

PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE (PHP)



People Helping People is a small project founded in the Chapel of Penha de França to help those in need. Our former Bishop D. António once said, "One must find new ways of helping the poor". A very small group of people attending the English Mass decided to do just that after the floods in 2010! In a short period of time we created partnerships with supermarket chains and restaurants; we have paid dozens of medical prescriptions, we have spent gallons and gallons of petrol riding across the island giving lifts, we have prevented families from going hungry, getting their electricity cut off, running out of gas, losing their homes. **We have tried to keep them warm, keep them hopeful, and keep them dreaming...**

The Mission Statement of People Helping People is... through social solidarity, to mobilize many people to help many people in a combat against poverty, hunger, illness, exclusion, indifference, intolerance, and social injustice, with a special preference for the last, the least and the lost, having as a model the person of Jesus, the «Good Shepherd» (Gospel according to Luke, chapter 15). Our wish is that it may always be an open door when all the other doors close, building in this way, different feelings and acts of Mercy (Gospel according to Luke, chapter 6 and Matthew chapter 25).

"You should wash each other's feet"
(John 13:14).

>> PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE CONTACTS:

EUROPE: Pe Bernardino Andrade, Rua das Murteiras, 28 - 1E, 9060-199 Funchal, Madeira, Portugal.

Email: bernardinodandrade@gmail.com

USA: Larry Contreras, 60 Meeks Ln., Oakley, CA 94561. Tel. 707-333-5501

Email: l.a.contreras@sbcglobal.net

>> TRANSFER TO BANK ACCOUNT IN MADEIRA:

ACCOUNT NAME:
Associacao Gente Ajudando Gente

BANK: Banco Santander Totta

ACCOUNT NUMBER: 0003 4938 1759020

IBAN: PT50 0018 0003 49381759020 94

SWIFT: TOTAPTPL

NIB: 0018 0003 49381759020 94

Bank Address:

Caminho de Santa Quiteria 46A,
9020-119, Funchal
Madeira, Portugal.



>> DONATIONS FROM THE UK:

ACCOUNT NAME: Sinead Moynihan

BANK: Lloyds Bank

ACCOUNT NUMBER: 02461743

BRANCH: Univ. of Cambridge

SORT CODE: 30-13-55

IBAN: GB05 LOYD 3013 5502 4617 43

BIC: LOYDGB21035



The funds will then be transferred to Madeira. Any questions or concerns about transferring to this account, please contact Sinead Moynihan at: sineadmoynihian7@icloud.com



>> DONATIONS FROM THE USA:

**Instructions for sending funds to
People Helping People in Madeira,
Portugal, from USA:**

Write a check made out to: Fr Bernardino Andrade PHP
in the bottom of the check in Memo area add: PHP

Mail the check to:
Mr. L.A. Contreras
60 Meeks Lane
Oakley, Ca 94561



The funds will then be transferred to the People Helping People account in Madeira, at no cost.

Any questions or concerns please contact Larry Contreras at 707-333-5501 or email him at: l.a.contreras@sbcglobal.net

Food items are also appreciated and can be left in the basket at the Chapel door on Sunday mornings. When sending any donation, please send an email to Fr Bernardino (bernardinodandrade@gmail.com) with the date, and name on the transfer so that Fr. Bernardino is able to confirm with you as soon as the transfer is received. Thank you.

JOYFUL GIFT

21st of January 2024

3rd Sunday in Ordinary Time - Year B

10h00 Sunday Mass

Chapel of Our Lady of Penha de França,
Rua Penha de França 3, Funchal, Madeira

Website and Blog: <http://rcmassmadeira.org/>

www.facebook.com/penhafrancachapel

www.instagram.com/capela_penha_franca/

penhafranca.newsletter@gmail.com

In Loving Memory

Vol. 3, nr. 398



Fr. Carlos Almada (our chapel's rector)
with Fr. Bernardino on 16/10/2022

CATHOLIC MASS – 10 AM (IN ENGLISH)

✝ It is with great sadness that we share the news that our beloved priest, Father Bernardino, passed away early on Thursday morning, January 18th, 2024 at the age of 86.

His funeral service was held yesterday, January 20th in Ponta do Sol, the village where he was born.

Today we remember Father Bernardino for his steadfast dedication to the Chapel of Our Lady of

Penha de França, by celebrating Mass in English here for many years, and helping to build up a world-wide community of Penha de França residents and visitors by the sincere welcome he always gave to the many tourists who over the years have passed through these doors on a Sunday morning to attend Mass. Father will also be remembered for starting the idea of "People Helping People", his desire to help the poorest amongst us. We thank our Lord for his life and ministry. May Father Bernardino rest in peace and intercede for us with God. Let us pray!

The special intentions of this morning's Holy Mass will be for the souls of (1) **Fr. Bernardino Andrade**, (2) **Ed and May Foley** (husband and wife, who passed away within two days of each other on 26th and 28th of December 2023) and (3) **Nelson Gomes Rodrigues** who passed away last year at the age of 43. ✠✠

TODAY'S HYMNS:

[1] **Entry Hymn:** "I cannot tell how he whom angels worship..." - 239

[2] **Offertory Hymn:** "Christ, be our light!..." - 329

[3] **Amen:** "Great Amen (Deutsche Messe)..." - 726

[4] **Peace:** "Shalom, my friend, shalom..." - 495

[5] **Communion:** "O God, you search me and you know me..." - 405

[6] **Thanksgiving:** "Thai pola thetri" - A song in Tamil – sung by Jaison Jeevanandam

[7] **Final Hymn:** "I have a dream" - in honour of Father Bernardino who had a dream of helping all the poor.

Please sing along (you will find the words printed on a page in the newsletter)



FROM MY HEART TO YOUR HEART - MEMORIES OF A PRIEST



In June 2019 Father Bernardino wrote an article for our Chapel's newsletter about how he came to enter the ministry, and his life as a priest. He called it "A SIMPLE QUESTION THAT MARKED MY DESTINY FOREVER". It was an article that he wrote from his heart, sharing with you and me a little bit about his life and the memories which he held dear. Here it is once again:

A SIMPLE QUESTION THAT MARKED MY DESTINY FOREVER

I am the youngest of eleven brothers and sisters. My father was a farmer of little pieces of land. Thirteen people lived in the same small house. No electricity, no running water, no radio, no TV. I had one pair of shoes to go to Mass on Sunday and the rest of the week I was supposed to save the shoes for the following Sunday. Because I was the youngest I was one of those who had the privilege of going to school and learn how to read and to write. But I have to confess that, very often, I questioned myself the reason why I had to go to school.

I was sure that my life was already destined. I didn't think that I needed to go to school in order to water the plants, to dig the earth, to feed the two cows my father owned, to feed the only pig and a few chickens my family used to raise, and so many little things that were part of all those families that lived in the same neighbourhood. It never crossed my mind to go to a secondary school and continue my studies. My life, like the life of my friends, was already destined. Oh... by the way, it never crossed our minds (me and my friends) that we were poor. We were all equal. Poor were those older men and women who would walk from house to house begging for something to take home and prepare meals for their families.

One Christmas day I got a Christmas gift. It was an orange. It was so yellow and so beautiful that I didn't have the courage to eat it. When I was in California I told the story of the only Christmas gift of my childhood. A few days later I got a bag of oranges from a family. Since then I always found a yellow orange on the top of the altar on the First Sunday of Advent and a box of oranges was delivered to my Parish residence on Christmas Eve. When I left California, 12 years ago, the same family gave me a plastic orange that I still treasure in my room. It is still yellow and beautiful and full of memories.



My orange from California

Well... I thought that my future was already destined. Studying and taking a course was only for the rich. Even today, the poor are not allowed to dream. And I had no dreams for my future besides continuing the life of a poor farmer like my father, my brothers, sisters and my neighbours, or to emigrate.

But God has a great sense of humour. One day I was in the kitchen with my mother and my sister Agostinha when, all of a sudden, my sister threw me this unexpected and very strange question: «Bernardino! Wouldn't you like to be a priest?». My answer was: «Yes». I was twelve years old.

My mother started getting information on how to go to the Seminary and on October 15, 1950 I entered the Seminary. I didn't enter the Seminary to study my vocation. I entered the Seminary to be a priest.



In California, starting Mass with two priest colleagues

On June 12, 1965, in a football field of the Diocese of Quelimane (Mozambique, Africa) I received from the hands of my Bishop the Sacrament of priesthood. It was 54 years ago last Wednesday. When I tell my story it is frequent and normal to ask always the same question I was asked when I was 69 years old. And the question was: «But when you were 12 years old what did you understand about priesthood»? My answer was: «I am 69 years old and I still do not understand».

Priesthood is a mystery that has been slowly revealed to me every day, especially when I deal with the poorest of the poor, when I celebrate the Eucharist and all other sacraments and especially when I alleviate the suffering of the world. I don't know if I have been a good priest. But one thing I know - I have been a very happy priest. And I will never understand my priesthood and Christianity if it is not PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE.



Some special pictures from first years as a priest



Love and Peace
Fr. Bernardino Andrade



THE LORD
is my **Shepherd**
Psalm 23:1-6
I shall not want.

He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness, For His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; My cup runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me. All the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Father Bernardino had a dream of helping all the poor. In honour of this dream, the Choir have chosen for our Final Hymn this morning, the song: "I have a dream". Please sing along!

I HAVE A DREAM



I Have a Dream, a song to sing
To help me cope, with anything
If you see the wonder, of a fairy tale
You can take the future, even if you fail.

I believe in angels
Something good in everything I see
I believe in angels
When I know the time is right for me
I'll cross the stream, I Have a Dream.

I Have a Dream, a fantasy
To help me through, reality
And my destination, makes it worth the while
Pushin' through the darkness, still another mile.

I believe in angels
Something good in everything I see
I believe in angels
When I know the time is right for me
I'll cross the stream, I Have a Dream

TODAY'S THANKSGIVING HYMN – Sung in Tamil

This morning's Thanksgiving Hymn will be sung by a member of our choir, Jaison Jeevanandam... in his home language: Tamil. Jaison is from India and has been part of our community at Penha de França Chapel since 2020. These are the words to the hymn (in Tamil, and in English):



தாய்ப ால பதற்றி தந்தத ப ாலஆற்றி
thaaypola thaettri thanthai pola aattri
பதாள்மீது சுமந்திடும் என்
இபயதைய்யா
tholmeethu sumanthidum en iyaesaiyyaa 2x

உம்தம ப ால புரிந்து க ாள்ள
யாருமில்லதபய
ummai pola purinthu kolla yaarumillaiyae
உம்தம ப ால அரவதை ஂ
யாருமில்லதபய
ummai pola aravannaikka yaarumillaiyae 2x

நீ ர்ப ாதும் என் வாழ்விபல –
இபயதைய்யா
neer pothum en vaalvilae – iyaesaiyyaa – 2x

மதலப ால துன் ம் எதன சூழும் ப ாது
அதத
malaipola thunpam enai soolum pothu athai
னிப ால உருகிட கைய வபர
panipola urukida seypavarae – 2

ை ிமை ப ால எந்தன ா ஂ வபர
kannmanni pola ennai kaappavarae
உள்ளங்த யில் க ாறித்கதன்தன
றிதன ஂ வபர
ullangaiyil poriththennai ninaippavarae – 2

நீ ர்ப ாதும் என் வாழ்விபல –
இபயதைய்யா
neer pothum en vaalvilae – iyaesaiyyaa – 2

Translation:

MY JESUS, CONSOLES ME LIKE A MOTHER

My Jesus, Consoles me like a mother,
comforts me like a father
Lifts me in his shoulder – 2x

No one understands me like you do,
No one comforts me like you do – 2x

You are enough in my life – My Jesus –
2x

When miseries surround me like a
mountain, you made them melt like ice–
2x

You are saving me, like pupil of your
eye and keeping me safe
with your immense care– 2x

You are enough in my life – My Jesus –
2x