



THE SCAPULAR VISION AND ST. SIMON STOCK

The Carmelite News

SEPTEMBER —
OCTOBER, 1965
Number

WHITEFRIARS,
FAVERSHAM,
KENT

Published by the St.
Mary's College Building
and Missionary Fund

THE DISTURBING SPIRAL

EVERYTHING goes up and up. I have been dithering about raising the annual subscription to the Societies to 10/- instead of 5/- all this year, but I was nervous of doing it. Yesterday, however, the printing unions announced an increase of 10/6 per week for all printing employees; paper is up, ink is up, postage is up. We write to our members at least five times a year so postage alone costs us 1/3 on each member, put the costs of the printing on top of that and the cost of replying to those who respond and we begin to see the

whole 5/- membership fee disappearing in smoke. A private letter now costs 4d. It is remarkable the number of people who write to us upon their private problems expecting a considered answer and yet never remember to enclose the return postage. Much of my working life is spent in answering personal problems that come to me in correspondence—I am glad to do it; I am even proud of doing it. It can be tiring but we keep on. Anyhow, it is with sorrow that I announce that in future the annual subscription to our Societies will be at the rate of 10/-.

RE-DEDICATION AT AYLESFORD

THERE is a line in an old Irish song called "Kitty of Coleraine" which runs—'Misfortune will never come single, tis plain.' It was so with the celebration on July 18th, when the High Altar at the Friars, Aylesford was consecrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Heenan of Westminster. The Archbishop of Southwark said the Pontifical High Mass afterwards and His Eminence presided.

Some fifteen to twenty thousand people attended the ceremonies; there were over three hundred coaches in the car park, and cars were densely packed on the roads leading to the

Friars. I am afraid that many people saw very little of what was going on. The loud speaker distribution was good, but not extensive enough. It seemed at one period as if half of North East Kent were feeding out of luncheon baskets. People were there from all over the world, Poles, French, Welsh, Irish, Scotch—it was a real gathering of that extraordinary variety of humanity that makes up the Catholic Church. There was quite a representative group of Anglican clergy and many of our visitors were made up from all Creeds, or no Creed at all.

The misfortune I mentioned before, came from the newspapers. The Irish newspapers are on strike and we were depending upon the Irish National dailies to bring news and photographs of the event all over Ireland. It now seems that we will have to find another way of telling the people about it, because in the newspaper world, old news is stale news. The English Catholic weeklies will carry some account of it, and it will be shown on B.B.C. and I.T.V. television in due course.

However, we were lucky in that Miss Kate O'Brien, the celebrated Irish authoress, agreed to cover the event for the Carmelite Press and she is compiling two articles, one long and one short, about the day's happening. It is useless to try to convey a picture of it in these short pages so I will await the arrival of her articles, then perhaps we can find some photographs to adorn them in a simple publication. We will tell you about this in our next issue.

DUCKS

CHILDREN live in a different world from their parents. At least I did. It would surprise many parents if they knew the length and depth of their childrens' thoughts and their boundless ability for deception. I learned how to keep my eyes closed. I learned how to keep my mind blank. I learned how to look dumb, unintelligent, uncomprehending; in fact there were times when I knew nothing and all the time I knew all about it. I think that the mind of a child can sometimes be almost frightening.

The snow is falling this morning and by evening it will be a real blanket over the countryside. The wild duck are flying in because of storms over the channel and if I went down to the stream I would be bound to see mallard on the water sheltering in the lee of the banks.

My mother was very fond of ducks. I used to think that she quacked rather like a duck sometimes; but she was born far inland and didn't comprehend the mysteries of the waters. She always had a clutch of ducks. She used to hatch the duck eggs under a hen because a duck cannot cover so many. These little ducklings used to find their way into the daylight and then had to be protected from the rats that somehow or another gathered into farmyards in the cold of winter. My mother could never understand why it was that occasionally all the ducks disappeared and didn't come back until night was falling. Then somehow or another they miraculously appeared in a flurry of wings from the skies. It was marvel-

lous to listen to the whirr of the wings as they settled in the paddock behind the house and then gravely marched into the farmyard with their heads up as if they were half penguin and half duck. My mother used to feed them, count them, and say "but there are five too many!" Where did the five come from? We used to look very blank and say "maybe they belong to Peggy Brady up the road." She had to be content with that but still she didn't think that she should be compelled to feed Peggy Brady's ducks. Of course they were wild duck and if only she had watched the curl of their tails she could have picked them out, but we never told her. We loved to see those little ducks and as far as we were concerned they could have eaten their fill all day.

Many people think that ducklings can swim immediately they are born. Even old mother hens know that they can't. They swim only when they lose their down and grow feathers, because feathers contain oil and oil prevents the water penetrating to their skins, it also makes them buoyant; but if you try to put them in water before the feathers come they will just sink to the bottom and the rats will get them. The rats will get them even when they are able to swim if you don't watch out and it is horrible to see a little duckling dragged under by a water rat. They always pick off the last duckling of the brood that follows the mother in line astern; that does not disturb the rest. There is an old, old saying: the Devil take the hindmost.

I hope no-one writes and tells me I ought to learn to love rats. I detest them. To me they are scavengers and should live in the sewers. I will always remember the look of bewilderment in the face of an old hen as she sees her ducklings take to the water and she goes clucking around the bank trying to call them out and they will never come until they are ready. Mother Nature is wonderful.

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There is a story told of a man who bought an old cinema and determined that he would modernise it and give it a new life. He bought new projection machines, he recarpeted the whole cinema, he put in a thousand plush, tip-up, bucket shaped seats and redecorated the whole thing. Then he invited all his friends to a free opening show and added as a postscript—a meeting of creditors will be held immediately afterwards.

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THANKS

Heartfelt thanks to St. Jude.

K. Greene (Dublin)

A favour received through the intercession of Fr. Titus Brandsma.

Roscommon, Eire

Most grateful thanks to Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Jude for many favours.

M. Green

Grateful thanks to The Sacred Heart and St. Jude for favour received.

P. Walsh, Barking

Grateful thanks to St. Jude.

H. B. Kanturk, Co. Cork

Grateful thanks to St. Jude, St. Anthony, St. Martin de Porres, Titus Brandsma and Pope John for success in examination. Haulfryn, Llandudno

My thanks to The Divine Infant Jesus of Prague and St. Jude for seemingly impossible favours granted.

G. and T. Land

I wish to thank Divine Infant of Prague, St. Jude and St. Theresa for many favours.

M. J. Lagnado

Grateful thanks.

Mrs. McParlane, Glasgow.

Monsignor Shaw in the Editorial of "The Outlook" for July 1965 mentions the shortest poem ever written:

How odd of God to choose the Jews!

He reflects that it is odder still that God should have chosen any of us, and how odd it is that God, in His infinite perfection, should have thought of creating such a thing as man and that He should have conferred upon mankind the gift of eternal life; but if we go on this way we will end up wondering why God ever created anything. Maybe He just liked creating things, things that will go on recreating themselves over and over again through millions of years in a machinery that never grinds to a halt.

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*Don't be Disappointed*

**ORDER YOUR CHRISTMAS CARDS NOW!**

Samples sent on request  
Postage must be included

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Grateful thanks to The Sacred Heart and St. Jude for favours received.

I.B., Dublin

Grateful thanksgiving to Fr. Titus for two favours received.

M. J. Hanrahan, North Kerry

Thanksgiving to Fr. Titus Brandsma for favours received. Margaret Conlon

Grateful thanks for many favours received.

M. Thompson

Grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lady and to St. Jude for great favour received.

F. M. Gollcher

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, St. Jude, St. Anthony, St. Philomena and Margaret Sinclair for favours received.

Ellen Mulraney

Heartfelt thanks to St. Jude, St. Teresa, The Little Flower, The Little Infant Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary for many favours received; also Holy St. Anthony.

Mrs. Cullen, Loughduff, Cavan
Thanks to St. Martha.

Mrs. W. McBride, Co. Tyrone



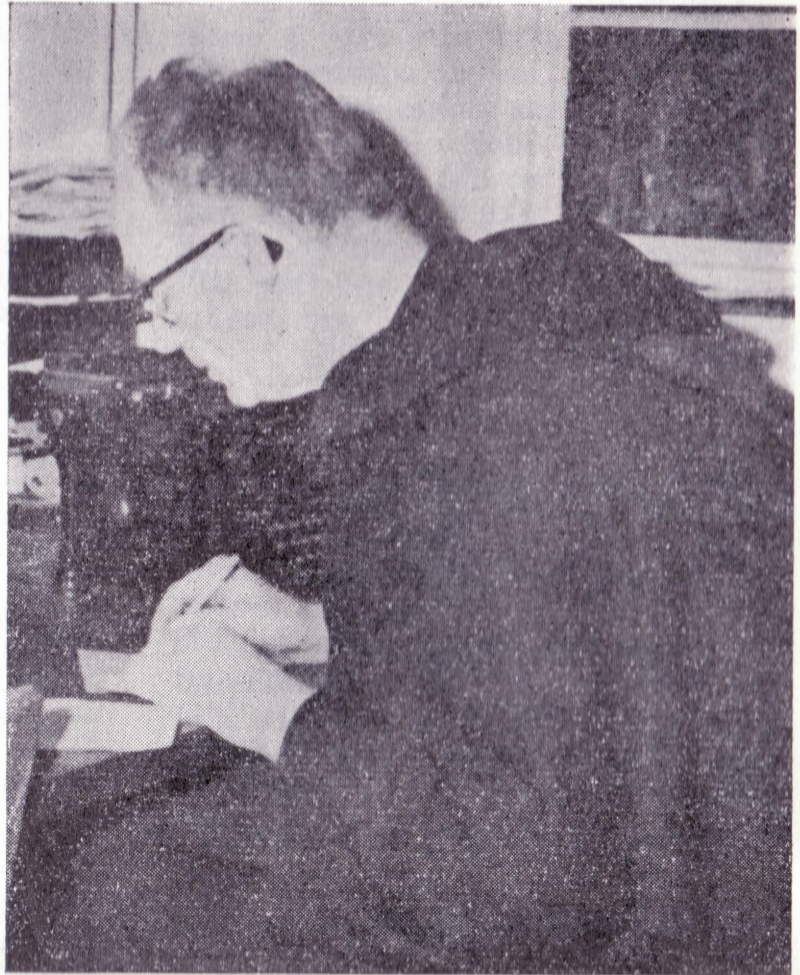
**Brother Patrick
Anthony McGreal**

O.CARM.

died on June 2nd, 1965 and was interred in the Carmelite Plot at Faversham Cemetery.

Since the foundation of the Carmelite Press he was in charge of the office staff and his devotion to the work and his industry earned for him a lasting remembrance. It is difficult to think of the Carmelite Press without thinking of Brother Anthony because his name will be for ever associated with it.

May he rest in peace.



OUR COMING NOVENAS

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

OUR BURSES

	<i>Already acknowledged</i>			<i>Increase</i>		
The St. Jude Burse No. 3 ...	1,399	7	6	1,504	7	6
Holy Child of Prague Burse ...	1,670	13	6	1,680	13	6
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse ...	492	19	0	592	3	6
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ...	204	17	6	210	0	0
Immaculate Conception B.V.M. Burse	169	4	6	172	4	6
Little Flower Burse ...	898	5	0	903	5	0
Sacred Heart Burse ...	80	12	6	90	12	6
St. Anthony Burse ...	74	12	6	75	2	6
St. Joseph Burse ...	1,050	2	6	1,052	4	6
Holy Souls Burse ...	23	9	6	35	9	6
St. Martin de Porres Burse ...	16	6	0	17	11	0
St. Martha ...	3	7	6	4	15	0
Father Titus Brandsma ...	33	7	6	53	7	6
Father Cyril of the Mother of God	12	0	0	12	0	0

Our Lady keep you! Yours in Carmel

M. E. Lynch O.T.