

# THE CARMELITE NEWS

AUGUST 1979

WHITEFRIARS — FAVERSHAM — KENT

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## GROWTH TAKES TIME

Late Summer and early Autumn are very satisfying seasons, I think, because it is at these times that the seed or the shrub or the tree that you planted months or even years ago bears fruit. There is something very fulfilling to see the work and care you gave, and money too for the seed in the first place, all worth while, all coming to something. We have worried about the effect on the crop of a bad winter, or too dry a spring or too wet a summer—all of them things beyond our control—but when the crop is harvested all that is behind us and we say a heartfelt "Thank God" for the crop we have gathered.

It's a lovely feeling, and one doesn't have to be a farmer to experience it. We all share in it because in a way it's our crop too. Everyone shares in the satisfaction of the man who planted and tended and now reaps the harvest.

But it takes time. The grain will ripen in its own good time. We have to wait. Learning to wait is a difficult lesson. Some people say that learning mathematics or a

foreign language is the most difficult lesson. I wonder.

To me it seems that learning to wait—in patience and tranquillity—is the most difficult lesson of them all.

*The learning of a man is known by patience.*

—Proverbs

## HELLO AGAIN, IRELAND!

Waiting is all very well, but a six month wait for a letter is overdoing it a bit, don't you think? I suppose you'll be expecting a special letter now to make up for the one you didn't get? Well there's no harm in expecting but don't bank on it! In fact, the letter you did not get in Ireland because of the postal strike is enclosed with this one—"Two for the price of one", you might say—just in case you should miss the gems of wit and wisdom that are scattered through it. And if after reading it you have still missed them, well—you can't win 'em all.

To be serious, I'm very pleased that the letters are once more passing through the post. The masses we send to the missions were dropping noticeably, as you might expect, and so were the donations too.

## SPECIAL THANKS

However, the people from Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and

### OUR COMING NOVENAS—

September 23rd — October 1st  
THE LITTLE FLOWER

October 7th — October 15th  
THE HOLY ROSARY

October 20th — October 28th  
SAINT JUDE

England, and further afield too, rallied round in a quite extraordinary way in answer to my appeal for an extra effort to help to compensate for the loss of mail from Southern Ireland. You were real friends in need. There were letters saying that "I usually give 25p but enclose 50p this time", or "Please find £2 enclosed instead of the usual £1". I appreciate that not everyone could afford to do that, but to all who did manage to give extra I say a special "Thank you".

What was particularly helpful was the way you sent money as a donation without asking for Masses. This allowed us to meet most of our bills for the students. Mass stipends do help the missions, to whom we send them, but they don't help us very much! Once again I thank you for your help.

### **WAS MY FACE RED!**

You know how now and again we do something so daft that no excuse can wriggle its way out? You've just got to admit you're wrong, mistaken, absent minded, up the pole, plain crazy?

Well, a couple of weeks ago I was up in Cheltenham talking to our Carmelites there, and in the course of conversation one of them offered to help out for a weekend in one of our parishes.

Now, I knew that another of our houses was going to send a man to help out too, but it was very inconvenient for them and the Cheltenham arrangement would suit everyone much better. So off I goes to telephone the superior with the news that Cheltenham would do the job. What, you ask, would be simpler than that? Wait for it.

I rang—line engaged. I rang again—line engaged. I rang a third time, and as the bell rang merrily away in a far distant friary I saw the man I was ringing up standing outside the window. So I put the phone down (at least I hadn't wasted any money) and rushed to tell him the message before he disappeared.

That took only a couple of seconds. Then I told him how I'd rung three times and seen him outside the window as the bell was ringing. "But," says he "you drove me up here yourself only this morning"! Where can you go after that?

#### *A FIRM HOPE*

*And our hope for you is firmly grounded; for we know that if you have part in the suffering, you have part also in the divine consolation.*

*2 Cor. 1, 7*

### **YOUR PRIESTS**

On Sunday, 22nd of July, Bishop Henderson, Auxiliary Bishop of Southwark, ordained three Carmelites of this Province to the Priesthood.

It was an occasion of great joy for the three men concerned, for their families and friends, for their Carmelite brothers and sisters and all friends of Carmel. It is especially you, though, you very good friends of Carmel, whom I want to share this joy with and congratulate. In a very special sense these newly ordained priests are **your priests**. *It is mainly your generosity that has paid the bills for their years of training.* Without your donations I do not know where the money would have come from. It is as

basic as that. You have prayed for them over the years, too, so that they might have the grace they needed and will need to become and continue to be good priests. Oh, yes, they are your priests, and they themselves will remember you every day of their lives.

You know, I'm sure, that we say mass and pray every day for our friends and all who help us.

### **OUT AND IN**

No, I'm not talking of directions for orderly parking but of our Novitiate at Aylesford. This Autumn three young men will make their first Profession and move on to pastures new, while almost immediately afterwards five other young men come into the Novitiate to see if they suit our way of living and if our way of living suits them.

Here again your prayers for the newly professed and for the new novices too will be a part of their growth and development, which we greatly value.

### **"SCOTCHED EGGS"**

One of my more brilliant culinary efforts occurred the other day, well to be precise yesterday, when I was on my holidays.

I offered to keep an eye on half a dozen eggs boiling in the saucepan to be transformed later into Scotch eggs—the eggs not the saucepan—and I was a bit put out when I realized they had doubts—the family not the eggs—about my reliability. So I did the big feller and sent 'em all off for the afternoon while I did a bit of reading in the garden and kept an eye on the eggs.

It was such a lovely afternoon, sunny and warm and not a cloud in

the sky. Oh, the peace of it! Just as I was dozing off I heard a sort of "pop" from the kitchen but I decided it was something next door and dozed off. A few minutes (or was it hours?) later I woke up and heard another "pop". "By jove", I said to myself, "they're getting through the bottles at a rare old rate, and it's only three in the afternoon!" Then "pop" again. A sudden sinking feeling came over me—the eggs!

I shot into the kitchen and there on the floor were three hard boiled eggs—but really hard boiled! The other three were still in the saucepan, not merely in it but inseparably welded to the enamel—yes enamel—bottom.

The remainder of the story is too harrowing to tell. Sufficient to say that compared to me King Alfred got off lightly when he burnt the cakes!

### **LIFE EVERLASTING**

Once more, in the Autumn of the year, we find our thoughts turning to those dear ones who have reached the end of life here. Death is so final in a way that nothing else is. The laughter in the voice and the love in the eyes and the gentleness in the hands are alive in our memory but not to our senses. We are sometimes tempted to think that they live on in our memory only, yet one who believes in Christ knows that death is the way to a new and happier mode of living. Christ did not just teach the resurrection and new life he **is** the resurrection and the life.

Those in whom Christ lived on earth through his union with them, live on in Christ and he in them

as before, but now they understand so much better and love so much more fully. That is why they are happy beyond words.

*We see now through a glass  
in a dark manner;  
but then face to face.  
Now I know in part;  
but then I shall know  
even as I am known.*

*1 Cor. 13, 12*

We are confused often, and there is so much we do not know that we sometimes doubt even the little we do know. St. Paul was well aware of the conflict within us about so many things, including our attitude to death. He returns to it time and again in unmistakable conviction that life goes on; it is everlasting. He says for instance: "Even though our physical being is gradually decaying, yet our spiritual being is renewed day after day. And this small and temporary

trouble we suffer will bring us a tremendous and eternal glory, much greater than the trouble. For we fix our attention, not on things that are seen, but on things that are unseen. What can be seen lasts only for a time; but what cannot be seen lasts forever.

For we know that when this tent we live in—our body here on earth—is torn down, God will have a house in heaven for us to live in; a home he himself made, which will last forever."

Life both for those who have died and for us who remain is everlasting. The parting is for a time only. Look forward with hope.

God love you and yours,

*Our Lady keep you.*

*Edward Hughes*

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***Our special thanks also to those who sent a stamp with their reply. This is deeply appreciated and helps us with the heavy burden of ever-increasing postal charges. — (Unfortunately we cannot use Irish stamps).***

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### **ST. JUDE'S BURSE DRAW — List of Winners**

Eric Jones, 3 Amos Avenue, Wednesfield, Staffs.

Richard Sullivan, 21 La Salle Drive, Falls Road, Belfast, N. Ireland.

Mrs. V. Corbett, Flat 1, 68 Franklin Road, Brighton, BN2 3AD.

Mrs. M. P. MacNamara, 28 Hamilton Street, Saltcoats, Ayrshire.

Mrs. Mary Teresa Daley, c/o P. McShane, Annamara, Crossmaglen, Newry, Co. Down, N. Ireland.

Ms. C. Kerrigan, 15 Park Drive, Sprotboro, Doncaster, Yorks.

K. Carter, 11a Cazeneau Street, Liverpool, L3 3AN.

Miss M. M. Burke, 27 Fairbridge Road, Upper Holloway, London, N19 3EW.