u ftit sigġijiet. F'din il-kamra kienu jsiru xi attivitajiet żgħar għall-habsin.

Mela darba, Nelson, flimkien ma' grupp żgħir ta' hbieb, kienu qe-ghdin f'din il-kamra, jistennew il-qassis biex jircievu l-Ewkaristija. Dan is-servizz, ta' kull xahar, kien ipprovdut regolarment minn Fr. Harry Wiggett, saċerdot lokali, li kienu ilhom jafuh għal bosta snin, għax kien ilu jagħti dan is-servizz pastorali sa minn meta l-habs kien għadu fuq il-gżira Robben.

Bhad-drabi l-oħra, din l-attività kienet qed issir taħt il-għassa tal-gwardjan Christo Brandt, li tant hadem kontra Mandela u shabu. Hekk kif Fr. Harry għolla l-Ostja biex jibda t-tqarbin, Nelson Mandela qam u talab lis-saċerdot jieqaf ftit. Dar lejn il-gwardjan u qallu: "Brandt, inti nistrani, hux tassew?" u r-risposta kienet: "Sewwa qed tgħid". Hawn Mandela bil-hlewwa kollha rega' qallu: "Tajjeb, ejja hdejna biex taqsam magħna l-grazzji li ġgħib magħha l-Ewkaristija". Brandt aċċetta l-istedina u mar hdejhom.

Nelson Mandela, li illum iġhodd 90 sena, kien strumentali biex il-gwardjan jersaq lejn Ġesù fl-Ewkaristija.

Ipprova aqta' !

Matul il-lejl tas-6 ta' Dicembru 1876, Don Bosco kellu waħda mill-aktar holmiet ta' l-għageb li qatt kellu f'hajtu.

Fil-holma, deherlu Domenico Savio li kien miet fid-9 ta' Marzu 1857 – 19 il-sena qabel – u li kien wiehed mit-tfal li kien jiehu ħsieb il-qaddis Don Bosco. Domenico wera lil Don Bosco li hu kien jinsab il-ġenna. Fost affarijiet oħra Don Bosco staqsa:

“X’kienet dik il-ħaġa li l-aktar ferhitek fil-pont tal-mewt tiegħek?”

Domenico wieġeb: “X’taħseb? Ipprova aqta’!”

Don Bosco: “Forsi l-fatt li int dejjem għożżejt il-virtù tas-safa?”

Domenico: “Iva, imma mhux din biss”.

Don Bosco: “Forsi li kellek kuxjenza kwieta?”

Domenico: “Iva, din ħaġa tajba ... imma hemm xi ħaġa aħjar”.

Don Bosco: “It-tama li se tmur il-ġenna?”

Domenico: “Lanqas din”

Don Bosco: “Forsi l-fatt li int zammejt teżori ta’ opri tajba?”

Domenico: “Le, le”

Don Bosco: “Mela x’kien li farrġek u ferrhek fl-aħhar siegħa ta’ hajtek?”

Domenico Savio wiegħbu: “Dak li l-aktar ferraħni fil-pont tal-mewt tiegħi kien li kelli lil Marija tassistini. Marija Omm Alla, twajba u setghana, kienet hdejjja fil-pont ta’ mewti. Ghidilhom lit-tfal biex ma jinsewx jitolbu lil Madonna sakemm għadhom hajjin”.



George William Curtis:
Age is a matter of feeling...not of years.

The **W** in Christmas



Each December, I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations – extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending. Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year. It was an exciting season for a six-year-old. For weeks, he'd been memorising songs for his school's "Winter Pageant." I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production.

Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me that there would be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation, and those parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then.

Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats.

As I waited, the students were led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor. Then, each group, one by one, rose to perform their song.

Finally, the great moment arrived when my son's class rose to sing their song. It was entitled "Christmas Love". Nicholas was aglow, as were all of his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red

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sweaters, and bright snowcaps upon their heads. Those in the front-row-centre-stage held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song.

As the class would sing “C is for Christmas,” a child would hold up the letter C. Then, “H is for Happy,” and on and on, until each child holding up his portion has presented the complete message, “Christmas Love.”

The performance was going smoothly, until suddenly, we noticed her ... a small girl in the front row holding the letter “M” upside down! She was totally unaware that her letter “M” appeared as a “W.”

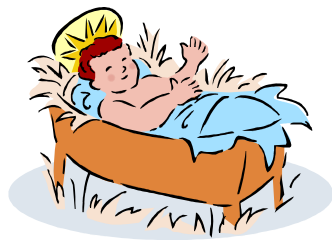
The audience of 1st through 6th graders snickered at this little one’s mistake. But she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her “W.” Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the laughter continued until the last letter was raised ... and we all saw it together.

A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen. In that instant, we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos, there was a purpose for our festivities.

For, when the last letter was held high, the message read loud and clear:

“CHRISTWASLOVE”

He still is.
We are amazed in His presence
and humbled by His love.
This Christmas, let us reflect on
His amazing love for us.



Reflections ...

Look back and thank God.
Look forward and trust God.
Look around and serve God.
Look within and find God!

'I asked God, 'How I could get the best out of life?'
God said:
'Face your past without regrets.
Handle your present with confidence.
And prepare for the future without fear!'

Niftakru fit-talb tagħna ...



... fir-ruh ta' MICHAEL FENECH, li kien jaħdem il-Qorti tal-Ġustizzja, u li jigi missier Melanie Fenech li taħdem fid-Dipartiment tal-Pulizija;

... fir-ruh ta' MELITA TABONE, li tiġi omm Delina Tabone li taħdem fil-Programme Implementation Directorate fi hdan il-Ministeru għall-Politika Soċjali;

... fir-ruh ta' ANTHONY BUHAGIAR, li jigi missier Carmen Fenech li kienet taħdem fid-Dipartiment tas-Sigurta' Soċjali;

... fir-ruh ta' KATRINA MARSH, li tiġi z-zija ta' Marisa Vella li taħdem fl-Information Management Unit fi hdan il-Ministeru għall-Politika Soċjali.

Nizzel fid-Djarju tieghek



Il-Ġimgha 5 ta' Diċembru 2008

L-Ewwel Ġimgha tax-Xahar

Ikollna Quddiesa fil-Knisja ta' San Frangisk, il-Belt, fin-12.35 p.m.;

It-Tnejn, 8 ta' Diċembru 2008

Il-Kunċizzjoni Immakulata tal-Madonna

Nersqu lejn il-Vergni Marija f'dan il-jum għażiż bis-smiġħ tal-Quddies, bi Tqarbina u bir-Rużarju;

Il-Hamis, 25 ta' Diċembru 2008

Il-Milied Imqaddes

Nifirĥu u nifĥu qlubna biex fihom nilqgħu lil Ġesu' tarbija. Hu għandu jkun iċ-ċentru tal-festi kollha;

Il-Hadd, 28 ta' Diċembru 2008

Festa tas-Sagra Familja;

L-Erbgħa, 31 ta' Dicembru 2008

L-aħħar Jum tas-Sena

Nizzu hajr lill-Mulej ta' kull ma għamel magħna tul din is-sena. Grazzi Sinjur Alla u aħfrilna Sinjur Alla.

G. K. Chesterton:

An adventure is only an inconvenience
rightly considered. An inconvenience is only an
adventure wrongly considered.

Unknown:

Do not resent growing old.
Many are denied the privilege.

Skoċċiż fl-ajruport sab taxi u qallu ‘kemm tehodli biex twas-salni Tas-Sliema fil-lukanda X?

‘Ghaxar euro’ qallu tat-taxi.

‘U tal-bagalja kemm?’ reġa’ staqsa l-Iskoċċiż.

‘Dik b’xejn,’ qallu tat-taxi.

‘Tajjeb, mela wassalli l-bagalja u jien immur b’tal-linja.



Wiehed raġel dahal biex jixtri umbrella. Ra wahda u staqsa l-prezz.

‘Hmistax-il euro,’ wiegħbet it-tfajla. Ra ohra u staqsa l-prezz.

‘Disa’ euro,’ reġgħet iż-żagħżuġha.

‘X’ nista’ nakkwista b’inqas minn hekk?’ staqsa r-raġel.

‘Xi tixriba,’ pront pront ikkonkludiet it-tfajla.

L-impjegat dahal fl-uffiċċju tal-manager u qallu:

‘Skuzani li ġejt intellfek, imma l-mara ilha tghidli biex nagħmel wiċċi u nitolbok iż-żieda.

‘Fhimtek,’ qallu l-manager, ‘issa nistaqsi lill-mara tiegħi jekk nagħtihilekx.’

Kull korrispondenza għandha tintbagħat lil:

Paul Schembri

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