

The Carmelite News

FEBRUARY
Number
1964

WHITEFRIARS
FAVERSHAM
KENT

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

SILLY AS A SHEEP

Was it Napoleon who said of a certain lady that she had the profile of a sheep and the brains of a chicken? It raises the question why do people say of others "silly as a sheep" or "as brainless as a chicken?" I wonder why! I do know that if you draw a chalk line on a pavement and put a chicken with its nose down on it that it will stay there indefinitely, hypnotised by the chalk line. Why the chicken hasn't got the flexibility of brain to say "this is a silly performance" and give it up, I don't know, but then I don't know very much about chickens.

I know an old farmhouse in the County Wicklow. It was in one way the centre of a branch of the Clan O'Byrne. Wicklow is populated by the O'Byrne's and the O'Toole's, the two sept's that made up the basis of that craggy, hairy, far-sighted people that you can still see around the valleys and the mountains of Glenmalure.

During the famine years it was necessary to give employment to the starveling Irish. Food was necessary to feed them so that they could work. Their wages were about twopence a day, and their food was soup and hairy bacon. The humanists of that period didn't even take the trouble to shave the bacon before they put it in the pot. The Irish didn't mind because there was no choice between it and the raw turnips in the fields. As part of famine relief a long line of cow houses and horse stables was built, roofed with slates and with stone wall partitions. The stone walls went more than half way to the roof and left a free circulation of air. In

my memory of them some sixty head of cattle and perhaps six farm horses were stabled there and the job of cleaning them out in the morning time on to a central dung hill wasn't a labour of love, but of necessity.

The hens found that laying eggs was easier on top of the stone wall partitions than it was on the ground and eventually in wintry weather they used to roost on top of the partition walls. One hard winter, a winter that terrified me as much as the chickens, they found that it was more comfortable to hop down and roost on the backs of the cattle. Two complementary heating systems, the cow heated the chickens and the chickens heated the cow. When the cow wanted to lie down and chew the cud there was a distinct air of indignation upon the part of the chickens as if they were saying "why can't you stay quiet you old four-legged hay box." Things, however, went too far. Sometimes the cows had to be washed down in the morning and when the cows were seen walking around the yard with two or three chickens sitting on their backs it had to be a choice between the chickens and the cows, and the cows won. It seems that chickens are not so silly after all.

Scotland used to recruit immigrant potato pickers from the West of Ireland. Sometimes these immigrants crossed by foot to the North of Ireland, rowed across the Irish Sea in their coracles something in the way that St. Columba became an exile from his native land when he settled in Iona. These potato pickers were recruited by special agents and I have

heard that one of the clauses in the agreements that they signed stated that salmon should not be served to them more than three times a week. It was easier to catch salmon in the Scottish rivers than to buy bacon in the shops. In the same way, Irish farmers, their sons and workmen became tired of bacon, potatoes and cabbage.

There was one chap I remember who was a real cowboy with a long whip. When he led the horses out in the morning he could wrap the lash of the whip round the head of a chicken and give it a pull to break its neck. Then he would deposit the chicken at the back door of the house saying that it had been run over by

one of the horses. It wasn't long until the woman of the house cottoned on to it and the death rate in chickens dropped immediately. It was never the old chickens that died so suddenly, it was always a nice plump cockerel.

Yes, I have heard people talk about silly sheep; but did you ever try to keep a pet lamb? They are lovely when they are young, but they will grow up and eventually push you out of the house. They will come into the kitchen and eat almost anything, and you are not safe from them even by going upstairs to bed. One animal I remember came every Sunday to Mass with the family and it took the united efforts of two collectors at the door to keep the thing out.



“MRS. BROWN”

There was an old chap around here now sometime dead. He belonged to the County Set and the outer fringe of the aristocratic circle. He never spoke to anybody of lower rank than a Major and his conversation was principally centred upon the aristocracy and their ways. In fact I think he was a throw back to the Georgians.

He was seldom seen without a shooting stick. He used it to help himself upstairs at night when he went to bed and came down carrying it in the morning to his breakfast.

One day he paid one of his rare visits to the farmyard which was some distance away from the mansion, and there he was befriended in the most intimate manner by a chicken. It came and pecked at his toe-caps and when he left the chicken followed him and from there on she deserted all others to be with him. He was rather impressed by this because it seemed to him that the chicken had in some way recognised his great nobility of character and perhaps had perceived the blue blood that ran in his veins. The chicken was a Rhode Island Red—which is really brown, so not being sure if the chicken was still a virgin he called her Mrs. Brown. She had

her own seat at the table. The butler always served her first. Her seat was built up to table level and she took her food from a plate in front of her; they could never persuade her to wear a napkin, but “Mrs. Brown” made a terrible fuss if anybody was served before her. She just wouldn't have it. She jumped on the table, squawked and flapped about until the proper courtesies were accorded her. She was always formally introduced to visitors, to whom she paid scant attention.

At night she used to roost on the end of his bed. It was one of those early Victorian brass railed affairs. A copy of the “Times” was spread beneath and Mrs. Brown sat musing on the rail looking at the old man as he tossed and turned in his sleep. The old man had been out East and had come in touch with the doctrine of reincarnation of souls and finally came to believe that the chicken was really his old grandmother who had come back to earth. When he was buried the chicken sat upon the casket as he was borne away and subsequently died of a broken heart.

Now, please don't tell me that chickens have no sense.

IN HONOUR OF ST. JUDE

November 28th, 1963.

Dear Reverend Father,

For some time I have been sending a small donation in honour of Saint Jude Thaddeus, and I want to tell you of the wonderful answer to my prayers.

My daughter, in her middle twenties, has been in her job since she left school, one which was not of her choosing, but according to her father—a secure position. For years she has grown more unhappy and in fact a nervous illness started through this and the parental possessiveness and pressure of one thing and another. As she grew older she realised her long wanted ambition to travel and find a new and interesting job was rapidly fading, and sadly too, her faith in prayer, even God Himself. Her whole attitude became one of “what’s the use, I’ve prayed and prayed, and all I get is set backs.” I tried patience and argument but did not succeed, I was also in a difficult position, trying to keep peace in the home and trying to be loyal to a husband and daughter at the same time.

The little pamphlet I had given me years ago by a friend, stated that petitions sent to Our Lady of Mount Carmel would be placed on the altar at all times, so I started my Novena to St. Jude. I kept telling my daughter St. Jude *will* help you, as indeed he has in a fantastic way.

For some unknown reason a plan formed in my mind and I suggested my daughter placed an advert in a magazine stating her desires for a job abroad, she received just *one* reply. To shorten my story I can tell you that the events which followed took about nine weeks, and by Oct. 28th she had left this old job of hers, and on Nov. 5th started her journey overland to Sicily. She is with a wonderfully kind and generous Italian family teaching English and in return learn-

ing the Italian language, she could not be in a finer home or in better surroundings if we had chosen it for her ourselves. On route she had nine wonderful hours in Rome, the one and only place she has always longed to visit, and of course spent best part of the time in St. Peter’s, where I know she offered up her grateful, grateful thanks to Our Blessed Lord, and St. Jude Thaddeus.

Unfortunately, it is still not a talking point between my husband and myself, but he at least has not had the opportunity to say “I told you so” simply because I know St. Jude is guiding and helping my daughter in all she does. When finally she has to leave Sicily, I have no fears as to what kind of a future she will map out for herself as once and for all, her faith has been completely restored, and as she says herself, “I will never be without St. Jude as long as I live.” To quote from one of her letters to me, “I visit the near-by Chapel every day, and I am longing for Christmas so that I may go to the services with the family.” I must also add that the little tattered pamphlet has also gone to Sicily with her, and so Reverend Father, although this may seem a very ordinary story of a girl who got a chance to break the fetters that bind. To her, it is nothing short of a miracle, for you see, where in many families today the children please themselves at a very early age, this definitely was not so here, in fact she was a Hopeless Case, and trying for something unheard of in this house.

And so Reverend Father one more week I send you my small offering, and beg of you to pray for us that your very special prayers will help ours in honour and thanks to this great and wonderful St. Jude Thaddeus.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

A Non Catholic.

THANKS

Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady for many favours.
A Poor Sinner.

Grateful thanks to Pope Pius IX for favours received. N. Troy.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude for help in many difficulties. Lancs.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude for favours received. "One who trusts".
M. O'Brien.

Grateful thanks to the Little Flower and St. Jude for favours granted.
N. Short.

Thanks to St. Jude for Miracle of Health.
Mrs. Longstaff.

Grateful thanks to Our Lady, St. Jude, and St. Joseph
A. H. Ryan.
Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart and St. Jude.
Susan Browne.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude for favours received.
Bridget Keenan.

Thanks to St. Jude for wonderful favour.
Mrs. M. Mile.



HOW TO RAISE A DELINQUENT

Ten easy Rules

Prepared by the Police Department of Houston, Texas

1. Begin at infancy to give the child everything he wants. In this way he will grow up to believe the world owes him a living.
2. When he picks up bad words, laugh at him. This will make him think he's cute.
3. Never give him any spiritual training. Wait until he is 21 and then let him "decide for himself."
4. Pick up everything he leaves lying around—books, shoes, clothes. Do everything for him so that he will be experienced in throwing all responsibility on others.
5. Quarrel frequently in his presence.

In this way he will not be too shocked when the home is broken later.

6. Give a child all the spending money he wants. Never let him earn his own. Why should he have things as tough as you had them.
7. Satisfy his every craving for food, drink and comfort. Denial may lead to harmful frustrations.
8. Take his part against neighbours, teachers, policemen. They are all prejudiced against your child.
9. When he gets into real trouble, apologies for yourself by saying, "I never could do anything with him."
10. Prepare for a life of grief. You are bound to have it.

Copied from "THE SWORD"
Vol. XXIII, No. 3
October 1963.

OUR COMING NOVENAS

<i>OUR LADY OF LOURDES</i>	- - -	Feb. 3rd — Feb. 11th
<i>OUR LADY OF SORROWS</i>	- - -	March 12th — March 20th
<i>ST JOSEPH and ST. JUDE</i>	- - -	April 14th — April 22nd

OUR BURSES

	<i>Already acknowledged</i>	<i>Increase</i>
The St. Jude Burse No. 3 ...	£607 7 0	£661 7 0
Holy Child of Prague Burse ...	989 6 0	1,097 16 0
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse ...	392 1 6	397 6 6
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse ...	101 17 6	103 17 6
Immaculate Conception B.V.M. Burse	110 13 6	115 13 6
Little Flower Burse ...	871 5 0	873 5 0
Sacred Heart Burse ...	73 1 6	74 1 6
St. Anthony Burse ...	58 12 6	60 12 6
St. Joseph Burse ...	1,047 5 0	1,047 10 0
Holy Souls Burse ...	12 17 6	12 19 6
St. Martin de Porres Burse ...	9 0 0	9 5 0
St. Martha ...	- - -	2 0 0

Our Lady keep you! Yours in Carmel

M. E. Lynch O.C.