
THE**WHITEFRIARS — FAVERSHAM — KENT****MAY 1981****CARMELITE****Published by the Carmelites
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**LORD TEACH US
TO PRAY**

You'll never believe this story, but it's absolutely true, cross me heart and hope to die. Well, a friend of mine was sitting in his home on the night of the Budget watching the telly (no dear, not the one with the bald head who says, "Who loves you baby". That's Telly Savalas—Kojak to his friends. No, not him, just the telly T.V.—you know, the box with the pictures. Yes.) You know I'll have to do something about her before she drives me bonkers!

Where was I? Oh, yes—well, this friend of mine is sitting watching the telly on the night of the Budget hoping for a crumb of comfort to fall from the Chancellor's table—what a hope!—and listening to the dreary catalogue of so much on this and so much on that, and more tax for this and no allowance for that, and he's getting more miserable by the minute. Himself and the wife are old age pensioners, so they haven't too much to spare to pay for Maggie Thatcher's hair-do!

Anyway, there he is, sunk in his own arm chair with a face on him that would turn buttermilk sour,

throwing his spectacle case at the cat—he would have thrown the wife because she coughed just as the rise on beer was announced, but she was too heavy!—and growing more miserable by the minute. The wife, sensible woman, goes out and makes the tea while they can still afford it and brings it in. So they sip it and absentmindedly nibble the odd biscuit or two, still with eyes and ears glued to the telly. Every so often he grunts as if struck by a blow.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

Eventually flesh and blood can stand no more, and he switches off the telly and says, "I can't stand any more of this. For God's sake let's say our prayers and go to bed". They're too depressed to wash the cups and just leave them there and the pair of them get down to say the Rosary. You know how it is: one elbow on the seat of the chair with the hand holding up the head and the other arm across the arm of the chair with the hand holding the beads. After all, if you're going to pray, you might as well be comfortable!

So he starts off announcing the mystery: "The first joyful mystery of the Annunciation". "Tim", says the wife, "it's Tuesday". "What about it?" says he, getting confused and cranky, "Of course it's Tuesday. What has that got to do with the Rosary?" (They're a very loving couple). Then, of course, it

OUR COMING NOVENAS—**June 18th — June 26th****THE SACRED HEART****July 8th — July 16th****OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL****August 16th — August 24th****SAINT JUDE**

dawned on him, and he realized: sorrowful mysteries for Tuesdays. So he apologizes and starts again: "The First Sorrowful Mystery, The Agony in the Budget"! You can guess the rest. Do you think they laugh in Heaven? Well, if they never did before, I'm sure they did then.

Funnily enough, I think that was a real prayer.

And it's got to be true because herself says it is and anyway no one could be such a fool except in real life could they?

"If you keep your mouth shut everyone thinks you are stupid —then, if you open it, you prove you are."

John Barnwell on management (he is manager of Wolverhampton Wanderers Football Club and has now achieved the peak of fame by being quoted here!).

GOLDEN JUBILEE

Since I talked to you last time we've had a very happy occasion in our Province in the shape of our two Golden Jubilarians, Father Pat Geary and Father Tommy Gallagher. Both of them were ordained priests in Rome fifty years ago and both have spent the greater part of their lives as priests in England and Wales. Indeed, Father Pat has been here since 1936.

By a happy coincidence they were both members of the Aberystwyth community when they celebrated their Silver Jubilee and by an even happier coincidence they are both members of the Aylesford community and so celebrated their Golden Jubilee together there.

Congratulations poured in from all sides, and there was a celebration for the brethren and—beautiful idea—a special celebration for

their families and close friends who turned up to cheer them on their way, as it were, on this Carmelite marathon. And, as happened on the London marathon, our two winners came in level-pegging hand in hand.

LEAN YEARS

In these lean years for Religious and Priestly vocations it is heart-warming to know and share the lives of men and women in their seventies who are still young in heart, still bearing fruit, still happy in their Religious Life or in their Priesthood.

GOLDEN OLDIES

How we need them and their encouraging presence. Here's to the Golden Oldies. God bless them. And the same goes for all those lovely Golden Oldies of married life too, mums and dads, grandmas and grandads, without whose love and care, loyalty and laughter life would be so dead and dreary. Bless them all.

RETURN TICKET

Have you noticed something extra in your envelope this time? You have? You're a sharp lot you are—don't miss much do you?! Once again we have the cheek to ask you to sell raffle tickets for our student education fund because we need your help to keep things going. Thank God, we have the students, our problem is money. It would be terrible if it were the other way round wouldn't it?

Now, please do your best to sell a few for us, and if you need a couple of thousand more we'll send them gladly, just let us know! Really I'm a fool to be asking you to do your best for us, because I

know you do that anyway. So shut up, Maguire, and stop pestering people and go back to your prayers.

MONEY v MAN?

*Ill fares the land
to hastening ills a prey
where wealth accumulates
and men decay.*

Oliver Goldsmith
"The Deserted Village"

I wonder what Goldsmith would have written about our times—maybe he **was** writing for our times when he wrote for his own. What he wrote then is valid for all times.

It seems to me that the Big Match is not the Cup Final or European or World Cup or Wimbledon or Twickenham or any of these things—not even St. Andrew's. No, the Big Match is Money v Man. It always was and I fear it always will be. It shouldn't be, God knows it shouldn't be, but sadly, madly it is.

CRAZY

Yes, it is mad. Just think. Who makes the wealth, who grows the crops, who makes the machines, builds houses, cooks food, makes clothes, who does everything?—men and women, you and me. And who gets the wealth, the money that's been made? Why, men and women, of course, but not all get a fair share always. In fact, millions of men, women and children get a meagre pittance while thousands—only a few by comparison—have more money than they know what to do with.

Did you know, for example that in El Salvador in S. America the whole country is owned in effect

by about fourteen families? As you know there is fighting going on there. Is it any wonder? With my own eyes I saw in Brazil houses so magnificent and expensive as to baffle the imagination, and just round the corner lived half a million people in shacks little better than plywood with no sanitation worth talking about and no proper roads—just a sea of mud when the rains came. Is it any wonder if people refuse to lie down under injustice on such a large scale?

NOT COMMUNIST

No need to label as "Communist" everyone who tries to change the "status quo". Communism isn't the enemy: greed is the enemy. A greed that keeps millions in poverty so as to amass millions in profit. And it operates in our own country too, where there's money for office blocks and luxury flats but none for housing for ordinary men and women to get married and raise a family in decent surroundings. And we're being told to expect three million unemployed. What a waste of people's time and talent.

PRAY FOR JUSTICE

Let's pray for the people who are trying to put things right, for the people who've got it wrong, for the people who suffer as a result.

You needn't worry—I'm not going Communist! They haven't got the answer anyway. But I do admire **those** men and women who try to do something constructive about poverty and injustice, often at personal cost and even risk to themselves.

SUMMER

Here we are again in early summer sunshine. Isn't it great to feel

the warmth on your shoulders and your knees? Better than the telly any day (no dear, we're not getting a better telly today, just talking about the sunshine). You know, she's got a hearing aid but says her ear feels all bunged up when she puts it in!

May and June go together, Mary and Jesus inseparable in our minds and hearts. Mary in May reminds us that we get close to her son as she did—by doing ordinary things with extraordinary love and Jesus in June reminds us that his heart is so big, so loving, that we can always trust him to help us in his love no matter what. There is no one, absolutely no one, he cannot reach. "O sacred heart of Jesus, I place all my trust in thee". Simple, but it says everything.

CARMELITE FEASTS

I know you will remember us specially on 16th of July, Our Lady of Mount Carmel and 20th July, St. Elias, and we will remember you too, our friends and benefactors, without whom we would be so much poorer in every way, especially in friendship and prayer.

OH, ME HEART

On the way to the printers with the February letter I pulled into Farthing Corner—a service area on the M2—only to find when I got to the Cafeteria that three busloads

THE CRACKPOT

Everybody has the right to express what he thinks.

That, of course, lets the crackpot in.

But, if you cannot tell a crackpot when you see one,

Then you deserve to be taken in.

Harry S. Truman

of people were just ahead of me. So I turned and walked back to the car—no car! Truly, no car! I heard a thump at my feet and looked down to find my heart there! I wasn't so much worried about the car as about the bloomin' Newsletter. I couldn't face the thought of sitting down to write it all over again. You're lucky, you've only got to read it!

Well, there was no car, so I went back inside to phone the police, looked through the window—and there was my car on the opposite side of the road! I'd walked out of the wrong door and into the wrong car park. Of course everything looks the same. Phew!

Enjoy the warm, the trees, the flowers, the lovely days. Thank God for Summer.

Until next time,

Our Lady keep you

Edward Maynard

THANKS

Thanksgiving to The Sacred Heart, Blessed Martin and St. Jude.—M.D., Carlow.

Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Jude for favours received.—M.B., Derbys.

Grateful thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Jude and The Sacred Heart, for the great favour received.—C.B., Leigh on Sea.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude. — N.B., Glasgow.

Many thanks to dear St. Jude for past favours.—C.A.C., Cheshire.

Most grateful thanks to St. Jude for a favour received.—Mrs. Thomas.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude, Our Lady and The Sacred Heart for favours received.—J.C., London.

Thanksgiving to Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Jude, St. Joseph and St. Teresa.—D.D., Shard End.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude, St. Joseph of Cupertino, The Infant of Prague, Our Blessed Lady, St. Anthony and The Little Flower for so many favours granted.—A.T.N., York.



His Holiness John Paul II

paternally imparts a special

Apostolic Blessing to

The Members, Friends and helpers
of the Society of St. Jude, Faversham

as a pledge of continued divine protection.

Ex Aed. Vaticanis die 14. XI. 1978

+ Antonius M. Gratia Archiep.
Neuwynarus S. J.

