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THE CHAPEL AT ASKINAGAP

When it was possible for Catholics to build places of worship in Ireland after the Penal Days they were not allowed to call them churches because that was an offence to the Elizabethan Church of Ireland. So they had to call them chapels. Some of those little chapels in the hills for far flung farming congregations were bare in the extreme. Just four walls; two rooms leading off at the back. One served as a sacristy and the other as a stable for the priest's horse. Four buttresses leaning against the outside walls kept the place from falling down. There was always a gallery entered by an outside stairway. Downstairs the floor was either flagged or tiled; the forms were just bare and backless. Women went to the left and men to the right. The altar was of wood and St. Patrick stood on the left with Our Lady on the right. Fourteen gaunt Stations of the Cross hung around the walls. It was closed all the week; never heated on Sundays. You knelt on the bare cold floor with your knees tingling with the hardness of it.

At one time there were seven Lynch's serving on the altar. We wore clobber boots and made as much noise as a company of the Coldstream Guards. If only we had been drilled a little bit, we would have been quite terrifying. I did not know then that I would become the Financial Procurator to resurrect the old English Province of the Carmelites—dead since the Reformation. I didn't know that my brother, next in years, would become a famous Friar to refound and rebuild at Aylesford the Mother

House of the Carmelites in Western Europe; and above all, I didn't ever anticipate that the youngest would become the Prior General of the Carmelites. Looking back on it I do not see a better origin of ecclesiastical preferment. Farmers ever, just like the Pope.

The priest came riding a horse from ten miles away, saying Mass half-way on his road. In leggings and riding breeches and quite evidently a horseman. We were proud to see the priest riding a horse that everyone saw was worth £50 at a time when an Irish Catholic could not own by law a horse worth more than £5. As our fathers said, "What he can do to-day, we will do to-morrow". One of the congregation always took the horse and led him to the stable at the back of the church. There the horse was watered and fed. Since the walls were not very thick, during the Mass the horse could be heard stomping on the hard cobble stones of the stable. We didn't mind the stomping at all. It was the most natural sound in the whole world to us. The priest came round to his own half of the back, the sacristy. There, Mrs. Travers, the wife of the custodian presided. There was a fire and in winter time the priest would come to warm his hands at it, and sometimes wash them at a basin by the wall. We lads stood looking on afraid to move an eyelid. The priest was terrifying. Mrs. Travers was more than that. She was quite capable of coming over and smacking our ugly faces if we made too much noise, or in any way offend the sanctity of the building. Then the

priest vested, and we would all troop out to the wooden floor of the altar, and the noise was horrible.

These priests were country curates, but don't imagine that at Askinagap chapel either the Mass or the sermon was of low degree. The congregation was on occasions unique. Within the parish of Askinagap was Aughavanagh the sometime residence of John Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons, and some of the finest Parliamentarians in Ireland took their holidays in the Wicklow mountains, shooting, fishing, and of course talking. We knew, or met, many of them, and it was astonishing to find that their attendance at Mass on Sundays was a high point of the day, to hear the exposition of the Gospel by the curates. Forceful, direct, homely, witty and always the strong conclusion. I heard one of the members say that he never heard any exposition in the House of Commons comparable to the simple forceful exposition of the Gospel by these sons of the soil. Of course that made us very proud indeed. I have been many years a priest now, and can recall how those fellow countrymen of mine faced their simple congregation and got right down to facts with them. They were never afraid to make

people laugh. They were never afraid to give a hard dig, and everybody knew what they were talking about; it made it better.

After Mass the curate sat down to a breakfast of two boiled eggs. That is something I never understood as a boy. Why always two boiled eggs? When I was ordained I asked one of the curates the reason for it. He said, "If you had the flavour of bacon and eggs floating down on the congregation on a wet Sunday you would empty the church in ten minutes. They just would not be able to sit it out, and it might give the church a name for high living. To-day the priest comes on a motor cycle or in a car and the horse has gone. A new age. I would love to see a horse ridden by a curate to Askinagap again.

The Congregation was unique. Women went into church immediately on arrival; the men stood round the ditch on the far side of the road until the hand bell rang summoning them to Mass and then they made their way slowly into the cold building. But of course, men are a very superior race in Ireland, until they get home. In public they are superb, at home they are sometimes meek indeed. Nevertheless they still hold the right side of the Church and have their rights and responsibilities.

THE O'MAHONEY OF GRANGE CON.

He was an old Irish Chieftain called The O'Mahoney of Grange Con; chieftain of the O'Mahoney's. He had been British Ambassador in Serbia in the days before Serbia disappeared as a nation and he belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church. He came to Mass because it was the nearest thing in Christian worship to what he had been used to. He drove to church in an ancient car and he wore the Irish kilt. The saffron yellow kilt of the old Irish, with long blue stockings and brown buckled shoes. The kilt was surmounted by a blue jacket and over his shoulders he wore the shawl held by a huge Tara Brooch. On his head he wore a blue beret and a black cock's feather. His piper went before him into church playing an old Irish march. It reminded me of The Minstrel Boy. After Mass his

piper met him at the door and played him back to his car.

The O'Mahoney was a man of high culture and knew his rank in the hierarchy of men. He would never open a letter addressed to him as Mr. O'Mahoney. If it wasn't addressed to The O'Mahoney, it was returned unopened.

He discovered about thirty-six different varieties of Irish fern and grew them all. He carried a stalking stick made of an Irish ash plant surmounted by a silver crowning and an iron ferrule to the base. He had a great love of the Irish ash. He planted a small grove of them and let them grow until the base of the sapling was at least two inches wide. Then it was cut. The side branches were cut away and it was hung in the smoke of a chimney for a couple

of years warmed and blackened by the smoke of the peat fire. Then it became, not a stick, but a stalking pole. As I have said, he had a great admiration for Irish ash, that lovely soft green bark that flourishes so well in the Wicklow Hills. Second in his love was the silver birch, because he held that nowhere else outside Finland, did silver birch grow to such ivory whiteness.

One of God's gentlemen, indeed. He used to bring my mother two candles on the eve of the Purification of Our Lady and of course she always

lit them on the Feast. He died and was buried with the rites of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. He had come home.

The curate who said Mass in Askinagap usually found that he had a few hours to spare and came to our house for what he called dinner. It was a good thing that he did, because he elevated both the style and the quality of the catering to a degree that we highly valued. Apple tart followed by tea to end up. God be with the days!

LONG TOM DOYLE

We called him Long Tom Doyle. To us he looked seven feet tall. Such men are awkward and he was baldish as well. It was as if he had pushed his head too far into the clouds and the winds had swept his head bare.

A congenial giant, a talker, and he would and could do most things for you. My mother was fond of him and that is saying a lot, because she had in the main, a poor view of humanity. Large families do that to mothers. We were thirteen.

We were farmers, on poor ground and we had what is called in the Wicklow Hills a generous hill liberty. It was fit only for sheep, goats, hares and rabbits, with a few snipe and partridge when the frockings were ripe.

Wonderful country for scenery. Miles and miles of heather and furze and rocks, and a few sheep in the folds of the ground. If only we had wakened up to the value of greyhounds we could have made a fortune. To-day the hills are gone to forestry and deer run where once the gentle sheep browsed in the breeze.

What a change in forty years! Conifers shooting their green spines to the skies and silver birch on the fringes of the roads to delude you to the vernal misery of the green. A world of greenery, unrelieved, waiting for the axe of the lumberman. In a few more decades the ribs of the mountains will be laid bare again. Paper pulp, and more and more of it forever, to perpetuate the eternal delusion practised on men by the

national dailies. God will punish us one day for such wanton wastage of what takes so long to grow. I will never roam those hills again, and I am glad. One should never revisit a scene of desecration.

You can find in the folds of the Wicklow Hills sheltered places where even sub-tropical palms may grow. A little place catching the early sun and holding it all day. I know many such places and good cooking apples will grow there. Big, juicy and green. No such place existed on our side of the hills, but that didn't stop us from hoping that they would. We had an orchard and each year in the Autumn we could hope for "one bag full". These my mother would hoard in a locked cupboard upstairs and the smell of them would be all over the house from Autumn till after Christmas. The trouble was that there was never enough of them. Apple tart on Fridays to relieve the absence of fish. Apple tart on Sundays to cheer us up. Apples were very precious.

Long Tom ranged far and near over the countryside, so my mother used to tempt him in various ways to find her "a bag full". It was always a bag of apples not a bushel or two. Yes, he would do just that, and before the snows.

One night he came in latish to the kitchen, a fine full bag on his shoulders, and we could smell apple tart forever. But how heavy it was! How on earth had he carried it so far. He was a giant, but even giants have their limitations. It was not good form to ask where he got them. Oh no!

never look a gift horse in the mouth. Just be thankful! He was fed to the full and I think he got a drop of Guinness to make it lie down and in the midnight hours he went out into the clear moonlight and home.

The apples in our orchard were the pride of the house—so large, so green, so full of flavour, even on the branch. One day someone noticed that the trees were bare and there was consternation. Then we remembered the beautiful apples upstairs and the horrible truth broke on us. Long Tom had not let us down.

It was a long time before Long Tom was seen around our parts again. No words were said. We were all far

too polite, but our memories were green.

At that time there was stuff called Indian meal, yellow maize used in the feeding of calves. It was boiled and became a sort of heavy paste—not bad stuff at all. My sister made a pancake of it—fried it and then put on it a layer of apple sauce. Then another fried pancake of “yaller meal”. This was laid before Long Tom and everyone watched to see what would happen. He ate the lot with most evident relish, washed it down with a pint of tea. Then with a happy look on his face he turned to my mother and said, “What do ye call that, Maam?” My mother had no name for it.

CUSTOMS OF THE FAR EAST

The Egyptians are a mixture of many races. One thing they have in common is that they are the children of Islam. That doesn't prevent them having as many vices as we have.

Opium is one of the curses of the Far East, in a dozen different forms. It is a way by which the poor escape for a little while from their grinding miseries of life. For them, life is short, hard to the point of physical endurance, and a few hours off in blissful forgetfulness is the best they can hope for, until they find a grave in the sands.

A long way up the Nile there is a tribe called the Nilotics—dwellers on the Niles. They are boatmen, freighters, fishermen and all-round scavengers of the flotsam and jetsam of the river. Their great vice is smoking. They smoke a strong, acrid tobacco rolled into cigarettes with one hand up and down their bare thighs. They have done it from youth. Fancy

trying to roll a pungent cigarette from raw tobacco, rolled in the dry leaves of the palm, and this they smoke.

There was an American who thought that their smoking ways were all wrong, so he made up a large quantity of the same kind of tobacco, properly rolled in paper. He turned out a large quantity of cigarettes in the hope of starting a new line. It failed, because it turned out that the Nilotics smoked their cigarettes with the burning end inside their mouths. They smoke the cigarette until the burning end touches their lips then they spit them into the water. It must have been curious to see smoke coming from a man's nose with no apparent cigarette as the cause of it. They still adhere to their ancient ways in spite of all discouragement. It just goes to show that mankind always insists on established rules, and a good thing too.

Condensed from *The Outlook*.
Right Rev. Mgr. S. M. Shaw.

Two old time Oxford students met again for the first time at Crewe railway station. One an Admiral, the other an Anglican Bishop. After surveying each other the Bishop moved over and said, “Excuse me Station Master, can you tell me when the next train leaves for London?” “I am sorry, Ma'am,” said the Admiral “but I am a stranger round here myself”.

“How is your wife?” the man asked an old friend he hadn't seen for years. “She's in heaven,” replied the friend.

“Oh, I'm sorry.” Then he realized that was not the thing to say, so he added, “I mean, I'm glad.” And that was even worse. Finally he came out with, “Well, I'm surprised!”

ANCIENT CUSTOMS

Ancient customs never entirely die. In some high class restaurants to-day you will find the end of a chop decorated by a paper frill, and at formal dinner occasions the drumstick of a turkey tapers off in a frill. This is the memory of the days when the turkey drumstick and loin chop were eaten out of the hand after a sprinkling of salt.

The salt cellar, sometimes a magnificent affair in silver, or a ship in full sail, always stood in front of the host and your nearness to the salt signified your importance at the table. Those who dined lower down used to approach the host, personally, or by their servant, for a pinch of salt on the meat. Sometimes the salt was given with a little spice if the meat was not over fresh. Peppers and spices were of high value at the table.

A tremendous change has come over eating habits since the days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. The potato, parsnip, carrot, turnip and mangold had not yet been seen in England.

Hay was the only fodder to feed stock over the winter, and it was bad. Too little clover. Wheat and rye were too valuable as human food to be given to animals. Farmers, therefore, killed off their surplus stock at the beginning of winter and down it went into brine barrels—pork, beef and even mutton. That was the winter fare of many people. No wonder fresh meat was the great desire of all, but only the rich could afford it. The poacher brought in game, rabbit and hare. Game woods were jealously guarded. Occasionally the hill rover brought down a deer, and venison was a prize and a delight. Occasionally the daring raider killed off a sheep to provide fresh meat, and that was a hanging matter, so there came

in the phrase "it is just as well to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb". The reason why this was such a grave crime was because the sheep represented the brood stock of the year to follow, so that a man who stole a sheep was stealing also its lambs and was depleting the riches of the countryside. Men must live, and protect their food supplies.

Before the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, and for long afterwards, ale was the breakfast drink of high and low. It was sweetened with honey because sugar as such, was not yet known, so the ladies of high degree sweetened their ale with honey and that was called mead. Honey was the only sugar available, it was supposed to cure everything but rheumatism. Sugar was so valuable that beehives were bequeathed in Wills.

It is a long story; but the only people who could produce decent ale were monks. That is why monasteries skilled in the production of good ale were first prizes in the seizure of the monasteries by Henry VIII. Remember Burton-on-Trent. It just shows that the Church is at the beginning of most good things, but when the good things become too good the laymen take over by brute force and confiscation. It may surprise many people that even to-day breweries like to harken back to their ecclesiastical associations. Here in Faversham we have one brewery that specialises in Abbey Ale, and you will often find a brand called Friar's Ale. But as far as I know, few members of the brewing fraternity have said a "Hail Mary" for over three hundred years—their forefathers threw out the baby with the bath water and ever since they are seeking to recover it.

THANKS

Thanksgiving to St. Jude & Blessed Martin for favours received.

M. N. C. B. C. Co.

Thanks to St. Jude for favour received. E. Heaney, Co. Down.

Thanks to St. Jude for favour received. S. Dimond, Barry.

Heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart, and St. Jude for return to good health again. Anon.

Thanks to St. Jude for financial aid received. J. O'Connell.

Thank you St. Jude for help in answer in prayer. P. Y. Kriete.

You must be famous, or infamous, before stories begin to be made about you. At the moment the fashion is Pope John.

This story originated among the Jews because they, like the Aberdonians, tell stories about themselves in order to advertise their shrewdness and length of memory.

It is said that the Chief Rabbi of Rome visited the reigning Pope once a year on the feast of the Passover and presented him with a casket. The Rabbi nodded his head up and down in affirmation three times and the Pope, after placing his hand upon the casket, wagged his head from side to side three times as if to say, "No". When the Chief Rabbi presented the casket to Pope John, Pope John went through the ritual and then said, "What is all this business about? What is in this thing?" The Chief Rabbi said, "I don't know". Pope John said, "Well, open it up". They did. It was the bill for the Last Supper.

THANKS

Most grateful and humble thanks to St. Jude for a miraculous answer to prayer. M. E. Maher.

Grateful thanks for a great favour received to St. Jude and St. Veronica. W. McL., Cranford, Middlesex.

Heartfelt thanks to St. Jude for improvement in health. Cork, Eire.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude for favours received. A. Spears.

I thank you for having helped me at my Exam St. Jude. I'll spread devotion to you always.

Unworthy Client.

Many thanks to St. Jude for prayers answered.

C. D. Harman, Waverley, U.S.A.

Heartfelt thanks to St. Jude and Holy Souls. P. Holding.

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, and St. Jude.

M. C. Byrne.

"Thank you St. Jude" for all favours.

B. Crampton, California, U.S.A.

OUR COMING NOVENAS

THE LITTLE FLOWER	- - - -	Sept. 25th — Oct. 3rd
OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY	- -	Sept. 29th — Oct. 6th
SAINT JUDE	- - - - -	Oct. 20th — Oct. 28th

OUR BURSES

	Already acknowledged			Increase		
The St. Jude Burse No. 2	£1,899	1 0	now	£1,921	1 0
Holy Child of Prague Burse	...	497	16 6		505	16 6
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	...	48	0 6		212	10 6
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	93	0 6		95	0 0
Immaculate Conception B.V.M. Burse	...	92	1 6		97	1 6
Little Flower Burse	570	5 0		577	5 0
Sacred Heart Burse	32	10 6		57	10 6
St. Anthony Burse	37	12 6		41	12 6
St. Joseph Burse	1,045	2 6		1,045	12 6
Holy Souls Burse	2	12 6		4	1 6

Our Lady keep you ! Yours in Carmel

M. E. Lynch O.T.