

The Carmelite News

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WHITEFRIARS
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THINKING ALOUD

Pride lingers on even in the humblest of us and must be changed into humility. When I was in hospital there was a fine, cheerful, smiling nurse, who used to come in, and she always called me "Pops". You know it needled me quite a bit. By it she meant that I was an amiable old gent. I am not an amiable old gent, anything but. Anyway, I liked her and I called her "Cherry Blossom". They wanted to give me a detailed examination so they gave me a general anaesthetic. It took quite a time until I wakened up. The first thing I knew was a nurse shaking me and saying, "Wake up, you are back in bed. You are alright". Then I opened my eyes and said, "Hello Cherry Blossom". Then I realised that there was a real hard-faced Sister standing by and I saw the glance she exchanged with Cherry Blossom and I quickly said I was thinking about boot polish. Why on earth I should be thinking of boot polish at a time like that is still a mystery to Sister.

It is amazing what nurses can do for you. There was one little one and she could soothe my bad temper like an angel. She had that inestimable quality of being able to make big troubles look small. Of being able to give courage to faint hearts. What a wonderful gift that is.

All priests have it, or should have it in some degree. It should never be confounded with pious exhortation, or with platitudes, or with cliches. It is a genuine something that belongs to a dedicated human personality. If you have not got it, then you can

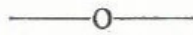
never acquire it. If you have got it then you are a blessing to men. They will come to you just to hear the sound of your voice. The very sound of it will give them strength. They will come to feel the touch of your hand because it will give new life. The priestly character crowns all that and it all adds up to this, that there is no-one who can replace the priest in his ministry to men. He is another Christ. The healer, the consoler, the guide to heaven. Try to remember that. If ever you forget it you will have failed in your mission to men.

Nursing is a vocation. It is a dedicated life. Just like the priesthood; just like the religious life. It opens enormous opportunities to do good. But I always think that over and above the quality of mercy that it demands, there should always be, as well, the quality of religious faith. But it should be a radiant faith.

I remember an old boy called Jack. He was Irish and he had worked in the brickfields most of his life. It is a hard way to earn a living. In his old age he was crippled with arthritis. Yet he withstood suffering as bravely as he had stood up to hard work. He was worn out and his name for arthritis was rheumatism. He looked death in the face squarely and had few regrets. I admired him. He had a face carved in flesh and bone as if it had been hewn from the rock of Cashel. I used to think to myself, this man comes down from ancient days, Faith, courage and endurance. I said to him one day, "Jack, don't be afraid to die. God has a cure for

your rheumatism and He will reward you". He looked at me and said, "Father, I am not afraid to die. I know that God cannot work me any harder in the next world than He has in this". You see, he was a Christian. After a hard life, eternal joy hardly entered into his imagination. His hope was that he would just escape having to work so hard. I wonder

how many of us are like that? Sometimes I feel like it. To close the book. To call an end to suffering, to illness and human discomfort, and the humiliation that comes with it all. Your utter dependence upon others for the ordinary amenities of life; their incompetence to provide them, and your shyness to demand them.



THE LAST WORD

I knew an old couple long years ago—Sarah and Andy—they had been married for a long time and she had a tongue like a scorpion. She didn't talk much, but when she did it was very rasping. He was inclined to talk too much. There had been many arguments in the course of their life and maybe things had built up into a difficult situation. One evening they had a row to end all rows—the worm had turned in him and in her and it was a show down. She forthwith ordered him out of the kitchen and told him never to enter it again.

That was, in Irish terms, equivalent to the old Greek punishment of denying a man earth, air, fire and water. An Irish kitchen is the centre and focal point of the house. The fire is there, and the warmest greeting you can offer anybody is to say "come and have a heat at the fire" and then the fire is stoked up to show that there is a welcome. The food is cooked at the kitchen fire and is served on the kitchen table. People sit round the fire at night and discuss the affairs of the world. They tell stories and enjoy in that community, conversation, which make men akin to one another. When a man is expelled from the kitchen he is out. Andy didn't realise this at first and made a few attempts at integrating himself once more to the place. Sarah told him to "get out" and emphasized her command by throwing a large potato at him; it hit him on the temple and knocked him unconscious for an hour. Then Andy knew he had had it.

Andy was a good farmer. He had a son to inherit his property and he had also given over a smaller house on the farm to his son and his wife,

there were some children as well. When Andy recovered from his coma he went to his son's house and it is hard to believe, but it is true, that he never entered his own house again. The night he went for refuge to his son's house under the protection of his daughter-in-law he forgot to come home. What Sarah thought about it he never enquired and the years went on.

Eventually Sarah died. There was no reconciliation. She died fortified by the rites of the Holy Roman Catholic Church forgiving her enemies and those who had wronged her, but there was no personal approach between either Andy or her.

In Ireland people died mostly in their beds. Sarah was nursed by her daughter-in-law; the priest absolved and annointed her and she died. Eventually she was brought down into the kitchen and there she lay in her casket looking remarkably peaceful, but very silent indeed. The neighbours gathered round for the wake. They knelt down and said the Rosary for the departed woman. They spoke of her virtues as one must in the presence of death and in muted tones expressed their regret that there had been no reunion before she passed away. However, as honour and courtesy demands old Andy came to have one last look at his departed wife—there she lay in her casket gilded in brass, with the cover standing by the side. He had one look at her. The beads were entwined in her fingers and the crucifix gleamed in her hands. There was something missing, so old Andy solemnly went back to his house and returned with a large potato. He put it right in with the

beads and the crucifix, and told the bystanders to screw the lid down.

Never tell me again that a woman always has the last word. Pray for Sarah who always thought that she

was right. Never let the sun go down upon your anger, and remember that a sharp tongue can build a gulf between human souls as wide as the Nile, and just as hard to bridge.

—o—

BIRD LOVER

Dear Father Lynch,

Many thanks for the Carmelite News. I am so glad you often write about the birds; like you I love them. You say you wish you knew how to distinguish the tits at feeding times. I expect you have the great tit and the blue tit, perhaps also the coal tit, though it is not so common near houses.

The great tit is much the largest of the tits, being only a little smaller than a sparrow, and easily told from all the others also by the broad black bib down the centre of its primrose-yellow underparts. No other small bird has this black bib, coupled with a black head and white cheeks. Its upper-parts are yellowish-green, including a patch on the nape, not to be confused with the white patch on the nape of the much smaller coal tit; the rump is blue-grey, and there is white on the wing and in the tail. Young birds are much yellower, especially on the cheeks, and have the black parts brownish. The black bill is rather thin, as befits an insect-eater. Resident and common throughout the British Isles wherever there are trees or bushes, a common garden bird.

All tits are restless and active, feeding mainly in trees and bushes, seeking insects with their thin bills and often flocking together in Autumn and Winter. The blue tit is our commonest small tit, and our only small bird that looks mainly blue; it is bright blue on head, wings and tail, yellowish-green on the back, and yellow underneath, with white patches on its cheeks and the back of its head.

The coal tit is a little smaller, and our only small black-capped tit with a white patch on the back of the head; it is olive-grey above and buffish beneath, with black on the crown and throat, white on the cheeks and nape, and two white bars on each wing. In both blue and coal tits young birds

have the various white patches suffused with yellow. Both are resident throughout the British Isles, the blue tit common and the coal tit frequent in woods, gardens and other places with scattered trees. The blue tit comes right into the centre of large cities; the coal tit especially favours pines and other conifers.

I hope the above will help you to identify our three commonest tits. If you like to hang up a coconut, a meat bone, or a piece of suet or other fat in your garden in the winter, you will never be without the tits. Hang the food on a tree branch where cats cannot jump up to it, and you can watch the tits feed from your window, and you will be surprised in how short a time a coconut is finished!

I hope you are keeping well. Please pray for me, as I do for you. May God bless you and Our Blessed Lady keep you always.

Yours sincerely,
Phyllis H. M. Arundel.

Many people put up boxes for tits to nest in but make a mistake by painting the boxes a different colour to the background. A bird will not nest in a conspicuous place and a box that doesn't blend with the background stands out. You must give the birds the illusion that nobody can see them.

Nowadays I do not sleep for periods of more than an hour and a half at night and I find myself in very early morning, when all is quiet, looking out the window. It is astonishing to find how many birds are around at that time. Some days ago there was a cock pheasant walking about our garden, a couple of pigeons, three rabbits and a pair of squirrels. Now I know what happens to our Kent cobnuts—the squirrels gather them before we get up in the morning.

M.E.L.

THE PRICE OF AMBITION

They were a lovely couple. She was tall, willowy and beautiful; there was about her that helpless sort of air that made you want to be of immediate assistance, and she was a Catholic. Her long legs and slim ankles drove strong men to drink; and when she walked down the street carrying her long French parasol (umbrella to you) women tilted their chins, stood a little straighter and said despairingly to themselves "I could be like that, if I tried hard enough, only it is **too late now**".

He was a rising young executive in a big chemical combine, a nice fellow, a sort of field officer and contact man for the firm. It was his duty to go up North, to Wales, or down to the West whenever there was a call. That meant his being away from the office for periods—sometimes he would be away for most of the week returning only at weekends.

She was very ambitious for him. She felt that he was away too much from the office and there was a danger of his losing contact with possibilities of promotion. He liked the open air and the sort of work he was doing, he knew he could do it well; but still the thought never left her—he is away too much, he will be passed over because a lesser man will always be in view. She started to put things right. Nearly every woman who marries a man tries to reform him to her own image, and when he went away she complained just as she complained when he came back.

There came a day when he had to go down to the West of England and she was more than niggly about it. In fact there was a show down. It kept him three quarters of an hour late in starting because she had hidden the keys of the car. Eventually he got

away and since he had to work to time he drove with less care than usual. Coming out from behind a high lorry he had a head-on collision with another car and was killed. She was, of course, **desolated** with grief.

Time went on and the horrible thought came to her mind, "if I hadn't kept him late that morning he would have been somewhere else at the time of the crash and he wouldn't have been killed. It is all my fault". There was nothing that could be done about it, that was always the terrible thought that pursued her by day and by night.

A year went by and she had a nervous breakdown and had to go into a home for treatment. She was there for six months and then her medical advisers thought that she could face the world again after a little treatment by a Psychiatrist. He was a young man, very earnest in his profession and of course to be successful in his career he had to be sympathetic, sensitive, even tender in his treatment of patients. He discovered that she had a beautiful mind, that she was a person not merely of great physical attraction, but of much nobility of soul. The end of it was that he fell in love with her and married her and when I heard about it I wondered a little to myself who should have been on the couch and who should have been taking the notes.

An even more remarkable change took place in her mind. Now, instead of thinking that she was in any way guilty of the death of her husband she has decided that it was the Will of God and that she is really blessed beyond her desserts.

I hope she never falls down a well.

OUR COMING NOVENAS

THE LITTLE FLOWER	- - - -	Sept. 25th—Oct. 3rd
OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY	- -	Sept. 29th—Oct. 7th
SAINT JUDE	- - - -	Oct. 20th—Oct. 28th

JUST A WIFE

Wives are very important in the lives of men. I don't need to go into that. They are sometimes described as "my better half," sometimes they are just a liability and sometimes the woman behind the scenes with no influence on the lives of their husbands. That is wrong—a wife can be an enormous asset to a husband.

The Americans have realised this and when they interview a man for an executive job they also interview his wife and they say, "Alright, how will this man make out at an official reception with a wife like that behind him." Does she have a sense of dress; does she speak with an acceptable

accent; does she move with grace; is she able to meet the oncomer with a certain steadiness? In other words, in American psychology it means that a wife must be an auxiliary to her husband, sharing his business interests to a point, sharing his social obligations to the full, and always remain charming, chic, and of course possess a certain gift of repartee in conversation.

A wife can wreck a man's career. There was a famous Anglican Bishop of Lincoln—a very presentable man, a very fine ecclesiastical dignitary—his wife was known as the Lincolnshire handicap.

ANY MINK ?

Has any of our clients got an old mink coat, or a mink stole, that can be cut up and made into a furry hat? I have an idea that may bear good results in hats.

Some jealousy has been caused in our club by the visit of a young lady, employed by us years ago. She wore a hat decorated with a mink fringe where it could best be seen. She completely destroyed the morale of the place. Not a mink coat, not a mink stole, but just a splash of mink over the forehead. What could I not do with a mink coat of old vintage! Chinchilla and sables are out of our area—but mink! You have no idea of the trouble that ladies will take to tell you that it is "not just rabbit."

Its lovely, its young, and enjoyable to us all.

One of our young ladies last year won the bronze medal for hat designing in an all England competition. She has recently ventured out into mink hats. Just a little, not too much! She has a great talent for design and is employed by one of the foremost London hat designers. Of course she talks high prices—anything from ten guineas onwards, but maybe we can do something about that. I love young fashion designers. They crash up into such nice and sometimes peculiar circles. The work of the Church is to put some sand into them so that they are not merely birds in the bush, but a beacon in life as well.

GRAVEL

He stood inside the hospital door with his cap in his hand. A nurse came along and said to him, "Can I help you?" "Yes," said he, "I have got the gravel". "Oh," said the nurse, "I will fetch the Matron".

The Matron came along and she said, "What have you got?" He said, "I have got the gravel". She said, "Oh! Go in there and I will send a doctor".

The doctor came and looked at him and said, "What did you say you have got?" The man said, "I have got the gravel". "Well," said the doctor, "Go behind the screen, take your clothes off and I will have a look at you". The man did so. The doctor examined him and pounded his kidneys asking him if he felt any pain, and the man said "No". Then the doctor said, "Now you can put your clothes on". When he was ready the

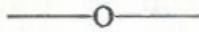
doctor gave him a prescription and said, "Take this around to the chemist and obey the directions on the bottle". The man said, "Alright, but what am I to do with the gravel?" The doctor gave him a long hard look; and then the man said, "I have got three tons of the blooming stuff outside in a lorry, and I want to go home".

SLOW BUT SURE

Three tortoises were in a bar drinking beer. It was the eve of the Grand National and one said "We ought to have a bet on something". They de-

cidied on an Irish horse because they have good bone and if they come down hard over the fences they could still stand up. I won't tell you what they backed but one was sent away to put a pound each way on it.

They waited for two days and the race was over, so one said to the other "We had better drink up his beer because it doesn't seem that he is coming back". Just at that moment the door opened and the third tortoise came in and said "If you talk like that about me behind my back I won't go at all".



T H A N K S

Grateful thanksgiving to Infant Jesus of Prague, Lady of Mt. Carmel, St. Jude and Little Flower for many favours—cure from pain, and bad sore, etc. A Firm Believer in Prayer

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Jude and St. Anthony. C.E.G.

Grateful thanks to the Divine Infant, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, The Little Flower and St. Jude for recovery from serious illness and many favours received, also to the Sacred Heart for two wonderful favours received some time ago.

Mary Cowley (Mrs.)

Thanks to Our Lady and the Saints for favours received.

M.M., Co. Cork.

Thanks to the Sacred Heart, St. Jude, and St. Martin for favours received.

M. Nulty, Co. Meath.

Thanks for favour received.

Mallow, Co. Cork.

Thanks to Divine Infant of Prague, and the Saints for favours received.

Mrs. M. Nicholl.

Thanks to St. Jude, St. Anthony, and Our Lady for favours received.

Mrs. Chapman.

Grateful thanks to The Sacred Heart, Child Jesus, Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Joseph, and St. Jude for great favour received.

M.M.

Thanks to St. Jude and St. Martin for finding a house for the family for the fifth time.

N.M., Newmarket.

Thanks to St. Jude for favour received. Most grateful to St. Jude for prayers answered.

G. Ogbuke Asogwa, Enugu.

Thanks to the Sacred Heart St. Jude, and St. Anthony for Susan's success.

K. Browne.

Most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Jude, St. Martin de Porres, Margaret Sinclair, and St. Joseph for favours received.

E.M.

OUR BURSES

	<i>Already acknowledged</i>	<i>Increase</i>
The St. Jude Burse No. 3 ...	£312 7 0	£317 7 0
Holy Child of Prague Burse ...	883 6 0	885 6 0
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse ...	330 0 0	390 10 6
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ...	99 12 6	99 17 6
Immaculate Conception B.V.M. Burse	104 11 6	105 13 6
Little Flower Burse ...	845 5 0	847 5 0
Sacred Heart Burse ...	69 1 6	72 1 6
St. Anthony Burse ...	49 12 6	51 12 6
St. Joseph Burse ...	1,046 19 6	1,047 2 6
Holy Souls Burse ...	10 1 6	12 1 6
St. Martin de Porres Burse ...	- - -	8 0 0

Our Lady keep you! Yours in Carmel

M. E. Lynch O.C.