
THE CARMELITE NEWS

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WHITEFRIARS — FAVERSHAM — KENT

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SUN WORSHIPPERS

No, I'm not talking of the Aztecs of ancient Mexico but of the folk next door, he sprawled in a deck chair with the Sunday paper over his face and his sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and she draped gracefully across another deck chair with her brightly-coloured frock, big "Farouk" dark sunglasses, bare arms, legs and face covered in sun-tan oil and reading the Sunday glossy.

RITUAL

It's the weekly Sunday hour of worship that follows the ritual meal (roast beef and Yorkshire pud) shortly after one o'clock and is faithfully observed by most couples over thirty in these islands each week-end from May to September — weather permitting of course, always and in everything "weather permitting". In the old Christian days people used to say of something they planned to do: "God willing", like, "We'll go to Lambeth and see Auntie Winifred, God willing". Nowadays it's not so much "God willing" as "weather permitting", for the Sunday afternoon sun worshippers in the back gardens of Balham, Blackburn, Bangor, Brechin, Ballymena and Ballybunion.

SUNSHINE

But . . . if you're going to worship a false god I can thoroughly

recommend the sun. It's easy to understand how people worship something so beneficial, so life-giving, so uplifting in its influence.

Do you remember the last full week of March this year? It was the week of Lady Day, of the Hill-head bye-election that was to change the political face of Britain. For me it was the week of the sun, the first real sun of 1982. Oh yes, we had a few days in February of brilliant sunshine that cheered us up by its brightness. But it was like the dentist's handshake, no real warmth in it! That week in March was a different kettle of fish altogether.

The day started quietly with no sign of what was to come. The early morning was full of grey haze or mist or even fog in some places. Very much the same pattern to all outward appearance as the grey mornings of the dreary winter months that preceded it. One grey morning is much the same as another, you might think. Not so. Grey — yes; hazy — certainly; misty — often; foggy — sometimes; but there was a new element in the sameness that made all the difference in the world: the absence of cold. In the early morning it was not so much warm as not cold. That was the difference that made all the difference between each of the hundred other grey dawns of winter and this grey

dawn of spring, a dawn that would blossom into a full blown, warm, sunny day by the time we brewed our elevenses and looked over the steaming cups at the bright day and blue sky outside — and smiled back at it.

PLACES

That's just it, isn't it? Whether you live in Balham in the middle of a huge city or in Ballybunion on the edge of the Atlantic, a sunny day just *makes* you respond to it as if it were a person. You look at it and smile as if recognising a friend you are glad to see. And your world changes. The grey, wet, winter pavements and the drab stone and scruffy brick buildings come alive with colour and shadow and shape and the individuality that the winter had stolen from them.

Doorways and windows and angles and passages take on an existence and a personality of their own that make you look twice at them, when for three months you've hardly noticed their existence. It's a new world, indeed it is.

PEOPLE

And people, they change too. They come alive again. The dullness of winter hearts is dispelled like the fog outside by the warmth and brightness. Smiles break out like street lights being switched on, and perfect strangers greet each other with "Isn't it a lovely day?" and we all become human again and recognize each other. The human spirit is so subject to circumstances of a material kind that it seems to be a sort of yo-yo, up or down on the string of cir-

cumstance. What a world of difference a lovely day can make to us: and it costs us nothing. We can do nothing about it. We can neither switch it on nor turn it off. But when it comes, how it renews the face of the earth. No wonder people worshipped the sun. It is surely one of God's greatest gifts to us, not just for our bodies but for our souls too. It lifts us up to Him who made it. Thank God for Brother Sun.

HIGH POINT

As we approach May, we approach the high point not only of this summer but of this year, the Pope's visit. He comes not as a political leader like President Reagan, or a film star like Elizabeth Taylor, but simply as a man of God who by his own faith and service points to God and the things of God: Peace, Justice, Hope, Love.

"Pope John Paul II is one of the few people in this world today who is capable of raising our minds and hearts to the things of God that lie above and beyond the normal experience of everyday living. He is one of the few who can speak to us of how, in our everyday living, we can live in harmony as sons and daughters of God."

—Cardinal Hume

THE MESSAGE

This man from God comes to us in Britain in the month of Mary the mother of God made man, at the time of Pentecost. Isn't there a message for us in these times? Mary gave us Jesus in the first place. Let us pray that in her

month Pope John Paul II, who has such a great devotion to her, will bring the message of Jesus to us, to all of us in Britain, of every creed and colour. Let us pray too that the Holy Spirit, who was in Jesus' words to "bring to your minds everything I have told you", will open the ears and hearts of all to be receptive to that message, especially our own hearts — yours and mine. Whether we get to one of the Papal ceremonies is really unimportant compared to the importance of praying that the message of Jesus is proclaimed and received. That prayer is the greatest way of taking part in this visit — and you don't need a ticket and you don't have to queue. Just pray, offer up your illness, your arthritis, your heart.

NOT SO COLD SHOULDER

If Charles Lamb could write an essay on Roast Pig I don't see why I shouldn't write a paragraph on Roast Lamb, shoulder of same to be precise.

I dedicate these few lines to all those who have admitted defeat in respect of carving shoulder of roast lamb. Carving as opposed to hacking great chunks of meat and lumps of inedible fat off an obstinate, awkward bone, and no marks given for chopped left hands either. You can't get the fork properly into it anyway so it skids around as if possessed of a motive power of its own. Yet, as joints go it's not one of the more expensive, pound for pound, but perhaps a bit wasteful if you're not keen on fat, and as for carving — let's not go into that again.

I've discovered a way to avoid all that. Now don't all jump at

once and say "I knew it ages ago". I'm not saying I'm the first to discover it like Columbus, just that I have recently discovered it and am prepared to share this new found knowledge and culinary expertise. I am not just a pretty face, you know.

COOKING

The secret is in the cooking, as the cannibal said to the missionary. Pay attention:

Take a shoulder of lamb (kill the animal beforehand if at all possible) and with a fork (the gardening variety is a little on the large side for what we have in mind) prick the fat cover *con gusto* and *mucho*, smear lightly with oil, sprinkle with salt to taste and put into a very low oven (not too low

OUR COMING NOVENAS—

June 10th — June 18th

THE SACRED HEART

July 8th — July 16th

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

August 16th — August 24th

SAINT JUDE

or you will get backache or a slipped disc from bending). Leave for four to five hours, repeating the pricking process at regular intervals. If you haven't got a suitable fork a pair of well spiked running shoes will do the job quite adequately.

The idea is, of course, to allow the fat to melt and drain off the shoulder, hence Shakespeare's immortal line, "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt!" Incidentally, if you are one of those people

who get no pleasure out of cleaning an oven spilling over with lovely hot fat and trickling down upon the floor like oil upon the beard of Aaron as the psalm so beautifully puts it, you may find it convenient to put the aforesaid shoulder into a roasting tin before placing it in the oven. According to taste one may again sprinkle the outer carapace with just a suggestion of salt shortly before terminating the cooking process so as to add a certain extra crispness to the said carapace.

CARVING

To carve take the joint out of the oven (it's far too hot to carve in there) and put it immediately onto the carving board. Take a sharp, it has to be sharp-sharp, pointed knife (called a shoulder-blade) and slide it into the shoulder along the flat bone, thus separating it from the slight adhesions of meat and allowing it to be drawn out between finger and thumb of one hand while the other firmly holds the meat together (the third hand holding the knife can be kept to one side till needed). Having removed the bone, cut the shoulder into even, thickish pieces, carving vertically to ensure that each piece of lovely, tender, succulent, lean meat is crowned by a thin band of crisp, golden carapace. Every morsel can be eaten, though without teeth it takes a little longer!

The melted fat can easily be disposed of by putting it into the goldfish bowl. It should be done immediately while in liquid form, as the fish find it difficult to swim in otherwise. So try your hand at lamb shoulder without tears. You'll love it, I promise.

RAFFLE

Once again we ask you to help us by selling raffle tickets. It is an extra chore for you, I know, but I hope that you will co-operate with us once more as you have always done, and always so generously too.

FAMILY FEASTS

Let us all remember each other on our family feasts: Our Lady of Mount Carmel on 16th July and the Prophet Elias on the 20th, when Carmelites and their friends remember the origins of the Order and its work today.

I hope you will have many lovely days this summer to cheer your hearts and bring out the smiles. Till next time, God love you all.

Our Lady keep you

Edward Hughes Lam

THANKS

Thanksgiving to The Sacred Heart, Our Lady, Padre Pio, St. Martin and St. Jude for favours granted.—E.J., Preston.

Grateful thanksgiving for so many favours granted in answer to prayers. — M.G., Cumbria.

Sincere thanks to St. Anthony, St. Jude, The Sacred Heart and Our Lady for miraculous cure. A very grateful family.—W.C.1.

Thanksgiving for a great favour granted to The Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Anthony, St. Jude and St. Martin.—M.H., S.E.27.

Thanks to Our Lady of Grace and St. Joseph the Worker for favour received.—M.McC., Glasgow.

Thanksgiving to The Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, St. Jude, St. Joseph, St. Martin and St. John Macias, for safe confinement.—Marie, Co. Donegal.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude, Margaret Sinclair, St. John Ogilvie and Our Blessed Lady for favours received.—C.L., Glasgow.

Thanksgiving to St. Jude and St. Anthony for continued support. I.C., Maghull.

Grateful thanks to St. Jude and Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Martin and St. Brigid also St. Oliver Plunkett for favours received and O Level passes.—J.E., Mc., Armagh.