

The Carmelite News

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WHITEFRIARS
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THE REBEL

When I was a lad I had a friend called Jack. There was a touch of Italian blood in him. He was intelligent, vivacious and no-one had ever found a way to stop him talking. He went on and on like the guns of Navarone. He had been to the Christian Brother schools and had absorbed knowledge by the bucketful.

We used to go for walks round Dalkey and up Kiliney Hill—a beautiful part of County Dublin, if you know it. Jack liked to call himself a radical. By that he meant that no-one had ever thought of anything before, and that it was a great good fortune that he had happened to come along. He was in a fever to show the world where it had gone wrong. He spoke about slavery to systems of ideologies and to systems of beliefs. He talked of comparative religion, H. G. Wells, and one day he discovered "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" by Gibbon. I had heard of it. I had never read it, and the enormity of that never broke on me until I found that maybe it was in four volumes and that he was starting only on the first. He would sit and I would lie upon the warm slopes of Kiliney Hill and he would talk without end. One only had to give an encouraging grunt now and again to show attention, and occasionally to look upon him with an admiring eye as much as to say "how on earth did you ever come to know so much?" In spite of it all he was amusing and also, he was eighteen.

His family decided that it was time he did a spot of work instead of a lot of talking, and there was a thun-

dering row. He did what every small boy has wanted to do since the world began. He ran away from home. In a pair of stout boots, an ash plant in his hand and a rucksack on his back, he went south from Dublin. He would earn enough money on his way by working here and there to keep himself alive. He learned much about Irish farmers—he learned that while a farmer's wife would feed him and a farmer's daughter look upon him with a smiling eye, that it was very difficult to screw a half crown out of the farmer. In fact, it was impossible.

Down through the Wicklow Hills into Wexford. He looked upon Vinegar Hill and found his way to New Ross by following the road. There, for about ten days, he got a job as a luggage boy in an hotel. No lifts. It taught him something about slavery to a system—he had to get up early in the morning for the first time in his life, and he was often out of bed late. The system was more powerful than Jack, but a man must eat so that a man may live. Eventually he found his way to Cork and west up the Bandon river to the Ring of Kerry. There, somehow or other, his soul found peace, but not luxury, no: even comfort. He often slept upon the hard floor, he often took off his boots and washed his socks while the local cobbler gave him a new understanding.

Then, leaving beloved Kerry behind, he faced north. Eventually he pulled up at the doors of the Cistercian monastery at Roscrea in Co. Tipperary. He rang the bell and was

shown to a room. It is the right of every traveller to stay the night, or indeed longer, provided he shows some evidence of sanity and respectability. His feet were very sore, his socks were threadbare, he had only a few shillings in his pocket. He was an honest lad so he asked if he could do some work around the place. They made him assistant gardener. That always amused me because in the days of his freedom he loved to knock the tops off thistles with a swipe of his stick. Now he was dedicated to the culture of primroses.

After a week or two of that he rather thought from the general atmosphere that he would be expected to move on. He was getting no wages of course, he was working for his board and lodging. He had fallen under another system and there wasn't a thing he could do about it. He asked if he could talk to the Guest Master. He rehearsed what he was going to say until he was word perfect. He was shown into a bare room with a bare table and an unvarnished stool. He sat looking at the Master across the table. He launched forth in his best manner. The Guest Master listened in patience for about five minutes and then rapped the table with his knuckles bringing poor Jack to a stop. "You talk too much," he said "in silentio et spe erit fortitudo vestra". (In silence and in hope you will find strength). He stood up and walked out of the room leaving poor Jack wondering what he had said wrong.

After evening prayers one day he found an old copy of Jebb's Latin grammar. It was the repository of all Latin perfection as a language. If you knew "Jebb" you could confound even the Dons. Jack started to review his Latin grammar. It shows how far down sore feet can push a man.

Then one day he said to himself, "I am getting into a rut. I am becoming a slave to another system". So he shouldered his rucksack and set forth again through the vales of Tipperary. He walked North until he crossed the Bridge of Athlone. He looked upon the lordly Shannon and saw the salmon leap up river past the vast hydro electric station of Ardacrusha. He watched the salmon leap from one pool to another; sometimes they made it, sometimes they did not. Try, try, and try again. Suddenly he said to himself, "Where am I going? What am I headed for?" Almost without knowing it he shouldered his rucksack again and faced towards Roscrea, and the Cistercians. He never came out, nor did I see him again. I heard that he grew a beard comparable to Archbishop Makarios. He became renowned for his wisdom because that enormous volume of words stored up inside his brain was boiled down and condensed by the rule of silence until in the end what came forth was pure wisdom. I do not know if he is dead or alive. He is an example to me of how strange are the ways of God. God gave Jack a religious vocation because he had sore feet. Years later He turned my steps towards the religious life and my feet were quite good. He must have had some other reason.

Maybe this is the time to suggest to parents, and boys, who do not see their way clearly in life, to embark upon a religious vocation that for me has been a wonderful experience and I would be glad to help any parent, or any boy, to follow where I have gone. Forty-five years is a long time. It gives a man time to look back. I have never regretted a day of it and in the evening of my life I do not hesitate to beckon on any boy who would like to follow in my footsteps. Don't forget Jack and his sore feet.



THE "21 CLUB"

Some people have written to ask me how the "21 Club" is getting on. The Club was formed to provide a fund for the education of students to the Carmelite Missionary Priesthood.

The idea was to inspire twenty-one people to donate £1,000 each, which would be invested to give a permanent annuity. Up to the moment we have completed five Burses of £1,000

each, three of these Burses were direct donations of £1,000 and two were contributed in smaller sums running from £20 to £50. So the idea was worth while and it continues. It is inspiring to know that people do not forget because these smaller

amounts came in all over the year, although we mentioned the idea **only** once. Some people have agreed on a regular payment of a certain sum over a period. We also know that others have made provisions for this purpose in their wills.



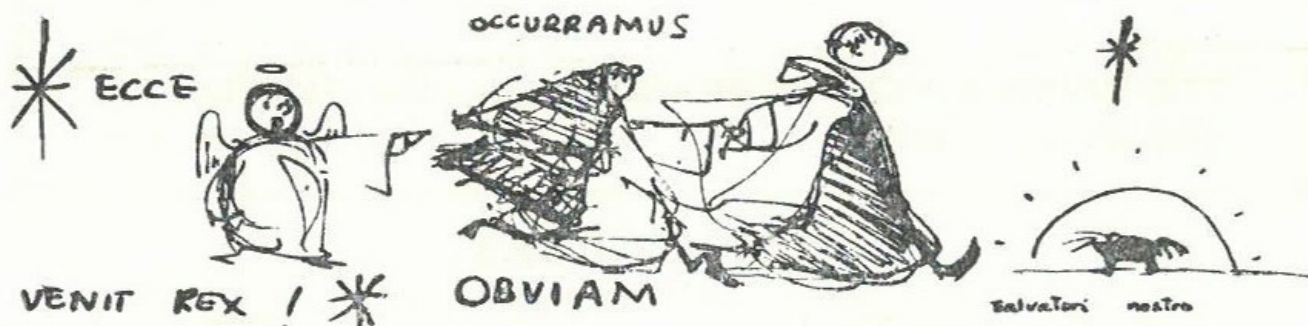
THE HOLY CHILD

The Feast of the Holy Child is January 2nd and the Novena of the Holy Child commences with the midnight Mass of Christmas Eve.

The Carmelite Press is now turning out small plaques of the Holy Child mounted on cardboard and they look very beautiful indeed. We reckon that we can sell them, postage paid, for 1/- each. They cost less than many Christmas cards and are, indeed, very beautiful. We also have plaques of St. Jude, the Little Flower mounted

on similar cardboard.

We have a statue of St. Jude done in gold which is practically unbreakable and is a replica of the statue in our Shrine of St. Jude. The design has been done by a Polish artist and I think it is one of the most successful statues I have seen. They can be sold at £1 each, postage paid. These statues can travel by post, and arrive undamaged. The old plaster statues were not suitable for postal banging about.



"Behold the King cometh; let us go forth to meet Him!"

PAPAL GUARD

The L.C.C. decision that a new hotel in Kensington must forgo some top storeys which would have overlooked Princess Margaret's home follows a recent Roman precedent.

A Vatican official, learning that the new Pope wished to take a daily walk in his garden, told him arrangements had been made to screen his path from the view of nearby residents.

"Why?" asked the Pope. "Don't I look respectable?"

PETERBOROUGH



FREEDOM TRIP

Ivan the Russian got permission to take a trip through Europe on the

one condition that he send back postcards supporting the Communist line about freedom in Iron Curtain countries.

He did as he was told. The postcards came in a steady stream.

"Greetings from a free Warsaw."

"Greetings from a free Prague."

"Greetings from a free Budapest."

Then came the last postcard, mailed from Paris: "Greetings from a free Ivan."



MONKEY BUSINESS

A very modern young parson was talking to his Bishop. His Lordship was trying to read the paper.

"Your Lordship, have you read the latest publication of the Darwinian Society?"

"No," said the Bishop, "I haven't."

There was a pause. Then the parson said, "I don't think I would greatly

object if my great grandfather had been a chimpanzee."

"I don't suppose you would," said the Bishop, "but it would have made a considerable difference to your great grandmother."



Thanks to St. Jude for favour received. M. Casey.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude.

H. D. A. I.

Thanks to St. Jude for many favours received.

"Anon" Seaham, Durham.

Thanks to Divine Infant of Prague, Father Titus, and Blessed Oliver for favours received. Anon, Dungannon.

Thanks to St. Jude for successful operation.

J. McDonagh, Co. Durham.

Thanks to St. Jude for favour recently received. Anon.

Thanks to St. Jude for favour received by my Brother, and my Mothers recovery. Faithful One.

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Jude, and Infant Jesus of Prague, for successful operation.

E. Hart.

Grateful thanks to St. Anthony, The Holy Souls and St. Jude for favours received. G.S.

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Jude, and St. Anne, for prayers answered.

M. Barlow.

OUR COMING NOVENAS

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|---------------------|
| SAINT JUDE | - - - - - | Dec. 16th—Dec. 24th |
| THE DIVINE INFANT OF PRAGUE | - - - - - | Dec. 24th—Jan. 2nd |
| THE HOLY FAMILY | - - - - - | Jan. 4th—Jan. 12th |

OUR BURSES

| | <i>Already acknowledged</i> | | | <i>Increase</i> | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----|---|-----------------|-------|----|---|
| The St. Jude Burse No. 2 ... | £1,921 | 1 | 0 | now | £1989 | 7 | 0 |
| Holy Child of Prague Burse ... | 505 | 16 | 6 | | 556 | 16 | 6 |
| Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse ... | 212 | 10 | 6 | | 227 | 10 | 6 |
| Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ... | 95 | 0 | 0 | | 96 | 12 | 6 |
| Immaculate Conception B.V.M. Burse | 97 | 1 | 6 | | 97 | 11 | 6 |
| Little Flower Burse ... | 577 | 5 | 0 | | 837 | 5 | 0 |
| Sacred Heart Burse ... | 57 | 10 | 6 | | 63 | 10 | 6 |
| St. Anthony Burse ... | 41 | 12 | 6 | | 43 | 12 | 6 |
| St. Joseph Burse ... | 1,045 | 12 | 6 | | 1045 | 16 | 6 |
| Holy Souls Burse ... | 4 | 1 | 6 | | 7 | 1 | 6 |

A Holy and Happy Christmas
to you all

May the Holy Child of Bethlehem send down the
Blessings of this Holy Season to you as you kneel
at the Manger

Our Lady keep you!

Yours in Carmel

M. E. Lynch O.C.