



The CARMELITE NEWS

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FEAST OF OUR LADY of MT. CARMEL, July 16, 1951



THIS will be a memorable year for all Carmelites. On July 15th and 16th our old friary at Aylesford, the ancient home of St. Simon Stock and cradle of the Carmelite Order in the West, will be rededicated to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

In 1240 Lord Grey of Codnor returning from the Crusades brought with him the first Carmelite hermits to settle in England. He gave them a home on the banks of the Medway, and around that first dwelling, which still stands, grew up in succeeding centuries "The Friars" at Aylesford. It is the only friary of pre-Reformation vintage still standing on its own foundations and under its own roof in these islands today.

The Pope is sending Cardinal Piazza as his personal representative and we are hoping that many members of the hierarchy will be present.

The major relics of St. Simon Stock will be translated from Bordeaux by gracious consent of the Archbishop. When St. Simon Stock comes back to his ancient home, may he find a lasting dwelling, and may he always inspire his sons in devotion to Our Blessed Mother, and in the restoration of Scapular Devotion.

POINTS FOR MEDITATION.

FOLLOW this simple rule—Look only for good qualities in anyone you meet; you will find them. Never look for faults, for you will find them.

Act thus, and you will easily develop the habit of love. Convince those around you, by deeds, not phrases, that you truly have this feeling for them, and you can lead them where you like.

FRANK DUFF.

In Love with God.

EVERY morning the Mass bathes the dawning day in an air of grandeur, protects it against the immense vulgarity of things and people. I can think of a certain friend of mine to whom human poetry and human love have ceased to mean anything; he is unable to breathe or move outside that purifying and tender

Presence. Those who lose the Faith do so because they have never known how gentle is Our Lord. One cannot be cured of God once one has known Him. Those who reject Him have never possessed Him.

FRANCOIS MAURIAC.

Do You Recognise Yourself?

PEOPLE have no idea what one saint can do: for sanctity is stronger than the whole of hell. The saints are full of Christ in the plenitude of His kingly and divine power: and they are conscious of it, and truly give themselves to Him, that He may exercise His power through their smallest and seemingly most insignificant acts, for the salvation of the world.

THOMAS MERTON.

STATUES OF THE CHILD OF PRAGUE, 5/3d. each, plus 3d. postage

A BREEZE FROM SCOTLAND.

HAMILTON,
SCOTLAND.

23-2-51.

Dear Father Lynch,

You should find enclosed a P.O. for 7/6. Please send me four small Brown Scapulars and thirty-six Centenary stamps. The rest may be taken as a novena offering.

In my young days one was hardly looked on as a Catholic at all, if one neglected to wear the Brown Scapular. Failure to do so, was more or less looked on as a kind of cowardice. O Yes, the Protestants always "discovered" the Catholics when they



Helping out Mother.

time this protector, and the shoulder straps, became grimy, so we used the other set for parade.

Referring to miners, reminds me of a "crack" I used to hear. It was the custom then that the Catholic (Irish) miners refrained from working on Christmas Day, and the Scotch or Protestant miners (most of whom went to no church at all) would be saying to each other on Christmas Eve, "We'll need tae be oot th' moarra. The 'Airish'l' be off and there'll be gid cleek." (Lashings of empty tubs or 'hutches.') We used to feel it, that they would not salute the Christ Child.

stripped for games or swimming, and amongst miners who, especially in hot places where the air was sluggish, worked in singlets or stripped to the waist, a "new-start" Catholic was spotted right away by his Scapular. The Scapulars were apt to show up, at unexpected times. Some "tough" Catholics, be-times flaunted them in a "tread on the tail of my coat," fashion. "What have you got to say about it, anyway?"

The wearing of the Scapular in those days like many other old conventions which have faded out, seemed almost to be taken as a profession of faith.

We had two sets; one for work, and the other for dressed occasions. The workaday set had to be protected from the sweat of manual labour.

This was done by getting one of the girls to sew a small linen cover around the Scapular. In

Up to about twenty-five years ago, in this country, "Irish" and Catholic were synonymous, so I think it was the "wild geese" who brought the Brown Scapular with them, as well as the faith.

I remember having to battle on our way to school and back on Patrick's Day, to protect our shamrocks (boys); and green ribbons (girls); from the descendants of the Scotch covenanters. Except on two occasions, when we were ambushed, and lost a green ribbon, we always came through with symbols intact. Sometimes we collected a few bruises. On the return

match, we retrieved the ribbon, due to our better organisation. We adopted a new formation,—girls in the centre. In the end we reduced the battling ground to one area by the cleverness of a girl. She hit on the idea of loading each ribbon with a dozen or so pins. Women always know where to put the needle. The first young covenanter who grabbed a ribbon, thought he had seized a handful of scorpions.

Of course, we had the advantage. We believed we were battling for something definite, something inspiring, something Irish and Catholic. The others were products of the so-called "Reformation," which had bred in them a vague but bitter anti-Catholicism; a blind negation; a dread of the machinations of the "Scarlet Woman," "walled up nuns" "worshippers of images," and so forth. They were a scatty lot.

Well now, somehow or other the old Brown Scapular has been relegated to comparative obscurity. (Go easy, Editor). The modern pins, brooches and buttonhole badges of new societies, confraternities and get-together movements crowd it out. What a muddled age we live in! Atomic ~~be~~ Communism, jungle music, speed and yet more speed; writing, talking and devising in a spate of getting nowhere at all. It all drains out and down to the sea of futility.

I have allowed myself to become a deserter and drift with the current, inasmuch as I haven't worn the Scapular for many years. There may or may not be a Scapular medal in a collection of which I have gathered into a small purse where I keep my rosary beads. The collection accumulates from souvenirs of holy places very wide apart.

It is quite some time since I decided to

reinstate it—the Scapular—but when, intermittently, it would be in my mind—and I in Glasgow; all the Catholic repositories didn't have them. (Editor—How extraordinary! Tell them to write to me).

I may revert to the two sets for myself. A friend has asked me to find a set for him, and I may dig up some relations or friends to set a fashion.

In days long ago the Brown Scapular was one of the highlights of the missions; there was always a great spate of enrolments. In fact, I think that tradition had a lot to do with "keeping it to the fore."

J.L.

Editor.—Sorry, James, we cannot print the poetry. You write prose much more efficiently. Did you hear of the character in 'Moliere' who had been speaking prose all his life and never knew it? I have had to condense your letter a little in order to curb the exuberance of your thought, but maybe you will agree with the result.

Now, don't be so dismayed about the old Brown Scapular. The wearing of it is returning fast. This year is the VII. Centenary of the Scapular Vision and we are hoping that ~~Aylesford will become~~ a Shrine that will be a centre of devotion to Our Blessed Lady, not merely in England, but abroad. Moreover, we can now supply unlimited quantities of Brown Scapulars, and Scapular medals.

May I thank you for your letter. It carried with it the flavour of ancient battle. In these days when the fight is entirely political, it is a relief to read of the days when boys and girls battled for the right answer in the Catechism. Was it Belloc who said that "fundamentally, religion is the only thing in the world worth fighting about?"

PARADE.

It is usual at non-Catholic funeral services to dwell, even at length on the virtues of the deceased, and to thank God for such witness as he had given to the life of the spirit. This particular deceased had never been notorious for his practise of Christian virtue, but that did not deter the preacher from a long history of his civic and manly virtues. His wife listened for a while. Then, turning anxiously to a friend who sat beside her, she said, "Jennifer, do you think that we have come to the right funeral?"

It seems to be raining better this morning. It comes down straighter and with more appearance of resolution. My hat gets filled to the brim in quicker time than ever, and I am quite satisfied. The pond in our chicken run grows larger and deeper, and the moor fowls from the river pay us an unaccustomed call. Just now, a gangly seagull has come down, bored by Whitstable oysters, and is cleaning up the last of our chicken feed, in case it goes to waste. He is welcome, but he had better be careful.

The key man at every Council meeting is of course, the Town Clerk. He is the link between the Lord Chancellor and the local authority. He is the repository of all Home Office regulations, Health Ministry regulations, Civil Defence directions and of a host of other official orders. It is the age of bureaucracy. As the years go by these men become the perfect civil servant. The perfect civil servant has been defined as a man who can offer a valid objection to any possible solution!

* * *

An optimist has been defined as "A man who thinks that this world is the best of all possible worlds; the pessimist as a man who is afraid that he is right."

Have you heard the story of two nuns in a London bus? Opposite sat a lady with a little girl. After a while the little girl crossed over between the nuns and talked to them in most friendly fashion. When the nuns came to their destination and got off—before leaving, the second nun whispered to the mother, "Please don't disillusion your little girl—she thinks we are penguins." Good thing she didn't offer them a herring.

* * *

And the story of a little girl whose version of the Act of Contrition startled her mother. She calculated—"to confess my sins—to do penance for them—and to *end my life*. Amen."

OUR COMING NOVENAS.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS	- -	May 24th—June 1st
OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL	-	July 8th—16th
SAINT ANNE AND OUR LADY	-	July 18th—26th
SAINT PHILOMENA	- - -	Aug. 3rd—11th

"THE SIN OF ANGELISM."

CARDINAL Saliège has discovered a new sin. It is called "angelism." I have often encountered it myself, but I could never think up a name for it. It is a way of life more than anything else, and it consists in treating human beings as if they were angels instead of bipeds.

If you ask me how it goes, I would say that it is like chasing your Aunt Fanny around the gasworks of your own spiritual inanities and simplicities, in the constant belief that you are forwarding Catholic action.

French Convent schools have done more than any other institution in the world to foster the mentality in which it grows. That mentality hides its head in confused embarrassment at the slightest hint of healthy vulgarity. There are literally hundreds of thousands of good women who suffer from it. Like the maiden lady I knew, who announced with gentle sweetness "that marriage, at least in her family, was not hereditary." She was a President of the Legion of Mary.

Here is a passage from the *Notes* of Cardinal Saliège:—

"I have known, and still know, centres of Catholic Action which are sealed off from the outside world: study-circles, amicable gatherings where a great deal of hair-splitting goes on, where endless debating of trivialities dissipates the best energies of heart and soul. Such groups run round in circles, so to speak, getting nowhere. They admire themselves and do nothing. They are engaged in a systematic process of self-boredom. They are frightened of the temporal, frightened of losing their balance, they lack pluck, courage, audacity. Naturally the young people who are worth their salt wander off, depart. Catholic Action will only retain its humanly valuable elements if it concerns itself with human affairs, and hence with the temporal."

It is "disembodied Catholic Action" that is the target of his question. Perhaps you should read:—

Mission to the Poorest *Sheed & Ward*
I Believed *Douglas Hyde* [10/6]
Through God's Underground
 Hollis & Carter