



The
CARMELITE
NEWS

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★ This Joyful Season. ★

CHRISTMAS is on us. There is nothing quite like it in any other season of the year. It brings a softness of heart that creeps on one which is distinctly embarrassing. You feel that you are not doing enough for somebody or other and in your worst moments you begin to feel that you are going downhill. You go forth determined to greet all the people you don't like with a smile and a look of great benevolence, and you come home feeling that a little more sunshine would be a great help in your efforts to cheer up the world.

Everyone puts on an air of great heartiness. Members of the Opposition front bench throw cautious kind regards to the people opposite and the people in Office, having a priority right as dispensers of good will, respond accordingly.

Someone is bound to come along for a temporary loan. The professional cadgers are bound to drop in, and the worst affliction of all are the carol singers who neither carol nor sing—and do both out of tune.

Our Convent School comes round each year and give us a lovely performance. It is quite an ordeal to live through it. But the wee mites are so evidently determined to give you the whole book that you hate to disappoint them. God Bless them all! God Bless ye merrie gentlemen and ladies, and may you all have a Happy Christmas.

Of all the gimcracks that the gods fling down at us from Mount Olympus, snow is the worst. Wind, rain, thunder, lightning, heat and honest frost, we can

understand and endure—but snow is a menace. It comes down blown as it were from the funnels of the four winds. It blots out the familiar scars of the landscape, shrouding the world anew in a veil of mystery that you cannot penetrate. The very ground that you walk on feels different. The very air that you breathe smells of the stuff and you feel that you are in danger of getting lost in a world that you should know.

It corrals up the lonely farmer in the mountains. It cuts him off, as it were, from the rest of his kin. It prisons the rabbit in his burrow and the hare in his furze bush. Every track that he makes in it makes him known to his enemy. He goes in danger of his life—or of the soup pot.

Is there any animal on four legs or on two legs who likes the stuff? As for me, you can have the whole issue of it, the beginning, the middle and the end of it.

Thank God I have got that off my chest. I have just had a skid in it.

The moment December comes in and we get a cold blast, with a nip of frost, silly people start hoping that it will be a white Christmas. They want to see snow on their boots, It is queer how that illusion crept into English imagination. We are not used to snow, we don't like it, and it is a nuisance.

Poor old Queen Victoria has been blamed for many things. It was she, and her dear Albert, who introduced into England the notion of the Teutonic Christmas tree and of course she had to have snow on it. It is amazing how the

Teutonic mind travels back into the dark forests. It revels in boar's head, huge sausages and great tankards of beer. Ever since the days of the great Queen, stationers have made fortunes out of Christmas cards with jingle bells, snow flakes and lighted windows.

Some poets have said nice things about snow — but then, as you know, half the world is mad. The rest is led by delusions. People like to imagine themselves standing inside a well lighted room, with a roaring fire of yew logs, looking out upon a waste of landscape kirtled in white.

There is a worship of snow in the northern lands. Up in Finland, they take very hot baths, then have themselves scourged with birch twigs, and go out and roll in the stuff. It gives them the feeling that they are polar bears.

It can rain for ever and you can only get wet. But snow can bring snow blindness and snow madness. It takes us out of our natural element. In the throat of a thirsty man snow is like acid. It does not quench thirst but increases it. Moreover, it gives you a pain in your tummy.

Every year I get heated up about this snow business at Christmas. Mistletoe, black cats, coach and fours and snow flakes all over the place. I don't see what it has got to do with Christmas at all. For us Christians, Christmas is the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lord. Give a little help to the people who are publishing religious Christmas cards and go easy on black cats and jingle bells.

St. Martha's Burse.

A FEW weeks ago we had a most enjoyable interlude. A nice old lady from Bolton in Lancashire came along to see us. She travelled to London by bus and reached Faversham late one night. Under her arm she had a brown paper parcel and she was most anxious to see me before she would confide herself to such hospitality as could be found in the town. Well, we found her a comfortable billet. The next morning she told us why she had come. She had worked hard all her life, she had never married, and being a very intelligent woman she had made some money. Having no children of her

own she wished to have a child in God. In other words, she wished to educate a young man for the priesthood in the Carmelite Order. To my surprise, she produced the best part of £1,000 and handed it over as gaily as if we were doing her a favour.

It is always a pleasure to talk to people from Lancashire. The bluff, hearty, honest way they speak to you; they say what they have to say and expect you to do the same. When I asked her under whose name I should found the burse, she immediately named ST. MARTHA the patroness of priest's housekeepers, housewives, nurses, clippies, police women and waitresses. In other words, ST. MARTHA, in her mind, is the patroness of all women who work hard, of all women who work for a living and just get that, the women whose work begins in the early morning, and finishes late at night. What a marvellous idea for a Burse! What a wonderful idea for us! because our Literature goes into nearly every Presbytery in England, Scotland and Wales. She told me that the particular devotion to ST. MARTHA consisted in praying to her, and secondly, on lighting a candle in honour of St. Martha every Tuesday. I asked her, "Why Tuesday?" She said, "Parish priests are usually away on Monday, and there's no trouble in the house."

Our Pictures do get around.

A FRIEND of mine, travelling somewhere between Chicago and Los Angeles, has sent me a little picture leaflet of Our Lady of Ireland with the best wishes of Canon Francis Stenson, P.P., Swinford, Co. Mayo, who has been doing excellent work in the United States in the effort to reduce the debt on St. Patrick's College, Swinford.

The leaflet contains an English version of a beautiful ancient Irish prayer to Our Lady "blossom of the patriarchs." This prayer in Irish is, I am told, in constant use among Irish speakers in the West of Ireland, and there is attached to it a tradition there that the Blessed Virgin will graciously manifest herself at the

hour of death to those who say it with devotion every day.

It is printed by the well-known Carmelite Press, Faversham, Kent, which was started by Very Rev. Fr. Elias Lynch, O.Carm.

Extract from daily paper.

The Divine Infant of Prague.

MY usual source of information about the Church of the Divine Infant in Prague has dried up. There was a woman from Faversham living there; she was married to a Czech and she used to send and bring me information about the Church and Shrine. But last time she came home she was denied permit to re-enter. It shows the ruthlessness of Communist government when wives are separated from their husbands by simple refusal of re-entry permits. Not only will they not let her go back, but they will not let him out.

At any rate, the Fathers are still in charge of the Church. The Archconfraternity of the Divine Infant of Prague is still very flourishing and our Confraternity here at Faversham is affiliated to it.

The Feast day of the Holy Child of

Prague is January 2nd. The Novena will therefore commence on Christmas Eve. It traditionally opens at the Crib. We invite all members of the Holy Child of Prague Society to join with us in this Novena. It is their special Feast.

Fatima.

THE Prior General of the Carmelites, The Right Reverend Dr. E. K. Lynch, O.C., happens to be my younger brother. He lives at Rome, so that he can say things to me to which I must pay some heed. Here is what he says "You must give us a hand on our Fatima project. I want to put up a convent for priests, a chapel and a retreat house to accommodate about 75. It would be a great centre of Propaganda for the Scapular and by putting a small community of priests there we could carry on a wonderful work. I believe that the people would be interested if they knew that we are doing it at the request of LUCY. When I was in Australia, Sr. Andrew gave me £20 to open the drive. Australia has sent another £100 and that is all I have got so far."

Well, I have promised him to make an appeal for this Fatima project in the New Year. Fatima is to-day as famous as Lourdes. LUCY is of course SR. LUCY, one of the three children of Fatima.

Our Burses.

	<i>Already acknowledged.</i>				<i>Increase.</i>		
The St. Jude Burse No. 2	...	£145	1 7	now	£357	8 10	
Holy Child of Prague Burse	...	270	13 0		303	5 9	
The Holy Face Burse	...	72	8 8		92	10 8	
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse		12	5 0		125	2 0	
Little Flower Burse	4	18 9		27	1 0	
St. Anne Burse	2	13 6		—		
St. Anthony Burse	2	1 6		—		
St. Martha Burse	—			850	0 0	
Sacred Heart Burse	—			312	0 0	

Parade.

A Lady saw an advertisement in the newspaper which read:—"Send us 2/6 and we will send you fresh fish direct from Grimsby."

She wrote:—"Kindly send me half a dozen Lobsters - 6 Dover Soles - a nice sized Halibut - some lemon Soles and Plaice and anything else you may have."

The Reply:—"If you send us another 2/6 we will send you the Trawler."

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"I hear that your niece is getting married!" "Oh yes! Its hereditary in our family."

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Have you heard of the lady who arrived at the zoo with a large linseed plaster? She wanted to put it on the camel's hump in case it was a boil.

IRENE M. HUGHES thanks St. Jude for favour received after long prayer.

St. Jude.

A CATHOLIC girl in a lapsed period married a man in a Registry Office. The marriage was unhappy, but three children were born. She returned to the practise of her faith. Then her husband

died, and the children had a holiday on a farm. That started them praying for "a farmer daddy" He turned up. He is a convert and now they are praying that one son may be a priest.

An expert on Mind Management writes. 'It is my job to give advice and guidance in the thought processes of men and women in all ages and occupations. It is my experience that no psychology, no "mind training" can convey lasting peace of mind unless there is faith in prayer and a personal belief that it will be answered.'

'Hence my devotion to ST. JUDE. I hand out many of your leaflets. Please send me more.' T. G. O.

An interesting letter.

Novena of Masses in honour of St. JUDE commences December 16th and ends on Christmas Eve.

OUR COMING NOVENAS

SAINT JUDE	- - - - -	Dec. 16th — Dec. 24th.
THE DIVINE INFANT OF PRAGUE	- - - - -	Dec. 16th — Jan. 2nd.
THE HOLY FAMILY	- - - - -	Jan. 3rd — Jan. 11th.

Novena to the Holy Family.

JAN. 3rd — JAN. 11th.

This is the family Novena of the Universal Church. It is offered in thanksgiving for the happiness of the home, for the shelter and comfort that it brings to those that appreciate its true blessings.

Apologies.

I'm afraid we are behind in our answering of the November post. First I was in hospital for three weeks, and then our helpers thinned out so much that we nearly pulled down the blinds.

And a Happy New Year
to you.

Our Lady keep you! Yours in Carmel.

M. E. Lynch
O.C.M.