
The Carmelite News

AUGUST 1980

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WHITEFRIARS — FAVERSHAM — KENT

FOREIGNERS

I suppose Irish jokes can become a bit of a bore to Irish people, as if the Irish were the only ones who were funny.

The other day a very nice Irishman said to me "You know, Father, I get a bit fed up with the English always telling jokes about the Irish." Now I could see this growing into a Diplomatic Incident of international proportions because wherever you go you'll find an Irishman there (the Americans are still trying to work out who left the empty Guinness bottles which they found on the first moon landing). So I said, "Well, you must admit that a lot of the jokes the English tell about the Irish are simply a rehash of the jokes the rest of the Irish tell about the Kerry men, so how do you think **they** feel?" That stumped him, but not for long. "Ah, well," says he, "you don't mind your own family or your own people having a laugh at you from time to time but you don't like being laughed at **all** the time by these foreigners!" Which was rather funny, considering that we were in an English pub surrounded by English customers — "foreigners" indeed!

Of course, being Irish, he saw the funny side and started to laugh — but we didn't share the joke with the foreigners.

You are not going to believe this but talking of "foreigners" re-

minded me of a notice in white paint on a greengrocer's window in North Wales. My mother lives near there and so do my brother and a sister — married with their own families. You can imagine the chat that goes on and the way we put the world to rights—if only "they" would listen to us, especially to me. You know the feeling, I'm sure!

Well, walking down the road we came to this greengrocer's shop and on the window was this notice about foreign bananas.

FOREIGN BANANAS ONLY
LIMITED SUPPLIES
BUY NOW

It makes you think, then as the penny drops you start to laugh. The real laugh, though, was with the man who thought up the notice, because so many people went into the shop after seeing it that business boomed. Moral: Buy British Bananas! — ask for them and **insist** you get them.

DUE NOTICE

You know that I would not tell you a story knowing it was untrue, don't you? Yes you do, of course you do. Some people cannot resist embellishing (no dear, I'm not being vulgar) the truth, but I'm not one of them I do assure you. Now what I am about to tell you is the plain, unvarnished, honest to goodness truth as it actually happened.

Once upon a time — all the best fairy tales begin that way don't

they? But remember it's the truth I'm telling you, no fairy story — once upon a time I walked to a light-house in a far country, which shall be nameless in case the "authorities" might be reading this.

ST. JUDE BURSE DRAW—

JULY 1980

- 1st A03260—Miss M. M. Bird
Digby House, 40 The Avenue,
Wimborne, Dorset.
- 2nd R03453—Anita Breslin,
Bunbeg P.O., Co. Donegal.
- 3rd D15934—M. F. Craig,
14 Fauldshead Road, Renfrew.
- 4th F01386—M. and S. Diamond,
79 Tirkane Road, Maghera.
- 5th A02612—Miss M. V. Salusbury,
91 St. George's Drive, S.W.1.
- 6th C02599—Miss M. Beirne,
Cloontumpher, Bornascooln,
Carrick on Shannon.
- 7th L17814—Miss Thomas,
43 Bathurst Street, Swansea.
- 8th T19171—Mrs. A. Green,
48 Fartown Green Road, Far-
town, Huddersfield.
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There was a big notice written in white paint on a red board — or was a red paint on a white board? No, it was black paint on a red board — and this notice was prominently displayed on the perimeter wall of the light-house next to the gate. It strictly forbade anyone to enter the premises without permission of, guess who — "the authorities".

Well, I had no permission, and being a decent, God-fearing, law-abiding man I wasn't going to sneak in through the wide open gate was I? Now just hold on and think a minute before you answer that because — "Yerra boy, you can read the notice but don't take any notice of it," said a voice from outer space. Nobody had ever told

me that the Holy Spirit was a Cork man, and me after gettin' me S.T.L.

So I looks around and sees nobody — just a few seagulls wheeling effortlessly about in the clear blue sky. It couldn't be them I decided. After all, who ever heard of a seagull speaking with a Cork accent, except in Cork of course.

It had to be the Holy Ghost or a Leprechaun, and I don't believe in Leprechauns. "Stand up, Maguire," I said to myself, "stand up and meet it, whatever it is, like a man." Well, a man has to do what a man has to do, and out I stepped to the centre of the gateway prepared to meet me Maker. There he sat on a stone in the shade clad in white like the angel in the tomb on the first Easter Sunday. I wondered whether to genuflect or make the sign of the cross or spit over me left shoulder when I realized the white garment was an old dungarees covered with paint. "Come on in" says the Holy Ghost, with a beatific smile, "I'm lonely for a chat." So you see, God is human after all!

*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. Jn. 11; 25-26*

THE BEREAVED SISTERS

I think one of the most lovely and moving stories in the whole Bible is to be found in the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, where we read the account of the death of Lazarus and of how Jesus raised him from the dead and gave him back to his two sisters, Martha and Mary. If you have a New Testament handy, you might like to put the letter down for a minute and

read that chapter as far as verse forty-four.

NATURAL HUMANITY

You'll notice how the grief of the two sisters at the loss of their brother so moved Jesus that he wept, and several of the bystanders said, "See how much he loved him." So here we have the creator of all things clearly showing distress and grief, quite openly sharing the hurt of his two friends, Martha and Mary, at the loss of their brother.

Far from reproving the sisters for their show of distress as something unspiritual Jesus shared it with them. Far from repressing his love for them and for Lazarus he openly showed his feelings for them in their own distress. Could anyone ever ask for a better example of the true, natural humanity of Jesus. He shows that to be human in our love and in our loss, in our sympathy and in our compassion is to be truly Christ-like. To follow Christ is not to suppress our humanity but to accept it to the full, love and loss, joy and sorrow, courage and fear, faith and doubt.

*The man who never shed a tear
is the poorer for it.*

DANGER, FEAR, TRUST

Then just think of the simplicity of Martha's message, "Lord, the man you love is ill." No urgent request that he should come. The sisters well knew that it was dangerous for Jesus to come to Bethany because of his enemies.

Fear for his safety prompted his disciples to oppose his return — especially when Lazarus was dead and nothing could be done for him (they thought). However, they

would not desert him and when they saw he was determined to make the thirty-mile journey from Transjordan, where he was hiding, to Jerusalem, where his enemies were strongest, Thomas put their feelings into words, "Let us go too and die with him."

FAITH

Martha's first words express regret rather than complaint and also a touching trust in the loving help of Jesus. Then she says, "But even now I know God will give whatever you ask him." I don't think Martha was even remotely thinking of a miracle but simply that God would bring Lazarus from Sheol (the Jewish idea of a sort of Purgatory) into Heaven. She did not see the hidden implication in Jesus's statement that Lazarus would rise again nor did she see what he was driving at when he said he was the resurrection. But she made an act of faith as far as in her lay: "I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, the one who was to come into this world."

We, too, are like Martha. So much is hidden from us, so much is too high, too deep for us, so much is open to question, so much seems to have no satisfactory answer: we do not see. We can all learn from Martha's "I believe that you are the Christ." If we can say that, we have said it all.

*Lord, for your faithful people life
is changed not ended. When the
body of our earthly dwelling lies
in death we gain an everlasting
dwelling place in heaven.*

Preface of the dead

So we reach out in love and faith and trust to touch with our prayers those we loved and still miss, and

in the Mass Jesus unites all our imperfect hope and faith and love to his own powerful love and radiates it on to those who have gone before us. We reach them through him.

For our part we say Mass daily for those whose names are on our Altar List of the Dead—the names you send us.

We seem to give them back to Thee, O God, who gavest them to us. Yet, as Thou didst not lose them in giving, so do we not lose them by their return. Not as the world giveth, givest Thou, O Lover of Souls. What Thou givest, Thou takest not away, for what is Thine is ours also if we are Thine. And life is eternal and love is immortal, and death is only an horizon, and an horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong Son of God, that we may see further; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to Thyself that we may know ourselves to be nearer to our loved ones who are with Thee. And while Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us also for that happy place, that where Thou art we may be also for evermore. Amen.

BEDE JARRETT, O.P.

ORDINATION

Once more I am pleased to tell you we ordained another student to the priesthood at Aylesford on 20th July. While he is our student we appreciate very deeply that he is also **yours**. Your prayers and generosity have made it possible.

Thank you for everything.

May Autumn be mellow and gentle with you and give you the

OUR COMING NOVENAS—

September 23rd — October 1st

THE LITTLE FLOWER

October 7th — October 15th

THE HOLY ROSARY

October 20th — October 28th

ST. JUDE

time and the mood to say "Thank God".

May his gentle hand shield you and yours from all harm.

Our Lady keep you.

Edward Hughes O'Leary

THANKS

Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, St. Jude, St. Therese and St. Gerard.—G.B., Bexleyheath.

In thanksgiving to St. Jude, St. Gerard, Our Lady, Padre Pio, The Sacred Heart of Jesus for many favours obtained.—M.M., Newcastle.

Grateful thanks to dear St. Jude Thaddeus for prayers answered, better accommodation.—E.C., Bolton.

Gateful thanks to St. Jude for financial favour granted.—M.L., York.

Heartfelt thanks to St. Martha and all the Saints for successful application for teaching appointment.—M.M., Cumbria.

Thanks to St. Martha for favour granted. Grateful thanks to St. Martin for favours received.—A.T., Lifford.

Grateful thanks to the Holy Family and St. Jude for prayers answered.—N.A., Herts.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude, Our Lady, and the Sacred Heart for many favours received.—Publication promised.—J.S., W.12.

Grateful thanks for prayers answered.—M.D., Manchester 8.

Thanks to St. Jude for prayers answered. E.M., Malta.

THE SOCIETIES

For some time now the cost of running our societies of The Child of Prague, St. Jude and The Little Flower have been increasing mainly due to the cost of postage. We have reluctantly, therefore, been forced to increase the subscription to £1.00 per year. We feel sure that our members will appreciate the necessity for this increase.