

The Carmelite News

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WHITEFRIARS
FAVERSHAM
KENT

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THE MEN O' THE WEST

We Catholics are family people. We have brothers and sisters. I had nine brothers and four sisters. Many are now dead. The old tree is gradually being pruned, but there still remains the topmost branch, a very decent craggy old fellow who is a successful farmer, with an eye for a horse and a fine woman.

The Lynch family is descended from the Lynch of Galway who was Mayor of the City and who hanged his own son, a fact we have never been able to live down. It is rather terrifying. At that time the family was known as Lynch Fitzsimons.

At that time Galway was the capital of the North before Belfast was born. Galway was a wide, wild and rather lively city and it had a big trade with Spain in sherry, which was called "sack". Sack is another way of saying "sec" which means dry. In those days there was no port, no Guinness, no poteen and the only lubricant of life was Spanish sherry. Sherry is a pure distillation not like port—the more that port is rocked around and washed about in the holds of ships the more it marries itself. Nelson found that out; but sherry is a wine that won't travel unless it is a special kind of sherry—not every sherry will travel out of Spain in casks and be drinkable. It must be dry—"sack" "sec".

However, it so happened that the son of a Spanish importer of sherry to Galway travelled over in one of the Spanish ships on a sort of "working holiday." There was a lot of sherry around and the son of Mayor

Lynch and this young Spanish hidalgo had a row. It was claimed that young Lynch, son of the Mayor, ran the Spaniard through before he was properly on guard. It is something that could have occurred in a drunken brawl, but it was not something that should have happened in honorable combat. That, of course, was something that would upset the balance of trade, friendly relations and so on. The young man was tried and condemned for capital murder. The local hangman found that he had an aunt who was very ill in the Galway mountains and no one else could be found to hang the boy.

In the end that terrifying old devil hanged his son in the cause of justice and the good of the trade. That was the end of the Lynch's of Galway. Those who wore the name ran as fast and as far as they could and some of them have been running ever since. However, it gave rise to that tradition of the American West called Lynch Law—"any hanging to be done, keep it in the family; it is cheaper."

Nothing more was heard after that terrifying performance of the Lynch's of Galway. A minor branch of the clan who ran so hard and so fast ended up in the Glen of Imale (The Horseshoe Glen) in the Wicklow Mountains. There they have existed for the hundreds of years that have gone by and a few of them have finally graduated to the grasslands of Kildare and to some comfort in their history. Whether they are better off, or not, I will not say—I still think of the rugged types who once roved the

Mountains of Wicklow to look for the sheep, completely oblivious of the fact that they were in any way descended from that notorious old ruffian the Mayor of Galway who hanged his own son.

As you know, all Irishmen are descended from kings or clan chiefs. Their history runs true beyond doubt because in Ireland things do not change. We can now count in the family line a couple of hermits and a couple of outrageous individuals whose names may be known to you.

Anyhow, my young sister used to say to me, "God did you a great favour when he never allowed you to marry, because there would have been either murder, suicide or manslaughter in the family." I completely agree with her, but I can tell you also that I have met many women in the course of my life who have told me that I am a dead loss. I had only one reply to all that, once upon a time I nailed my colours to the mast, I never have and never will haul them down.

I have known many old parish priests, many old men of the religious life, who have asked themselves the question—when is a man safe from the perils of wine, women and song?

The only answer I ever found was—never.

I want you to think about that because one day after eight years in the Roman Colleges, I finally packed my bag and faced the road out from Rome. I saw around me dozens of young men whose head had received the anointing to the altar of God. I looked at them, Irish, English, Scottish, American, Ethiopian, the whole width of Catholic humanity and I said to myself as I looked at them, "Here begins the long haul." I don't know what has happened to those newly ordained priests that I saw on my way out from Rome, but I have never ceased to be thankful for the protective scaffolding given to me and to my brethren of the Carmelite rule. Now I have come through over forty-five years of the religious life and I still wonder how I escaped the perils of the world. I put it down to the protection of Our Lady, Mother of priests. I have seen in my little way some who fell by the way to end their lives in misery and degradation.

Please pray for them as I do. It is not every soldier that can carry his pack through the waste lands and desert spaces to turn up triumphant in the end.



OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS

Readers of the "Carmelite News" will know that I love swallows. To me they are angels of God. Free flyers from one part of this earth to another in search of a living. To them that is reality, necessity, or what you like. They do not migrate from North Africa to Ireland, England or elsewhere, just for the fun of the thing. It is the migration instinct.

Swallows live on what they find in the air. insects—mosquitos, midges, call them what you like. Midges breed on dung hills, streams, pools and stagnant waters. These are the pests who are the prey of the swallows. The swallows are one of God's ways of keeping down pests. So they come at the insect breeding season. They fly through the air and collect in a few weeks millions of flying insects. These pests could be an ultimate menace to mankind.

We are becoming very sanitary minded in these days. The saviours of the swallows are the farmers who make a dung hill or a compost heap. The swallows will not come to a place where insects do not fly. Wherever swallows are found they are regarded as the angels of God, the protectors of mankind, the friends of children; the equalisers of that battle between men and the insect world. When we realise that men are so few and that insects are so many, the battle of man against insects assumes the proportions of a major war. Will a day come when the insects will eliminate men, or will men, by the help of his friends the swallows and the birds of the air be able to survive on the face of the earth? We have seen how in hot areas that the malaria bearing mosquito can wipe out whole communities until modern insecticides

checked their attack. We live in a battle against the insect world.

We need friends, and amongst our friends are the swallows. Never drive away the swallows. They will never come to you unless insects are around. Insects breed and multiply on dung hills.

Swallows need water to provide the mud to build their nests and the man or woman who knocks down a swallow's nest is a rotten landlord. Bad luck will follow him because he is a rebel against the agency of God.

We have had over a month of snow in Kent and all over England and the birds are pleading for human assistance. I hear from my farming friends that pigeons are so weak that they are lying on the ground unable to fly, hungry, emaciated, and they will die in the snow. Farmers hate pigeons because they are voracious birds—soft, clean and without friends they just want to live. It strikes a note of anger in my heart to hear of a farmer finding pigeons in the snow and is

glad of the opportunity to wring their necks.

We have put out food for the birds here at Whitefriars, but looking out the window I realise that it is not enough. Yesterday morning I threw out some fried bread and sausage that I could not eat and almost as soon as it hit the ground the starlings were there. They were fighting over a sausage that I didn't like. Three of them attacked one, the other one heeled over and gave up, not only the fight but also its claim to life. I don't like starlings I think they bring disease. I just tolerate them; they are house pests. I love the blackbirds, the robins and the tits—I wish I knew how to distinguish between them at feeding time.

By the time this letter reaches you the snow will be gone, the fields will be green again, but if ever the snow comes and starvation returns to the few birds that are left, try to remember that God created you and the birds as well, and that they have as much right to life as you have.



PLEASE ! NO MORE CHICKEN

There was once a craggy old Carmelite who realised as he grew older that life was falling into a rut. He had eaten so many chickens in the course of his life that he hated them. Nor did he have a high regard for pigs. He didn't want to eat any more chickens, nor did he want to see any more ham. He composed a new version of St. Bernard's beautiful prayer to Our Lady—The Memorari.

Remember O most blessed Virgin Mary that never was it heard of in any age that Carmelites celebrated a Feast Day otherwise than on chicken and ham. Dwelling on their high mountain apart, they fell into an ancient error which says, "If it doesn't fly, it's a flop." While we fully realise that pigs are groundlings and that we need their help as scavengers, we are prepared to love, but not to eat them forever.

Encouraged therefore, with confidence we come to thee O Virgin of Virgins, our Mother. Before Thee we stand sinful and sorrowful, praying that thou would'st unloose

upon all those pesky chickens and aforementioned unclean animals the seven plagues that once harassed the Pharaoh of Egypt, particularly the frogs.

Show us thy favour, dear Mother, and we will promise ever to be faithful in our devotion to Thee.

Lead us, dear Lady, as Moses once led the children of Israel through the waters of the Red Sea into the desert, where we shall no longer hear the squawkings of these feathered angularities, nor the gruntings of these unclean animals that God created to scavenge the earth.

We ask not for "a land flowing with milk and honey." We just ask to see a leg of mutton now and again, or on lesser feast days the leg of a goat.

Beef, we dare not pray for, because the priestesses who tend the sacred fires of Carmel are devoted to burnt offerings and our old stomachs cannot stand it. Like the chariots of old our axles creak for lack of grease. Cinders create much

contribution in the bowels of the ancients.

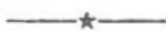
We have lived too long dear Mother. It is time to go home. We must wait for the finger of God.

Porridge is our only hope on earth, because we live in evil days. Call us home, dear Lady, before our old bones are stiffened by another winter, and let us escape murder by the frying pan. It sizzles

all day and part of the night giving us a foretaste of what we always fear in this life and wish most ardently to avoid in the next.

Save us, dear Mother, from the evils of this world and from the perils of the world to come!

Your loving and most devoted servant in Carmel,
Fr. Elias Lynch.



THANKS

Grateful thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Joseph, St. Jude, and St. Martin for prayers answered.

Mrs. F. Smith, Preston.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude, and the Divine Infant Jesus of Prague for many favours received.

Unworthy One.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude for prayers answered.

L. M. Andrews.

Grateful thanks to Our Lady and St. Jude for favours received.

M.L., Eire.

Grateful thanks for favours received.

Mrs. C. Heney, Liverpool.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude.

Mrs. M. Cray, Northfleet.

Thanks to St. Jude for many favours received.

G.C. (Elphin.)

Thanks to the English Martyrs, Our Lady and the Sacred Heart for graces received.

Kathleen Scott, London, N.W.1.

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady and St. Jude for very special favours.

Miss M. Burke, Fermanagh.

Thanksgiving to the Divine Infant Jesus of Prague for favour received.

Anon.

Grateful thanks to Sacred Heart, Our Lady, SS. Joseph, Martin and Jude for favours received.

Mary Tubman.

Further thanks held over.

OUR COMING NOVENAS

SACRED HEART OF JESUS - - -	June 13th — June 21st
ST. JUDE - - - - -	June 21st — June 29th
OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL - -	July 8th — July 16th
ST. ANNE and OUR LADY - - -	July 18th — July 26th

OUR BURSES

	Already acknowledged	Increase
The St. Jude Burse No. 3 ...	£312 7 0	- - -
Holy Child of Prague Burse ...	879 6 0	883 6 0
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse ...	320 10 6	330 0 0
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ...	97 12 6	99 12 6
Immaculate Conception B.V.M. Burse	102 11 6	104 11 6
Little Flower Burse ...	839 5 0	845 5 0
Sacred Heart Burse ...	64 1 6	69 1 6
St. Anthony Burse ...	44 12 6	49 12 6
St. Joseph Burse ...	1,046 16 6	1,046 19 6
Holy Souls Burse ...	8 1 6	10 1 6
St. Martin de Porres Burse ...	- - -	- - -

Our Lady keep you ! Yours in Carmel

M. E. Lynch O.T.