

# THE CARMELITE NEWS

SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER, 1978

WHITEFRIARS — FAVERSHAM — KENT

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## **SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN . . .**

You know how most men hate shopping? We slink in furtively as if about to perpetrate some shameful crime, quickly get what we want—or even what we don't want rather than have any fuss or palaver—and slink out again breathing a sigh of relief. Well, this man for his sins—and they must have been heinous indeed—was pushing his young son's carriage through a crowded supermarket. The child was howling with rage.

"Please, Bernard, control yourself," the father said quietly.

The squalling child reached out without pausing to draw breath and toppled a pyramid of tinned beans.

"Easy there, Bernard. Keep calm," said father.

A woman shopper nearby could not conceal her admiration.

"Congratulations on the way you handle Bernard," she said. "He's lucky to have you for a father."

"Thank you, madam, but you've got it wrong," he replied. "He's Alexander, I'm Bernard."

## **AUTUMN LEAVES**

Driving through Oxfordshire in July I noticed a beautiful sweep of densely packed trees on the ridge ahead of me, and it came as something of a shock when I realized that already Autumn had laid its yellow finger on some of the top-

most leaves. "Autumn already—it can't be, we've not had any Summer yet!" Still, there it was, that unmistakable yellow tinge amid the thousand shades of green.

There's a certain gentleness about approaching Autumn, a sort of tranquillity, an acceptance that the excitement of Spring and the heat and rush of Summer are over. We turn our minds to the practical needs of tidying up the garden, picking up the fallen leaves, removing the faded blossoms, plucking the withered stalks that were Spring's lovely green stems. Yet all the while we know that leaves and blossoms and stems will grow again in due season from roots and bulbs like daffodil and hyacinth hidden from our view. So there's hope in Autumn and the looking forward to Spring.

## **GOD'S GARDEN**

Did you ever think of God as the great gardener? He plants us and tends us and prunes us so that our fruit may be more plentiful, our blossom more beautiful. And in the Autumn he tidies up his garden, but the roots of the trees he has planted, the bulbs of the hyacinths and daffodils of our humanity remain on, hidden from our view it is true, but certain to grow again in the eternal spring of our next life, of which death is the beginning. It is such a pity if the sense of loss that strikes us so forcibly when one we love dies blots out

from our hearts the awareness that death is the gateway to a new beginning rather than the door that shuts in our faces and marks the end.

“Autumn recognizes that the **quality** in one’s life is most important, not merely the number of years, the heart in Autumn sees meaning beyond death.

Autumn is the season of the pilgrim soul, the season of love tested and tried, of comfort sought and shared. It is the season of sweetness that can never be taken away. The heart knows that nothing can separate it from the love of God.”

We are all planted and rooted in the love of God, I mean the love God has for us, and that love is unwavering, unchanging.

That love is the soil in which we are rooted; it is the mother earth of our very existence. It endures for ever, and in it so do we.

*Even though a woman should forget the child of her womb, yet will I never forget you.*

## **GENEROSITY**

To pretend there is no sense of loss even years after our loved ones have died would be foolish; to forget that our loss is their gain would be selfish; to remember them with gladness and thanks, glad to have been a part of their lives on earth and thankful that their lives enriched ours is true joy. We must have the generosity to let them go to a fuller life, as parents let their children leave home to live their own lives more fully.

I suppose we are more easily able to accept the death of an older person than the death of somebody

in the bloom of youth or the innocence of childhood. Perhaps there is some comfort for those of us who have experienced the loss of a younger member of the family in the words which we find in the Book of Wisdom:

“The virtuous man, though he die before his time, will find rest.

Length of days is not what makes age honourable, nor number of years the true measure of life.

Understanding, this is man’s grey hairs, untarnished life, this is ripe old age.

He has sought to please God, so has loved him; as he was living among sinners, he has been taken up.”

## **THE KEY**

The key to a constructive attitude to death is the awareness that those who die go to a new life, and not merely new but better. It is the fruit of faith, the ground for hope.

*I am the resurrection. If anyone believes in me, even though he dies he will live, and whoever lives and believes in me will never die.*

## **OF YOUR CHARITY . . .**

All of us will be remembering our Dead this November in our prayers and in our Masses. Through these our love reaches out and touches those who have passed through death to life. Of course, we think of our immediate family and close friends first of all, but let us remember too those who have no one left behind to remember them, and perhaps we’ll pray too for those whose sense of loss still makes it hard for them to cope with living. Let us pray that they

may grow in hope and courage and acceptance.

## ADDRESSES

I suppose none of us is as young as we were, and one of the things that betrays us is our writing. The firm, clear hand of yesteryear has become less firm, less clear. Mind you, if you're like me you've never had a firm, clear hand: firm, yes; clear, no. It doesn't much matter in the body of a letter because we know the gist of the ideas and so can guess fairly accurately what a word should be. But in the case of an address it is sometimes literally impossible to decipher what it is. The ladies in the office really do their best but not, alas, always

### OUR COMING NOVENAS—

25th September - 3rd October

THE LITTLE FLOWER

7th October - 15th October

THE HOLY ROSARY

20th October - 28th October

SAINT JUDE

successfully. Would it be too much to ask those of you whose writing is no better than mine to write your address in **block letters**, please, and your name too after your signature at the end? If you care to enclose an **addressed** envelope (stamp not necessary) that would be an even greater help.

## ORDINATIONS

I have some really good news for you now. In July we had two of our students ordained to the priesthood. When I say **our**, I hasten to add that **our** means **yours**, as well as mine and the Carmelites. Without your sacrifices in sending us donations we could never pay for the training of our students;

without your prayers I wonder if we would have got them in the first place; without your prayers again, I wonder how many would persevere. So, on behalf of the whole Province, not just the students, I thank you for all your help, support and interest. You are in a very true sense our life line. May God bless you all, you and yours.

Oh, before I forget, I must say a special word of thanks to all of you who got into the work of the draw. I know it's a thankless job selling raffle tickets, and that some of us whose joints are a bit stiff cannot get around to others and so buy the tickets themselves. You have been so co-operative. Thank you very much.

## PERTH—AYLESFORD

You all know that Aylesford is an old Carmelite foundation going back in its history centuries before the Reformation. You may not know that before that same Reformation we had a house in Perth, which was, of course, lost to us. One of the two men ordained this summer comes from Perth and was ordained there. So there was a link re-established, admittedly a tenuous one, with Carmelite history in Scotland. Quite a few of us went up there and were given a great welcome. Who said the Scots were mean? The Redemptorists put up a bunch of us in their monastery (and put up with us too!) and other people also were most hospitable. I think this was the first ordination in Scotland of one of us Carmelites since the Reformation and perhaps the first Scot to be ordained for us since that time. So keep up the prayers.

The other ordination was at Aylesford on the 16th July. This

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## RESULT OF ST. JUDE'S BURSE

DRAW — 18th JULY, 1978

- R 20678**—Michael Rogers, 1 Manor Villas, Bolton.  
**L 14977**—Mary Ager, 12 Westbrooke Ct., Worthing.  
**R 22391**—Mrs. Norman, 5 Robert Street, Ely, Cardiff.  
**F 17061**—Donal O'Shea, Gortacolopa, Frossa, Killarney.  
**B 10052**—Michael Maguire, 10 Melvin Park, Garrison P.O., Fermanagh.  
**T 14938** — Mary O'Donoghue, 55 Cherryfield Heights, Southdene, Kirkby, Liverpool.  
**J 20458**—Bertha Holbrook, 5 Clare Road, Ballycastle, Antrim.  
**R 15833**—Ciara Hoey, Dangan, Tulla, Co. Clare.  
**V 25967**—Eileen McGuinness, 9 Main Street, Holytown, Motherwell.  
**V 25451**—Mr. J. Thomas, 51 Grove Crescent, Kingsbury, London, NW9 0LS.
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time the man came from Ireland, and it was good to see so many of his family had come over for the occasion. There were, of course, great crowds there for the Feast of Carmel as well as for the ordination. Somebody said there were three thousand, others said four. I don't know which was right but I know I gave up counting after the first fifteen hundred. It was a day to remember—and your day too. Incidentally, we had fine weather—sunshine, the real McCoy—on both ordination days. How's that for a miracle?

### GLASGOW

Perth was not the only Carmelite news in Scotland either. The Irish Province have established a community in the old parish of St. Mary, Abercromby Street in Glasgow, and the parish has been entrusted to them. This is another first—the first Carmelite foundation in Scotland of our branch of

the Order since the Reformation. Please God, it will prosper, and I am sure you'll pray for this.

Our Glasgow Tertiaries, as every schoolboy knows, have been our outpost, as it were, for many years. This new foundation should mean a strengthening for them too.

### OLD AGE

Did you hear about the old lady who went to her doctor with a swollen leg? Very uncomfortable it was. After trying the medicine and finding no improvement, she went to see him again.

"Well, dear," he said, "I think it's just old age." "That's extraordinary," said she. The other leg is fine and it's just as old!" So there it is—pull the other one!

May Autumn be mellow and kind to you. God bless.

Until next time,

*Our Lady keep you,*

*Edward Maguire O.S.A.*

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### THANKS

Thanks to St. Jude and Gt. St. Joseph of Cupertino for success in despaired of exam.—I.M.S., Preston.

Thanksgiving to The Holy Child for so many favours.—K.D., Glasgow.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude for problem resolved.—L.R., Sheldon.

Thanksgiving to The Sacred Heart, Our Lady and St. Jude for prayers answered.—W.H., Hartlepool.

Gratitude and thanks to St. Jude and St. Anthony.—J.D., Tyrone.

Very grateful thanks to The Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Jude and the Infant Jesus of Prague for so many prayers answered.—M.C., S.E.2.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude for prayers answered.—J.D., Athy.

Thanksgiving for three great favours received through intercession of St. Jude.—M.D., Clonakilty.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude, Our Lady, The Sacred Heart and St. Martin. — S.M., Armagh.

My thanks to The Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady, St. Jude, St. Martin and St. Joseph for health favours received.—H.S., Kells.