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Carmelite
News

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WHITEFRIARS,
FAVERSHAM, KENT

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FATHER M. E. LYNCH, O.Carm.

Born Co. Wicklow 1897 Ordained Rome 1925

Editor Carmelite News 1937—1967

Died All Saints Day, 1967—R.I.P.



A Mother's Prayer

I am sure you were all shocked when you heard that Fr. M. E. Lynch was dead. He left us on the feast of All Saints in time to share in all the masses and prayers of All Souls' Day. His funeral was what he would have liked. His family was well represented. The Archbishop presided at the Requiem which was sung by about forty Carmelites. And there was a large gathering of priests, religious and friends. Hundreds had masses offered for him and we feel that all your prayers have helped him on his way to join the Saints.

Fr. M. E. was a bad case of diabetes but this was just one of the many afflictions he bore so bravely. He worked to the end and all who knew him would surely say "Well done." God gave him a fine brain, a big heart and a flair for writing that would have won him fame in the world but he dedicated his many talents to God in the Order of Carmel

The Order in England and Wales owes him a great debt of gratitude. One might say that he was its main support. Archbishop Cowderoy called him "one of the giants of our day" and the General of the Order wrote: "Only the Lord knows how hard he worked and how much he accomplished for the Order and the Church.

May the young take inspiration from him and give themselves as he did for the Church in England—"his adopted land."

I wish I could quote the many letters that paid tribute to him. The following is typical of them. "It is with regret that I learned of the death of your beloved Fr. Lynch. Would that I were able to say some of the nice things due to him, but I will put them all in one word—he was "Tops" if you know what I mean. He was faithful to his vocation, persevering in hard work that went with it, and never lacking in that wonderful sense of humour that made his appeal a pleasure to respond to. One never felt poorer by sending our little mite to him, but closer to God, through him.

His envelope was familiar down the years in our home, and after my mother's death, I took over. When that envelope arrived, it was "down tools" whether it was wash-day, cleaning-day, or what have you; it was read from beginning to end, usually with laughter . . . One did not treat it as just another appeal. I usually read it to the family . . . It is so nice that we all have that nice last picture of him offering the holy sacrifice. Thank you very much for same and may the good Lord comfort you all in your great loss."

"The mite" so willingly given by so many enabled him to start the many projects of the Order here and in Wales. You all have a part in that great work. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts and we do hope that for the glory of God and the honour of his Holy Mother, you will continue to pray and work with us. Needless to say you are always in our prayers. Fr. M. E. wrote many times about his family. This is his brother, Fr. E. K. Lynch, writing to you. With the assistance of Brother Conleth who, since the death of Brother Anthony, has been my brother's righthand man, together with the tiny devoted staff of the Carmelite Press, I hope to continue his good work.

My mother told me a little story about Fr. M. E. which might interest you. Years before she married, she attended a Mission in her parish given by a Carmelite from Dublin. She had never seen or heard of the Carmelites before and she was struck by the brown and white Habit he wore. He spoke at great length about Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and the Brown Scapular and, at the end of the Mission, he enrolled them all in the Brown Scapular and asked them to say a Prayer to Our Lady which he gave them. She read it and liked it and said it faithfully every day. Years passed and she got married and had a large family of thirteen but in 1906 the father died leaving her with her little flock. He died on St. Stephen's Day on which he always abstained from meat but on Christmas Day he left his bed to see his family setting out to mass. His comment was that we looked like a ladder.

Many of you will understand the difficulties involved in rearing a large family and, looking back, one wonders how she did it. She was a woman of great faith and courage and she gathered us all about a picture of the Holy Family every night and the trimmings of the Rosary were really longer than the Rosary itself.

The early death of the bread-winner seemed to give the children an added sense of individual responsibility with the result that they struck out on

their own. M. E. went to work in Dublin as an apprentice but his heart was not in his work. He was a great reader and, I am happy to say, he could pray for hours. He went to confession every Saturday in his parish church, but, one Saturday, he arrived late and someone suggested that Whitefriars St. might still be open. After Confession the priest asked him if he ever thought of being a priest and it was the encouragement he received that started him on his way to the altar in Carmel.

He has told you the rest of the story himself in a previous letter but the train of events that led him to the altar convinced my mother that our vocation to Carmel was an answer to her prayer to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. It was not until the day she saw him clothed in the Carmelite Habit that she recognised the brown and the white of the pulpit.

But the story does not end here. She became interested in the spiritual life of Carmel and, with three sons Carmelites she decided to become a Tertiary. It was Fr. Malachy who convinced her that the mantle of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel should be about her and that she deserved to share in the spiritual treasury of the Order. She lived to see the whole family "settled" as she used to say. Saturday is a day of special devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and it is the day on which all Carmelites hope to die. It happened that she died on a Saturday clothed in the Habit. Fr. Malachy offered Mass in her room, gave her Holy Communion and she died in his arms and as someone put it "the happiest mother in the world." I hesitated to tell this story of a Mother's Prayer but I have done so that it may inspire many mothers to pray for vocations and to support this worthy cause. The Church needs hundreds of thousands of priests and religious. The harvest is great but the workers are few and millions are hungry for the word of God. It is the mother who, by prayer and example, cultivates the divine seed that God sows in many souls. When Napoleon was asked his

opinion on when the education of a child begins, he replied that it began twenty years before its birth; in other words in the mother.

When St. Pius X, who was of poor but holy parents, went home to show his mother his bishop's ring, she showed him her wedding ring with the words: "were it not for mine you would not be wearing yours."

In later life when St. John Vianney was congratulated on his early love of prayer and the altar, he replied with great emotion: "Under God, I owe it to my mother. She was so wise. Virtue passes easily from the hearts of mothers to their children. No child who has had the good fortune to have a good mother ought ever to look at her, or think of her, without emotion."

One of the last letters to reach Fr. M. E. was from a couple whose names I must not mention. They wished him a Happy Birthday, enclosed a cheque for the education of a student for the priesthood and added: "this is the first instalment but, with God's help, my husband and I will send sums to make up £1,000 for the education of a priest; then we will die happy." Not all can help in this way but all can pray and prayer is powerful to make

God's call effective. Be convinced that the harvest is great and that there are few hands to gather it; and I am sure you will co-operate as much as you can in this most divine of all divine works—the salvation of souls.

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Prayer to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel

O Most Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, Ornament and Splendour of Carmel, thou who regardest with an eye of special kindness those who wear thy Blessed Habit, look down in kindness on me and cover me with the mantle of thy special protection.

Strengthen my weakness with thy power; enlighten the darkness of my mind with thy wisdom; increase in me faith, hope and charity. Adorn my soul with such graces and virtues as will ever be pleasing to Thy Divine Son and to thee.

Assist me in life, and console me in death, with thy most amiable presence, and present me to the Most August Trinity as thy devoted servant and child: that I may eternally bless and praise thee in Heaven. Amen.

(partial indulgence)

Some paragraphs from the writings of the late Fr. M. E. Lynch

CABBAGE (AS I LIKE IT !)

Vegetables seem easy to cook, but in reality they are very difficult. You can divide them into two categories, those you can eat raw and those you must boil. Any ass will tell you that raw carrots are good for you and the latest news from the stables is that Arkle, the wonder horse of the decade, is also very partial to them.

Briefly, you can eat carrots, turnips, cabbage, onions, scallions, cress, celery, radishes, cucumber and tomatoes in a raw state. Red cabbage in particular should be eaten raw with vinegar.

Ask any woman what do you do

with a cabbage and she will say boil it. I say, steam it. There is scarcely any vegetable that should be cooked for more than fifteen minutes otherwise you boil the life out of it.

Take a small tight head of cabbage: be sure that the butterfly moth hasn't laid eggs in it. Don't wash it. Take off the straggly outside leaves until you have a tight head, then with a sharp pointed knife take out the core, or stem, or backbone of the cabbage, cutting around it so that you pull the hard stem of it out like a cork from a bottle. Then put the head of cabbage into a saucepan and close the lid. Be sure the water is at

the boil; keep it going for at least fifteen minutes. After a few trials you will find that the cabbage can be cooked to your liking. Some people like the cabbage still crisp so that it responds to the knife; others like the cabbage boiled or steamed until it is dead to the knife. Pour the water away. There is still the hole left by the plug you have pulled out; put some salt and pepper into this and then fill right to the brim with beef dripping, but leave the cabbage in the hot saucepan. Put back the lid on the saucepan and let it rest until it is served hot for the table. The beef dripping will melt and penetrate to the inner leaves of the cabbage thereby giving it a flavour all its own. Lift out the cabbage from the heated saucepan when the meal is served and cut straight down so that each person has a section of cabbage. For goodness sake, don't be so monstrous as to chop it up into small pieces. You will find that in this way cabbage can be a dish on its own. If you have no beef dripping, then bacon fat—although bacon fat is heavy, but strong stomachs can stand it.

It may be in the beginning that those who sample a cabbage done in this way may think that the cabbage is half raw, or not cooked; but please remember that cabbage can be eaten raw and that it preserves its most valuable vitamins in that way. Don't boil it until it becomes a *sloshy mess*. I like a cabbage that gives a certain crisp resistance to the knife and once you are accustomed to eating cabbage

in that fashion you will never be content with the *sloshy mess* that so many women regard as cabbage. It is a suggestion.

I have introduced the custom to a few chefs. They all agree that it is a welcome change, but each chef had to find out the exact degree of boiling or steaming that would be acceptable to his customers. To boil vegetables often means their destruction as food.

Football in 1583!

Writing in 1583, the Puritan Philip Stubbes gives this account of contemporary football:

“ . . . I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of fight than a play or recreation; a murdering practice rather than a fellowly sport or pastime. For doth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pick him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones? . . . So by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms; sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime another . . . But whosoever escapeth away the best, goeth not scot free, but is either sore wounded, crushed and bruised, so that he dieth of it; or else escapeth very hardly, and no marvel, for they have the cunning to meet one betwixt two, or dash against the heart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribs with their gripped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with a hundred more murdering devices . . . ”

Blessings galore to you and our most grateful thanks for all you have done to help. Yours in Carmel.

E. H. Lynch
O. O'Connell

Our Coming Novenas

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

February 3rd—February 11th

ST. JOSEPH AND ST. PATRICK

March 10th—March 19th

ST. JUDE

April 17th—April 24th