

OUR
CATHOLIC
LIFE

SUMMER
1968

A WINNER ALL
THE WAY



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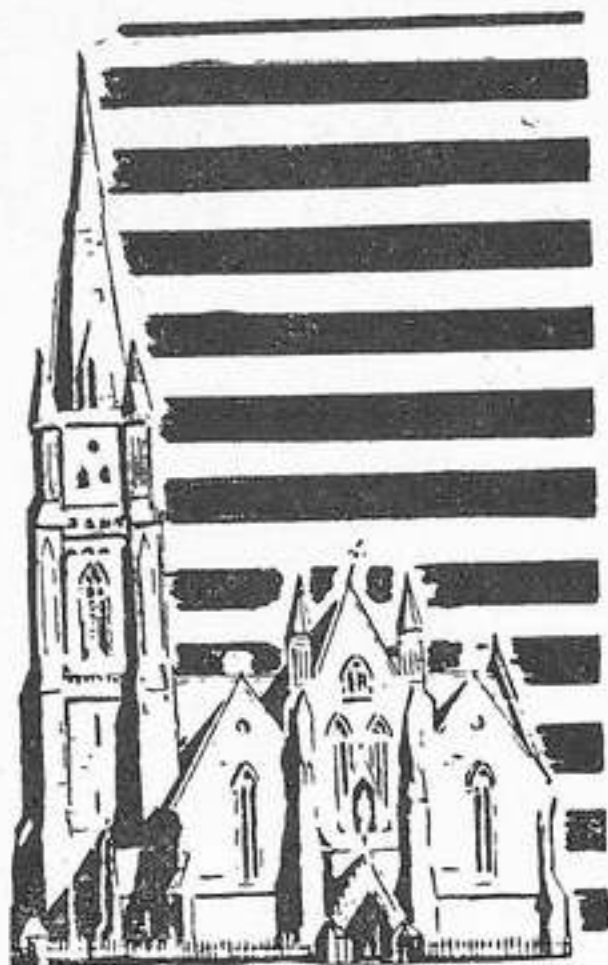


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OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

A Quarterly Magazine of the Diocese of Limerick, under the Patronage of His Lordship, Most Rev. Henry Murphy, D.D.

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Editorial

Houses and Jobs

In the controversy over housing in Dublin which resulted from Fr. Flannery's TV. programme *Outlook*, some people said they could not see what housing had to do with religion. The answer is that lack of houses and overcrowded or defective houses stunt the development of individuals and families, and hinders them from becoming the fully developed people their Creator meant them to become.

In the same way, inability to find suitable employment or, worse still, to find any employment at all, stunts even more seriously the lives of people whom God meant to sustain themselves by their work and find their happiness and fulfilment in it.

In the pre-Council Church we did not advert enough to the importance of working for a society which would make it possible for all our people without exception to develop as God intended. We are glad to welcome to this number of the magazine articles by lay members of our diocese which indicate that they see their Christian mission as being to work for such an improvement of our economy and social system as will make the possibility of full human development available to all our people.

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The Layman, the Council and the World

by FR. PHILIP TIERNEY, O.S.B.

TIME, IT IS SAID, heals everything. So true is this that the temptation looms large in our lives to avoid the often unpleasant confrontation which positive action inevitably involves and to settle for the comparatively easier course of letting things happen and making the best of what turns up. While this may be the prompting of discretion, there are, nonetheless, times when we are called upon to contribute our share in some cause as, for example, politics or the betterment of social conditions. As Catholics, one such pressing cause that we must face up to is the implementation of the Decrees of the Vatican Council, an event in our lives which calls out to all 'the people of God' and which in a very large measure depends on our personal co-operation and active support for its success. The impact of some of the Decrees has, indeed, been felt here in Ireland, but surely it is true to say that much remains to be done and put into practice and this needs to be spoken about and kept alive so that the ground, so well prepared, does not harden and refuse to bring to fruit the seed which has been deeply embedded.

CLERGY AND LAITY

The Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, *Sacrosanctum Concilium*, has by its content stolen most of the limelight and for the majority of people the only tangible and visible fruit of the Council has been the introduction of the vernacular into the Sunday Mass. They hear about ecumenical approaches, about a new attitude towards the Jews and even about the importance of the layman's role in the Church but they have no manifest evidence of the practical implications of these things — in fact they are unaware of any change in the concept of a teaching Church and a docile flock. What, they might ask, has become of the notion of dialogue, that key word for the updating of the bishop-priest-laity relationship? Unlike any change introduced from above, this change of relationship from the strictly vertical to a more horizontal one involves a certain positive abdication of control from those who up to now gave the lead in what has often been disparagingly referred to as a clerically dominated Church. It involves, too, an assuming of status on the part of the layman — a delicate operation seeing that there is no machinery for initiating

this relationship and in the absence of positive encouragement there are few laymen who are forthright enough to assert a right which they are not accustomed to exercising. Yet this integration of the laity into the essential structure of the pilgrim Church is one of the dynamic elements in the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church, *Lumen Gentium* — "Let sacred pastors recognise and promote the dignity as well as the responsibility of the layman in the Church. Let them willingly make use of his prudent advice. Let them confidently assign duties to him in the service of the Church, allowing him freedom and room for action. Further, let them encourage the layman so that he may undertake tasks on his own initiative . . . A great many benefits are to be hoped for from this familiar dialogue between the laity and their pastors; in the laity, a strengthened sense of personal responsibility, a renewed enthusiasm, a more ready application of their talents to the projects of their pastors. The latter, for their part, aided by the experience of the laity, can more clearly and more suitably come to decisions regarding spiritual and temporal matters"—(Section 37).

THE 'WORLD'

Surely the most far-reaching modification of Catholic teaching is the positive approach which the Council adopted towards the 'world.' No longer are we exhorted to regard the temporal order as something from which we must be detached and from which we must stand aloof. The age-old detachment of the Church from the 'evil world' is no longer valid. Catholics are exhorted in the most emphatic way to be involved in the world of today, to bring Christ into every sphere of daily life and to regard the 'secular' domain as the missionfield *par excellence* in which we all have a missionary role to play. "God's plan for the world is that men should work together to restore the temporal sphere of things and to develop it unceasingly"—(Decree on the Apostolate of the Laity, Section 7).

Time was when the ideal of Catholic practice lay in flight from the world, and anything not sanctified by religious content or motive was regarded with disdainful suspicion. This 'ghetto' mentality has now been replaced by a broad

acceptance of the principle that all things are good: "God saw all that he had made, and it was very good"—(Gen. 1:31, as quoted in the Decree on the Apostolate of the Laity, Section 7). This is the gist of so much that the Council addresses to the layman not only implicitly but quite explicitly and repeatedly: "The apostolate of the social milieu, that is, the effort to infuse a Christian spirit into the mentality, customs, laws, and structures of the community in which a person lives, is so much the duty and responsibility of the laity that it can never be properly performed by others. In this area the laity can exercise the apostolate of like towards like. It is here that laymen add to the testimony of life the testimony of speech; it is here in the arena of their labour, profession, studies, residence, leisure, and companionship that laymen have a special opportunity to help their brothers"—(Decree on the Apostolate of the Laity, Section 13). The world must be won for Christ at all levels and in every walk of life. Christians must throw themselves wholeheartedly into any enterprise, any human undertaking, be it merely in pursuit of material well-being, in order to bring the spirit of Christ into all endeavour. The Christian is no longer someone wrapped up in his quest for personal salvation, shunning the dangers of the world, the flesh and the devil. This gaping dichotomy between the spiritual and the material is done away with and wholeness is seen to be an essential element in holiness. Everything, even mundane affairs, becomes holy by being lived in a Christian context, or as being an occasion of bearing witness to the good tidings of the Gospel.

RESPONSIBLE CHRISTIANS

All of this, however, as the Council stresses repeatedly, calls for responsible Christians who are trying to live their faith — consciously — at all levels. There is no room here for the mediocre Christian who is satisfied with fulfilling his 'obligations' or who is happy and contented if he manages to avoid falling into mortal sin. Religion can no longer be conformity or something departmentalized — it must permeate the whole personality and enrich it with the graces of faith, hope and charity. This is not to suggest that sin and its sequelae no longer exist or no longer continue to exercise the virtue of the average Christian. Life is, and always will be, a constant warfare, a rising and a falling like waves on the seashore, but as the ocean is something more than the rippling waves on its surface so too the Christian life has a depth and an expanse that is unruffled by the vicissitudes and trials of daily life. It is this core of the human personality that the Council is trying to harness and bring into the

service of mankind so that the interplay between the search for personal redemption and the redemption of mankind at large may be harmonious and simultaneous, neither limiting nor hindering the fruition of the other.

It is here that the layman has so much to contribute. He has easy access to the variety of secular domains where laymen associate together in work and recreation and where clerical company is completely absent. This might be called the apostolate of the Christian 'presence.' No one is advocating that laymen should become soap-box preachers but the Council is recalling that each one of us must bring our fully responsible Christian outlook to bear on all our activities. This involves wholehearted commitment and a resolute living of principles which we accept not because imposed upon us from above by our adherence to one religious body rather than another but because they are consonant with our mature acceptance of the Christian way of life. "This Council exhorts Christians, as citizens of two cities, to strive to discharge their earthly duties conscientiously and in response to the Gospel spirit. They are mistaken, who, knowing that we have here no abiding city but seek one which is to come, think that they may therefore shirk their earthly responsibilities. For they are forgetting that by the faith itself they are more than ever obliged to measure up to these duties, each according to his proper vocation. Nor, on the contrary, are they any less wide of the mark who think that religion consists in acts of worship alone and in the discharge of certain moral obligations, and who imagine they can plunge themselves into earthly affairs in such a way as to imply that these are altogether divorced from the religious life. This split between the faith which many profess and their daily lives deserves to be counted among the more serious errors of our age"—(Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, Section 43).

All this in particular and so much more in general follows from the dominant emphasis throughout the Council on the role of the layman in the pilgrim Church. If there is a distinction of ministry there is nonetheless an equality of vocation: "Each individual layman must stand before the world as a witness to the resurrection and life of the Lord Jesus and as a sign that God lives. As a body and individually, the laity must do their part to nourish the world with spiritual fruits and to spread abroad in it that spirit by which are animated those poor, meek, and peace-making men whom the Lord in the Gospel calls blessed. In a word, 'what the soul is to the body, let Christians be to the world'"—(Dogmatic Constitution on the Church, Section 38).

One Saturday Morning

by NORAH CONWAY

IT'S FOOLISH, I know, to say that we haven't time because we have all the time there is, but even on a non working weekend, things have a way of crowding in on one. And so, with a mental shrug, one resigns oneself to not getting around, and slowly one's own relationship with a place fades as each trip back becomes more and more a matter of seeing relatives, friends and going to a succession of houses. It is a question of priorities and time and there isn't much you can do about it unless, of course, you get up early as I did (by accident) the last time I was home in Limerick.

It wasn't raining, for once, but a sharp morning, fine and sunny. The bare look of the yard in front of the Father's puzzled me until I noticed that the trees shading the wall behind the crucifix had been cut down. The previous evening a small niece had told me, very loftily, that it was to the Redemptorists, not the Fathers, she went to Mass! Down the short length of O'Connell Avenue from the Technical School to the Crescent and I bless myself twice going past St. Joseph's and the Jesuit Church. No wonder we have a reputation for piety! We should also have exceedingly limber right hands. Pery Square, ecumenically flanked by St. Michael's 'sinking' Church at one end and the Dominican one further down on the other, looked dignified as ever. I used to think the park opposite a model for all urban parks, and having walked through it again, think so more than ever. The impression is one of space and great greenness, trees, shrubs and, though there are plenty of them, the place is no way overfussed by flowers. A drift of narcissi was in bloom, and I had it all to myself except for a man who chatted placidly and with forbearance on the weather and state of things generally.

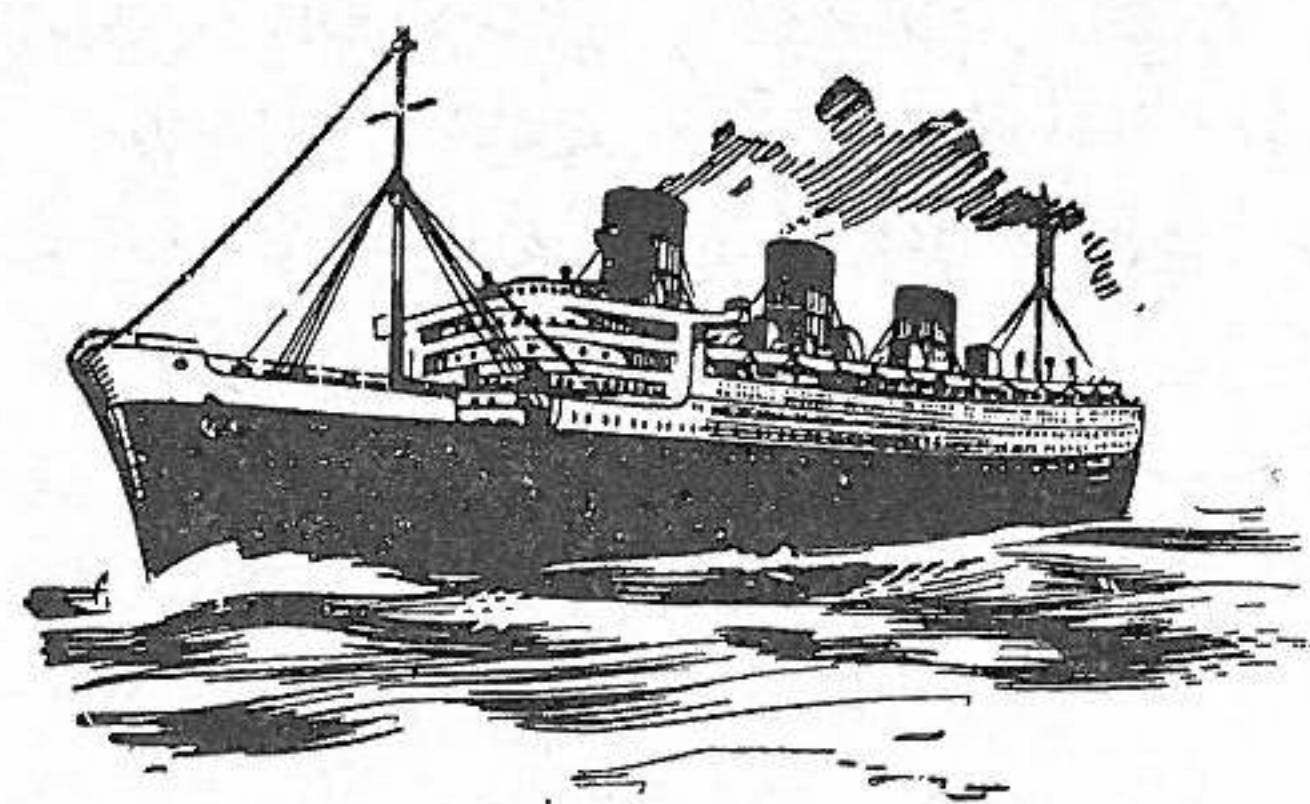
Down Glentworth Street with me and into Catherine Street to escape the cutting breeze blowing up from the river. Little Catherine Street fairly hummed with comings and goings, and before I knew it, I was in William Street. As if I could ever forget that William Street-on-a-Saturday air of prosperous and leisurely bustle with town and country people about their weekend shopping. This street, more than any other, epitomises that Limerick, for all its proud title of *urbs antiqua*, is essentially a market town, the capital of a county whose wealth is its land. The butchers' shops, each window festooned with

black puddings, were doing a roaring trade. Women cruised gently up and down, in and out, singly or in twos and threes, and one didn't even have to cock an ear for the drollery all round. A lad of twelve or so, having asked me diffidently to buy a flag, said he wasn't too sure what the collection was for but that the Brothers would let me know if I went up to them. The lack of information didn't seem to affect his sales adversely, for the box, his second that morning, was respectably heavy, and not with coppers either, he said. I felt lapped on all sides by a soothing and almost tangible feeling of ease. Inevitably, there are changes; remembered names gone from over quite a few of the shops; more butchers' stalls than I ever remembered, all catering, it would appear, for an orgy of black-pudding eating; an amazing absence of bicycles. But it is essentially the same and the discovery was cheering and reassuring.

High Street beckoned, but because of what lies at the end of it, the lure of Gerald Griffin Street was stronger. Halfway down a man sat on the floor outside an open doorway and whistled *The Blackbird* as he wove a wicker basket at incredible speed. A sudden gust caught a pile of littered papers and was spinning them like tops around St. John's Square. There it was, backed by the slender spire of the cathedral, derelict, dirty, down at heel, but holding the shape and traces of remarkable elegance and beauty. The Vincent de Paul hostel shows what money, care and a little vision could do for those other blocked-up hulks that form this square. An ambition is immediately born to restore and live, sometime, in one of those houses — an ambition backed, I'm afraid, by nothing but optimism. Roasted apples and the walls of Limerick! Never can I think of one without the other. The remains of the old wall in the ground of St. John's Hospital looked stout enough to me so I came to the reasonable conclusion that they must have grown a mighty tough strain of apple in those days. The graveyard of St. John's Protestant Church was closed, but old Limerick names leaped at me from the headstones nearest the gate through which I was peering like one pulled up short on the threshold of the Promised Land. (Old graveyards fascinate me.) One name provoked the uncharitable, unecumenical, but compulsive reaction of, "Aha, a souper." So much for charity.

Up Gerald Griffin Street again to see if the basket weaver was still at *The Blackbird* but he had switched over to the livelier *Paddy Whack*, which was better suited to the tempo of his work. I turned down into William Street again, for no better reason than that I have always loved William Street on a Saturday. O'Connell Street, its face lifted here and there, looked metropolitan and sophisticated, its shop windows, for the most part, very attractive — some of them indicating buying more enterprising than many a top Dublin store. Exceptionally striking were many of the older generation in a city noted for the beauty of its women. A heart-throb of my extreme youth passed by, his gallop well and truly halted by domesticity, his dash sadly diminished by obesity and false teeth. The traffic hasn't changed at all and, as always, moved me to a healthy regard for it. There is a tendency, gentle but insistent, to keep going, come what may. Remembering my vow to be on time for a half-one-on-the-dot lunch, I shot down to Arthur's Quay for what I think must be one of the prettiest sights anywhere; the river running down to the Curragh-gower Falls and on past King John's Castle, with the Clare hills standing guard behind.

I walked home by the docks and remembered that a Corkman once said that he envied Limerick people the lay-out of their city for they need never be out of reach of the river. The Danes, it would seem, for all their ancient misdeeds, knew a thing or two about town planning. The tide



was well in and though I knew I should have been regretting the lack of river traffic, I couldn't help revelling in the tranquillity of it all. A point of view that is altogether unsound, economically at any rate, unrealistic and would, very likely, come only from a woman. I have always longed for a little boat that would take me down the river right from the docks. This is my second ambition. In ten minutes I could be over from my elegant retreat in St. John's Square and on my way down to Foynes, Scatterry or wherever I'd fancy.

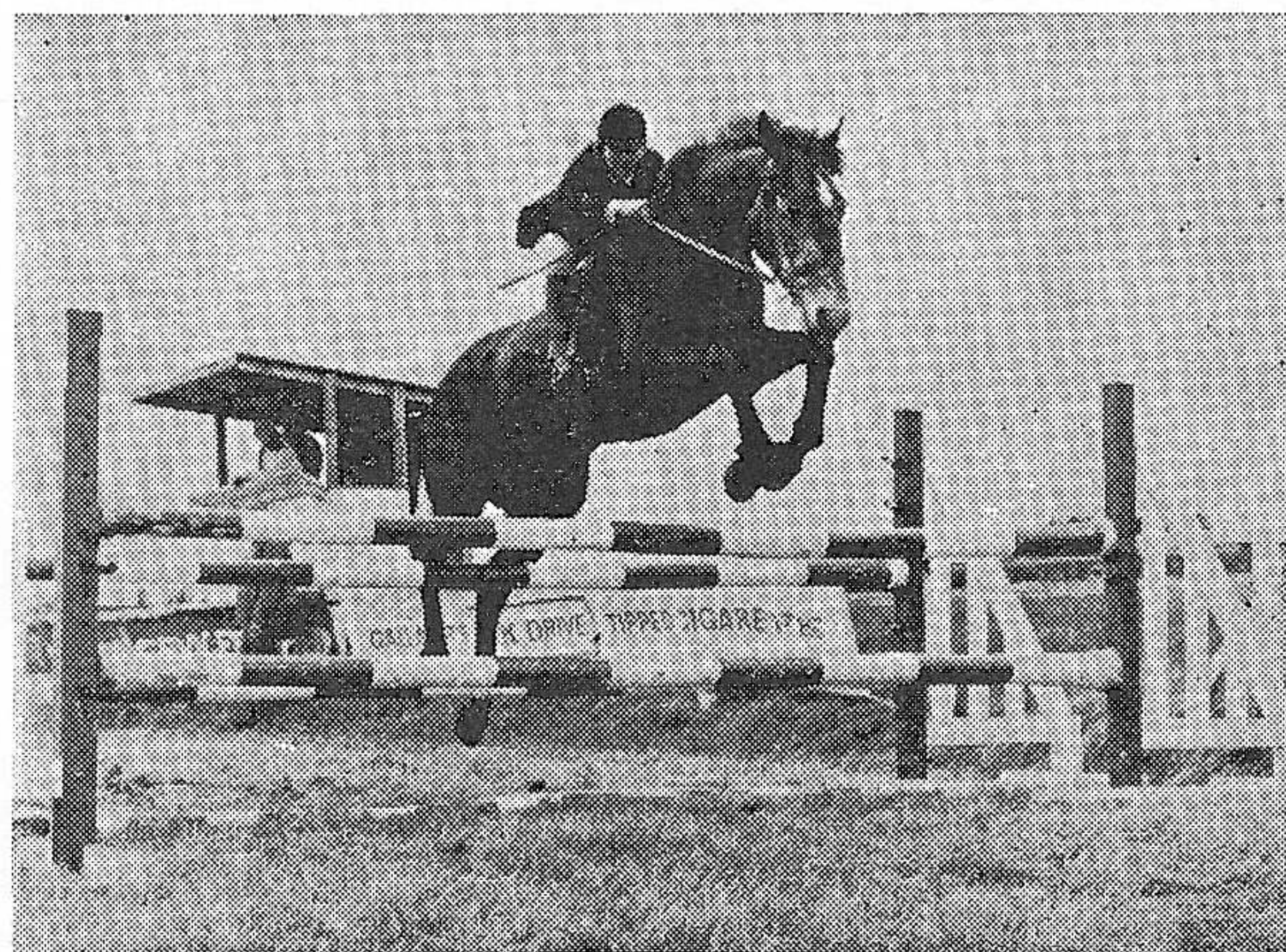
I had two fine sore heels for my morning's jaunting, but what was that against the delight of finding my own city again. I had, too, a grand pipedream to be going on with — the house in St. John's Square and the little boat. It's a tall enough order but not so tall that it mightn't come true sometime. That's what I like to think, anyway.

Edward Vallely is a young Limerick man who is a Marine Radio Officer. He sends us this poem from his ship in the Baltic.

Dawn Breaks

by Edward Vallely

*Dawn breaks with a scream
Sending the sleeping fog slide inland
To dim the eyes of the sweeter birds
For the sake of fear of silence.
Eight bells end, and send a kept
Feathered fast, not ever to sing,
Fall with light from a ragged rock
And wheel in the weed green stuffed air:
A knife in the wet wind
With a beak to break a back larger than a wing
The gannet comes with lonely terror
To the swimming friday unreprieved
Measuring time with sailing salt
In a wet world of unceasing fear
They wait for the flying axe,
Not knowing that he will come
With death in a splash of light,
A confused plunge into the hymning holy blue
Where honoured among fish mother Carey breaks
A storm of dusky doves
To carry the heavy flying news.
And I in my floating house, witness
To this nature named hard end
Wonder innumerable was life their only crime.*



Over the jumps at Limerick Show.

WOMAN'S PAGE

by "BAIRBRE"

HAVE YOU EVER noticed how fashions in public discussion change? The trials and tribulations of our youngest citizens have been the favourite subject on mass media for so long that saturation point has now been reached. The 'in' subject at present is the role of women in modern Irish life, and what a complex study that promises to be!

GALLUP POLLS

I must confess to a certain wariness of the results of Gallup polls, mini surveys and the like, but some interesting facts emerge from a poll conducted by a national newspaper recently. Harsh words were uttered about Irish husbands and their general attitude to marriage, but despite this criticism, very few women are really discontent with their lot. We all crib now and again — it does us good to let off steam once in a while — but it cannot be denied that the vast majority of Irish wives get their priorities right. Their primary concern is for husband, family and home. There are, of course, exceptions — the self-centred to whom it is more important to be seen wearing the latest haute couture model than to be seen with their children. Husband is the vague somebody in the background who pays the bills, but when youth and looks have gone, so too has the family affection which they now need so desperately.

Blame for the selfish attitude of Irish men towards marriage was laid fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the women themselves. It was generally felt that mothers spoiled their sons to such a degree that they expected, without question, the same standard of exclusive attention from their wives. Women themselves also had the remedy for this state of affairs; boys should be trained, at an early age in the home, to respect their sisters and mothers and not to look on them as the servants of men, but as their equals. Education on these lines, it was believed, would greatly change the outlook within a generation.

PRE-MARRIAGE COURSES

Pre-marriage courses have been of great assistance to girls considering matrimony. If it were

possible for every parish to run its own course each year, making it available to all the girls in the parish, more marriages would get off to a better start. Limited accommodation, lack of finance and shortage of lecturers however, determine the number of such courses that it is possible to organise.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

Great stress is laid on the need for more women in political life. No one can deny that the need exists, but it is not easy for a woman to invade this hard, ruthless, masculine world. The rigours of a tough, hard-hitting political campaign have caused many a hopeful candidate to have second thoughts on the eve of a convention. However, it can also be an exciting and rewarding life, and as women form over 50% of the electorate, they have the power to elect a greater number of their own sex to government. Women could make a valuable contribution in such vitally important fields as housing and care of the sick and old. If we stopped moaning about the lack of female T.Ds, and attacked the problem in a constructive manner, a change could be effected within a short time.

RURAL IRELAND

The conditions under which many wives have to live in rural Ireland have also been under fire. There is little excuse now for a passive attitude on the part of women living in the country. They have the power to organise and agitate through membership of the many excellent organisations open to them, such as the I.C.A., Muintir na Tire, the Irish Housewives' Association, to mention a few. If they cannot get the men to raise the status of the rural wife to a position of dignity, they must act themselves and keep fighting until this urgent social problem is solved, and life for women in rural Ireland is made attractive.

It is clear then that the time for crying is over and it is up to women themselves to take up arms and fight for their long overdue rights.

ARDAGH TALENT

by CLEM O'SULLIVAN

Mary McCormack, of Ardagh, won the first prize of £50. James Lehane and Marie, from Kilfinane, got £20 for being 2nd, and the tenner for 3rd was split between Eily O'Brien from Ahane and Sean Ward from Abbeyfeale.

This was the final result, announced on the last night of the eight-week Ardagh Open Talent Contest held recently. There had to be a winner, a runner-up, and a third, for wasn't that what the thing was all about? But the bare result hides eight weeks of drama, humour and lots and lots of fun for those who competed and those who attended at the hall in Ardagh for eight successive Fridays. I know, for I was there! And I'm going to tell you all about it!

A few rough statistics first to put you in the picture. The hall was full the first night, packed the second night, jammed tight the third night, had an extra door put in the next night, had a bigger stage built the following night, had a balcony installed another night, and on the final night the hall was crammed — there were 30 or 40 of the public backstage, and hundreds were turned away.

There were about eighty competitors in all. They included dancers and singers, group items and solo items, fluters, fiddlers and bodhrán players, guitar players, tin whistlers, mouth-organ players, melodeon players and accordeon players. There was a magician and a comedian. There was a lad of 12 and a lad of 75 and, of course, there were ladies from 10 to 39! And they came from all over the world, or the diocese anyway. Anyhow, they came from Ardagh and Carrickerry, from Newcastle West and Rathkeale, from Ballylaugh, Abbeyfeale and Knockaderry, from Ahane and Knocklong. You name it, they came from it.

Then there were the guests. There were guest artists every night. John B. Keane was there, as was Seán Aherne from Moyvane. Jim Hartigan was there from Limerick and Cait Cuish was there. Eoin Neville was there and many others. And a few nights we had sketches from the Foleys of Ballyhahill. These sketches were written and produced by the father of the Foley family, and were performed by three of his children, two of whom, at least, will have Tom and Pascal looking to their laurels in the not too distant future! And to add to our enjoyment, twice nightly — every night — we had music from the Glenside Band of Ardagh. These latter were an invisible asset to the evening, as they played before the

show and during the interval — behind the curtain.

Then we had our adjudicators. Three separate panels of three. One trio adjudicated the heats, another trio sorted out the two semi-finals, and yet a final triumvirate made the all-important final selection. Amongst these able personages was Gary McMahon — son of Bryan — who not only delivered some Daniel-like judgments, but entertained us with some well-chosen ballads, and, having brought the house down in Ardagh, went on to 'Bring down the Lamp' on a more prominent stage! And our city friends were well represented. There was a Collery there — now of Newcastle West — but better known to many of us as a brother of Fr. Jimmy's, and who has another brother down in the Town — sorry — City Hall. And a certain Rosaleen Clancy, who teaches in the Mount, and whose brother is a well-known contributor to *Our Catholic Life*. (A 2/6d. book token to the sender of the first correct answer!) And out from Limerick — but not from Limerick, if you get my meaning — went an S.J., by name Marmion. Fr. Marmion was the nearest the Committee could go towards getting a touch of infallibility on the panel. Fr. Hickey — the Fr. Hickey from Moyvane — an Athlone drama winner, was there, as was Bro. McQuillan from the nearby Oblate establishment. All are now safely back home — a tribute to their wisdom or to the forbearance of the also-rans and their entourages!

And were there some also-rans! They didn't bring home the bacon, but they provided the vast bulk of the enjoyment and gave pleasure and many a laugh to us all. If the Editor were prepared to devote this whole issue — and the next one! — to the Ardagh contest, I could mention them all. But, alas, I have room for only a few.

David Finn from Herbertstown performed Ireland's first heart transplant, and successfully inserted what looked to me like a cow's heart into the space formerly occupied by a sheep's heart — and all with the aid of a most hygienic looking Baluba knife! There was a group from Newcastle West — ballads and guitars — who had only been together for ten minutes, and who performed their entire repertoire — one full ballad and one half ballad — to the great delight of the crowd. There was a young local who didn't know a full verse of any ballad, and an "old" local who knew 48 verses of each of two ballads. We had four mothers (with a total of 12 children)

who did a four-hand reel. We had a superb performance from the Murphy Trio from Abbeyfeale, who couldn't have been more than a decimal point away from the prizes. There were many, young and old, who used the talent contest to get their first stage experience. They couldn't have picked a more appreciative and kind audience.

And why did Mary McCormack win? Because her dancing of three set dances was technically perfect in a large variety of steps. And Jimmy Lehane produced an excellent silent ten minutes of magic which was great entertainment. Eily O'Brien of Ahane shared 3rd prize because she had a cold and wasn't at her best, and if there is another contest next year, young Seán Ward on the accordeon will take a lot of beating.

So there you have it — or some of it. There was a local Committee who did all the work — and what a lot of work they did! These were ably led by the new curate — late of Dromin — by the name of Elliott. And what was it all in aid of? A beautiful new church which will serve the parish for many years, D.V.

Focal Sclair! The P.P. was there every night in the midst of his flock, and I know my city readers will be very glad to hear that he is looking extremely fit on the Ardagh fresh air. For he is Fr. Costello who ministered for many years in the Parish, and I (of the Parish myself) was glad to see him on final night accompanied by Fr. Kennedy (now of Croagh) and formerly also of the parish. I wonder do they know St. Mary's won the Munster Junior Cup!

The Handyman About The House—contd.:

the paint could easily be poured into another container before use — minus the offending skin.

However, having made the initial mistake, when you have stirred the paint — skin and all if you cannot get it off in one piece — cut a piece of tin that will just fit inside the tin of paint. Punch holes in the piece of tin with a nail and place this on top of the paint. This will only allow the paint through and you will have no unsightly pieces of the skin attaching themselves to the brush and ruining your paintwork.

In the next issue, I hope to give details of a very attractive light for outside use — say, at your front door — which can very simply be made from a large glass coffee jar.

In the meantime, do not forget to send me any ideas you may have seen or thought up yourself. It is only by exchanging ideas that we will get places and really help each other.

The Handyman

About The House

by JAMES KELLY

IT IS AMAZING what a little ingenuity can do to improve your comfort inside and outside the house. Many everyday items can be used to make simple but effective additions for your benefit. In this column, I hope to exchange ideas with other handymen, so if you have any ideas please let me know about them and I will pass them on, through the medium of this magazine, to other readers.

How often have you been kept awake at night simply because heavy rain pouring into a drain beneath your window made an irritating noise? It is simple to remedy this if you have a plastic bag and a piece of string. Simply cut off the bottom of the bag, push it over the end of the down-pipe and tie it in position. Then put the other end of the bag into the shore so that it rests in the water. This gets rid of the annoying trickling noise, and you can rest in peace.

Still on the rain-pipe business: have you by any chance one of those annoying outlets at the end of a downpipe that directs the rainwater out over the shore every time there is heavy rain, spreading water all over your yard or garden and flooding the place? If you have an empty plastic bottle — such as a detergent bottle — simply cut the bottom off and slit along two opposite sides for a little over half the length. This can now be forced over the end of the outlet pipe with the spout pointing into the shore. There is sufficient grip by the split sides to keep the bottle in the correct position, so all the water will be directed into the shore. You will be surprised at how really effective this simple remedy is.

PAINT

Have you ever tried to use paint that you have stored away for some time and discovered that in spite of the greatest care some of the skin that had formed at the top kept coming on to the brush, making a decent paint job almost impossible? You could have avoided this if you had replaced the lid firmly before you stored it and then allowed the tin to stand on the lid. The skin would then have formed at the other end and if necessary

DIOCESAN ITEMS

Recently we read with interest that the Dublin diocese has established a branch of the Marriage Advisory Service. Looking back on the work done by the Marriage Advisory Council in Limerick in the past number of years, it is a fair presumption that Dublin will be glad they have established this service.

The Marriage Advisory Council was set up here in 1959. Suitable candidates had first to be picked. Men and women who were excellent at their work, excellent in home-making, excellent in rearing their children, people with fine personalities and many gifts failed to be chosen for the training course not because they weren't excellent mothers and fathers and intelligent people but because it was thought this was not the type of work they would be best suited to.

So at first there was a careful screening of all candidates to find those suitable for the difficult work. Then there was an intensive course of talks, discussions and reading over a long period before the group were admitted as Counsellors. It is no wonder then that this group has done so much good in the diocese since they have been trained. They are mainly responsible for the three pre-marriage courses which are now held each year at the Social Service Centre. There is an average attendance at these courses of 50 couples. Looking back, the couples who have done the course and are now married are unanimous in their praise and say that one way or another these courses have helped them in their home-making.

At present there is another course for parents. Any parent may turn up at the Social Service Centre on a Thursday night for discussions on all the problems of parents. These discussions are led by the marriage counsellors.

The marriage counsellors are invited to speak in schools, mainly secondary and vocational, to the children on the problems of life. Regularly now the schools are sponsoring meetings of parents of First Communion children, meetings of parents of Confirmation children, and meetings of parents of school-leaving children. The marriage advisory counsellors attend these meetings and address the parents and answer questions on the best way of talking to these children on their special problems.

Besides all this work, marriage counsellors are available for private talks by appointment at the Social Service Centre in Henry Street. They have a busy time but can feel happy that they are making a big contribution to the community of Limerick and to the diocese.

ORDINATIONS

History was made in St. Mary's Church, Rathkeale, on Sunday, June 16th, when His Lordship, Most Reverend Dr. Murphy, ordained three priests for the Diocese of Limerick. This was the first occasion on which an ordination ceremony had taken place in Rathkeale Parish Church.

The three young men ordained were: Fr. Tom Fennell, a native of Rathkeale; Fr. Tom Ryan of Davis Street, Limerick, and Fr. Michael Liston of Banogue.

We congratulate these priests on their ordination; we welcome them to the diocese, and we wish them *ad multos annos* in God's service.

.....

Some of the decorations are still hanging over the streets of Limerick. They remind us of a hectic week honouring the centenary of the Mens' Confraternity in Limerick. Who can count the thousands of ex-Confraternity men who have gone to their reward since 1868! Congratulations to the men and to Fr. Egan, C.S.S.R., and to the many great directors that Limerick men have known.

Reminder . . .

NOTICE RE CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We wish to announce that the Diocesan Organiser's Office and the A/P Pools Office are transferred to 66 O'Connell Street — ground floor.

If you have any enquiries about Union of Prayer, A/P Pools, Pilgrimages, Mite Boxes, etc., etc., you will remember 66 O'Connell Street.

The Travelling People

by BRIAN KELLY

THE PROBLEM OF itinerants has hit the news headlines in the past few months, with the result that many local committees emerged to help these unfortunate people. We in Limerick have our own committee. It was formed a little over 18 months ago.

The reason for its formation was:—

- (1) To get to know the itinerants living in or about Limerick.
- (2) To render help to them.
- (3) To help them to help themselves, so that they can take their rightful place in today's society.

These are only three reasons I mention, but they are very many more.

Initially we had 17 families on file, but now we have 26 families and I can say that each family had many problems. Some of these were:—

- (1) Overcrowding in caravans.
- (2) Lack of education.
- (3) Lack of food and clothing.

These are three of many problems, but we felt that these three needed urgent attention. Before I proceed any further, I would like to quote some figures which should interest the reader. In the settled population the living space per person is 400 cubic feet minimum (according to the Housing Act), whereas the itinerants have only 35 cubic feet in caravans and 20 cubic feet in tents. The infant mortality rate is 30.5 per 1,000 among the settled population and 70 per 1,000 among the itinerants. Of the settled population 100% of those entitled possess Social Insurance, while only 5% of the itinerants possess this insurance. These are startling but true figures and I think when you have really digested them you will see why we should be more patient and helpful towards the itinerants.

OVERCROWDING

In the course of my work with itinerants I have come across families of eleven, including mother and father, living in one caravan. Can you imagine eleven people, all in one caravan,

boys and girls of twelve and thirteen years of age sleeping side by side? This surely is not right. I also found that some family incomes were quite inadequate to provide for four days, whereas in fact it had to do for the full week.

EDUCATION AND SCHOOLS

Lack of education seems to be one of the first problems to be tackled. It is indeed pitiful to see boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years with a mere two months' education. Seeing this problem to be in need of immediate attention, we set up a school which was run by Mrs. McNamara with the help of students of the High School of Commerce. After some time this school was quite inadequate to deal with the numbers we had coming, so we decided that each child should take his or her place in our National Schools. From reports of some of the teachers in their schools, the itinerant children are very good pupils and they are showing great promise.

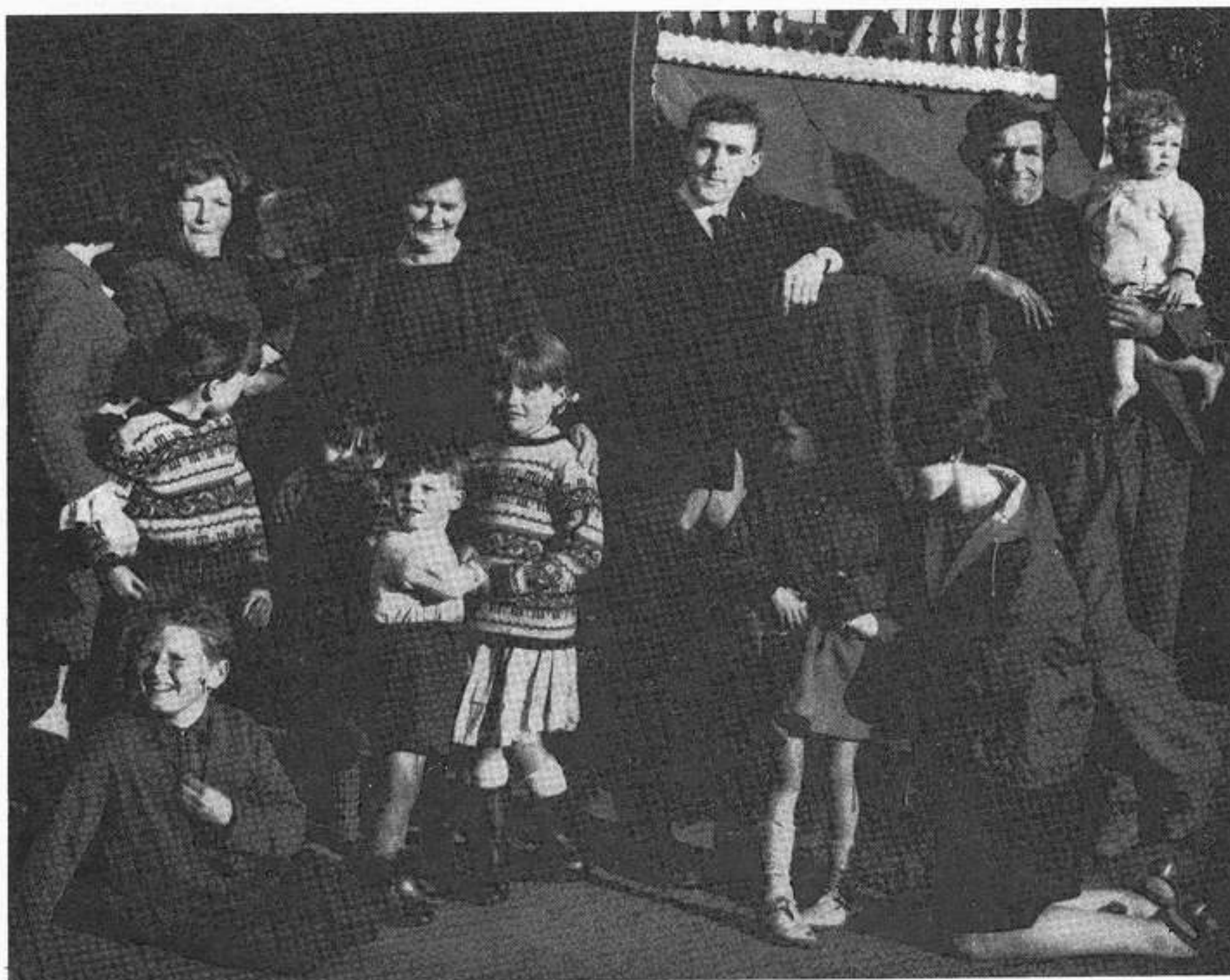
ACCOMMODATION

The committee have endeavoured to provide caravans where needed. Priority was given to families living under canvas. To date the committee have supplied five caravans and the pupils of the Presentation Convent, Limerick, are working hard to raise funds so that another itinerant family may have a roof over their heads.

We also issue food vouchers and clothing to families where the income is not sufficient to support them. Where caravans or other essentials like stoves, horses and carts are provided, the family are expected to repay the committee a nominal fee weekly or monthly as the case may be for what they have received.

The committee are at present having talks with the City Manager with a view to finding sites or halting places. The ideal situation would be where one could have three to five families living in one site which would have sanitary arrangements, etc. Such arrangements would condition the itinerants for their final integration into the settled population.

The commission which reported on the problem of itinerants pinpointed the need for sites. This report has also helped to give local committees a better understanding of the whole problem



Members of the Committee, Mrs. Nora McNamara, Fergus Murrihy, Ina McMahon and Betty O'Donoghue with the Cawley family.

The itinerants have always been with us, but who would have believed even twenty years ago that such an unwanted and discarded group would warrant the setting up of a commission. The answer to the problem lies with us the settled community; if we understood the real problem years ago, then in all probability it would be settled today. So it is up to the settled population to see that an end is put to the problem. With the setting up of local committees there has been a great awakening of the public's conscience — in fact, more and more people are offering their help and it is with their help and enthusiasm that we shall see an early end to the problem.

SOCIAL ANTAGONISMS

I have often heard comments against itinerants, such as that they would not work if they got jobs, that they are always fighting and drunk on

the streets, and then comes what I believe to be the most typical comment of our so-called Christian community, "We do not want these itinerants living near us."

Maybe some of the comments are true, for one cannot expect people who never had the privilege of education or who never knew what it was to live among the settled population, to change overnight. But their children can be taught and given the opportunity of assessing the difference between the old life and the new.

Itinerants possess many unsavoury, unacceptable characteristics. No doubt so would we if someone had not taken the trouble to educate us and to fight for a better way of life for us. People say itinerants are not to be trusted — but are we to be trusted either? I know from experience and from working with them that they can indeed be honourable, and that they pay their debts. You

(Continued on page 14)



A SHORT STORY . . .

The Ploughing

by T. G. NESTOR

*I will go with my father a ploughing
To the green fields by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses,
With the lark in the white of the air.
And my father will sing the plough-song,
That blesses the cleaving share.*

—JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

In the Spring we ploughed, my father and I, when one half of February was behind us and the bitter east wind was blowing in the other. Ploughing was compulsory then and the government appointed tillage inspectors. They came in shiny new cars and with little black books, and they walked the land and said, "Plough this field and that and only grow wheat." They wrote it down in their little black books and came back later to check. Far away, a thousand miles, there was a war and all over Europe the lights were out. We rarely heard of the war. Now and then word filtered through; garbled, unreal accounts of

places like Dunkirk and later Normandy. Sometimes a man died in those places, a man we knew — one of our neighbours — and then the war was real. But time took his memory from us and the war was a thousand miles away again until Spring came round.

My father held the plough and walked the furrow. I held the reins and walked the virgin soil, driving my team, and I was Cuchulainn driving a chariot to battle. The horses had Christian names. Angus, the lead horse, on the right and Grainne on the left. Angus was the placid one, and his temperament sobered the frisky Grainne and she walked and ploughed in step with him. Angus was always well shod—he was the cart horse and he pulled the trap on Sundays. He loved the trap and once between the shafts sobriety disappeared. He threw his legs high in the air and his irons rattled his pleasure in a brisk sharp tattoo. Grainne was part thoroughbred and fiercely independent. She resisted successfully all our efforts to train her to the cart and Angus alone influenced her. And so she

ploughed with him, unshod hooves rising in unison with the glinting irons of Angus.

The ploughshare was shining metal reflecting the light, little rays of colour darting amongst the brown earth of the cloven soil. I watched the earth as it turned over, until the clay was a roll of oaken parchment, forever unfolding from the magic ploughshare. We uncovered a whole new world, sea shells and smooth round pebbles, fossilised pieces of stone, we wrought havoc on colonies of ants and they darted hither and thither, regrouped, and scurried off to colonise anew. We evicted grubs and snails but they cared not, for languidly they turned over, lethargic and lazy and felt the first rays of the new discovered sun. I scraped the clinging earth from the ploughshare and the soil was brittle and warm. It broke and ran through my fingers and the feeling was like dipping my barefoot feet in a roadside stream coming home from school.

Up and down we went — my father, horses, plough and I. Down one side of the field and up the other and all the time that ribbon of earth streaming out behind us. Now and then the ploughshare would strike a rock and the handles would fly in the air, pulling his arms asunder. But he was young then, we both were, and the hands that held the handles were firm and strong. He wielded the sledge like a blacksmith and the rock splintered and broke apart, and we threw it on the ploughed earth. "The reins, son," he would say then, and again on we went, Cuchulainn driving his chariot.

WALKING TALL

The silence was all around us. It lay like a cloak in the still air, shielding us from the world. The field was a warehouse of peace surrounded by wood on three sides. Sound came only from the fourth when the noise was louder than usual and the hill was unable to absorb it. Voices at noon, my schoolmates across the fields were playing at lunchtime. I was happy, for I knew they envied me, free from school, walking tall beside my father. My father was the greatest man in the world, greater even than Cuchulainn, and he knew everything — why sea shells were here in the fields and not on the sea shore, and what made the pebbles round — and when the swallows came. Sometimes he talked as we ploughed and I could only listen enraptured with his words and the stories he told, as I basked in the aura of his knowledge. "Once a very wealthy man named Mannix built that house you see on the hill and he never lived in it. Because he made his workers put on the roof on a Sunday and that night God sent a storm and it blew the roof into the next parish. Mannix was very angry and

he waited until the following Sunday and again they put the roof on. But God blew it down once more and Mannix was killed in the storm. That's why it's called 'Mannix's Folly.' The big house amongst the trees. They have come down in the world now. But I remember once in December I passed by that house and the Major and his wife and all the children were mounted and ready for the hunt. There were twenty-one horses in that yard, for the Major had nineteen children and it was Christmas time."

Early Spring was the fox-hunting season and the hounds were often near us. Suddenly shattering the silence, a clear bugle note would sound and the echoes would make a symphony of the music and the baying hounds were the applause when the notes had died away. My father would leave the plough and hold Grainne by the head, for the thoroughbred in her longed for the chase and she pranced in excitement. The hunt brought glamour to our world and we thought of riches and motor cars. Red-coats were like ancient phantoms flickering through the trees and I longed to be one of them.

On and on, the cleaving share breaking the stubborn earth. Behind us the gulls followed the ribbon of streaming clay, feasting on the delicacies that the ploughshare bared, and they were silent in the search. They stood shoulder to shoulder in a long grey line, serried ranks of infantry standing on the rows of ploughed earth and above their comrades were airborne, squadrons diving and wheeling behind the plough. "Angus to the left," my father would say and I would halt the straying Angus and bring him back to the furrow. The horse always stopped at the end of the field before he made the turn and rounded the 'headland.' It was at this point every now and then that we would empty the clay from our rubber boots and my father would sit on the dry grass beneath the blackthorns and have a few pulls on a cigarette. Angus always waited for this to happen and whisked his tail in annoyance when it didn't. He was almost human, was Angus. He heard my mother call long before we did. She called from the house when dinner was ready and Angus would halt in his track, pricking up his ears. Then we too would stop and listen and the call would come from the east, borne on the young spring wind. We rode home together on Angus when Grainne was unyoked and cropping the headland. We ate like men from the mountains, steaming mounds of mashed potatoes hiding chunks of home-cured bacon and crowned with diced turnips. We washed it down with great mugs of milk and lay back feeling the strength seeping back into our bodies, while the inner man rumbled his pleasure.

We talked while the tea brewed. A neighbour

had called in the lull before dinner and my mother had little snippets of news, or better still, much better, the postman came. From far away in Boston a son had remembered at last, and my mother read his letter and forced back the tears until he said "I'll be going home in the summer." For summers came and went and he never did come home, and the summers were winters of hopeless waiting.

.....

I held the reins and walked the virgin soil and my father walked the furrow. I watched the shadows on the hill, wave after wave as the clouds moved across the sun, and the breeze adding to the movement. Sometimes the wind was cold, very cold, and it robbed us of the silence and got inside our clothes. Movement was slow behind the plough and when the wind was bitter we never warmed. It cracked our lips and hands and there was blood on the reins and on the plough handles.

Sometimes men came into the field carrying guns in their hands, their dogs beating the hedges and the tall grass beneath. They passed us by and never said a word and I wondered why they never worked. But my father pieced the story together — the Colonel and the Major for pleasure, the candlestick maker for labour. My mother came at three with a basket and a gallon tin. We stopped the plough at the headland and we drank the tea and ate brown bread coated in strawberry jam, and kept the currant cake for dessert. Another hour and the light began to

fade. The gulls took off in formation and night crept into the fields. Curlews went flickering by in the half light, crying like banshees heralding the rain, and in the blackthorns a blackbird sang to his mate. We rode home together on Angus and the night was all around us, the silence like a judgment on the air.

The Travelling People—contd.

may ask where do they get the money for boisterous weddings, but that is their secret. The important thing is that they are honourable enough to pay for what they consume. On the death of an itinerant too, the relatives gather from everywhere and anywhere within hours to pay their respects to their dead colleague and to see that the deceased is properly waked and buried. Have you ever seen them bidding farewell to emigrant relatives at stations or ports? Take a look at them the next time you see them and then say they are devoid of feelings, that they are not worth cultivating.

As members of a democratic state, we must be prepared to uphold the equality for which men fought and which we treasure so proudly. This will demand sacrifice and co-operation and the vital question is, are we willing, as our Lord said: "To love our neighbour as ourselves." If we are, then an early solution to this problem is foreseeable.

I hope these last few lines and indeed the whole article has given the reader food for thought.

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Sex Education In Limerick

IN RECENT YEARS the Church has emphasised the need for a truly Christian education in sexual matters. This means bringing up a child gradually to a proper understanding of sex in the light of the Christian vocation to love and serve God and our fellowmen. Many parents feel so helpless at the mere thought of this, that they close their eyes to it and hope for the best. The reason for this helplessness is that their own sex education is deficient. They have not got the knowledge or cannot express themselves.

LIMERICK C.M.A.C.

Part of the work of Limerick Catholic Marriage Advisory Council (C.M.A.C.) is to provide sex education. Parents and their school-going children are helped by education counsellors to become better informed and more Christian in their attitude to sex and marriage. Sex education must be given by the parents who have taken the trouble to learn how to give it.

TALKS TO PARENTS

A number of schools in the city and county have had talks to parents on the sex education of their children. The city schools were: St. Patrick's, Presentation (Sexton Street), Presentation (Janesboro'), Mount St. Vincent Primary and Secondary, Ballynantybeg, Ballinacurra Weston, St. John's Girls, St. Mary's Secondary School. The rural schools were: Rathkeale, Shanagolden, Athea, Glin, Kilmallock, Killeedy, Adare. Parents from surrounding parishes were invited to some of the rural talks.

At these parents' talks a panel of C.M.A.C. counsellors dealt with three aspects of sex education. Firstly, the need for it. It is surprising the number of parents who still would like to believe that there's as little need for sex education now as there was when they were children. Secondly, how to give sex education. It is not just instruction or something that can be given in one talk. It begins from babyhood and puts the facts of life into place in the growing understanding of being a boy or a girl. Any father or mother can give this education. Thirdly, the needs and problems of adolescents. Frequently these are quite different from what parents expect them to be. When parents understand them

they are better able to communicate with their teenage sons and daughters.

GROUP DISCUSSION

Group discussion is of vital importance in parent talks. Parents want an opportunity of discussing and comparing problems with other parents. They benefit greatly from each others experience. The group discussion is generally voted the most lively and enjoyable part of the session. The group questions put to the panel at the end of the session have proved an enormous help to C.M.A.C. in tailoring their talks to local needs.

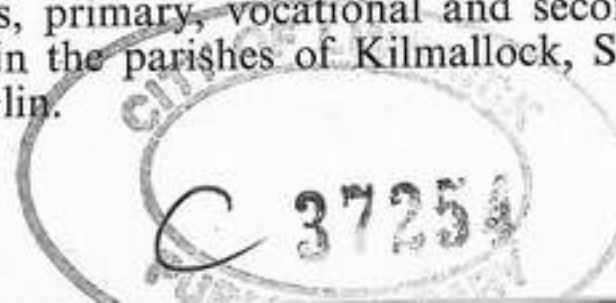
TALKS TO SCHOOLS

C.M.A.C. counsellors also talk to children in schools. For post-primary students a talk half-way through their course and another when they are leaving would seem desirable. The decision to have these talks rests with the parents and the teachers.

When children reach adolescence, communication with them can become difficult. Children who up to adolescence were loveable and full of chat become withdrawn and very offhand. They resent authority. They become critical of parents and teachers. All this is part of the natural process of growing independent and should not be resented by parents. Now more than ever children need and appreciate sympathetic understanding and practical guidance.

The school talk aims at helping students to discuss openly and evaluate their own experience and to see for themselves the answers to their sex problems. As a result teachers find they can freely discuss topics which were previously avoided. They can now help their pupils, in a practical way and without preaching, to more Christian standards of sexual behaviour.

The schools which have had these talks are: Presentation (Sexton Street), St. Mary's, Ballinacurra Weston Boys and Girls, Mount St. Vincent Secondary, St. Patrick's, St. John's Girls, Jesuit College, Mungret, Glenstal Abbey and St. Anne's Day Vocational School. Talks to pupils from all schools, primary, vocational and secondary, were given in the parishes of Kilmallock, Shanagolden and Glin.



Towards A Better Society

by NOEL S. FLANNERY, *M.Econ.Sc.*

I REMEMBER one wet day in Dublin on my way to work at 9 o'clock, an Englishman and his wife were in front of me in the bus queue. The bus arrived and when my turn came to get on, the bus conductor said: "Sorry, no more, full up!" The Englishman and his wife immediately got off the bus and offered me their place. I hesitated to accept a gesture so uncommon, but they insisted, saying: "We are on holidays and time is our own, but you must not be late for work." This meant a lot to me. Here was a man who understands, a man with community spirit. None of my fellow countrymen had ever done this for me, nor had I for anybody else. I put myself and my community on trial!

BUNK PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is not the wearing of the green and the speaking of Irish. It is not being proud of the community values because you have none of your own. It is not the continuing of the conflict between the past and the present, which jeopardises the future. If it is, patriotism is bunk. Patriotism is to work hard for your family, your community, your fellowmen. It is to have individual dignity, as no matter how many honourable men there are in a nation, you have no right to claim dignity even though, by an accident of birth, you were born amongst them.

WHO ARE DELINQUENTS?

The word is linked with juvenile delinquents. This is a pity, as there are far more 'Senior Delinquents.' The juvenile throws stones at bus shelters and pulls up Corporation trees and maybe robs. This is obvious physical destruction. Senior delinquents are less obvious and more dangerous. They don't rob . . . it is more lucrative to cheat. Their unbridled property racketeering creates ghettos and concrete jungles. There are businessmen who worry about profit-margins rather than consumer satisfaction — manufacturers who, because of their monopoly position, produce shoddy articles and get sale for them. Many Irish firms do this under government protection. Advertising which misleads the public, or politicians who harvest votes at election times with promises of pensions, dole and jobs for the boys are guilty of petty corruptions that eat away the vitals of

the community. Such people use conventional rules to defraud and are delinquents.

FRATERNITY

What we need is community spirit. My every act of giving is good for someone, my every act of grabbing is injurious to someone. Snobbery leads to pride and class distinction, which depresses even more the deprived. Depravity and class hatred result. Hatred is not overcome by revenge, but by love. It is in the happiness of others we should seek our own. Through others I find my God and myself. God is not to be found in darkened corners lit by candles but where people are. In all our dealings justice should be paramount — whether in local trading or international trading, we should not try to beggar our neighbour. Our attitude must not be: "Mary, have you the milk watered yet? and we will say the Rosary." Governments and systems must lead us out of the rat-race philosophy of conflict and competition and the devil take the hindmost.

AFFLUENT SOCIETY

We are fast equating the satiation of desire with happiness. You desire something you lack, not something you possess. Desire and lust are all part of modern life, a scramble after the unobtainable. New gimmicks and tricks to give us kicks! The blind lead the blind. Money is the yardstick, not the richness of character. A junk of German steel in the form of a Mercedes car can make you a prince. But, alas, only boredom and frustration result. When you come to die you see you haven't lived — you recognise the delusion and you see the world like Oberman:

"On that hard pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell,
Deep weariness and lust,
Made human life a hell."

Enjoyment and having a good time is no longer gay, innocent togetherness, but like the Roman —

"He made a feast frank, fierce and fast,
And crowned his head with flowers,
No easier nor no quicker passed,
The impracticable hours."

Life passes through your hands like water,

unable to grasp it, its meaning and purpose. Material things give comfort, but it is only in people and in our souls that happiness is to be found.

PRESUMPTUOUS ARE THOSE WHO DON'T PLAN

We should plan our community — in this case the State. A better community will come from planning than leaving it to chance. Why should public-houses be carpeted and schools falling down? Why should there be luxurious hotels for foreigners and hovels of hospitals for the old? A social balance must be kept in development. Priority of investment in work, art and sport needs to be laid down and adhered to. The right attitudes should be fostered. The State does not owe me a living: it was here first. Thou shalt not work, thou shalt not eat! Work is necessary and pleasurable, it must now be made fashionable. The spend-thrift rentier as displayed in Hollywood movies must be got rid of. Men in high places should give the lead. Often such men are found to be thick-lipped, forever watching statistics of progress and giving gruff orders. The system that promotes such a man is bad. The harm he does can be far-reaching. A man thus brow-beaten by his boss will go home and beat his wife, and this in turn affects the lives of his children. On the other hand, a happy man creates happy surroundings. Education is the means to this end from fields of ignorance to pastures of new ideas.

THE CHURCH

The Church has a central part to play in any development. It must examine and speak on priorities of all facets of life. If these priorities are taken for granted, as they are at present, then they must be brought into the open. Issues should be created by more than the politicians in power. We, the people, must get the issues we want discussed and voted on. The Church and press must help us. Priests who are wont to take a pen or preach at the barking of a dog in a certain direction must now attack the people who pretend to lead an aimless drifting society. Social life must be the concern of the Church. Religion is not just for Sundays, like our best clothes — the people are the Church. People are the mould of the environment they live in. The environment

(Continued end next column)



That Lovely July Day

by Donncadh O Buigléir

*Through the window from my hospital bed
On a sunny July day.
I saw a sight high overhead,
That thrilled me where I lay.
It was a seagull on motionless wing,
Gliding and turning with ease and grace.
It made me sad when I realised
That here I'd got to stay;
In my lonely hospital bed;
On that lovely July day.*

*As I watched that bird in the azure blue;
Each twist and turn changing
Its snowy whiteness to an even lovelier hue;
I longed for health and even wings;
So that I might join him in his play,
But well I knew that here I'd got to stay;
In my lonely hospital bed;
On that lovely July day.*

*But now, thank God, I'm well again
And full of health and vim;
And even though I cannot fly,
I can walk and run and swim.
My feet are light with sheer delight;
My heart sings all the way;
But I'll never forget that lovely sight;
Nor that lovely July day.*

is consequently important to a man's religion. The relationship between man and God has long been the only theme of sermons. Now the relationship between man and man must be preached. The present situation with religion in one bottle, work in another and politics in yet another bottle, must change. All must be woven and intertwined to give us community attitudes and in combination to plan a better society.

Does Anyone Give A Curse?

by REV. FRANK MORIARTY, C.C.

JIMMY WALSH hefted the twin burdens of his shoulders and munched his knuckles. The nails on his fingers had been chewed deep below the quick. He screwed his eyes and shook his head as if 'twas full of chickens coming home to roost. "I don't smoke," he said, "'tisn't good for you." He wanted his fare to Dublin. Wiping perspiration from his forehead, he laid his palm on the table between us and outlines of moisture collected into his finger prints. Jimmy Walsh, 28 years old, single, has no fixed abode. He talks:—

"I don't recall much of when I was young. My sisters' names: Eileen, Margaret and Bridget. I'm the only one that was ever in trouble. Mitching from school started it. My father used flake me when he found out. But he couldn't make me cry; only once when he was drunk. I was never any good at the books. Then I was caught — stealing a bicycle. The Court said my father couldn't look after me and I was sent away to the Reformatory. My mother was crying. That's the hardest thing I ever saw in my life, her crying, and I wanted just to run away forever. I was about ten or eleven and they gave me two years. You had lessons all day and I remember you got a number and 'twas on everything you had so's you'd know it belonged to you. When I went home things were hard, all the other kids jeering and saying you were put away.

"I was sent to the Industrial School then for robbing gas meters and stealing a case of lemonade from a van. We had to get up for Mass every morning. You couldn't pretend even you were sick and you'd wash in freezing cold water. Some of the lads ran away and we cheered. They were brought back always, even the two who stole a car and drove to Sligo in it. They crashed into a bus. We had to wash the floors and polish every-place and that was alright I suppose for them that were orphans. I got one holiday but my father wouldn't let me home. So I ran away. I was caught after a few hours, and I was taken to the hall where the whole school was gathered and I got thirty strokes of the cane. Then all my head was shaved baldy. Some of the older boys said I was right tough because I talked while I was working and gev the Brother guff. I never got any letters from home or a parcel. I don't think

that was fair — me having nothing to share with the others. When my time was up, my father said I was man enough then to fend for myself and that I wasn't to go near them at home. 'Tis a hard thing to have your own people say that. It makes you afraid that you haven't any place to call your own, no place to creep into and hide and to be alone and safe.

"There was a priest said to me the other day, 'You should be ashamed of yourself, a fine, sturdy-looking young fella, like you, begging like this. Go and get a steady job for yourself.' Ashamed he said I should be. But he gave me five bob and told me not to come back. Why didn't he want me back and still give me the five bob? I took it.

"I could get no job that suited me, what with my record and all. So one day I met a man who was looking for workers to go picking spuds in Scotland. He paid our fare over. They gave us plenty of grub, cuts of bread and big cans of as much tea as you could drink. We'd have to be in the potato fields before you could see a stem in the morning's dark. The tractors had their headlights on. 'Twas rough labour when your hands got cut-sore and red raw with the cold, that you could hardly wash the wet clay off them. The bending was cruel on the back and at night you'd be so bone weary you'd want to sleep with your clothes on. I stuck it only two months. All the few pounds I got went on coming home.

"I heard my mother had died but I couldn't face the funeral. When I remember her 'tis to see her darning socks for me. I find that sad — just all her love woven in thread for me to have. I prayed for her though — the Rosary. I think it made some difference to her, don't you?

"I got a job then with a circus. You'd be on the road at all hours after striking the tent. I must have seen every town worth talking about in Ireland. Hard work 'twas surely, but a great and cheap way to see the countryside. That was only for the four summer months, and one day in Galway they told me to go. I stayed around the West for a while working odd days for farmers. They didn't pay much but with a fair bed secure

in the barn and a few bob in the pocket. But with harvesting and turf-saving time over, I had to go wandering again. The West is a hungry place and wet with it. When the hunger hits you and your drenched and drowned, you think you'll faint and, maybe, die in a ditch.

"I hitched a lift to Dublin. I got a lift from a bishop once, went right out of his way, and then gave me a pound. I was in mortal dread all the time I'd slip a curse or something, and that he'd make a reddening. Thinking back he was a kind man and I don't think he'd have minded a bit. I was sleeping rough in the hedges and the fields, anyplace I could bed down for a warm. Then one day I was so famished I tried to steal a box of tomatoes from a shop. The Guards caught me breaking in and I was sent to Mountjoy for a month. The grub wasn't any good and 'twas fierce to be in the dark at night thinking about too many things. They gave me sixpence a day for working at sweeping up the yard.

"When I came out I stayed in a hostel. They don't charge only a shilling and in the morning you can get lashings of bread and margarine and big mugs of tea. In the winter the chapels are the warmest places and no one bothers you drying up at one of the radiators. I had a lot of jobs, sweeping up in a cattle mart, and digging in a gravel pit, and road work with the Council, but I couldn't stick it. Then I came to Shannon. They said there is plenty work there, but I couldn't find it. People tell you 'why can't you work for your living?' I stayed a few nights in the Home. They are full up so I had to sleep on the floor with two blankets the night-man gave me. Another man, casual like me there, was drunk and he kept wanting to fight me. I don't think they'll let me back. I saw one of my sisters in the street, but I didn't know where to go with my face. She's married. He's in the bank or insurance or something. I couldn't be a bother to them, they have their own troubles I suppose. Sometimes because people are your own family is the reason to have nothing to do with them. But it's sad not to have a place of your own, even a bed. 'Tis hard to beg for it too."

His lips quivered and I could see his jaw muscles twitch and knot under the seams of skin. His fingers curled as though to receive a gift. Tears leaked into his voice. But he needed more than a handkerchief or a shoulder to cry on. And there are so many like him. You step out of their way on a city street; you see them slouched in the mouth of a laneway, looking with continental distance in their eyes and balanced on the fine life-line between destitution and crime and the madness of their terrible loneliness. And nobody gives a curse.

We Gratefully Acknowledge . . .

We gratefully acknowledge the following *private contributions*, received from February to April, 1968:—

	£	s.	d.
M/s. M. Tynan & Co., Solicitors, William Street,	100	0	0
Anon.	50	0	0
St. Munchin's Women's Conf. ...	25	0	0
Mrs. A. O'Donovan, Barrington St.	13	0	0
Co. Limerick Federation, I.C.A. ...	2	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£190	0	0
Bequest	£897	16	6

CLERICAL STUDENTS' FUND

	£	s.	d.
Laurel Hill Convent	25	0	0
Mount Trenchard Convent	23	0	0
Anonymous, Feohanagh	20	0	0
Anon.	5	0	0
Anon., per Rev. J. Ryan, C.C., Col- manswell	5	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£78	0	0

I wish to thank all who responded to my appeal in the Easter issue of *Our Catholic Life*. This appeal was made to find sponsors and helpers for financing our students for the priesthood. As the Bishop said in his Letter of Appeal, "they will still pay a reasonable sum, but they need considerable help."

I wish to thank all who wrote telling me that they had never realised their responsibilities in this matter before.

A most warming gesture came from the students who organised special efforts for the Clerical Students' Fund.

If you wish to send a donation, you may send it to Rev. Diocesan Organiser, 66 O'Connell St., Limerick, or to Most Rev. H. Murphy, D.D., "Kilmoyle," North Circular Road, Limerick.

—Rev. Daniel F. Murphy, D.O.

Towards A Brave New World

by MAUREEN KEMMY

A SIGNIFICANT SECTION of the youth of Ireland is awaiting with bated breath a modern interpretation of religion. They will not accept the old clichés and abstract slogans anymore. They know that "God is high in His heaven," but they know too that all is *not* well with the world. They look about them and see a society for the most part devoid of a social conscience. The thousands of itinerants who roam our countryside, the inadequate treatment of our aged, our lack of true Christian charity and our indifference to loneliness, the emergent disease of this century of stress, are reflective of this. To the world Ireland is synonymous with Catholicism, yet it is hard to reconcile the teachings of Christ with the code of living, the sense of values, that permeate our society.

All of us within the Church, religious and laity alike, share in the guilt for the creation of this unjust society. We are a new, affluent community and so, characteristically, the "I'm alright Jack" philosophy tends to pervade, but the clergy were the most influential educationalists in Ireland and so must bear some of the responsibility for the development of this climate of thought, and for the ostracising of so-called 'left wing' voices. For too long too many people have chosen to be ostrich-like about the Church in Ireland, but now thankfully this is changing. Among the clergy and the laity individuals are aware of the breakdown in communication between the two, and are seeking to discover why this is so, and are setting about rectifying it with understanding and sensitivity. The discussions one hears at street corners, around firesides, in pubs., in coffee shops are indicative of the increasing awareness of people of the need for change. They wish to create a society in which the liberation and fulfilment of the human personality is possible not just for the privileged few but for all, and the laity are looking to the Church authorities for direction in this.

A LIVING LANGUAGE

On the one hand there are people who realise

that Christianity must be compatible with the process of living. Due to the distorted presentation of it, some have come to regard it as something nebulous and anachronistic. These people, in their bewilderment, live out their lives in a state of apathetic compromise without ever solving their crises of conscience and often, alas, decide that Christianity is even irrelevant to modern living. Firstly, these people must be spoken to in a living language. The changes in the liturgy have been a small step in the right direction, but still there is a void, a lack of a true feeling of involvement and commitment, a lack of understanding about what being a Christian *now* really entails. Even the Papal encyclicals on social themes can seem like aimless rhetoric when one tries to relate them to reality. Only a gigantic effort at coming together and fully understanding each other's problems on the part of the clergy and the laity can alter this situation. On the other hand the role of the priest in modern society is a difficult and sensitive one with many demands and challenges (and alarmingly often none of these difficulties is appreciated by his parishioners).

DIALOGUE

It is easy to idealise, but difficult in actual practice, for a pastor to achieve a close union with his people and create a Godly society without any hint of the old paternalism. There seems to be a lack of a constructive, directive policy for priests, causing square pegs in round holes, uneven distribution of wealth, and often in the past lack of discrimination in discovering potential vocations. This has stunted the development of the Church in many areas. But the laity too must acknowledge its share of the blame for the present rift in the Church, they must be blamed for their reluctance to speak openly and critically to the clergy, for their failure to make the clergy aware of their true needs.

THE CHURCH, A STIMULUS

But the wheels of change are grinding, slowly

but grinding ever, people are reacting and this is vital; they have ideas, and with a devouring sincerity and hard work these ideas can be realised. But we must avoid complacency and shun having a sentimental sympathy for the poor and underprivileged. They should not be there, and until we live in a society where no man need be oppressed, ignorant and frustrated, it is false to regard ourselves as Christians. The Church must provide the stimulus that society is craving now, it must rouse the latent power to do good in every individual, and use this power for the advantage of the community. It must triumph over the apathy that is corroding our society today, and the indifference that is allowing potential martyrs to stagnate. The Church must vibrantly enthuse until the excitement becomes infectious and men realise their own intrinsic value and know that together they can become dynamic webs of power, power to do great good. All is changing and must change, change utterly, until we find ourselves in "a brave new world."

Nowadays, happily, we are advancing towards a society where an individual can express a diverse opinion without being labelled a subversive. In an intellectually healthy society, criticism is inevitable and valuable. We must immerse ourselves in the problems of our fellowmen at a national and international level . . . we must live out our Christianity.

In this country there have been isolated cases where members of the clergy have shown heroic tenacity in tackling difficult social problems with skill and enthusiasm — Fr. McDyer of Glen-columcille and Dr. Birch of Kilkenny (who pioneered the co-ordination and extension of voluntary social services in Ireland) being the most notable of these, but these cases are no justification for our smugly congratulating ourselves. These things should have been done years ago by people in all positions of responsibility, religious and otherwise, and they are only a minor part of the vast morass of human problems waiting to be solved.

The clergy must provide a stimulus vibrant enough to evoke an enthusiastic response from the laity. All reaction is good and we should welcome even 'way-out' radical comment. Living ideas breed before their time, and history has shown us how readily yesterday's heresy becomes today's belief.

RESHAPING SOCIETY

There is much progressive thinking at all levels of society at the moment, people are thinking and reading and writing more, the emergent middle-class are claiming their rights and making de-

mands, and society must measure up. In this reshaping of society the Church has the difficult task of developing and synthesizing the body and soul of man, and under twentieth century pressures this task is becoming increasingly difficult. But as Christians the Spirit of God is alive within us, assisting us to overcome these difficulties and love God in our fellowmen, and this is the ideal that the young people of Ireland, who have a burning desire for social justice, wish to achieve. They have no romantic dream of a Utopia, they want a society that is morally clean and socially just.

Today nobody can 'opt out' or lock themselves in an ivory tower. Apathy has been the occupational disease of our race for far too long. Happily the days of intellectual and ideological neutrality are gone forever. The aphorism *Cogito, ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am!) is most applicable to our age. It is the keynote and underlying philosophy of mid-twentieth century thinking. We must think deeply and conscientiously and act according to the dictates of our Christian consciences, lovingly and intelligently. This is the challenge that living now affords us and it is a challenge that all of us must accept.



A moral duty

"All dishonest practices or counter-productive tactics in industry, whether on the side of employer or of worker, whether at managerial level or on the level of organised labour, stand condemned by St. Paul's injunction: 'Let him who was a thief steal no longer, but do honest work with his hands, so that he may have something to give to those who are in need.' Their guilt is no less and no other than that of the *laissez-faire* employers and landlords of the hey-day of capitalism.

"This is not to be taken as a canonisation of affluence or a deification of economic expansion. What we are arguing for is production at the service of social justice and charity."

—MOST REV. DR. DALY,

Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

Bean A Rinne Eacht

Le Mairtin O Corrbui

Seandúine ón tuath a bhí ann de réir cosúlachta. Bhí sé ina sheasamh ar chiumhais na sráide agus é ag fanacht nó go maolódh ar an trácht agus go mbeadh deis aige an taobh thall a bhaint amach. Tháinig an deis agus chuir sé chun siúil, ach ansin, díreach tháinig gluaisteán — agus é ag dul beagáinín róthapaidh, b'fhéidir — thar an gcúinne, agus bhí air cúlú. Stop an carr agus thug sé faoi arís. Bhí sé trína chéile faoin am seo, áfach, agus stad sé agus gan a fhios aige cad ba cheart dó a dhéanamh. Chuir an tiománaí a ceann amach agus labhair sí leis. Ar aghaidh leis arís agus rud éigin á rá aige féin faoina fhiacail, agus ba dheacair a bheith cinnte cé acu ag guí nó a mhalairt a bhí sé. Baineadh preab as ar aon nós, déarfainn, agus bean rialta a fheiceáil ag an roth stiúrtha.

TREASA AVILA

Ach sa lá atá inniu ann ní haon chúis iontais é mná rialta a fheiceáil ag sciúrdadh thart i ngluaisteáin den uile chineál agus iad i mbun a ngnótha. Tamall de bhlianta ó shin bhainfeadh a leithéid radharc na súl den phobal. D'imigh sin, áfach, is tháinig seo, san athrú saoil atá tagtha ina rith.

Tá bean rialta áirithe i bhflaithis Dé le breis is trí chéad bliain, agus samhlaítear dom nach mbainfí biongadh dá laghad aisti dá bhfilleadh sí agus dá bhfeiceadh sí saoirse nua agus fuadar nua seo na siúracha. Ní raibh gluaisteán aici féin, ar ndóigh, agus ba dhona iad na bóithre ar a mbíodh sí ag taisteal. Bhí an tsláinte ag cur uirthi ar feadh a saoil, bhí idir chléir is thuata ag faire go hamhrasach uirthi, agus bhí an tAibhirseoir, athair na mbréag, á síorchiapadh. Ach ina n-ainneoin uile thiomáin sí ar aghaidh ar an mbealach a roghnaigh sí di féin. Níor chuir sioc ná sneachta ná báisteach, drochbhóithre ná drochdhaoine ná ualach na mblianta stop léi, ach í ag taisteal léi ar mhuin miúlach nó i gcairt throm fheirme ó cheann ceann na Spáinne.

Treasa Avila atá i gceist agam, ar ndóigh.

CARMELÍTEACH

B'iontach an bhean í gan aon amhras. Agus í ina gearrchaile tugadh oiliúint mhaith agus dea-

shompla di, agus b'í an creideamh bun agus barr cúrsaí an tí, i gcaoi go raibh sí modhúil, cneasta, carthannach, cráifeach. Ach faoi mar is béas le cailíní óga, tháinig an lá nuair ba mhó a suim ina háilleacht féin, i gcomhlúadar a cairde agus i gcaitheamh aimsire ná i nithe spioradálta. Toisc a máthair a bheith caillte, chuir a hathair faoi chúram na mbanrialta Aibhistíneacha í, agus diaidh ar ndiaidh tuigeadh di go raibh an Slánaitheoir ag glaoch uirthi, agus chuaigh sí isteach i gClochar na gCarmelíteach in Avila, a cathair dhúchais.

Bhí rialacha an Óird go han-dian ach ní chloítí go dlúth leo, agus ba ghearr go raibh rún ag Treasa leasú a dhéanamh ar chúrsaí dá mbeadh sin ar a cumas. Le himeacht ama thosaigh sí ag cur spéise in urnaí intinneach, agus le cabhair Dé chleachtaigh sí é nó gur thug chun foirfeachta é. Ar deireadh sroicheadh pointe ina raibh aontacht iomlán idir a hanam agus an Cruthaitheoir.

AG TAISTEAL

Tar éis an t-uafás constaicí a shárú d'éirigh le Treasa an chéad chlochar den Ord Leasaithe Carmelíteach a bhunú in Avila i 1562. Ansin is ea thosaigh sí ag taisteal na tíre ag bunú tuilleadh clochar, ag bunú mainistreacha, ag plé le heaspaig agus prionsaí agus fiú le Pilib II féin — ag scríobh leabhar, ag cumadh iomann, ag breacadh breis is 1,200 litir.

I 1582 fuair sí bás sa chlochar a bhunaigh sí féin in Alba, agus daichead bliain ina dhiaidh sin gairmeadh ina naomh í. Ach maireann a cuimhne is a tionchar go beo i gcónaí ina tír féin, faoi mar is léir ón scéilín seo: nuair bhí fórsaí na gCumannach ag druidim le cathair Avila i 1936, tháinig bean rialta ina gcoinne agus thug rabhadh dóibh — “Ná bíodh sé de dhánacht ionaibh lámh a leagadh ar ar mo chathairse.” Lig saighdiúir liú as — “Naomh Treasa atá ann!” agus scaip siad sna ceithre haird.



Mount Saint Alphonsus

by *DICK NAUGHTON*

TWO GREAT centenary events, each concerned in an intimate way with the Church of St. Alphonsus and with the history of Limerick, have been celebrated in the 1960s. The one, which was commemorated with fitting religious ceremonial on December 9th, 1962, marked the centenary of the dedication of the church, and the other, which was marked with a week of special devotion and thanksgiving from Sunday, April 28th to Sunday, May 5th, 1968, commemorated the centenary of the founding of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family.

The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer has a long and honoured association with Limerick. In October, 1851, the then Bishop of Limerick, Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, invited the Fathers to give a Mission in St. John's Cathedral. This was the first Redemptorist Mission in Ireland, and its success was quite extraordinary. The Mission in St. John's was followed by others in the North, at Omagh and Derry. In May of the following year the Fathers were back in Limerick for a second Mission, this time at St. Michael's. Missions at Enniskillen, Waterside, Derry and Letterkenny followed.

FIRST TIME IN LIMERICK

In 1853, after a Mission in Gorey, Fr. Prost, one of the Fathers who had given the two previous Missions here, came to the city and rented the house which the Fathers had used as their lodgings in Bank Place, that they might there have a resting place between the Missions. It was about this time that William Monsell, M.P. (later Lord Emly), who had been received into the Church, visited Fr. De Buggenoms at Clapham. He brought a letter of introduction from Cardinal Wiseman, and the object of this visit was to propose a Redemptorist foundation in Limerick.

God seemed to have disposed everything in favour of this foundation. Most Rev. Dr. Ryan was anxious for it; so were the people of Limerick, and a temporary resting place had been secured in Bank Place.

At Clapham, the visit of Monsell intensified a desire which had been growing to have a house in Ireland. The proposal was taken up very warmly, and Fathers De Held and De Buggenoms visited Limerick. The Fathers on Mission were called to Bank Place to meet the Father visitors. All details were arranged with the Bishop, and the Fathers took up their permanent abode in the

city a short time later. Fr. Louis De Buggenoms was appointed first Superior. With him were Fathers Schneider and Furniss, and Brother Franken.

The longest room in Bank Place was turned into a chapel, and this was opened to the faithful on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. This house, however, could not be made a permanent residence, and the Superior set himself to find a suitable site. Choice was fixed in a property known as Court Brack, and now called Mount St. Alphonsus.

MOUNT ST. ALPHONSUS

In April, 1854, Fr. Bernard, a Dutchman, and a very famous missionary, came to Limerick with Fr. Thennis. Fr. Bernard was appointed Superior of the new foundation, but to Fr. De Buggenoms fell the task of transferring the Community to the newly-acquired property of Court Brack. Two cottages on the ground were fitted up to accommodate the Community, and the Fathers and Brothers lived in them until the present monastery was built.

As soon as the ground of Mount St. Alphonsus became the property of the Fathers, they at once began to build a temporary church. It ran parallel to the public road and was 120 ft. long by 40 ft. wide. It was built in six weeks and cost £800. The ceremony of its dedication and inauguration took place on May 28th, 1854. It is interesting to note that Rev. Bro. Walsh, then and for many years afterwards Superior of the Christian Brothers in Limerick, acted as Clerk of Works.

This temporary church was used by the Fathers for nine years until the present church was ready in December, 1862, and much good work was done in it during that time. From the day of dedication the concourse of people that flocked to the various devotions and besieged the confessionals gave one the idea that a perpetual Mission was being carried on.

The Redemptorists were not more than two years settled at Mount St. Alphonsus when they began the building of the present monastery, and the foundation stone was laid on August 2nd, 1856. The work was pushed on rapidly and the Community took possession of their new home on June 24th, 1858. Previous to this, on February 22nd, 1858, the first sod of the foundation of the present church was turned, and on May 22nd the principal stone was solemnly blessed and laid by the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan.

THE PRESENT CHURCH

The building of the church extended over almost five years. The great difficulty was want of money. At length the church was finished, although of course, without any of its present internal adornments. It was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, December 7th, 1862, by the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Coadjutor Bishop of Limerick.

The opening of the new church of St. Alphonsus had long been looked forward to. The Redemptorist Fathers' ten years of ministry in this country had won for them the sympathy and affection of the people, and immense numbers from Limerick and distant parts attended the great religious celebration.

The Fathers' extensive labours in the Missions made them known to a great body of the population in Ireland. The Irish heart had not failed to appreciate their laborious and single-minded toils, their simple, apostolic eloquence and the wonderful fruits of their zeal and charity in combating everywhere those evils which sprang from the ignorance of the poor or the indifferentism of the rich.

HOLY FAMILY CONFRATERNITY

In the church of St. Alphonsus began, on New Year's Night, 1868, a Mission which resulted in the foundation of the Holy Family Confraternity. This great Mission was described by Bishop Butler as "... a far greater miracle than the curing of a blind man or the healing of a cripple," and under the patronage of Our Mother of Perpetual Help the Confraternity from its very beginning was a success.

The various jubilees of the Arch-Confraternity — silver in 1893, golden in 1918, diamond in 1928 — were all suitably marked, and for the centenary celebrations in 1968 leaders of Church and State came to Limerick to join in the tributes.

The programme for the Arch-Confraternity Centenary Week opened on Sunday, April 28th at 12 noon in the Church of St. Alphonsus with concelebrated Mass, the principal celebrant being Most Rev. Henry Murphy, Bishop of Limerick. He was assisted by Right Rev. Monsignor P. J. Lee, P.P., V.G., Very Rev. Michael Canon Breen, P.P., Very Rev. W. Canon O'Grady, P.P., and Very Rev. C. Kearns, C.S.S.R., Rector, Mount St. Alphonsus. In the course of his sermon, Dr. Murphy told the crowded congregation: "The Holy Family Confraternity proved to be a spiritual treasure to Limerick, and, today, we can express our appreciation and gratitude to its founders and to all the directors and their helpers who have guided its course down the years."

In the succeeding nights, the Confraternity members were addressed by Most Rev. Michael Harty, Bishop of Killaloe; Most Rev. Thomas Ryan, Bishop of Clonfert; His Grace, Most Rev. Thomas Morris, Archbishop of Cashel; Most Rev. Cahal Daly, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois, and Most Rev. Peter Birch, Bishop of Ossory.

CARDINAL CONWAY

On Saturday, May 4th, His Eminence, Cardinal William Conway was met at the city boundary by Very Rev. C. Kearns, C.S.S.R., Rev. Patrick Egan, C.S.S.R., Director of the Arch-Confraternity, and escorted by motorcade to Mount St. Alphonsus, where he was received by Most Rev. Henry Murphy, Very Rev. J. Whyte, C.S.S.R., Provincial, and the Redemptorist Community.

On Sunday morning, May 5th, there was General Communion for the various Divisions. It was a rainy day, but a day of glory for Limerick, and the various ceremonies were a fitting climax to the week-long celebrations. Over 10,000 men and boys took part in a procession through the decorated streets, and at the Church of St. Alphonsus, Mass was concelebrated by His Lordship, Most Rev. Henry Murphy, Very Rev. C. Kearns, C.S.S.R., Rector, Rev. D. Mulvey, C.S.S.R., and Rev. J. Gormley, C.S.S.R.

The ceremonies were graced by the presence of the President, Mr. E. de Valera; His Eminence, Cardinal Conway, Primate of All-Ireland; the Taoiseach, Mr. Jack Lynch; Mr. Brendan Corish, leader of the Labour Party; and Mr. Oliver Flanagan, representing Mr. Liam Cosgrave, leader of the Fine Gael Party.

PROCESSION

Six bands were interspersed throughout the procession, which included contingents from Belfast, Wexford, Waterford and Cork Confraternities. The Mayor, Alderman G. E. Russell, and members of the Corporation in their robes of office marched in the procession, and later in the Church of St. Alphonsus the great assembly was addressed by His Eminence, Cardinal Conway.

At a luncheon that evening, Fr. Whyte, Provincial, said: "... This centenary is not only of local but also of national importance, because the Confraternity is the largest single body of its kind in the world. It has just completed a hundred years of its existence — a hundred years which has spanned a great turn in religious and national history of our people and country. As Redemptorists we are very happy today and very grateful to God for having been chosen as humble instruments to direct the life work of this great body of men, which is 10,000 strong ..."

SPORTS SPECIAL

By *VERY REV. P. G. RYAN*

The clash between Limerick and Cork at Thurles in the Munster Championship was bound to fall short of the titanic struggles of the past. After a poor showing in the League, Limerick were not really expected to win. Yet they were in the lead for most of the hour in a tense and exciting game. A brilliantly taken goal by Mick Cregan left them leading by 1-5 to 1-2 at half-time. Even when Justin McCarthy's fifty yards free slipped out of goalkeeper Jim Hogan's hands, Limerick hit back with a goal by Pat Murphy. It was anybody's game at 2-6 each with fourteen minutes to go. Then Colm Sheehan, a substitute for Sean Barry, got an opportunist goal and two points to put Cork ahead. The Limerick forwards drifted out of the game, but the defence battled away tenaciously. Jim O'Donnell, at centre-half back, was very impressive. Phil Bennis, Tom Bluett and Jim Allis did magnificent work, showing grit and resource. Cork won by five points, 3-11 to 2-9, and now meet Galway. When they return from New York, Tipperary, the League winners, play Clare in the other semi final. After their triple League marathon against Kilkenny, Clare are now rated fourth to the top three hurling counties, Tipperary, Kilkenny and Wexford.



HURLING SYMPOSIUM

An Taoiseach gave a splendid address on hurling at a Limerick symposium. He described it as the parent game of all "stick, bat and club" games, skilful and artistic and demanding concentration. It must be mainly scientific, otherwise it can look cumbersome and become dangerous. It is one of the very rare, pure field games that has never undergone a radical change. It is a physical, mental and indeed cultural exercise, because the hurler becomes identified with an art which is uniquely Irish in origin. "The true hurler," he said, "is a man of dignity, proud of his heritage,

skilful, well-disciplined and a sportsman."

The investigation by the Central Council into the brief explosion which occurred in the League final is to be continued in July. The press pictures of gladiators in combat shocked and surprised people in varying degrees. Hurling is a man's game, a rare combination of daring and danger. But among experts its visual violence is more apparent than real. "To be a good hurler," as Cardinal MacRory said in 1916 when Bishop of Down and Connor, "requires the speed and skill of the footballer, the keen eye of the cricketer, and the sinuous wrists of the tennis player"—(cf. Official Guide). A game of the countryside, rooted in Ireland's distant past, it is slowly fading because of rural decline and growing urbanisation. Research is needed to improve the game and to eliminate anything detrimental. The "mind-over-matter" philosophy, advocated by An Taoiseach, means that violence, as such, is completely foreign to hurling. Virtue and the satisfaction of playing hard, win, lose or draw, should be its own reward. Since every player has a potential weapon in his hands, hurling demands a high standard not only of skill but of self-restraint and sportsmanship.



RUGBY

St. Munchin's hopes of the Schools' double were shattered at the third meeting with Rockwell in the Junior Cup. They lost 12-0 (2 tries and 2 penalties) at Musgrave Park.

The season ended in another Limerick triumph, when the Munster Junior Cup came to St. Mary's for the first time. They beat Richmond and, in



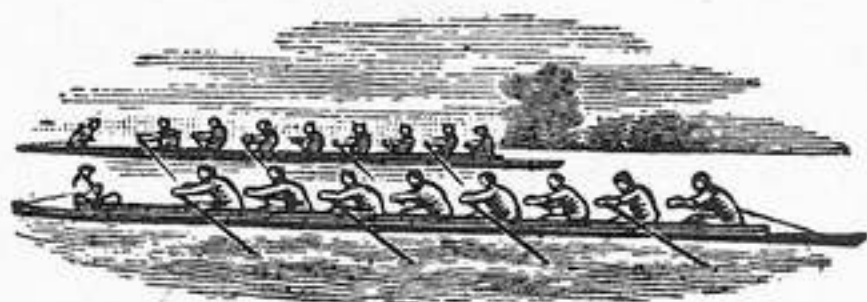
St. Mary's R.F.C., winners of the Munster Junior Cup.

two re plays, disposed of Thomond and Shannon before defeating Newcastle West. In the decider against Waterford City, Eddie Price was the match winner. Two fine penalty goals gave them a half-time lead of 6-0. He added a third in the second half for a clear-cut 9-0 victory. His three goals were beautifully judged. His name will be linked forever with this historic win. Success had come to St. Mary's after twenty-five years. The club was founded in 1943 and has given many senior players to the game.

St. Ignatius College and also contested the Shannon Head-of-the-River. A revival of interest in rowing by the younger generation would be beneficial. Last year Athlunkard set a headline. "If other countries had our magnificent river..." But there are snags about slipways and tides which only those versed in local conditions can appreciate. With youth at the helm, summer days by the river can be enchanting, even in a changing world.



On a lovely summer day in May, when Sir Ivor won the Derby, and Manchester United the European Cup, Mr. Raymond Guest struck a true note of piety, when at Sliabh Coillte, he expressed deep thankfulness to the Giver of all things.



ROWING

The Maiden Eights' Championship was rowed at Askeaton, and won by Garda R.C. Limerick Regatta features the Junior Eights and will be held on Sunday, July 7th. St. Munchin's Schoolboys have been on the Corrib against



The Knights of St. Columbanus

As Catholic Actionists

by JAMES KELLY of Council 90

The Order of the Knights of Columbanus was established in Ireland in 1915 in response to the call of Pope Pius X for the restoration, diffusion and ever better expansion of the rule of Christ the King among individuals, families and societies. It was a Catholic Action Society whose purpose was to act in close co-operation with the Bishops in the work of their apostolate. Among the objects of the Order were the following:—

- (a) To guard the interests of the Church; to foster a Catholic conscience and outlook in the community; and to secure the application of Catholic principles to all phases of life.
- (b) To maintain a Society for the union of Catholic men in fraternal charity and fellowship; for the protection of Catholic interests and well-being; and for the development of practical Catholicity and goodwill among its members.
- (c) To afford a means of intercourse whereby Catholic social justice and culture may be studied, exemplified and developed.

NOT A SECRET SOCIETY

It is important to state these objectives at the beginning of an article such as this in order to dispel many of the misconceptions that arose over the years about the Order. These false ideas as to the nature of the Order were, no doubt, due to some extent to the fact that the affairs and business of the members were confidential — it was never a secret society as such — and nothing arouses suspicion and distrust among Irish people as quickly as something carried out behind closed doors. The popular conception was of a secret society whose main purpose was the worldly advancement of its members. Even at the present time, when the Order has come before the public and stated its aims, this idea is still current. This is certainly a pity, because the Order is a ready-made, well-organised body of Catholic Actionists who are able and willing to put their energies and knowledge at the service of Church Authorities who, in many cases, do not seem to realise the immense potential of the Order for work in social and charitable undertakings in the diocese or parish.

According to the Definitive Statement on the aims and objects of the Order, it is stated under the sub-heading *Principles of Action* that the aim of the Order is to make our country Christian in outlook, thought and action. To achieve this end the Order is guided by two principles of action: Charity, which commands us to love all men because they are the children of the same God and brothers of our Redeemer, and by Justice, which commands us to give each and every man his due. Both principles bind all Knights in their relations with Catholics and non-Catholics alike and strict adherence to these laws is enjoined on all members. The Order is in close contact with Catholic Action Societies throughout the world and endeavours in all things to keep in line with current Papal teaching.

There can be no doubt that the Order has done much good work in ridding the average Irish Catholic of that sense of personal inferiority which has haunted them for generations and has done much to resist and counteract the infiltration of non-Christian ideals and ideas into many spheres of life, such as reading material, cinemas, trade unions and employer-associations. At a time when it was difficult for Catholics to obtain due recognition, in keeping with their qualifications, in the intellectual, professional and commercial life of the country, the Knights were in the forefront of the movement to see that justice was done and that their religion was not a barrier to their advancement. This was done quietly and very effectively with justice and charity, and it may be said, too, that the Knights have done more than their share to ensure that the nation would cherish all its children equally.

The Order is non-political and so stands apart from, and above, normal political parties, activities and controversies. Only if and when such activities and controversies come into conflict with the law of God may the Order intervene. This does not mean that Knights may not enter politics. In fact some of our more prudent and valuable politicians, in the progressive and national sense, are Knights, and these, as individuals imbued with the right Christian spirit, are not slow to express their views when necessary. They are not, of course, confined to any one party and are not dictated to by the Order.

THE WORK OF THE ORDER

Individually, the members of the Order are active in practically every facet of Social Work, Charitable Organisations, Commercial and Economic activity. They bring their principles and outlook as Knights into these activities and so they spread their principles of Justice and Charity towards all men. To those who might ask what the Knights are doing in the world of today, one might answer that they are doing at least their share, if indeed not more than their share, to promote the spirit of Vatican II in the spheres in which they are active. If the Order, as such, does not appear to be involved in all the activity of the day, perhaps it is that it has never been its policy, or indeed that of its members, to seek the limelight or any credit for the work it does. Personal glorification was never a badge of the Order, and somehow most of the Knights themselves prefer it that way. A job well done is no less so because it is performed away from the glare of publicity; in fact it may be all the more effective when done quietly and unobtrusively.

THEIR MEETINGS

What do the Knights do at their meetings? Usually they discuss various problems of a charitable and sociological nature which the members consider to be of importance in the area in which they operate. They very often appoint committees to study these problems in detail, so that the general body may learn how to deal with them. They form study groups; they organise lectures by prominent experts on anything from emigration to the Family Rosary and, of course, like any well-run organisation, they deal with the business of the Order itself. They do not make sinister plots to advance individual members, or groups of members, in their professional or commercial capacities or in the public service. The Order was never designed for this type of thing. Like any other fraternal organisation, the members may like to deal with one another due to the friendships one normally makes with others in normal social contacts. But that is an entirely personal matter and one does not for a moment expect such support or any favour simply because one is a fellow Knight.

FRIENDLY SPIRIT

Of all the organisations I know, I know of none in which the spirit of fraternal charity is better developed and universally practised. This is not surprising because when one is invited to

join — and there is no other method of entrance but by invitation — it is because the existing members believe that the proposed new member accepts the fundamental principles of Catholic Action and is interested in such work. There are no degrees or stages that one climbs to achieve full status as a Knight. From the moment one joins one is a full Knight and may in time fill any of the offices within the Order, membership of which is not confined to any social or economic sphere, as is sometimes believed. The membership ranges from bishops to curates; from business tycoons to clerks and from professionals to tradesmen. One of the glories of the Order is that there is no class consciousness from top to bottom. An air of Christian goodfellowship and camaraderie pervades the entire Order, which in turn is reflected in the enthusiasm with which members co-operate in the many worthwhile works in which they take part.

I hope I have given readers some idea of what the Order is doing, what its objectives are and how its members operate. I also hope that I have dispelled some of the common misconceptions that many people have about the nature of the Knights of St. Columbanus. Following the Council, there will undoubtedly be many new spheres of activity in which the Order must interest itself. The members will not be slow to answer any calls made on them by the bishops and priests of the country if and when their services are requested as an Order.

In recent years the Order has lifted the so-called "veil of secrecy" that had surrounded it for a long time, and this should dispel many of the suspicions and doubts that people had about it. It was never an oath-bound society as such, but at a time when much of what it was engaged in required the confidential nature of its activities to be kept within the Order, it required its members to respect that confidence, in the same manner in which any business or organisation expects its *modus operandi* to be treated in confidence by its employees. In the public mind, however, this method of operation on the part of the Knights was given a sinister significance which it did not merit.

The aim and object of the Knights is to restore all things in Christ. They aim to base their lives on the teachings of the Church and to express this in their family circles and to exemplify it in their occupations and public lives. So the good Knight is a good Christian, a good neighbour, a sincere friend and a willing worker in social and charitable organisations and, taken all in all, is not really the sinister character you may have thought him to be.



SUMMER, 1968.

My dear Children,

Summer has come at last with some beautiful sunny days which I hope you are enjoying just now. The country dwellers among you are blessed to be able to see what a change comes over the fields and trees with the warmth of the summer sun. How seldom we think of thanking God for all the lovely things He has given us in nature — the great blue sky, the green earth, the warm sun, the animals, birds, flowers, fruits and even the snow and ice. Just try to imagine what the world would be like if it had none of these things. You can then say a meaningful thanks to God.

Now a few words about your entries for the Art competition. Judging by the very large number of entries received this time, you have enjoyed it very much. I was very pleased indeed and in future I hope to give you many other competitions of this kind. I am sure you would like to make your own "window" sometime but for now I would like to give you some texture work. As you can see, I have asked the Editor to repeat the window design. You can first colour it as you did before in good strong, fairly dark, colours — red, purple, orange, blue, green, and even black, which was used very successfully by Stephen Moynihan of Ballyorgan School. After that you can take a finer brush or crayon and fill in each coloured space with lines, dots, rings, wavy lines, zig-zag lines, squares, triangles, "cats paw" marks, crosses, stars, or anything else you can think of. Remember, of course, that you must put something different in each space and use as many colours as you wish. Now, off you go. If you have any problems, you can write to me and I shall be happy to help you.

I got many delightful letters from you — thank you for all the nice things you said about the Competition page. I think I should say that Majella Keating's was the best for news among the Juniors. Patrick Daly's was so interesting that I am naming him the "Young Farmer of the Year." In the Senior section the girls from Newcastle West were best. But nobody can beat the Rathkealers for nice colourful letter-tops. The other Kilfinane pals are as fresh as ever, too. I would love to reply to everybody, but every bit of space in this magazine costs a fortune. All the same, I do love to hear about the poor Postman who died, the new house with the queer bell on the door, the future T.D. from Kilfinane, the "School Barber," school projects and, above all, your work for the Missions and for old people. Keep up this good work and you will become great Apostles later on.

For another term, goodbye, and have a very nice holiday.

Lots of love from

AUNTIE BRIGID.



The Murphy Twins

The twins were enjoying themselves. It was towards the end of July and they had been at Auntie Mary's a week now and were to stay a week longer. Outside it had been raining continuously all day and normally they would have grumbled at having to stay indoors, but Auntie Mary had given them the "store-room" to play and explore in. It was dark and badly lit and some of the things stored there were musty with age, but none of these things mattered to the twins. Pauline put on an old-fashioned hat, gay with ostrich feathers, and rifled through a trunk of old clothes, while Peter to his great delight found a dagger

which a grand-uncle of his had brought from Africa as a souvenir many years before. Soon Peter, dagger in hand, was creeping noiselessly along the floor on the look out for some hidden foe. Pauline looked on delightedly when suddenly Peter, who had been examining the ground for traces of his "enemy", called her to come and see something. Peeping through a knot-hole in the floor she thought she saw something shiny but couldn't be sure. Almost immediately Peter became a treasure hunter and forgot to watch out for enemies. He tried to widen the hole with his dagger but failed completely. Then Pauline said: "Get off the

board and we'll see if we can get it up." This was a much easier task, as the nails were old and when Peter tried to prize up the board with his dagger and an old poker, Pauline had discovered it soon came up with them. In fact it came up so quickly that Pauline fell back and knocked her poll off the trunk. Luckily, the clothes she had half pulled out on the floor softened the bang. After this mishap they continued their exploration. They found among the dust and cobwebs a thimble, a few hairpins, an old-fashioned writing pen and finally the shiny object which had first attracted their notice. This

(Continued opposite page)

Clues Across: 1, None of us can deny we were once this; 3, She should be No. 1; 5, Something we are trying to get into; 6, You need this to make a report; 8, Colour; 9, Spanish River; 11, Pick; 14 and 3 across were in 4 down; 16, Famous American General; 18, Girl's name; 19, Scottish for sort; 20, You can go on this or fall.

Clues Down: 1, You must do this to buy at an auction; 2, It's half over now; 3, Repeat; 7, Not meant to be heard; 10, Roman 9; 11, In this the colour worn is this; 12, Divide and you have a few of these; 13, Slippery fellow, this; 15, Deface; 16, This stick is for colouring; 17, Earn living the hard way.

● Two Book Prizes for Winners ●

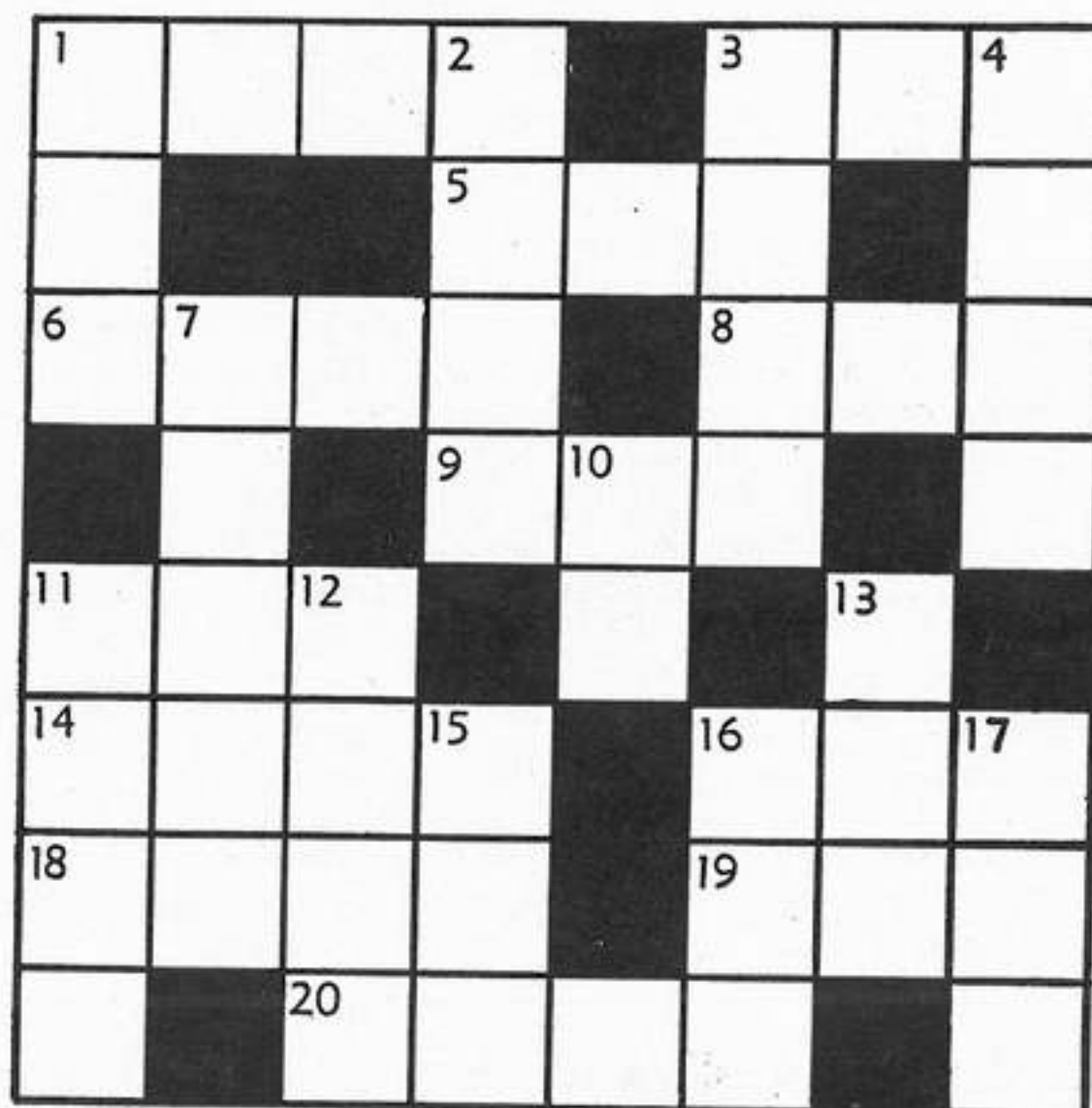
NAME

ADDRESS

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Summer Crossword



MURPHY TWINS (contd.)

turned out, to Peter's disappointment, to be no more than a ring. Pauline put it on and Peter's thirst for exploration died down. Soon it was tea-time, so the twins tidied themselves, brushed off the dust and washed their hands. The smell of freshly-baked scones greeted them and soon they were seated at the table with kind Auntie Mary, who really spoiled the two children with good things. Auntie Mary's husband was dead and her only son, John, was in hospital as he had had to have his appendix removed. Peter and Pauline chatted happily and Peter told Auntie Mary about the dagger and Pauline told her about the ostrich feathered hat. Suddenly Auntie Mary started, "Pauline," she said, "where did you get that ring?" Pauline told her and Auntie Mary explained that it was her engagement ring which she had lost some years before and that she had been very sad when she could not find it. Needless to say, they were delighted to have made her happy. They were still more delighted when she rewarded them with a crisp new ten-shilling note each, so they really had found hidden treasure after all.

Results Easter Competitions

Juniors:

1. Betty McNamara (5), Lisaleen, Patrickswell.
2. Rosaleen Nevin (8), 42 Ballykeeffe Estate, Limerick.
3. Stephen Moynihan (6), Ballyorgan N.S., Kilmallock.
4. Anne Kennedy (7), 3 Maglona Tce., Portlaoise, Co. Laois.
5. Noreen Lucey (8), Patrickswell.
6. Johannah O'Dwyer (7), Shanakyle, Parteen, Co. Clare.
7. Annette Dollery (8), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.
8. Bernadette Martin (9½), Cahernorry, Drombanna, Co. Limk.

Seniors:

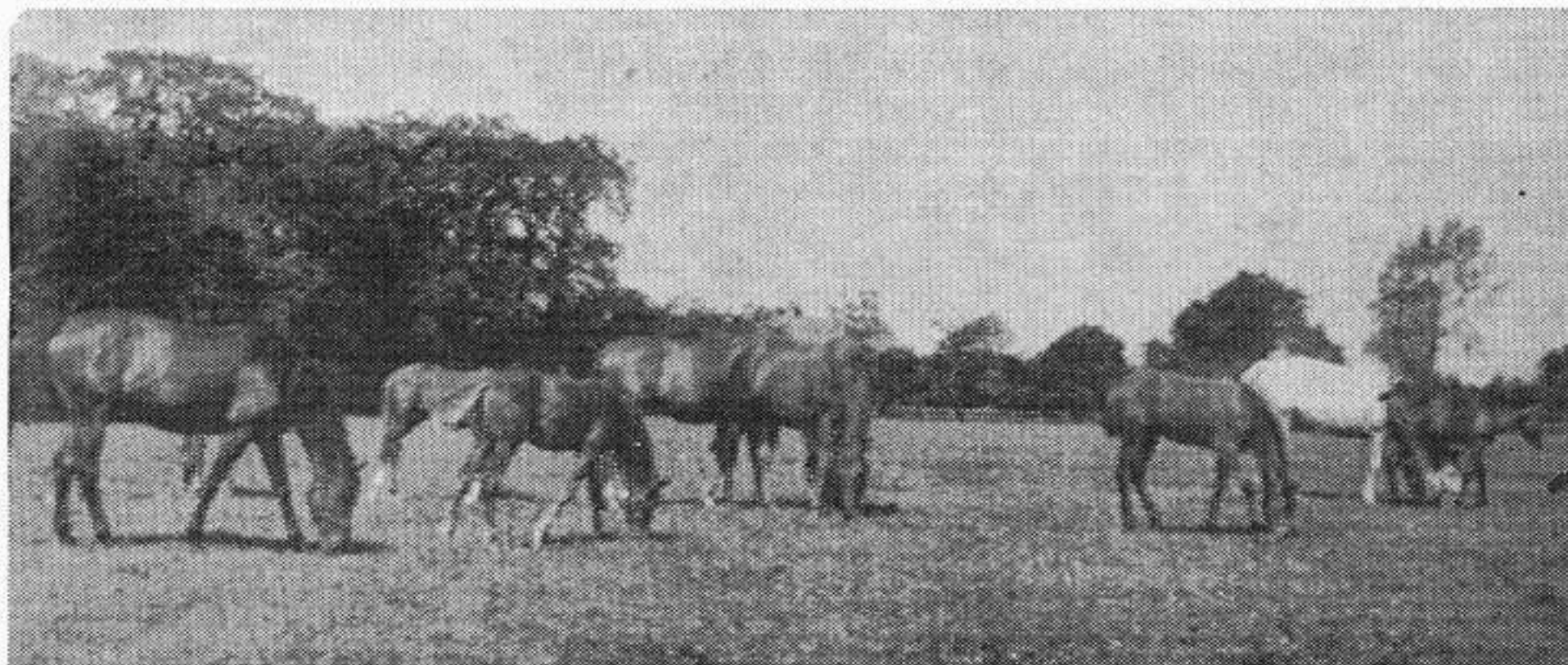
1. Loretto Barrett (10), 4 Singland Villas, Garryowen.
2. Margaret O'Neill (12), Maiden Street, Newcastle West.
3. Brigid Hannon (11½), Cush, Kilfinane.
4. Bernadette Murphy (10), Hillside, Clarina.
5. Michael Leonard (10), Ballyorgan N.S., Kilmallock.
6. Gerardine Keating (12), 18 Assumpta Park, Newcastle West.
7. Kay Duncan (16), St. Joseph's School, Clare Street, Limerick.
8. Joan Manton (12½), 10 Connolly Terrace, Newcastle West.

NOTE: I regret to say that one very good entry was sent without the name and address. Once again, I remind you that you must not cut off the coupon. If you happen to cut it off by mistake, please do stick it on the back or pin it on — do not leave it loose. In future this will disqualify you.—A. B.

Result of Crossword Puzzle:

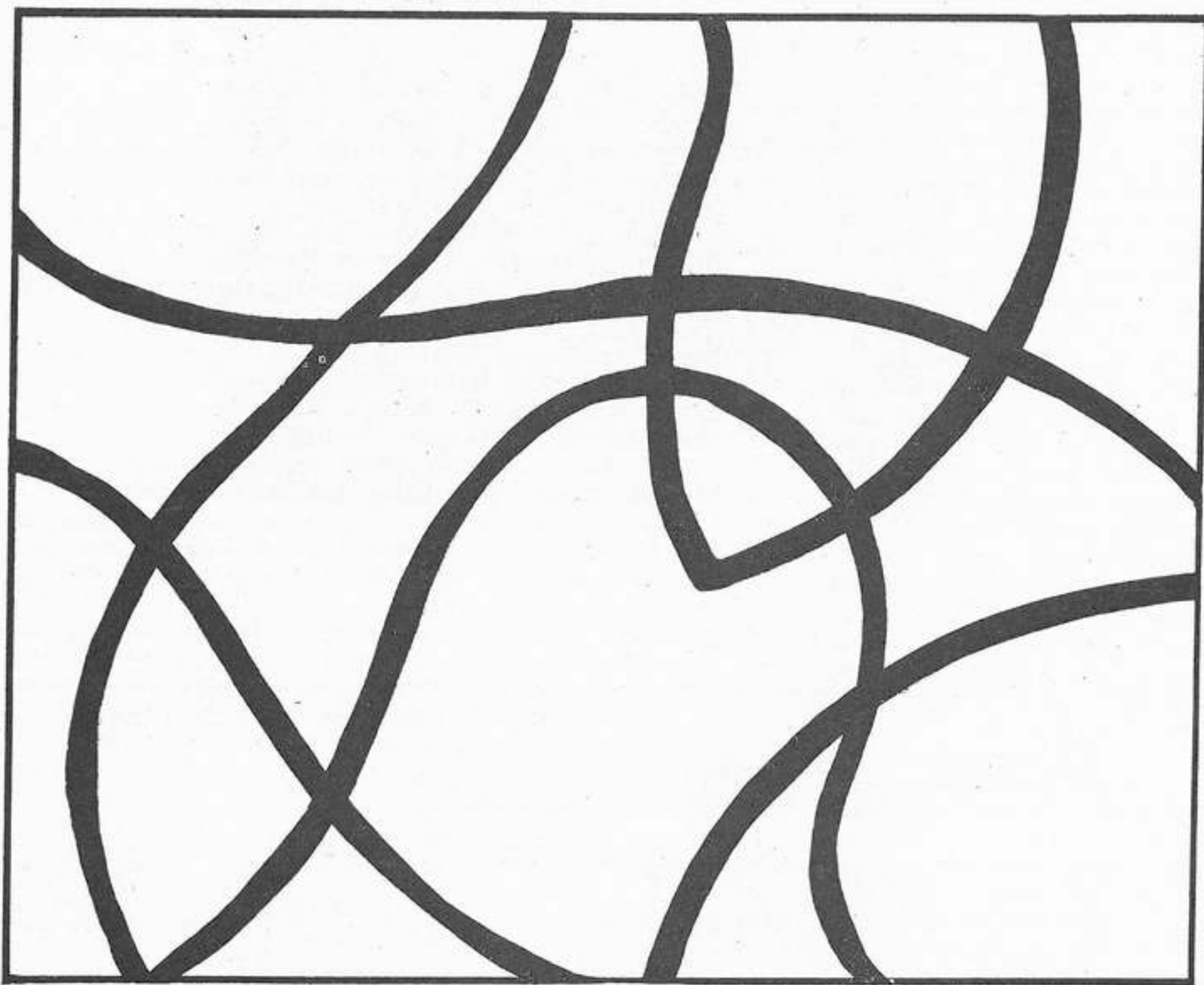
1. Jennifer Kiely, Keale, Ballyorgan.
2. Patricia McGuinness, St. Joseph's School, Limerick.

NOTE: Crossword Puzzles in *OUR PAGE* are only for school-children, please.



Pastoral scene . . . Horses grazing peacefully on a summer's evening.

Your Summer Painting Competition



● Read Auntie Brigid's letter BEFORE you begin

- | | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------|
| 1. Seniors | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Four Book Prizes |
| 2. Juniors | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Four Book Prizes |

NAME

ADDRESS

Age.....

Signed

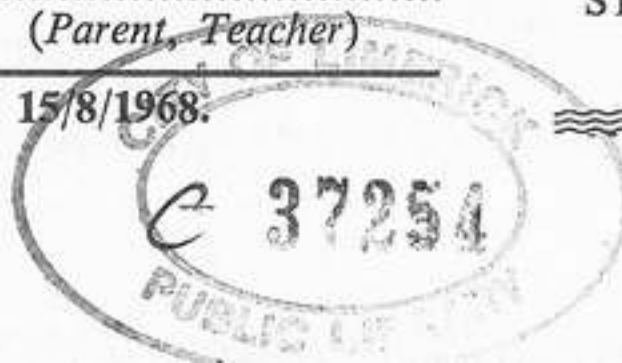
(Parent, Teacher)

Biodh iarrachtaí istigh roimh 15/8/1968.

RULES

1. Paint the picture.
2. Fill in the coupon.
3. Cut out the whole page and send it in an envelope, addressed to:—

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