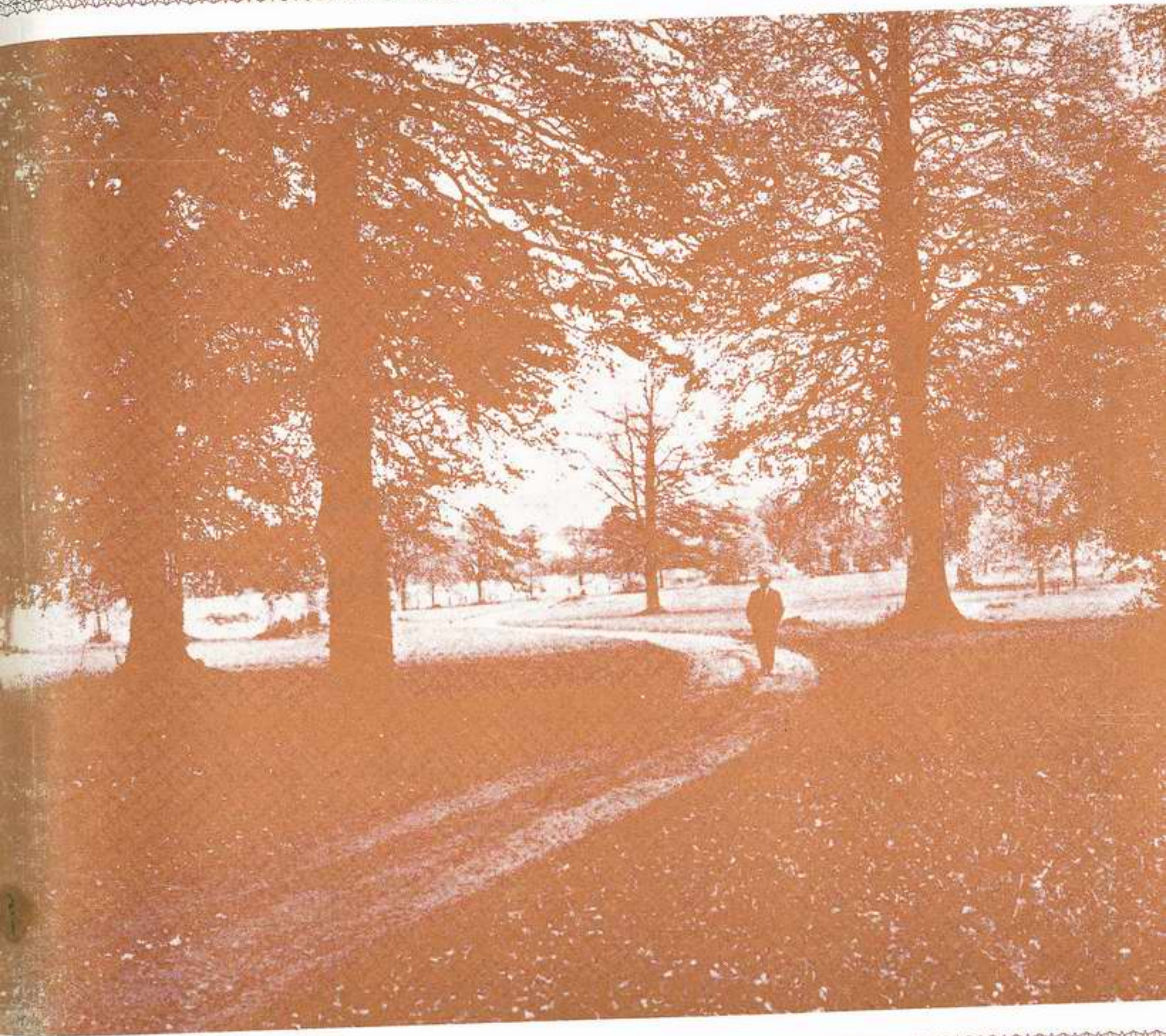


Our Catholic Life



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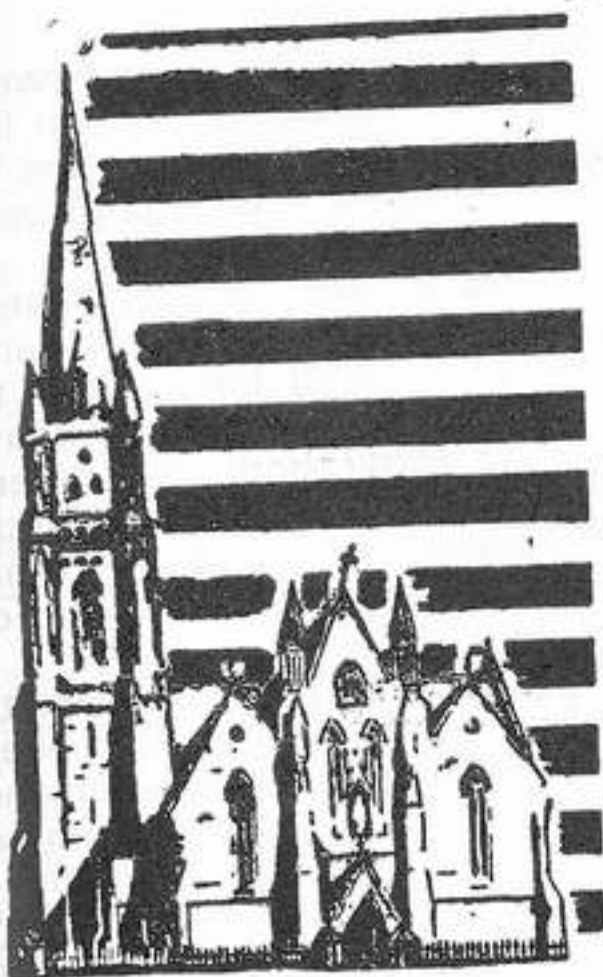
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OUR CATHOLIC LIFE

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

Fr. Eamon Casey will be consecrated Bishop of Kerry on the 9th of November. We send him our good wishes on behalf of the people of Limerick diocese and especially of the parishes of Adare, where he grew up, and of St. Patrick's and St. John's, where he spent his first years as a priest. A contributor to this issue recalls the warm enthusiasm and effectiveness of his work in these two parishes. With the approbation of our bishop, he then volunteered to work for the Irish in England. His highly successful work there is well-known, first in the provision of suitable employment and houses for the Irish, and later for the homeless generally.

The role of the priest is being discussed in the Church at the present time — a discussion which is mirrored in one of our articles. Fr. Casey has made a notable contribution to the evolution of the priest in the Irish context by his translation of Christian love into practical and highly effective work for those in need. We have no doubt but that in the years to come he will, with the help of God's grace, inspire and lead the people of his native Kerry to strengthen and develop practical and effective community concern there.

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Honest Joe

by JAMES KELLY

He sat on the rotten wood that was the seat of the iron-framed relic of old, but sadly decayed, decency. His hands, one upon the other, rested in idle, frail repose on the handle of his



silver-mounted stick. The grey head was bowed, not so much in sorrow — as he had a good life to look back upon — but in contemplation of the changing role that age and changing times force upon a man.

People said he was a happy and contented old man. He had lived a full life, they said, and he had earned his rest. But, he thought to himself, that is all people know; they only know what we want them to know about us and very few ever bare their souls and hearts sufficiently for the world to know our inner aches and pains, our successes and failures, our moments of elation and depression.

All old men are gentle. They must of necessity be so, because when a man feels in his bones that his strength is ebbing away and when the spring goes from his limbs and the lightness from his heart, he gives way before the aggressiveness of the world, slowly and reluctantly at first but eventually with a docile and amiable surrender. He sidles out of the world of active men, not exactly in surrender, but in the honourable retirement of decay.

NO AUTUMN

He smiled to himself at the euphemism that people hoped would ease the acceptance by the aged of their decline. The autumn of our lives, they say, ignoring the obvious fact that the chill in an old man's soul is the chill of winter. There are only three seasons in a lifetime. There is no autumn; one slips suddenly from high summer into mid-winter and for the planting that ends that winter there is no spring.

Joe Murphy shook his head and raised it suddenly. This type of codderawling, he told himself, will never do. "After all," he assured himself, "I'm not dead yet!"

Of late his thoughts had a habit of taking that depressing turn every time he sat down to relax. He wondered if all old people had the same tendency to think about the end every time they sat on park seats to sun themselves. He did not care to ask any of those who habitually came to this place. Somehow the subject never seemed to come up at all. Even when one of their acquaintances passed away, it was dismissed with some trite remark like, "Sure he had a grand life and he was ready to go." Or, if the departed had suffered some long and painful illness or had some great tragedy that darkened his grey days of decline, with a few knowing nods of old grey heads it was solemnly voiced, as if for the first time, "It was a happy release for him, God rest him."

Joe did not believe that anyone, no matter

how good an innings he had in life, was ever ready to go. It was only young people, who expected to live forever, who imagined that someone could be ready for death. If he and his peers said it every so often, it was only to comfort themselves and to pretend that they believed that there really was a time when one could come to terms not only with the possibility of dying but would actually welcome the event.

The only way to go, he mused in spite of himself, was to flicker out noiselessly like a candle. Wouldn't it be grand to be sitting on this old bench, listening to the birds and the innocent laughter of the little children, and to doze off with those sweetest of sounds fading into nothingness as sleep numbed the brain, and never wake up again?

That, of course, was the ideal; but it happened so rarely that it was newsworthy. And then, too, it gave rise to all sorts of talk. If an old man died on a park bench, people were sure to say he died of hunger. Or, it could be embarrassing for one's relatives. People were sure to say that his hoity-toity relations sent him out of the house as his daughter-in-law couldn't bear the sight of him. People said things like that not because they always believed them to be true, but because whatever was in people's make-up they seemed to like to say things like that.

Not, indeed, that he would care too much for what people had to say about him or his family. He had reason to know what people were capable of saying. He remembered what they said and how they acted when misfortune came his way. There were very few of them alive now, but he knew by the knowing looks that younger people gave as they passed him at times in the street, that the story was still told of how Joe Murphy made his fortune.

MISFORTUNE

It was all lies, of course, but the lies were helped by a series of coincidences that seemed to give them the ring of truth. That was his misfortune.

The Murphys for generations had had a reputation for being honest and hardworking and, even though they would not be considered well-off by any means, they made enough to keep them in decent comfort. The little shop that Joe's mother started as a sideline to augment the wages earned by her husband at his trade, enabled the family to educate Joe and his brother and sisters to a much higher level than was normal at their social level. This fact of itself was sufficient to build up a certain jealous

resentment among their acquaintances and friends, because people rarely rejoice in their hearts at the success or advancement of their friends or neighbours. They might pretend to do so, but at heart they do not really feel any joy at all.

Jealous eyes, therefore, kept Joe under constant surveillance in the hope that somewhere, sometime in an unguarded moment he might display a hidden weakness. There was no doubt among his neighbours and friends that some flaw must exist in his character and they were determined to find it.

While at school, Joe showed an uncanny aptitude for trading in items of schoolboy commerce that invariably turned to his advantage, and so it came as no surprise to anyone that at the end of his schooldays he took over the running of his mother's business which, by then, was much more than the little huxter shop she had started twenty years before.

AN EMPORIUM

Joe had ambitions for the family business, which he expanded by adding new lines which were more profitable and for which there was a greater demand. He moved quickly with the fashions and the times. Quietly and unobtrusively he built up his bank balance against the day he would build an emporium, the likes of which his home town had never known. During all this time, his reputation for honesty and fair dealing was a by-word. No matter what one required, he would be advised to go to "Honest Joe." He dealt in everything and anything from which he could make money.

Finally, the day arrived when Joe had sufficient money to put his plans before his architect. The emporium was about to become a reality. The builders moved in and the dreams of a lifetime were in course of materialising and Joe was the happiest man alive.

A strike of bank officials had been in progress for two months on the date that the building operations began on Joe's new premises. As he had one of the latest and biggest fireproof safes in town, it was only natural that Joe should have been asked to take other traders' money for safekeeping. No one at the time thought it unusual that Joe should ask them to sign an undertaking that the money was deposited with him at its owner's risk. It was considered to be as safe in his keeping as if it had been lodged in the Bank of Ireland.

A week before the strike ended, Joe's safe was blasted open and about twenty thousand

(Continued on page 28)

NA CLOCHA SILTE

le MAIRTIN O CORRBUI

Tá carn cloch — a bhfuil fágtha de thuama an Ridire Muiris Mac Gearailt — le feiceáil i seanmhainistir Chill Mocheallóg. "Na Clocha Silte" a tugtar orthu, agus meascán den stair is den bhéaloideas atá sa scéal a insíotar ina dtaobh.

Chónaíodh an Ridire i mBaile Mhistéala. Bhí tailte móra aige, agus bhí cáil air mar shaighdiúir cróga cruu. Ach bhí an-chion aige ar an ógánach dathúil, Eamonn, ba mhac dó, agus bhí uaidh go ndéanfadh sé cleamhnas maith agus go mbeadh dúchas a athar ann. Buachaill ciúin cneasta ab ea Eamonn, áfach.

Lá agus an mac ag fiach ar shléibhte Chill Oird tháinig sé ar áit nach bhfaca sé riamh roimhe sin. Scanraíodh a chapall, agus faoi scáth crainn chonaic sé bean bheag chrom a raibh éadaí dubha uirthi. Chuir sí scairt gáire aisti, agus ansin dúirt leis gur bhandraoi í a bhí ag triall ar "Pholl na Carraige" féachaint an raibh na Soilse Gorma ar lasadh. "Ar mhaith leat," ar sí, "eolas a fháil ar a bhfuil i ndán duit agus cén fhad eile a mhairfidh tú?"

POLL NA CARRAIGE

Múscloíodh fiosracht an fhir óig, agus nuair gealladh dó nár bhaol dó, lean sé an chailleach trasna na gcnoc nó gur shroich siad faiche os comhair aille amach. Bhí pluais san aill agus d'áitigh sí air dul isteach agus breathnú ar na Soilse Gorma. Ar bheith istigh dó chonaic sé coinnle ar a raibh lasracha gormghlasa ag snámh san aer ina thimpeall — ceann le haghaidh gach duine sa chontae, dúirt sí, agus ba léir óna raibh fágtha de gach coinneal diobh cén fad saoil a bhí fágtha acu.

Thaispeáin sí a choinneal féin dó. Ní raibh ach an ceathrú cuid di ídithe, ach dúirt sí go mb'fhearr dó nach mbeadh ann ach an smut. Nuair a thug sé aghaidh ar bhéal na plaise arís, chonaic sé coill mhór roimhe, spéir dhearg os a cionn, agus scamall dubh ag trasnú na spéire. Bhí balla ard os a chomhair agus doras adhmaid ann. Osclaíodh an doras agus tháinig cailín amach — éadaí bána uirthi — í ard, seang, álainn. Ghluais sí ina airicis ach nuair a shín sé a lámha amach chun breith uirthi ní raibh sí ann a thuilleadh.

"Is í sin atá a ndán duit," arsa an bhandraoi. "Feicfidh tú arís í i mainistir Chill Mocheallóg."

Leis sin shoillsigh splané tinte, agus sula

raibh a fhios aige é bhí sé lasmuigh den phluis agus é ina aonar. D'fhéach sé siar — chuir sé liú as — ach ní raibh dada le feiceáil ná le cloisteáil. Ghlac eagla é agus as go brách leis abhaile.

AG AN MAINISTIR

Ach ní fhéadfadh sé dearmad a dhéanamh ar an gcailín. Ar deireadh thug sé cuairt ar an mainistir agus giolla ina theannta. Agus iad ag druidim in aice na mainistreach chonaic sé roimhe an choill chéanna agus an balla agus an doras díreach mar a thaibhsíodh dó ar an gcnoc iad. Díreach ansin osclaíodh an doras agus siúd amach scata cailíní agus mná rialta á dtionlacan. D'imigh siad leo, ach sular imigh leag Eamonn súil ar an ógbhean a bhí "i ndán dó" agus d'fhan sé mar a raibh sé agus é ag iarraidh seift a cheapadh chun go bhféadfadh sé labhairt léi. Osclaíodh an doras arís agus tháinig seanbhean amach agus crúsca ina lámh aici. Thug sé airgead dí ach ainm an chailín a insint dó.

"Eilgíre Ní Ruairc," ar sise, "iníon Uí Ruairc Bhreifne."

B'eol d'Eamonn gur dheargnaimhde na nGearaltach iad na Ruarcaigh, go raibh fuath ag a athair féin dóibh — agus gur bhaol don chailín fanacht sa mhainistir. D'fhill sé abhaile agus é ar intinn aige filleadh arís ina aonar. Ach scéith an giolla air agus ghluais an Ridire chun na mainistreach ar an bpointe agus thug leis an cailín go dtí a chaisleán. Ba phríosúnach ansin í ach d'eirigh le hEamonn aithne a chur uirthi agus thit siad beirt i ngrá lena chéile agus d'éalaigh siad ón gcaisleán.

Thug siad aghaidh ar an mainistir agus d'iarr ar an mBanabb sagart a fháil lena bpósadh. I lár an phósta, áfach, sciurd an Ridire agus a chuid fear isteach agus mharaigh siad Eilgíre. I mbéal báis di d'fhógair sí go mbeadh Muiris ag síleadh na ndeor fiú nuair a chaillfí é. Cuireadh Eamonn faoi ghlas in áit iargúlta ar feadh i bhfad. Thug na Ruarcaigh fogha díoltais faoi na Gearaltaigh agus bhí saol buartha ag an Ridire feasta. Nuair d'éag sé cuireadh i dtuama mór é, ach an lá dár gcionn chonacthas braonta uisce ar an gcloch — braonta nár thriomaigh riamh. Ba é críoch an scéil ná gur briseadh an tuama ag saighdiúirí a shíl go raibh seoda ann.

Woman's Page

by BAIRBRE

The other day it was brought home to me rather forcibly how much we take for granted the different senses that God has given us. I was polishing off a large dish of strawberries and cream with almost sinful enjoyment, when I noticed that my companion was having a hard time getting rid of a much smaller portion than mine. For as long as I can remember, strawberries and cream have rated No. 1 in my list of weaknesses. I would literally get up in the middle of the night — and I'm bone lazy — for the promise of a feed of strawberries.

I was consumed with curiosity as to the reason for my friend's apparent lack of interest in such a delicious treat, especially at the tail-end of their season. I examined the contents of her plate without appearing to do so, wondering if they were inferior to mine. The fruit looked just as good, big, ripe, juicy berries . . . and the cream had come from the same jug and was beautifully fresh and rich. Goaded by the sight of such shameful disrespect for such a luscious dish, I asked her if she didn't care for strawberries or enjoy their flavour. Her answer astounded me. She said she didn't know the difference really, as she had lost her senses of taste and smell when she was a little girl, and had never regained them.

I tried to imagine what it was like to eat flavourless food, but my imagination would not stretch that far. I had visions of going through life chewing tons of sawdust or cotton-wool, and drinking only water, but the very thought was too much for me. My companion assured me that she had got so used to her condition that she just ate to live. Needless to mention, that was something that I just could not understand.

BLINDNESS

That started me thinking about the other senses. Deafness we are inclined to take for granted, because so much can and has been done for the deaf. Blindness — now that was an affliction about which I had never thought seriously. Try a small experiment with me now. Cover your eyes closely with your hands, excluding all light. Now try to walk out of the room in which you are sitting without bumping into or overturning any of the furniture. It isn't very easy, is it, even though you are thoroughly familiar with your surroundings? Memory plays a big part in the operation — you have to

remember where each article of furniture is, even where the door is . . . and whether it opens from the right or the left. The awful realisation of what it must be like to live in total darkness made me appreciate what a wonderful gift sight is.

It occurred to me that we do not hear much about the blind as a body and yet, without too much trouble, I could name almost a dozen blind men and women in my own locality. I wondered whether they were catered for by any organisation in the same way that the handicapped or mentally retarded are, and I found to my surprise that there are a small number of voluntary organisations working with the blind, all in need of our assistance in one way or another. I also discovered that sightless people are amongst the most cheerful you can meet. They are extremely intelligent and active, and self-pity plays no part in their lives.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

There are two schools in Dublin, one for boys and one for girls, where the pupils are taught to read and write Braille at an early age. The children receive primary and secondary education and are prepared for the usual examinations. In addition, they learn music, singing, dancing, and a great variety of arts and crafts. They are also taught to swim and have no fear of the water. Blindness is not treated as an abnormality and the children are trained to lead an active, useful life and to play a full part in society. Some are trained as telephonists, typists, physiotherapists and other occupations to enable them to earn their living. Employers have been slow in making suitable openings available to them, but the position is improving.

There are many ways in which we can help the blind in our own neighbourhood, many of whom live alone. An hour or two spent reading the paper or reading or writing letters for them would be greatly appreciated. A drive in a car or a visit to a concert would provide untold pleasure. The radio is a blind person's life-line. A small supply of batteries would eke out the Blind Pension for many. Some beautifully-made goods, such as chairs, stools, baskets and trays, the making of which gives them an opportunity of displaying their talents, would make ideal gifts, and the money spent on their purchase would be very welcome.

Limerick Christian Life Group

by NORA CASSERLY

Among the various associations working for the neighbour in Ireland the oldest by far are the Christian Life Groups or, as they have been known for 400 years, The Sodality of Our Lady. This, of course, will come as a surprise to many and the reason for this, I think, is because the Sodality has such a bad image.

First and foremost it is confused with other strictly Marian Associations which are, according to their rules, etc., pious in nature rather than apostolic. Because of this confusion, and also the fact that the Sodality has so often been lumped together with other organisations under the umbrella term "Children of Mary," it has been passed over whenever active work was mooted, at parochial level. Then as it was called "Sodality," and because it is generally felt that such organisations are on the way out, it was assumed that our movement too would meet with a similar fate. The purpose of this article is to show that this is not so.

CHANGE OF NAME

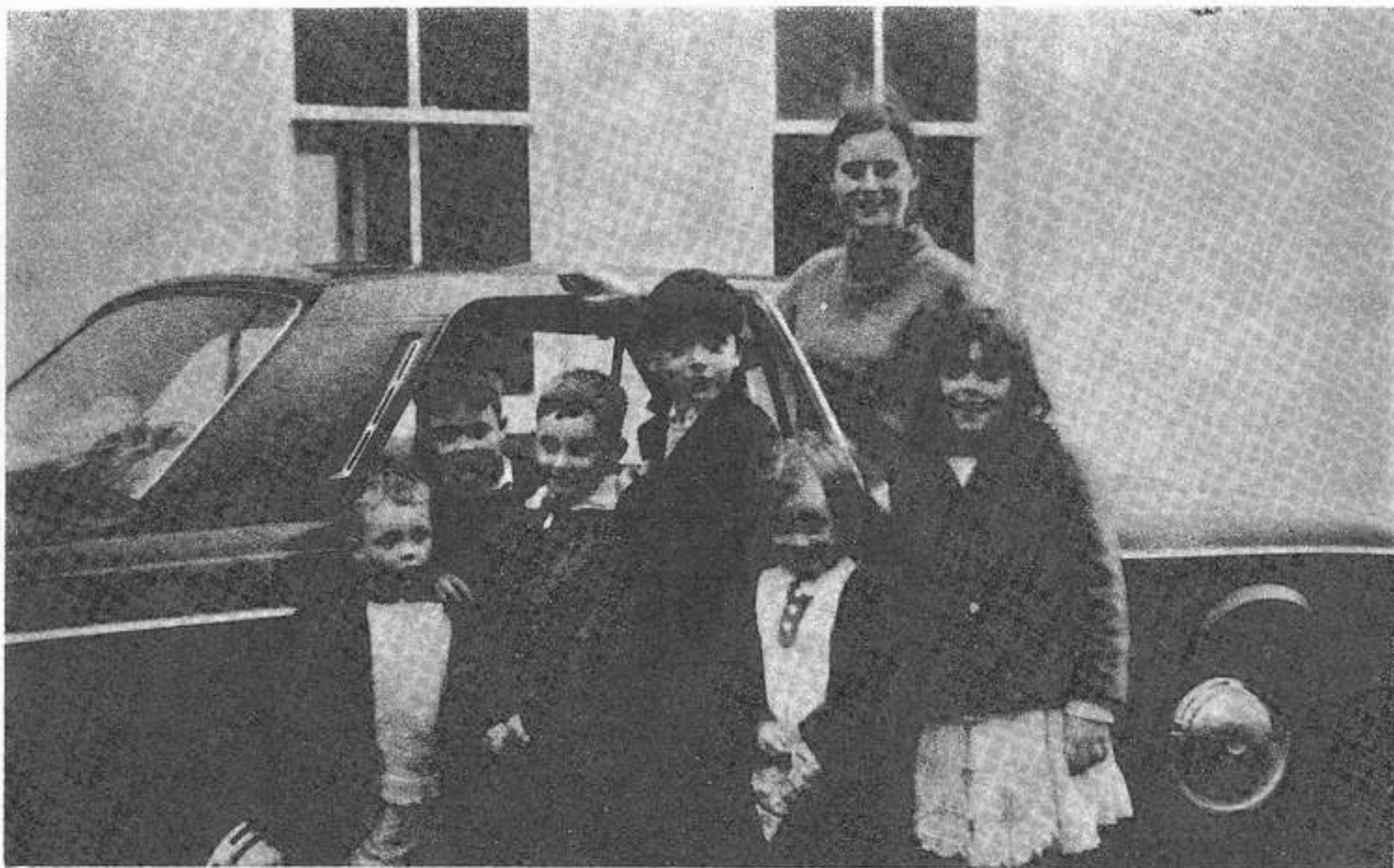
In an effort to make it more acceptable to modern thinking the World Federation of the Sodality held its own mini-Council in October, 1967. In a changing world, since the Church thought it necessary to have a fresh look at herself, so too the Sodalities wanted to discover just how best they could meet the challenge of the modern world and fit into the pattern of contemporary living. The World Federation of Sodalities met in Rome in October, 1967, and drew up a document called "General Principles — Statutes." At this meeting it was decided to change the name and so the official title is now "Christian Life Communities." In Ireland, however, we have opted for the name "Christian Life Groups." The aim of our Groups is "to form people, who are committed to the service of the Church and the world, by the deepening of their Christian and Apostolic lives" (General Principle). The General Principles act as guidelines (not rules) and members live up to them as faithfully as they can. The Christian Life Group is free to choose its own programme of formation, but the one recommended and which we at the Presentation in Limerick have adopted is the "Cell Technique." It is first of all a way of holding a meeting, incorporating a

Gospel and Social Enquiry as well as allowing time for discussing our apostolic work. Through the Enquiries — the "See, Judge, Act" method devised by Cardinal Cardijn for the Young Christian Workers — members of a Group grow in the knowledge of the Gospels and thus form themselves in the spirit of Christ, and also become aware of social problems and endeavour to devise ways and means to solve them. Giving oneself to this form of meeting may seem a roundabout way of going into action, but then the Christian Life Groups are not simply action Groups, they are Groups whose members try to look at their environment with (or through) the eyes of Christ. In other words, through the Gospel Enquiry they try to see what Christ would do in their circumstances; try to build His world, not the one they might want. As the name of the Group suggests, the emphasis is on Christian living and the members try the whole time to alert themselves to the needs of their times, judging these needs by Christian standards. Thus, leaders are formed to act responsibly and to guide others in forming mature decisions.

"SEE, JUDGE, ACT"

The method of "See, Judge, Act" teaches one not just how to run a meeting, but how to run one's life — all the time seeing, judging, acting in a Christ-like way. So one becomes a full-time apostle and one becomes concerned particularly with the "renewal and sanctification of the temporal order" (General Principle). All members, besides receiving a wonderful impetus as regards active Christ-like work, are developing the qualities of leadership, thus widening evermore their sphere of influence in the cause of Christ. Since every lay person is an apostle, and since the Christian Life Groups encourage the "here and now" needs, all are expected to be aware, alert, available wherever circumstances need them. All their willingness can be employed, for the stress is ever on what one can give.

Christian Life Groups are flexible, and are not tied to any particular work, but aim to help out where the need is greatest. Here at the Presentation, we work in co-operation with the Social Service Centre. At present our work involves



Miss Nora Casserly (Sec.) with some of the children whom the Group took on an outing to Kilkee

visitation of needy families, and lonely old people, giving practical help where possible, and where the need arises, material help is given, *i.e.*, food vouchers, clothes, etc. Members also visit St. Joseph's Hospital and others are involved in the "Meals on Wheels" project. During the year children were dressed for First Communion and Confirmation, and at Christmas time 90 families were supplied with food parcels, and a party arranged for the children. Six families were taken on a day's outing to the seaside, and an afternoon's tour arranged for the old folk. The members of the sewing group are engaged in making vestments and in renovating and repairing clothes for the old and needy at home and on the missions. Funds are collected by holding concerts, flag days, cake sales, etc.

From the above it will be realised that the Christian Life Group is more than a pious organisation. People who want something to give them a sense of conviction about the truths of their faith, as well as an inspiration for their ordinary tasks, will find all these things in Christian Life Groups. Our Groups are capable not only of sanctifying the members through the programme of formation, but also of helping in the "mission of the Church to the world." The organisation founded over 400 years ago and

now presented with a new name and modern approach has definitely a meaning for modern man. One will find in any well-run Group that interior Christian vision which will be the guide to the fulfilment of one's role in the Church of Christ in the world of today.

SPIRITUALITY OF THE GROUPS

Since the spirituality of our Groups is centred on Christ and the Paschal Mystery, our monthly Mass is the unifying factor between our Groups. We see the role of Mary in relation to Christ. We take her as our model, venerate her and rely on her intercession in fulfilling our role.

CONVERSATION

The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are. Anybody can change idle gossip . . . But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly and delightfully is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people and receptivity of impression.

(Ruskin)



From My Window . . .

By CORMAC O'CONNOR

Joy is going out of the world. It is not that the world is not still a cause for joy but that men are forgetting how to rejoice. I look out at the ageing world and I lament. I lament the wars and the discord, I lament the hunger and the avarice, I lament the millions of broken hearts, the mothers ravaged in anguish, the children denied their bread. But above all I lament the decline of education, the fear and lack of conviction of those who know wherein lies true education but compromise in the face of materialism.

It must be as clear now as it was to the schoolmen that knowledge is not the end but the means to education. It must be plain to even the humblest man that the academics and the so-called intellectuals have no monopoly of wisdom. It must be obvious to anyone who even casually looks at life that the Dons are particularly sterile in the matter of creative originality, and that the Einsteins and Van Goghs and Liam O'Flahertys emerge in spite of, rather than because of, their schooling.

BOOK-LEARNING

The truth is that the schools of the world, in their concern for books and book-learning, have lost sight of people. The world must again be reminded that in every man, just as in every flower, there is an inborn design which orients him towards perfection, and that simple and unlettered people, for reasons which educationalists would do well to ponder, can be more aware of their own interior depth than the scribes and the doctors.

HIPPIES

It is an old phenomenon and perhaps it is a mark of all the ages that "the spirit bloweth where it listeth," but one cannot help lamenting, as I do now, the blindness of institutions all over Europe and America, and wherever so-called civilization prevails, that they cannot see what it is a student seeks. Is it any wonder that we have

hippies with identity crises and free universities — in groups of breakaway students — springing up in the hills of California? Is it any wonder that the black people of North America are frustrated in a pursuit of the white man's knowledge, the white man who himself has lost his way to wisdom in a preoccupation with skills and expertises? We will have men on the moon but what kind of men? We will have the curing of disease but it would seem that it is the healthy who are in need of the cure.

THE HEART OF MAN

And while I lament I also rejoice in the powerful hand of God who writes wisdom into the heart of humanity which is ever saving itself by the virtue of the lowly. For even as students burst the walls of universities which close in on them, even while we have Kremains and Pentagons, we still have Pasternaks and Martin Luther Kings. Even while the universities grow and continue their traffic in knowledge, we will have small, fresh schools which are in search of true education and the fragrance of wisdom. And while man conquers the moon he must continue to conquer his interior universe, or else he will be forced into a most bitter conflict — a conflict with his own self. Even while he gathers together into a world community, he must deepen and liberate each single heart. Even while he weaves science about his work he must weave poems about his existence. For no man can be reduced to an idea and no man is as small as an explanation. Our notion of ourselves can never live up to the wondrous reality that we are, and an education that does not bring us to touch the verge of this mystery is no education at all.

NEW SCHOOLS

So what use are all the books and all the knowledge and all the professors and all the

(Continued on page 21)

STRIFE-TORN BELFAST

During the recent troubles in Belfast, the Catholic districts of Falls Road and Ardoyne were worst hit. In these two areas alone, hundreds of houses were totally destroyed or looted and thousands of people left homeless. Clonard church and monastery are just off the Falls Road. REV. FR. P. EGAN, C. Ss. R. (former Director of the Limerick Archconfraternity), gives here an eyewitness account of an unprovoked and vicious attack on residents in the Clonard area on the 15th and 16th of August.

Shortly after twelve noon on Thursday, 14th August, a voice on the telephone warned the Redemptorist community in Clonard monastery to get out or be burned out. A priest from the monastery conveyed the message to the police who promised protection. No police protection came.

On that same night and during the early hours of the following morning, the predominantly Catholic Falls Road area was devastated by gunfire and petrol bombs. As leaping flames reddened the sky and machine gun fire shattered the night silence, I viewed the scene of desolation from a third-storey window and wondered if I was right in thinking that only two days ago Stormont Government spokesmen assured the public that the forces of law and order had the situation under control.

At 7 a.m., 15th August, I received a message which stated that "B Specials were dragging people out of their homes" in a Catholic area near the monastery. I hurried to the scene and saw two police vehicles, one with a large gun mounted on it, drawn up on the street. A middle-aged man, in shirt and trousers, with raised hands stood on the pavement. He was being searched by the police. As I approached, the search was discontinued.

Passersby, some on their way to Mass, some to work, hastened their steps at the sight of police tenders. I saluted some of these people, but they were tensed up and frightened and very reluctant to enter into conversation. However, one woman stood and talked. She deplored violence in the city and fervently wished for peace in the community. She told me she was a Protestant from nearby Cupar Street.

I saw the police take two men into custody. There was no undue force or violence used while I was present. (I might mention that I arrived in Belfast only seven months ago and am, as yet, unable to distinguish between Specials and R.U.C. men.)

When the tenders drove off, doors opened cautiously and people came out on the street. A group of women remonstrated with me for having exposed myself to danger: "You know these B men would shoot you," they insisted. For me, the frightening thing about this remark was that the women really meant it. I was appalled to think that so many people have so little confidence in the forces of law and order.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

At about three o'clock in the afternoon (Friday, 15th August), trouble really started in Clonard area. A mob, armed with sticks, stones and petrol bombs, approached from Cupar Street and attacked the Catholic districts surrounding the monastery. As many men were away at work, the defence of the area at this early stage was largely in the hands of teenagers who fearlessly hurtled stones and bottles at the assailants. An urgent telephone call seeking protection for the threatened area was sent from Clonard monastery to the local police station. No help arrived.

After making a vain attempt to stop the fighting, I heard women and girls crying and shrieking. I brought them into the monastery, where a large number of terrified people had already gathered.

Shots rang out, and minutes later I looked through a window and saw a prostrate figure on the pavement in Waterville Street. I dashed out and found 15-year-old Gerard McAuley lying face downwards in a pool of blood. I administered spiritual aid and helped to lift the boy into an ambulance. I was afterwards told that he died on the way to hospital.

About this time, 4-5 p.m., a priest from Clonard, accompanied by a layman, visited the police barracks and appealed for protection. There were several police officers present. They informed the priest that they had orders to remain in barracks.

News of the attack spread, and soon men came speeding from their place of work to defend their families, homes and church. They had

little with which to defend themselves. Comparatively speaking they were defenceless. Within the space of an hour I anointed five people in the vicinity of the church.

BRITISH FORCES

Fearing a massacre, I rang the G.O.C., British Forces, Lisburn. He was not available, but the officer who took the call promised help.

A 7 p.m. the first detachment of troops arrived and took up a position in the Falls Road. As far as protecting Clonard area is concerned the presence of soldiers in the Falls Road is useless. I approached the officer in charge and explained the situation to him. As we talked an officer of higher rank came along and promised help.

About two hours later another group of soldiers arrived and took up a position in the Clonard area. The local men withdrew, some going to side streets, some to the monastery, and left defensive operations to the military. At this stage there were some houses on fire.

The officer in charge addressed the attackers: "Come out with your hands up and we shall not fire." The command was greeted with a litany of obscenities, punctuated with bawdy references to the Pope, the Fenians, and the British soldiers.

Instead of coming out with hands up, the attackers came with guns blazing and petrol bombs flying. The soldiers turned and fled. More homes were burned.

Despite all the gunplay, no police pulled up outside the homes of well-known extremist Paisleyite leaders next morning to drag men from their beds to hold in custody on suspicion of their being in the illegal possession of firearms. Many people say this is typical of the one-sided enforcement of law which is evident here down the years, and which explains the widespread lack of confidence in the forces of law and order.

The military reformed ranks, charged into the areas under attack and took up their positions. Undaunted by the military presence, the attackers returned, armed with petrol bombs, and systematically set fire to approximately thirty homes. I watched them go from house to house, kicking in doors, breaking windows and hurtling petrol bombs inside. I saw them smash windows in St. Gall's school and, in full view of the military, throw fire bombs into the building.

The military had orders not to fire, and under these conditions were unable to deal with ruth-

less men who showed no regard for human life or property. But those who supplied the information that resulted in these orders being issued to the military are responsible for most of the destruction of property which occurred on 15th and 16th August in Clonard area.

Three times the school was set on fire and three times the boys of the locality fought to quench the flames and succeeded each time while bullets whistled around the room. I marvelled at their courage.

Again and again during the night and early morning the attackers encouraged each other — "let's get the school, let's get the monastery." If they failed, failure was not due to protection given by the forces of law and order, but to the bravery of local lads who, though unprepared, ill-equipped and, comparatively speaking, defenceless, fought like heroes against unjust aggression.

The following day the army took control of the situation.

Limerick people have been prompt and generous in coming to the aid of displaced persons in Belfast. It is only fair to say that the men of the Archconfraternity were particularly generous. The afflicted people in Belfast are deeply grateful to their Limerick friends.

Many of these people have not only lost their homes and possessions, but are deeply shocked at the injustice and inhumanity of the treatment to which they were subjected during the past few weeks. More financial help is needed to give them a start in building up a new home.

PEACE

If there is righteousness in the heart,

There will be beauty in the character.

If there is beauty in the character,

There will be harmony in the home.

If there is harmony in the home,

There will be order in the nation.

When there is order in the nation,

There will be peace in the world.

—Asian Proverb

Two Curacies of Fr. Casey

ST. PATRICK'S-MONALEEN, 1951-1955;

::

ST. JOHN'S, 1955-1959

by TADGH O CEALLAIGH

Some eighteen years ago a new curate was appointed in St. Patrick's-Monaleen parish. We were informed that he had been reared and educated in Adare but that he was born in Fries, Co. Kerry. No one realised then, of course, how significant this Kerry birthright would be for Fr. Eamon Casey in the year 1969.

He came to us then, fresh from Maynooth's classhalls, eager and indeed impatient to come to grips with his pastoral duties. Deliberately, I think, he chose the local schools as his testing ground, but at any rate he was soon almost a daily visitor to some classroom, apologising for the intrusion but obviously determined to win the trust and friendship of the children of the parish in the shortest time possible.

His dash, his infectious laugh after the lightning quip and his general "joie de vivre" had a ready response from youth. He was more than accepted. And so through the friendships he made with these children he was welcomed to the homes of parents and parishioners. Never one for formality, he dropped in as often by the back door as the front. He would have the cup of tea or the glass of milk and in the shortest time possible Fr. Casey was "like one of their own," greeted everywhere with the warmest affection.

As he showed in a remarkable way later during the years of his apostolate to Irish exiles in England, his gifts of leadership were far above the ordinary. He was a born organiser with the ability to get to the core of the most difficult problem almost without effort. He revelled in hard work. He would spend some of the early hours of the day teaching Christian Doctrine in St. Anne's Vocational School where he had been appointed Catechist and then back to assist in the daily round of parochial duties. With the approval and co-operation of his parish priest, Dr. Cowper, and his fellow-curate, Fr. O'Regan, he re-organised the Parish Committees. Even in those pre-Vatican II days, he insisted that the laity should involve themselves actively in every aspect of parochial activities. As director of the women's confraternity, he encouraged the ladies to help in a practical way to solve some of the social problems in the parish. The response was generous. The local



Scout Troop had his enthusiastic support as chaplain. A curate's residence was needed for the Monaleen side of the parish and for this and other parish projects, funds were a necessity. And so the Monaleen Players were founded, flourished and performed in most of the parochial halls in the diocese, and the Committees of those halls became acquainted with the business acumen of the young priest from Monaleen, who could drive such a hard bargain in making renting terms but who would always fulfil his promise of a first-class presentation. And there were also jumble sales, produce sales, raffles — the lot.

CITY ACTIVITIES

The tempo was stepping up from day to day but it seemed that he had still surplus energy

to expand, and people in social and cultural movements in the city began to seek his help. Indeed a factual list of the groups, organisations and societies with which Fr. Casey was associated during his curacy in St. Patrick's and later when he was transferred to St. John's might test credibility. But his parishioners and fellow-citizens had by now realised that there seemed to be no limit to his capacity for organisational work. Three or four meetings a day, over most of which he had to preside, became almost routine for him. And those who served with him on these committees came to admire his courage in facing problems, his quickness to grasp and stress the essential, his resourcefulness in debate, his commonsense and, above all else, his energy and dedication. Many of these societies are vigorously active to this day and the members look back with pride to their association with the bishop-elect of the diocese of Kerry.

He founded the boys' club in St. John's parish, which today is not only active but may justly claim to be one of the most successful of such clubs in the country. Then he was co-founder with his friend, Fr. Gallagher, of the Diocesan Pre-Marriage Course which of course continues to do such excellent work. He was director of the Limerick Branch of the Young Christian Workers — a discussion group for young adults with a scriptural and social bias. To help towards financing the building of the new diocesan college, he organised the Limerick Diocesan Waste Paper Committee and built it up so successfully that it later became a Limited CCompany with some prominent Limerick businessmen as its directors. The people of St. John's parish and indeed the citizens of Limerick will readily recall the Pantomime Group which in the late fifties presented such successful shows at Christmas in St. John's Pavilion. Fr. Casey's flair for direction was seen to full advantage in his work for this company which, incidentally, helped the now popular duo of Tom and Pascal along the way to professional fame.

The Apostolic Film Group was also his inspiration. They showed in a very practical way the benefits of using film strips and other visual aids in the Christian Doctrine class and in all classroom work. As a result of his work with this group, Fr. Casey became interested in the evaluation of standards of film production and for some time acted as film critic for "The Furrow."

CUMANN GAELACH MUIRE

No account of Fr. Casey's work in Limerick

diocese would be complete without reference to his work for the Irish language and in particular the success of another movement of which he was co-founder. In the early fifties and while still attached to St. Patrick's parish, he joined with an t-Athair Gearoid De Bhall, whose national background was such an inspiration in itself, in founding Cumann Gaelach Muire. The aim of this society was to provide opportunities for its members to practise and enjoy the more Gaelic way of life. It would take another five hundred words to chronicle the success which attached to this movement and it must wait some other opportunity to do justice to it. Maireann an gluaiseacht go beo fós agus tá na baill is sean-baill moralach gó deo as an mbeirt a bhunaigh an Cumann seo is a thug inspioráid dóibh bheith dílis don saol Gaolach i gconaí. We have only space now to mention some extra-mural activities of this Cumann Gaelach. It organised an annual Fleadh na Nollag which became so popular that it became as difficult to purchase a ticket of admission to it as it is to get a Hogan Stand ticket for an All-Ireland Final. It was also from the ranks of this society, helped by most of the other National and Gaelic groups in the city, that a National Pageant was presented in the Gaelic Grounds in 1953. The director was Fr. Casey. Another popular offshoot of the Cumann was Fr. Culhane's Diocesan Ceilí which for a number of years brought over one thousand Ceilí dancers to the Pavilion hall annually.

And the people in the Kerry Gaeltacht in wonderful Corcha Dhuibhne will remember the sagart óg who arrived summer after summer in Bealbán across from Ballyferriter village with a group of enthusiasts anxious to practise their knowledge of Irish and perfect the 'blas.' Cuirfear fáilte na féile roimhe amach annseo nuair a thiocfaidh se ar ais chucu mar Easbog Chiarraí!

There are other groups and many other movements with which Fr. Casey was prominently identified during the years of his two curacies in Limerick. He led a full life, more often than not a twelve-hour day, but through all its intensity it can be said that he never lost his boyish sense of humour or that gift of holding the friends he had made. His broad humanity reached out to every man and evoked not only admiration but also that rarer thing we call affection.

Ad multos annos.

What Is A Priest ?

by REV. FRANK MORIARTY

A small three-year-old boy swung one-handed from the railings as I passed his home. "I know you," he smiled. I stopped. "Do you now?" "Yes, you are a Mass-man." Some clerical talking sessions would not have agreed with him. Even the better and enlightened periodicals, travelling lecturers and theologians are asking what is a priest. Summer schools won't even attempt a definition. The old scripture text, "Every high priest is taken from amongst men and ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, to offer gifts and sacrifices," is no longer a sure identification disc. Even the clerical collar is giving way to the polo-neck and the tie.

SALT OF THE EARTH

Let us say the priest is a man of God. God for a man living in the country is different from God for the man living in the crush of the city. The country-man sees God in the clean wind, in the drooping fat ears of wheat, in the cloud patterns reflected on water, in the crispness of stars when frost clears the sky. There is here maybe a push towards superstition, and a tendency to expect a Mass-man with ritualistic magic to avert rain at harvest time, to flash sunshine for sowing and silo making, and to announce eternal life as sure as the slippery sides of a newly-born calf.

CONCRETE SITUATIONS

The city-man is modern, living by neon lights and central heating, jumping to factory hooters and the slam of office doors on covered typewriters, full ashtrays, and the loneliness of the cleaning women. There are no seasons for him, no elements save the stock-taking, sale, silly and planning seasons, and the decisive elements that flash lightning calculations from computers. Lost in the concrete cartons and canyons of the city, and fascinated by the works of his own genius, the city-man tends to see God nowhere, he is inclined to be an atheist because of his distractions.

The good priest was the man who promptly answered the doorbell or the 'phone; who was attentive to every sick call, and visited the homes of his people, wearing down his shoe-leather

going from door to door. He was busy too, but his business came to him. He gave a general response to the initiative and the Christian practice of his flock — they came to confessions, they turned up Sunday after habitual Sunday for Mass, they sought advice and counsel, and they welcomed, even expected and profited by correction. But their initiative is slipping, and the priest must grasp it. He must seek out, he must find, he must even build a community to serve.

"Times they are a-changing" -- machines replace human hands. Towns bulging with people spill out into green fields. The immediate sound and the sight of happenings everywhere make one place of all places and one spectator of all men. Neighbours in industrial conglomerates can be from Connemara, Cairo or Columbia. Rebellious young people take abundance for granted. Young men of twenty are men of plenty. They have the power and uncontrolled students prove it. Isn't one religion almost as good as another, so why argue over theological details? Populations explode, life lasts longer. Mothers work in offices. Information wildfires faster than rumour. Adult leaders can't capture the enthusiasm or the imagination of the young. Sin is a dirty word.

MOVING THE MASSES

The Sunday church-fillers may not understand, but they believe. They believe that God is there when bread become His flesh. They may wish there was another way to His coming besides the Mass as we have it, and that wish is locked in the kicked-around but vital word "meaningful." They firmly believe that the Blessed Mother was Immaculately conceived, that God loves in three persons, that bread and wine truly become the Flesh and Blood of Christ, they believe in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. But their next reaction carries unexpressed echoes of an indifferent "so what?" How do we make Mass meaningful for the milkman, the typist, the High Court judge, the dustman, the professors of higher mathematics, and grandmothers with their grandchildren? Why not bring in a ballad group, a string quartet, a

(Continued on page 23)

SPORTS SPECIAL

by *VERY REV. P. G. RYAN, P.P.*

As summer fades away with memories of good days, the summer game, and days in the sun, the world of sport moves imperceptibly into new seasonal pastimes. The manners of our times are reflected in many ways on the fields of sport. Apart from trivialities like long hair and sideburns, now accepted as commonplace among athletes, as they are on the terraces and in the streets, the more serious political and economic problems are bound to have a disrupting effect on the field of play. They can even threaten the sporting calendar. One wearies a little of constantly hearing the traditional theme that things are not what they used to be. Of course, they never were. No man is an island in these days of instant communication. At least let us try to ensure, as far as we can, that the best traditions of sportsmanship and fair-play prevail in any game. The true intent of good players is all for our delight.

HURLING

The Munster champions, Cork, were soundly beaten in the All-Ireland Final when Kilkenny applied full pressure in the second half. A goal emanating from a sideline puck just before half-time, when goalkeeper Paddy Barry lost his hurley, gave Kilkenny their chance. Their seasoned players raised their game in unmistakable fashion. Together with All-Ireland honours, they won the coveted trip to New York. The name of Justin McCarthy will be a peg on which to remember this final in future years. Whether his presence would have made a difference (he suffered a broken leg in a road accident just a few days prior to the game) can never be known. A switch of Willie Walsh to the half-forward line, with Donal Clifford still following Eddie Keher, might have altered the course of events. It was not done. That Cork were no world-beaters was shown when they could only draw with luckless Clare in the Munster championship. They made no mistake in the re-play and then had convincing victories over Galway and Tipperary, who only beat Limerick by three points in the semi-final.

The hurling sensation of the year was the downfall of All-Ireland champions, Wexford, who lost to Offaly by 3-11 to 5-10. A forewarned

Kilkenny only survived the Offaly challenge by two points. However, Offaly supporters gained great compensation when their senior footballers reached the All-Ireland football final, having beaten Cavan in a re-play, against Kerry. In a game that was marred by windy conditions, Kerry ran out deserving winners to take their 21st title.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

Pallasgreen beat Patrickswell in the final of the Limerick Senior Hurling Championship. Having received a walk-over from Boher, Patrickswell then defeated Cloughaun and South Liberties. Pallasgreen won the junior title last year. They reached the senior final by defeating Bruree, Doon and St. Patrick's.



HORSE-RACING

Former champion jockey, Manister-born Tim Molony, now training at Wymondham, Leicestershire, is placing his charges nicely. At time of writing, his three-year-olds have won six races: Coupee, three times; Clytemnestra, twice; and Tim's Choice. Among his two-year-old winners was the filly Desert Chicken, running in his wives' colours: "gold, green hooped sleeves, white cap, gold hoop."

The flat racing "Sportsman of the Year," Geoff Lewis, and rival of Lester Piggott in the Jockey's Championship, was introduced to racing, set on the path to fame and encouraged in his professional career by the perceptive Tim Molony.



Ivan Morris, the Munster Inter-provincial, whose 65 in the Corboy Cup at Limerick Golf Club broke the course record by 2 shots. The old record was held jointly by professionals Jim Kinsella and Frank McGloin.

RUGBY

Highlight will be the visit of South Africa. They will play three matches in Ireland: against Ulster at Ravenhill on Saturday, November 29th; against Ireland at Lansdowne Road on Saturday, January 10th, and against Munster at Thomond Park on Wednesday, January 14th. Political overtures cannot be avoided unless the Springboks do something convincing to dissociate themselves, insofar as they are able, from the racist policies of their government. The unpleasantness occasioned by the visit of Wilfrid Isaac's XI to Dublin by anti-apartheid demonstrators may be repeated. In fact, a big question mark must be posed about the South African cricket tour to England next summer, considering

the cancellation of last winter's tour because of the D'Oliveira affair. It is all such a pity, but a reflection of life's complexities.

On the home front, Garryowen captured the Charity Cup for the third year running, beating Old Crescent in the final.

GOLF

Ivan Morris broke the course record with 65 when he won the Corboy Cup at Limerick Golf Club. The old record of 67 was held jointly by professionals, Jim Kinsella and Frank McGloin.



SOCCER

The appearance of Brighton, Plymouth and Coleraine at the Markets Field gave a colourful start to the season. Limerick had the satisfaction of defeating the Blaxnit champion club, Coleraine, with goals by Hugh Hamilton and Al Finucane. Unbeaten after three Shield games, Limerick tasted defeat at Milltown, going under 4-0 to Shamrock Rovers. In the European Cup, Waterford were beaten home (3-2) and away (2-0) by Galatasaray, Turkey. In the European Cup Winner's Cup, Shamrock Rovers were beaten on a 4-2 aggregate by Gelsenkirchen Schalke, West Germany, having won the first leg at home by 2-1; while Dundalk were hammered 10-0 (away) and 4-0 (home) by Liverpool in the Fairs Cup. The L.O.I. Shield is divided into two sections because of the advent of Finn Harps and Athlone.

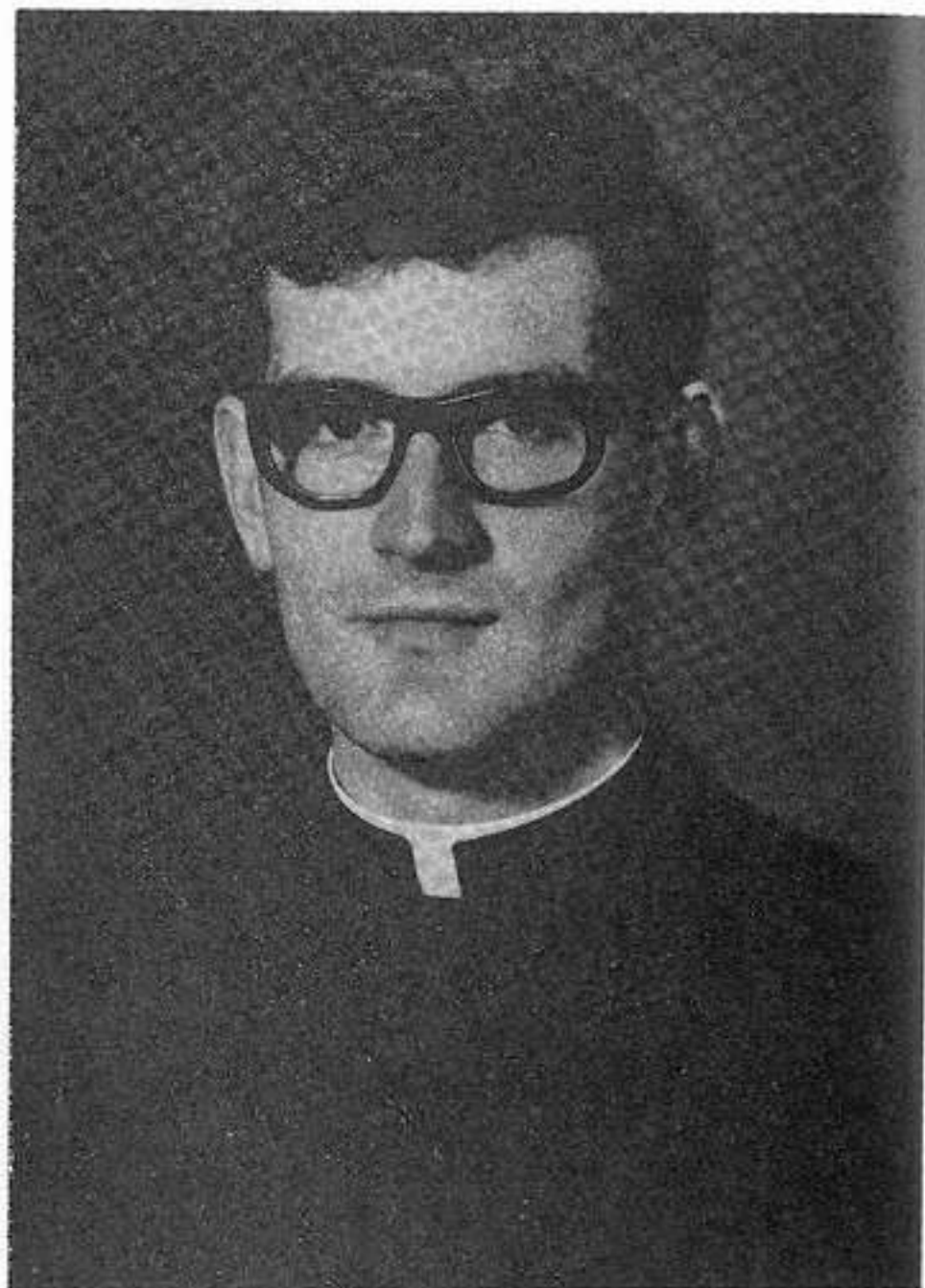
ATHLETICS

In the European Games at Athens, Ireland's Frank Murphy ran a magnificent race to be second in the 1500 metres, and so take the silver medal. Noel Carroll reached the final of the 800 metres. Our other two athletes, Ann O'Brien in the women's 1500 metres, and Matt Murphy, in the marathon, failed to make any impression.

Diocesan Items

Well, summer is over. Autumn has crept quietly upon us. But before the days had lost their brightness, I went West. Normally going West means hitting for Killarney and picking up the first fresh breeze at Templeglantine on the way or setting out for Ballybunion by the coast road through Foynes. But in this case I drove more inland. First to Askeaton and thence through Lisnacuille and Creeves and past Kilbreathern graveyard to Coolcappa. I did not know this country well but in Askeaton I met Fr. Guiry. Fr. Guiry, since returning from Africa, has ministered in Shanagolden, Ballyhahill and Coolcappa and now is working in Askeaton. He knows every inch of the country in this part of the diocese.

Fr. O'Connell, parish priest of Kilcoleman, had just left the house to make arrangements for fasting calls for the next morning. So Fr. Guiry and I went on to see the new church in Cool-



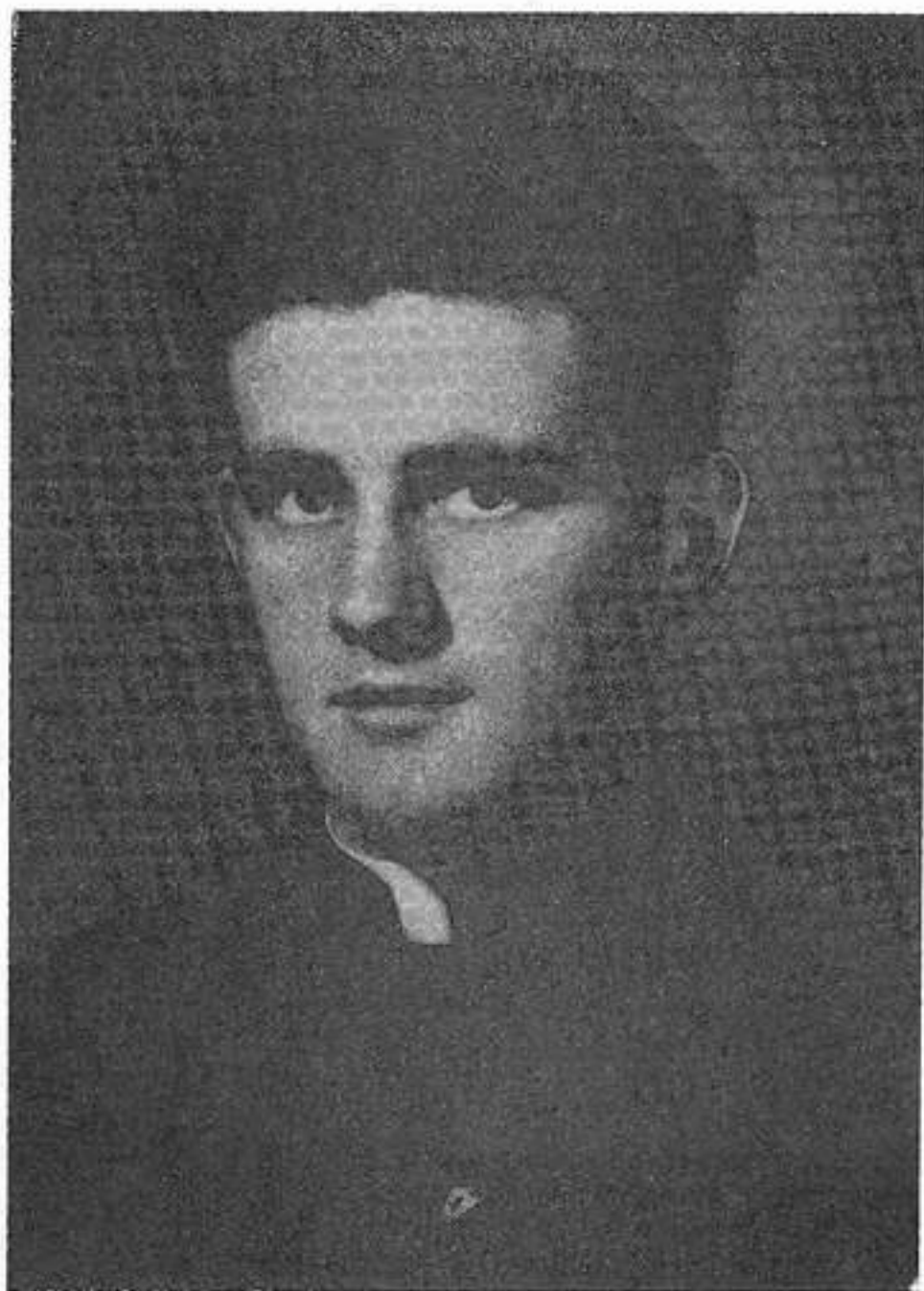
Rev. J. Leonard.

cappa which Fr. O'Connell and the parishioners are building.

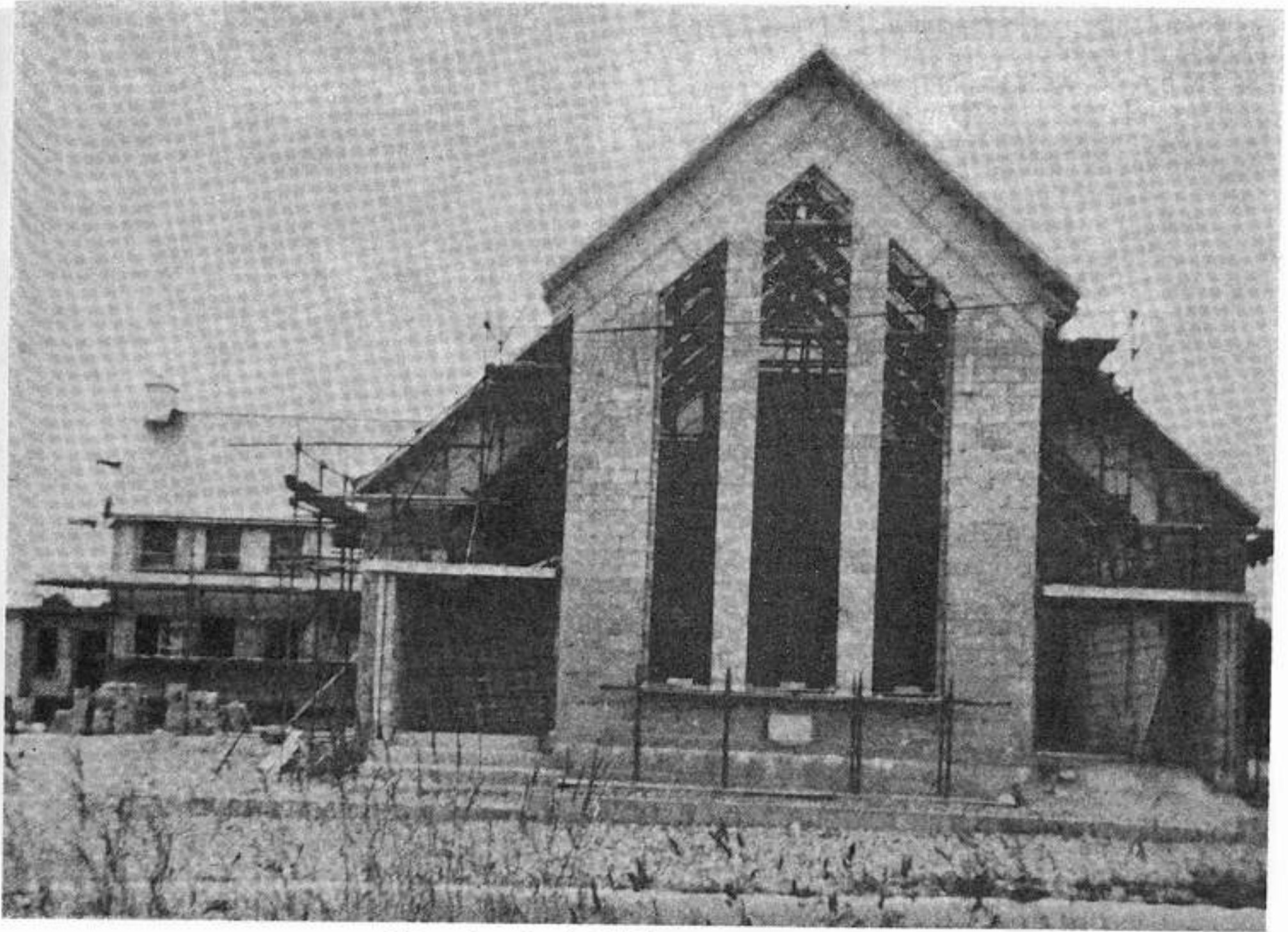
The site of the new church is about fifty yards above the site of the old one and on a higher level. It is near completion. Built on the Wedge style, it will seat three hundred people and will be a very neat, compact, intimate church for the community. Because of the shape and size of the church, even people in the back seats will be close to the altar. The radiators are already in and the church will be oil-heated.

It looks as if there will be good parking space between the road and the church and also in front of the church.

When Fr. O'Connell returned home, he was lavish in his praise of the people who have made such sacrifices to build this lovely church for themselves and a house for God in their midst. At the time of our visit, Fr. O'Connell and the people were looking forward to the arrival of their new curate, Fr. Paddy Howard.



Rev. F. Duhig



New church at Kildimo—near completion.

It was a pleasant drive back through the peaceful countryside to Askeaton.

While back West I met an old friend who now and again writes a few verses. He is very modest about this and it took some persuasion to get some of them from him. Here is a poem by him, as yet unpublished, which he has dedicated to Messrs. Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin, whose successful landing on the moon occupied our attention earlier in the summer. It is entitled:—

THE FIRST STEPS

As soon as crawling time is past,
The infant finds his feet at last,
On steps unsure to travel free,
From father's hand to mother's knee.
Though fall he may, he'll rise again,
Fond parents love to soothe his pain.
With those few steps, he thus begins
The start of all his wanderings.
Though many a time he'll trip and fall,
Twixt cradle land and final call.

To roam he must the world wide,
From father's hand to mother's side,
For small indeed his life would be,
If spent around his mother's knee.

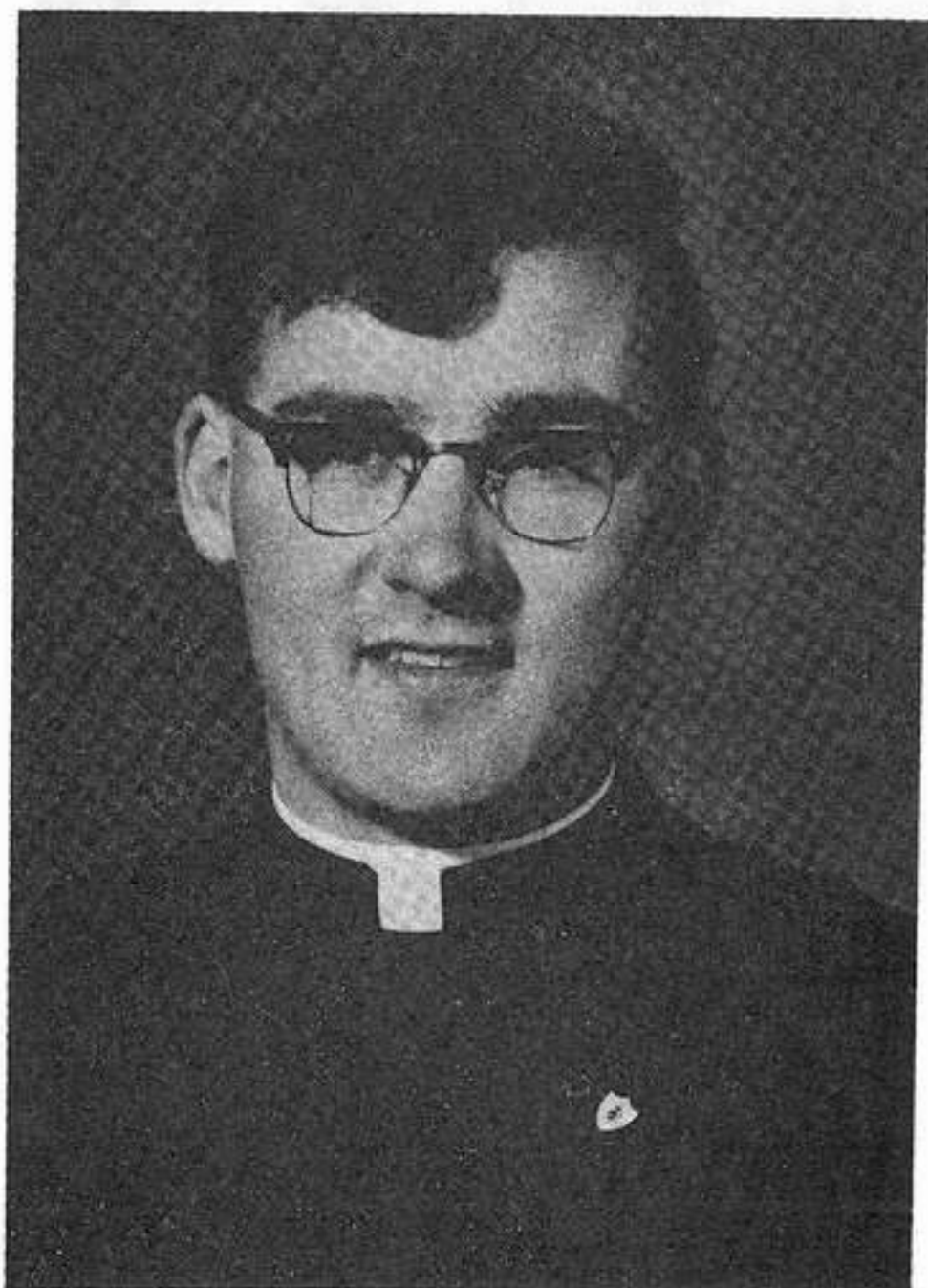
The toddler now to youth has grown,
Prepared to journey on alone,
From Mother Earth unleashed to soar,
And planets distant far explore.
Apollo's flight on fiery wings
Now brings within his journeyings
The silvered moon, first stepping-stone,
On outward trek from earthly home.
Yet falters still, where worlds divide,
As loth to leave his mother's side,
While spirit calls to further stray
Beyond the star-filled Milky Way,
Where warmer suns and brighter moons
From kinder earths dispel the glooms.

But youth must grow to full estate,
Ere man can cross that awesome gate,
Dividing earth from kindred spheres,
Where men will live in future years.

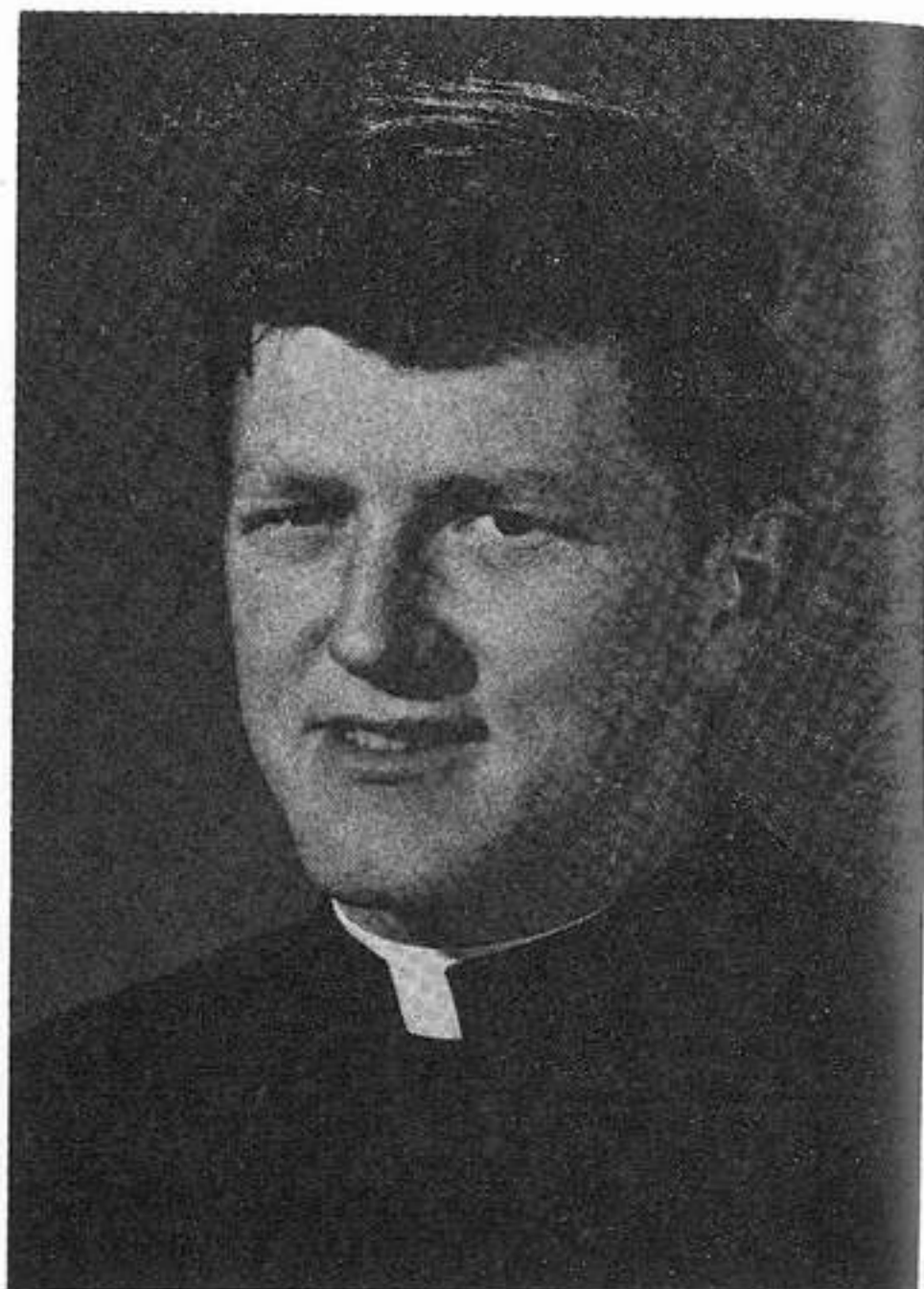


Some think 'tis but a baseless hope,
 Beyond man's ken, beyond man's scope.
 Then must we ever vaguely scan
 Through misty lens, the breathless span
 Of boundless Wisdom, searing Light,
 The Power, the Glory, and the Might,
 That called the world forth at Will,
 And endless space with stars did fill.
 Ah simple souls, to think the Lord
 Could only this one earth afford.

Though man himself is old as time,
 He has not yet attained his prime.
 In age and grace fore God on high,
 Frail man is still a little boy.
 Soar onward, outward, daring man,
 Completing God's eternal plan.
 When all His earths with men are filled,
 God's glory full will be revealed.
 Then through the endless spaces wide,
 From all the spheres where men reside,
 To heaven itself will praises ring
 Of God, Creator, Lord, and King.
 When man from Mother Earth can roam,
 He'll closer come his Father's home.



Rev. T. Crawford



Rev. O. Plunkett

On the way home I called in to see the new church in Kildimo and it, too, is near completion. Few priests have been so fortunate in finding a site right in the middle of the village.

Congratulations To Rt. Rev. Mgr. Casey, whom you all know so well, on his appointment as Bishop of Kerry. Before he goes away we say "thank you" to him for the great work he did in St. Patrick's and St. John's and in diocesan organisations; also for the tremendous help and encouragement and uplift he has given our Limerick emigrants among others during his time in England. Long may he and the priests and people of friendly Kerry work together for the betterment of the people and the salvation of souls. (See page 11.)

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COLMANSWELL CHURCH

Colmanswell's new church is now nearing completion. It is designed on the most modern lines and should ensure the people's fullest involvement in the liturgy. Certainly this com-

compact building will provide the 200 parishioners with a well-nigh ideal setting for full community worship, e.g., the priest must enter the nave of the church in procession before Mass as the Introit entrance hymn is recited. It will cost £18,000 and replaces the old church built in 1830.

This parish has another major building project ready to commence in 1970, i.e., a new central school at Ballyagran, on a fine 2-acre site, recently purchased. This school will replace four two-teacher schools at Ballyagran, Castletown, Colmanswell and Kilacolla, in accordance with the Department of Education's new centralisation programme. A bus will be provided to transport the children to the new school, which will contain five classrooms, together with a large general purposes room, teachers' room, kitchen with cooking facilities, and spacious playground.

The people of Ballyagran and Colmanswell have reason to be proud of the progress made within the past decade commencing with the construction of the Parochial Hall in 1960, followed by a beautiful new church at Ballyagran, and culminating in the present undertakings.

CAMOGIE

Camogie has grown in popularity during the past season. New clubs are appearing all over the county and the Co. Board's own field at Kildimo is the scene for two or three games every Sunday.

The high overall standard is reflected in the fact that the Senior Co. Champions, Ahane, were victorious in the final of the Munster Inter-Club competition recently. They defeated Croagh in the county final and have very experienced players in Co. Board Hon. Secretary, Peggy Duffy, Joan Hayes, Helen Roche, and especially the Patrickswell girl, Carrie Clancy.

Croagh, former champions, are Ahane's greatest threat to supremacy, and even defeated them in the final of the Ballyagran tournament. Co. Board Chairman, Eithne Neville, as well as Buntly Guiry and B. Giltinane have rendered great service to the club.

Competition is very keen in the secondary competition. Templeglantine, led by county player, Mary Liston, has qualified for the final and hope to go one better than last year when they were defeated by the Paddy Flynn-trained Monaleen girls. The Ballyagran club, formed only last year, shows great promise. It has won the Junior Championship and League, as well as

defeating Golden Vale in the final of the Novice Championship. They have also reached the under-16 final. If such players as Margo Condon, Eileen Foley and the O'Briens continue to improve, they will easily be senior champions of the future. Their success should be a source of encouragement to the many clubs just started this year. Most of them will have to realise that regular practice is essential. Who knows but newcomers like Ranks, Askeaton, St. Mary's, Dromcolloher, Ballynanty or Monegea may sweep the boards next year! Other prominent clubs in the county include: Bruff (junior winners in '68), Tournafulla (novice champions in '68), Croom, Newcastle West, Pallaskenry, St. Patrick's, Ballybrown and Kildimo. What a pity that Herbertstown, who have turned out great players like Christine Murphy and Marjorie Moroney, should have disbanded. Let's hope that they will reappear in some grade next year. The revival of once prominent South Liberties and Patrickswell is long overdue.

DIOCESAN APPOINTMENTS

His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. H. Murphy, has announced the following Diocesan appointments:

Very Rev. M. Purtill to become Parish Priest of Abbeyfeale, and Canon of the Cathedral Chapter and Vicar Forane.

Very Rev. T. Kirby to be Parish Priest of Askeaton.

Very Rev. D. Crowley, P.P., Donoghmore. Very Rev. T. Culhane, P.P., Parteen, and Very Rev. Dr. P. Fitzgerald, P.P., Cappagh.

Rev. J. Irwin to be C.C., Rathkeale. Rev. Frank Moriarty, Director of the Social Service Centre and Chaplain, Sarsfield Barracks. Rev. P. Howard to be C.C., Coolcappa. Rev. M. Liston to be C.C., Adare. Rev. O. Plunkett to be assistant (pro tem), St. Munchin's. Rev. Anthony O'Keeffe to be C.C., Bulgaden. Rev. J. Leonard to be C.C., Rockhill. Rev. Frank Duhig, Dean, St. Munchin's College. Rev. Tom Crawford, C.C., Our Lady Queen of Peace.

We would like to welcome the newly ordained to the Diocese and to wish them every success in their new appointments.

Canon Enright

Within a couple of recent weeks the Diocese of Limerick suffered the loss of two well-known and revered parish priests — Very Rev. Philip Canon Enright, Parish Priest of Abbeyfeale and Vicar Forane, and Very Rev. John Carroll, Parish Priest of Askeaton.

Canon Enright was born in the parish of Cratloe, attended the local national school there and then entered St. Munchin's College, where he completed his secondary school course in 1918. In that year he entered Maynooth College, where he graduated and, after completing his theological studies, was ordained on June 21st, 1925. For a short time after ordination he was curate at Tournafulla; then in 1927, for reasons of health, he was granted permission to take up temporary duty in the Diocese of San Francisco. He returned in 1933 and was for a short time curate at Fedamore before being appointed curate at Crecora, where he remained for three years. In 1937 he was transferred to Broadford, parish of Drumcollogher. His next appointment was as parish priest of Killeedy in 1953. He was pastor there for twelve years, during which time he carried out extensive improvements in the parish churches of Ashford and Raheenagh. Realising that the parochial house was unsuitably placed for parish administration, he arranged to have it sold with the adjoining lands and selected as site for a new residence a plot near the parish church at Raheenagh, where a much more suitably-placed building was erected under his direction. He was also responsible for providing a residence for the curate of the parish near the other parish church at Ashford.

In 1965, following the death of Canon O'Sullivan, Fr. Enright was appointed parish priest of Abbeyfeale, Canon of the Cathedral and Vicar Forane. Immediately he was faced with a problem which had been discussed for many years: reconstruction or replacement of the parochial church? After much thought, transfer to a site towards the eastern end of the town was decided on. To the preparation of this site, and to the erection of a beautiful church on it, Canon Enright gave himself unsparingly and, after a couple of years of hard work, he had the consolation and reward of seeing this church dedicated to Our Lady and formally opened by His Lordship on June 23rd, 1968. The design,



equipment and general layout have won the admiration of countless visitors.

In a quiet corner of the church grounds, the late Canon had set apart a small burial plot. It was a matter of general regret that this plot was to receive so soon the remains of the man who had provided it. Any memorial that may be erected there to perpetuate his memory must be insignificant alongside the church which, through the years, will remain the monument par excellence to his zeal, devotion and dedication. Requiescat in pace.

For your faithful people

O Lord

Life is changed,

Not taken away.

*And when the home of this earthly existence
collapses*

*An eternal dwelling awaits them
in heaven.*

—Preface of Requiem Mass.

Canon Carroll



Very Rev. John Carroll was a native of Coolruss, Granagh, parish of Ballingarry. He attended national school at Rockhill and later went to St. Munchin's College to begin his secondary school course, which he completed in 1918. He was nominated a student for the diocese at Maynooth College towards the end of that year. He graduated in 1921 and finished a successful theological course in 1925. After ordination on June 21st of that year, he spent a comparatively short time in the Diocese of Southwark and in a parish there which had the famous Arundel Castle, town residence of the Duke of Norfolk, within its boundary. Fr. Carroll was, accordingly, called on to act as chaplain at the castle as part of parish duty. He returned to Limerick in 1926 and was appointed curate at Loughill. From there, in 1928 he was transferred to Ardagh where from 1930 he had as parish priest the very well-known Fr. Michael Hayes, whose loyal friend he became particularly when illness struck the good pastor as it did well in advance of his death in 1934. In 1936 Fr. Carroll was transferred to Bruff as curate and here he had as pastor till 1941 the historian of the diocese, Venerable Archdeacon Begley, and from 1941 to 1945, Dr. Patrick O'Neill, afterwards Bishop of the Diocese. It was Dr. O'Neill, as Bishop, who in 1919 appointed Fr. Carroll parish priest

of Glenroe. He ministered there for 14 years to a community of people who recognised in him a diligent custodian of the churches and schools of the parish, a steadfast friend and a devoted worker in their interest. In 1963 he was appointed parish priest of Askeaton. Not long after his appointment he began an extensive programme of reconstruction in the church at Ballysteen: the schools there also had the benefit of his attention. For some time he had been aware of the need of care in the matter of health but did not use this as a means of sparing himself. His sudden and unexpected death on September 10th brought expressions of regret from friends throughout the diocese and especially from those to whom he had ministered during forty years of devoted service in the diocese. Rev. Fr. Carroll was uncle of Rev. John Irwin, C.C., Pallaskenry, and of Rev. Michael Irwin, up to quite recently curate at Bruree, who has resumed for another term missionary work in South America.

FROM MY WINDOW—contd.

skills if the essential core of education is but piously and nostalgically mentioned by men who have thrown in the towel; men who renege a sacred responsibility? "In matters of principle there is no tact." The world needs new schools which go back to the heart of man, to liberate him and to give him a zest for life. Such a school will put books and skills in a secondary place, will lead men and women out of the wilderness of academics into the rich pastures of a philosophy — not the knowledge of the philosophy of the ancients but a living, pulsating, perennial philosophy suited to the times. Such a school will find an infinity in every student rather than force-feed him with what other schools have found in other places or in other ages. Such a school will calmly go in search of wisdom rather than hustle in the supermarket of facts. Such a school will plough a lonely furrow in joy rather than be swallowed up in the aimless drift of the multitude. It will be a leaven in the universal loaf — and because of the source from which it derives its strength, like the master Himself, it will take compassion on the multitudes and will feed it.

Of Mice and Women

by NORAH POWER

It was about this time last year. There was, as you will remember, a lovely summer followed by an equally fine autumn. A couple of June weeks in Austria had me in fine fettle and things, by and large, were very fair. I should have been warned, of course, but who ever is? The Greeks may call it *hubris*, but where's the sense in ruining the all-too-short life of a smoothly-running spell by worrying about when it's going to end. Anyway, my particular fair-weather run came to a halt when my cousin (from Limerick) came to stay for a few days.

She was sitting on the side of a bed. The whole thing is engraved on my mind. "I suppose you saw that bit about the mice in the papers," she said chattily. I hadn't, thank God, and the eye that I gave her would have stopped her had her own not been trained downwards on her nails. "Some very unusual breed from Africa or somewhere. Don't ask me how they arrived here but to think they settled in Rathgar of all places. I thought it was priceless, considering the kink you have about them. You'd think it was for pure spite."

She began waving her hand in order to dry out the nail varnish and looked up. "My God, don't say you didn't see it! Sure 'twas in all the papers. I'd never have mentioned it if I thought you hadn't seen it. Maybe it's just as well, because now you'll be forewarned and be on your guard," says she, turning her attention to the varnishing of the nails on the other hand and unfeelingly absolving herself from any responsibility for my unnerved state. She took herself off that evening for her southern and mouse-free city, obviously not caring a straw as to how I was going to fare.

THEM

Now, I'm not saying that the fact of her telling me about the newspaper item actually drew them on me. (I never mention the word 'mice' at all because whenever I do, one appears without fail, but psychologically it was hell. I started having nightmares and the less said about them the better, beyond the fact that I know now what that stage in the D.Ts. is like and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. In the office I jumped at the rustle of carbon paper and disgraced myself one morning by jumping on

top of a desk when a bit of fluff blew across the floor. In the street I was seeing things out of the corner of my eye like a road-shy horse, and one day when I actually saw a rat along the "Green" I backed into and almost knocked down a frail, elderly man who turned out to be a Protestant archdeacon and a man of sympathy and understanding. However, it seemed that he was as kindly disposed towards the rat as to me so there was no point in fanning the flickers of what could well have been a pleasant friendship. He really was an old pet, but benevolence towards 'them' I could not take.

It was even worse at home in the flat on my own where I felt completely at 'their' mercy. On the other hand, of course, it was just as well that there was nobody to see the capers to which I was driven; marching around like a sergeant-major; singing and pounding on the door before entering a room. So long as I didn't actually see any. And then I did. Whether foreign or Irish I couldn't say, but it was big and black and it put the fear of God in me. The scream that rent the air and my throat brought up the downstairs neighbour who, though relieved that it wasn't a human assailer, let me know that she was in no way partial either to mice or people who attracted them. She prescribed poison.

POISON

The vendor was taking no chances, saying how was he to know that it was mice I wanted to kill, if I could vouch that there were no children on the premises and that he would have to be satisfied on both counts before handing over the goods. He kept this up until I lost my temper, snapping that if he didn't care about the plague on his doorstep I did, and was he going to sell me the stuff or not. Whereupon he became all solicitous, proffering a chair while he got the poison, telling me that he understood perfectly and that women were inclined to be that way about mice, God help them. Pointing to a huge, predatory-looking rat that decorated the cover of the packet, he said that what he was giving me would banish every rodent from here to Africa, including the rats who had got an innings during the garbage crisis. Not that he wanted to frighten me further, but it was no

harm to be prepared and would I let him know how I got on.

He sold me three more packets after that and I have no doubt but that the entire consignment of emigrants from Africa, or wherever it was, lodged with me and that the bait (technical term) was very much to their liking. Their pattern of behaviour was rather interesting. Three, maybe four or five, black thumpers (probably the greediest) would lumber and canter slowly about and were to be seen for a day or two. Then there would be a lull for about five days when another batch would appear from nowhere, presently waddling drunkenly away. My conclusion was that the poison slowed up their physical and mental process (or whatever the rodent equivalent of the latter is) and that they had more or less lost their mousey wits and were nearing the end when they took to the leisurely trot. The one nice thing about them was that they didn't actually die and leave their corpses on view. Like all old soldiers, they just faded away.

There are, of course, many dedicated observers on the life-pattern of rodents and I have to admit that they more than justify their exis-



tence as matter for all manners of experiment. Properly speaking, I should be prepared to notify some such society or group and contribute the findings of a fairly comprehensive, if unwilling, survey on the behaviour and reactions of mice to a certain type of poison. The makers of the particular brand sold to me would very likely welcome a detailed report on the victims in their death throes. It would make good advertising for them and they might even offer me a few company shares; but not if they offered to make me managing director would I have anything to do with anyone or anything remotely concerned (even extermination-wise) with either rats or mice.

TIMOROUS BEASTIE

It's all very foolish, I know, and one should fight such a phobia instead of giving in to it. I reason with, despise and ridicule myself. I remind myself about Robert Burns working himself into a fine poetic tizz about them and even

quote bits about the "wee, sleekit, cowering, timorous beastie" to try and convert myself. But it is no use and I fear that I'll never rid myself of this foolish, craven dread. The only thing is that most women seem to share this common loathing, which makes me think that it is deep-seated elemental female instinct at work.

It is just over a year since the mice made my flat their resting-place and, buiocas le Dia, I haven't seen one for the past four months. I told you at the beginning that whenever I ever mention the word 'mouse' one inevitably appears. Now it seems that I can't even write it, for when I came back from holidays last evening, all the permanent bait was gone. This will be my fifth packet of poison (giant-size) in just over a year, and I can only regard it as a visitation from the Lord. I now have an inkling of what the plagues in the land of Egypt meant but, please God, the poison will do the trick.

Still, to settle in Rathgar of all places. Could you beat it?

WHAT IS A PRIEST? (contd.)

ballet dancer, a circus strong-man, a troupe of minstrels, sermons by lay people, communion under both species, spontaneous prayers put up by anyone at the inspiration of the Spirit, and aspirations for now composed on the spot? This is the problem the Mass-man faces. But we must rid ourselves of the belief that we can make the Mass meaningful from outside by absorbing something or other into ourselves to boost our emotions and our spirituality. This would mean receiving all and rendering and sacrificing nothing of ourselves. Religion is challenging, charity is challenging, hope is challenging.

"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and I have appointed you that you should go, and bring forth fruit, and your fruit shall remain." The Mass-man is of God, divinely chosen and set apart and anointed to the work of the Lord. Saying Mass with their people matters tremendously to them, as does baptising children, visiting homes, witnessing weddings and standing by sick beds with Christ's sacraments. Mass is the burning and vibrant sign of the worth of helping people to have some faltering vision of the Pilgrim's Progress; it is the guarantee beyond burying the dead in the hope of life; it is the strength, inspiring prayers for people and sharing their everyday joys and sorrows.

Marriage Breakdown And Reconciliation

Where marriage breakdown has occurred, reconciliation can only be effective when both husband and wife have sufficient interest to discover what the root of their problem is and what they can do to remedy it. If one partner or both have already reached the conclusion that total breakdown is inevitable, there is little that can be done to repair the already extensive damage and deterioration in their relationship.

THE SOONER THE BETTER

This suggests that the sooner couples recognise their problems and look for help the better. They are then more likely to bring about the insight and understanding that will make their lives once more tolerable. This implies in both of them the maturity to recognise the real difficulties and the ability to make changes.

COMPLAINING TO RELATIVES

What usually happens when marriage breakdown is imminent? Even before doubts and grievances are given voice, relatives and friends will have begun to notice the friction. These are the surface cracks of the turmoil going on beneath.

Later the complaints and recriminations will be expressed probably to a mother, relative or close friend, chosen no doubt for their predictably partisan reaction. Very often their contribution will simply add fuel to the fire. They will agree and probably add to the list of injustices. They may even offer encouraging advice for retaliatory action.

If this advice is taken the result can only be a further deterioration of the relationship and widening of the gap of misunderstanding. The kind of help offered by friends and relatives, well-meaning though it is, can never bring about a lasting solution.

LOOKING TO THE PRIEST

The grievances may at some stage be brought to the priest. This may indicate that the couple are no longer able to cope with the situation. They are probably looking to the priest to uphold their grievances and demands. If the husband is over-drinking the wife will say, "Come and talk to him, Father." Father may come and talk to both of them. He may even achieve a temporary truce, with a general pulling

up of socks all round. But unfortunately this cannot bring any kind of permanent improvement to the situation.

THE CHILDREN SUFFER — ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY MARRY

While all this is going on, the children of this marriage are suffering the confusion that undermines their security and will possibly obstruct the normal development of their personality.

When these children themselves come to marry, they face a re-enactment of their relationship with their parents. They will bring their own emotional needs into marriage: needs that are the result of their relationship with their parents and of the environment in which they were reared. Any resultant areas of vulnerability in their personality will be exposed when a crisis point in marriage is reached.

Unless their husbands or wives have the maturity to supply their personality deficiencies, their marriages in turn may run into difficulties. Emotional deprivation in any area cannot be healed by the persons themselves. It requires relationship with another to facilitate delayed development.

This is what happens in a successful marriage. Through their relationship with each other, a couple will continue their emotional development, deepening their understanding and reaching greater maturity.

MARRIAGE COUNSELLING

But if a partner is unable to supply the emotional deficiencies of the other, tensions and frustrations become a part of that marriage. This is where the role of the marriage counsellor emerges. The counsellor must become the means through which the client can continue his or her development. Through relationship with the counsellor, the client will find the security necessary to function in a more fully human manner.

This relationship is established on the counsellor's acceptance of the client. The client is able to discuss difficulties quite freely, encouraged by the counsellor's genuine desire to help. Acceptance is based on belief in the innate value of each human being. Even where the counsellor cannot approve their actions, clients must still be accepted for themselves.

To-morrow's People

by SR. M. P.

A NEW DIMENSION

The drone of the last car has ceased and St. Munchin's College has once more regained its former atmosphere of peace and rural silence (this is holiday time). One gentleman turned to his companion and said: "Limerick will never be the same again!" Simultaneously, the priest having taken the last contingent to the railway station, murmured: "A new dimension has been added to our lives!" What had evoked such remarks? The Wheelchair Holiday. Why? To come suddenly into the presence of a hundred people handicapped in one way or another can be breathtaking and frightening but a most enriching experience. One is caught up immediately in the unexpected prevailing atmosphere of gaiety, cheerfulness and fun. The serene resignation of the members, their utter forgetfulness and deep appreciation of the least act performed for them was truly revealing and thought-provoking. For most of us it was a better-world retreat. Here in this setting, the words of the Psalmist were reality:—

"I will turn their mourning into joy.

I will console and gladden them after their sorrow.

My people shall be filled with my blessings."

LIMERICK'S INVOLVEMENT

Limerick deserves a sincere "thank you." This is what a young student, Eddie Lane, a stranger to our city, had to say about us: "One of the greatest joys for me was to see how the Limerick people got involved. In the morning they arrived bright and early to help out with the dressing of the members and to help with the breakfast preparation. Dozens of cars were provided by the community to afford the members the pleasure of a sight-seeing trip in the afternoons. Again in the evenings they provided transport to the entertainments which were also provided by the Limerick people. After seeing such involvement by the local people, all I can say is that Limerick must have a great social awareness, and more power to the Limerick people who deserve all praise." We hope the good work begun in St. Munchin's will continue in this and many other social spheres and that this praiseworthy undertaking

on the part of those concerned will be an inspiration to many others.

YOUTH — A TIME OF GIVING

Work is love made visible and this I think is the keynote to the inspiring generosity evidenced at St. Munchin's. Well over 95% of the resident helpers were young people in their teens or early twenties. Those dedicated youths so full of enthusiasm soon created around them an atmosphere of sensitive personal relationships, kindness and sympathy. They immediately broke the barriers of age, interest and social status, sharing life in a very committed manner with all the members. The holiday proved their potentialities; and their willingness to be of service to the suffering members of the community was admirable. Their concern for these people was an outlet for their natural virtues of goodness and charity, and since youth loves adventure and challenge here was a wonderful opportunity of launching out into the deep for God and one's fellowman.

WHO WERE THESE YOUNG PEOPLE?

There were Anne and Una from Clontarf who seemed to be everywhere to lend a hand. They both had already spent a fortnight helping in the Dublin holiday. This was a good introduction to the field of social work for Anne, who will study Social Science in U.C.D. Allan, a Leaving Cert. student from Belvedere, was the epitome of unselfishness. He was already in the kitchen washing up the dishes before lunch was half-way through. Angela from Kilkenny finished in U.C.G. last year and now works in a laboratory. She gave one week of her fortnight's annual holiday working with the Wheelchair, the other she will spend with her Youth Club holidaying in Wexford. Madeline from Dundalk gave her fortnight, and Marie, nursing in Dalkey, came down to help on her days off. In November she leaves for the U.S.A., where she enters a Carmelite Order devoted to the care of the aged and infirm. Norman, Paddy and Phil spent a fortnight on the Dublin holiday. Ann, Sibéal, Karen, Des and many other young Limerick people came in daily. Why did they come? Let Barry tell us: "But why? I'll tell

you. We young people love to do crazy things just for the sheer joy we get out of it. To climb mountains just to see what's beyond. To throw caps and Easter bonnets over the wall so that we can go after them. We like to live dangerously. Open your eyes. Give yourself a chance. The greatest adventures are adventures of . . . No! I won't say it. But you and I know it's true. All well-run Youth Clubs testify. St. Munchin's in July testified. There was Harry — in helping him to dress you had to be very careful. If you put on the right sock before the left there was awful trouble, or gave him his glasses before tying his shoelaces. Or Mike, who insisted on you spending about five minutes each morning combing the little bit of hair he had. Each hair had to be perfectly in place. And all the while Jack in the next bed is demanding to be shaved. Then little Katherine who insisted on being kissed each night. St. Munchin's was hard work — the first evening as I went up the avenue I wondered why am I letting myself in for this! Now I am glad. Tired, yes, but in great form. Would I do it again? Sure! If only for the crazy interest of meeting so many 'characters' including myself. A fortnight full of interesting drama! Drama of small personal encounters of . . . No! I won't say it. The cynics wouldn't understand. But you and I know."

Anne writes: "I cannot explain the feeling one gets working for the members. The only way to understand is to experience it, but it is the greatest feeling one can know."

Sibéal, also from Limerick, says: "Working here gave me an experience of the work involved, but it also gave me experience of people in general. Up to then I was determined that I was going to spend the summer enjoying myself. I thought enjoying myself was the be all and end all. I have matured. I have learned there is more to life than having fun."

Nor was all the good work done by young citizens confined to St. Munchin's. We shall hear from others in a future issue.

INTER-CLUB RELATIONS

All clubs have launched forth on the good work for another year. Best of luck to the many new clubs who are beginning. We look forward to a year of unity, co-operation and inter-club competitions. This inter-club relationship will be fostered more particularly between the city and county clubs. We hope this should be of great mutual benefit. Here a member of a city club tells of their visit to Kilmallock on the invitation of the local branch of the I.C.A.

THANK YOU, KILMALLOCK

On July 15th our club visited Kilmallock. This town set in sylvan beauty deep in the rich pasture lands of the Golden Vale had much of the old and new to offer. We were welcomed on arrival by Very Rev. Canon Cowper. In his address of welcome, he gave us much of the local history. Mrs. Reeves, the President of the I.C.A., had some of the girls from the local youth club who acted as our guides.

Our first stop was at the creamery, where we were graciously received by the manager who conducted our tour — explaining to those of us who were in a creamery for the first time the various steps from fresh milk to butter. Having moved through the whizzing belts we came to the vast churn and actually saw the butter being made. Finally we came to where the yogurt is produced. Here we saw the cartons being sealed and packed. The manager very kindly arranged a visit to the cheese factory, where again we saw at close-up the various steps of the processing of cheese. Then we drove through Mount Coote Estate, with its green lawns, woodland and lovely peaceful lake where swans gracefully floated, regardless of our presence. We were lucky to see those black and brown beauties too at close quarters. We explored the cattle mart, and at eventide the splash in the pool was most refreshing. All these experiences were enlightening and enriching for those of us who seldom leave the confines of the city.

This healthy exchange of visits will help to give us a mutual understanding and will, we hope, bring us closer. Guím rath Dé ar gach éinne a cabhraigh linn i rith an lae.

Daffodils

*The golden trumpets of the Spring,
New life and hope to nature bring.
O heralds of the vernal season,
Your coming has this special reason.
Bright yellow shines against the green,
In field and garden, you are seen,
Standing stately, slim and slender,
Listening to birds' matings tender.
Your coming tells that Winter's past,
You grew in spite of icy blast,
Pushing your leaves o'er frozen ground,
Your blooms now cheer our daily round.*

—Paul Darcy.

What Is The Problem ?

by S. W.

The Limerick Social Service Council has six social workers operating in the city parishes. Some of the tasks facing the social workers in the parishes are, firstly, they must investigate and interpret the felt and, more importantly, the un-felt needs of the people. They will also through enquiries and surveys indicate the resources, tapped and un-tapped, that are in the community. By contact and consultation with leaders and committee members and voluntary workers, they will stimulate proper co-ordination of all services and organisations at work in their area. Because of their qualifications and experience, they will be called on to mediate between official services and departments on the one hand and local groups of people on the other. An important aspect of their social work will be to integrate new families and groups and strangers into the area and help with the integration and re-habilitation of deviants and itinerants. It is important that community development should have deep local roots, and not be imposed from outside. It is therefore essential that social workers fostering community development should encourage the spontaneous formation of local groups and associations interested in and meeting particular needs. Local leaders must be found, trained and supported.

HOW MANY SIDES HAS A STORY?

People come to a social worker because of a sudden crisis in their lives — like legal proceedings for debt, or because of a last straw in a long, worrying, family or personal situation. Many problems cannot be solved quickly, or in isolation, because they represent only a surface facet of difficulties touching deeply personal and family life. Trying to solve a problem by moralising about it, by preaching that it is a sin, that it is evil, that it is unacceptable behaviour, or by trying to pressurise a person to change his behaviour, *e.g.*, insisting that he gives up drink totally and immediately, demanding that she save to pay the rent, washing one's hands of a person until they break an alliance, such normal-sounding and apparently commonsense attitudes usually defeat themselves.

During interviews, the social worker en-



courages the person to talk freely. Then the deep needs in him become clearer and all the while a relationship of trust and confidence is slowly developing between him and the social worker. Understanding, on both sides, is absolutely vital towards tolerating difficult and puzzling behaviour, and getting other people concerned to tolerate it also. Often their own guilt feelings, the anxiety and tension in them keep them from seeing things in proper perspective. They may feel utter and hopeless failures. They can react to this in two ways. Either they will assume an appealing helplessness or they will be assertive and aggressive. If they expect to be rejected then their immediate attitude will be defensive. They may seem to have no idea at all about what to do. They may be even pinning all their hopes on some foolishly, unreal scheme, or be determined to rush to opt out of their situation altogether.

HANDLE WITH CARE

It is obvious that sensitivity is a vital quality in social caseworkers. They must also have a keen self-awareness through which they know their own limitations and prejudices, their special

skills and colouring attitudes. Human kindness, Christian courtesy and commonsense, important as these qualities and virtues are, may not be sufficient to enable us to help other people in their distress. The professional social worker must show a warm and sympathetic concern for the clients. And this sympathy is nonetheless sincere and genuine for being governed by the social workers' responsibility to the agency which employs them. People in trouble usually find such sympathy and concern among their friends. It is new and only gradually accepted for them to find such sympathy and concern in a professional relationship with a social worker. It is important too to realise that to be an understanding friend in time of trouble, especially to some of the difficult people that the social case-worker has to help, is a much harder and more demanding task than people sometimes realise. It takes attention and disciplined care to develop a sensitivity to vague and indirect expressions of feelings, and to respond to these appropriately. But the professional nature of the friendship between the social worker and the person being helped provides an important safeguard and helps make the relationship a more productive one. On top of that, every social worker has an obligation to help people, however reluctant they may be to do so.

When people are under severe stress, torn by indecision or tottering in uncertainty, they feel the need for a counsellor, for someone not directly involved in the situation, but who can regard it with a certain degree of objectivity and yet with sympathy and understanding, and who can value and appreciate and not prejudge the feelings of the people concerned as well as assess all the facts of the case. Unfortunately not everybody has friends whose wisdom, integrity, kindness and accessibility enable them to give help of the right kind. It is very reassuring when special skill and knowledge are required to know that a qualified social worker will help in absolute confidence and without any loss or status or dignity.

HONEST JOE—contd.

pounds in notes disappeared. Many thousand more in cheques and coin were left undisturbed. In spite of the fact that Joe and his mother lived over the premises, they maintained that they had not heard a sound during the night. The police maintained that it was either an inside job or a highly-professional one and they never traced a single pound out of all that was taken.

JEALOUS HEARTS

Jealous hearts were not slow to give a free

rein to vicious tongues and, overnight, Honest Joe became clever, ruthless Joe, the man who made bankrupt half a town by taking their money in a way that they had no come-back no legal redress, for had they not signed a paper for him exonerating him from any blame for their loss.

How could he have amassed the fortune that the rising walls of his palatial new premises must surely cost him? He was a shrewd businessman, but no small town shopkeeper could ever hope to save the fifty thousand that it was commonly conceded that the premises would cost. Dishonest Joe, they said.

As if to confirm the evil thoughts of his jealous neighbours, his old mother began to pray aloud in the Church at all hours of the day. She called on God to forgive her her sins. People said that her nerves had cracked under the strain of knowing how Joe had made his money.

Joe's nerves, however, never faltered and in silence he bore the hatred of many and the curses of a few. In spite of all he prospered and this was taken as an example of the devil's people having the devil's luck.

THE PASSING YEARS

As the years sped by, the real bitterness died with those who were his neighbours then. The whole episode faded in tired old minds, until the whole affair took on the semblance of a fairy tale. But as a piece of local folklore it still lived on and it hurt him to know that a grandson's bloody nose was once earned by the youngster defending the honour of Honest Joe against the mean persistence of a slander of long ago.

He nodded his tired old head sadly at the memory of all he had suffered then, for old men live in the past and their thoughts of the future hold little hope of this life. Most of his friends, and enemies too, had gone before him and to those who knew him today he was a tired old man who had had a good life and earned his rest. And what they really meant was that it was time he should die.

He began to doze in the warm sun and as he sank into oblivion he thought the children's laughter was more musical and happy than he had ever noticed previously. The birdsong sounded like a Te Deum. If he slipped away to God now, he wondered would the Almighty call him Honest Joe. Somehow he felt that He might.

Perhaps God did, for when they found him later, when the sun had slipped below the western hills, they noticed that he faced eternity with a smile on his wrinkled, tired old face.



AUTUMN, 1969

My dear Children,

Dia's Muire dhibh go léir! I hope you have spent your long holiday wisely and happily. I say wisely, because I know that many of you did social work with the Wheelchair Members and the Handicapped Children. I hope you will continue to do this kind of work in your free time. With your generosity, your energy and your cheerfulness, you can do much to help the old to find again the joy of their youth, and so make it easier for them to accept more happily the generation of young people who have inherited so much of the good and the bad in our culture. An appeal from the Holy Father recently on fidelity to prayer in our daily lives, is one that should call forth an active response from you older boys and girls. You have left childhood behind you, and will soon leave school there too, and are now facing the more serious business of living. This can be a period of doubts and uncertainties and these can never be resolved for each one personally except with the help of God in prayer. Pope Paul likens prayer to a cord from above that supports all our work and all our study. He also warns against the danger of casting aside such prayers as the Rosary and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The crowds of young boys and girls that are to be seen in churches for Mass is a good sign of our youth but we know too that many of them stay away after leaving school just when they need God so much. Now is the time to make a habit of personal prayer — God is waiting, the rest is up to you.

Up to now I am very pleased with the work you do in the competitions, but one thing worries me — I do the picture or the design and you have only to colour in. Now, for your Autumn entry, I am going to make you do most of the work. You will see that I have drawn only two lines in the rectangle. I want you to draw in **one** more **curved** line, which must cross the other two curves and so divide the whole space into six interesting shapes. Experiment with your pencil and rubber first. When you find what pleases you, go over the new curve with biro or ink and then get ahead with the painting and decorating of the shapes. I have just drawn in a line on my copy of the design and it looks well. This gave me the idea of giving an extra prize to the entry that comes nearest to what is on my secret copy. Even if you are not able to paint you may be a good "guesser," so do have a try!

A big thanks for all the nice letters and pictures, and a Cead Míle Fáilte to the entries from Carrigkerry and Feohanagh schools.

God bless you all,

AUNTIE BRIGID.



The Murphy Twins

Peter and Pauline stood looking in over the little bridge. The water was brown and muddy and there were crisp edges of foam round the sides of the arch. Eileen wanted to look too so they lifted her up and all three watched the swirling water speeding by after last night's rain. Pauline felt she could watch it forever and even Peter's interest was held as he watched a rotten branch being whirled along. Sometimes it got caught in the reeds of the bank, but freed itself again to continue on its way.

Eileen got tired of watching and begged to be put down, and kept tormenting the twins until they turned to go with her. Peter and Pauline took her home as quickly as possible, but later out in the barn they both de-

cided they were going to make a raft. At least Pauline decided they would make a boat, but Peter said it would have to be a raft as they wouldn't have the implements to make a boat. An hour later the two were busily at work with bits of old orange-boxes and some timber stakes they found in the corner of the barn. Two days later they were still at it. Peter had made a collection of nails of all types and sizes but his store was getting smaller and smaller. However, by now the different pieces of timber were nailed together in some fashion and the "raft" was taking shape. Mammy had wondered what they were spending their time at, and she thought it a pity that they should miss all the sunshine, since the weather had

cleared up after the rain. However as they seemed to be keeping out of mischief she was happy enough. At last the raft was ready and with Eileen's help the two dragged and pulled it to the stream. Peter got cross when the two girls let it drag along the ground as there was great danger it might fall asunder with such rough treatment.

At last they reached the bank, but to their horror found that the stream was only a shallow trickle again as the water had subsided after the rain. Peter felt like crying but didn't and I'm afraid Pauline did. Eileen didn't mind very much, as she hadn't been in the plan from the beginning. Just then Daddy came along and found them sitting very sadly by the now useless raft. When he heard what was wrong he was inclined to laugh at first but soon realised how glad he should be that there was no water on which to float the raft as the three children could have been in danger. Picking up Eileen, he walked home with the two others. They soon brightened up when he promised to take them for a ride across the Shannon in the ferry some day soon.

Summer Painting Competition Result

Juniors:

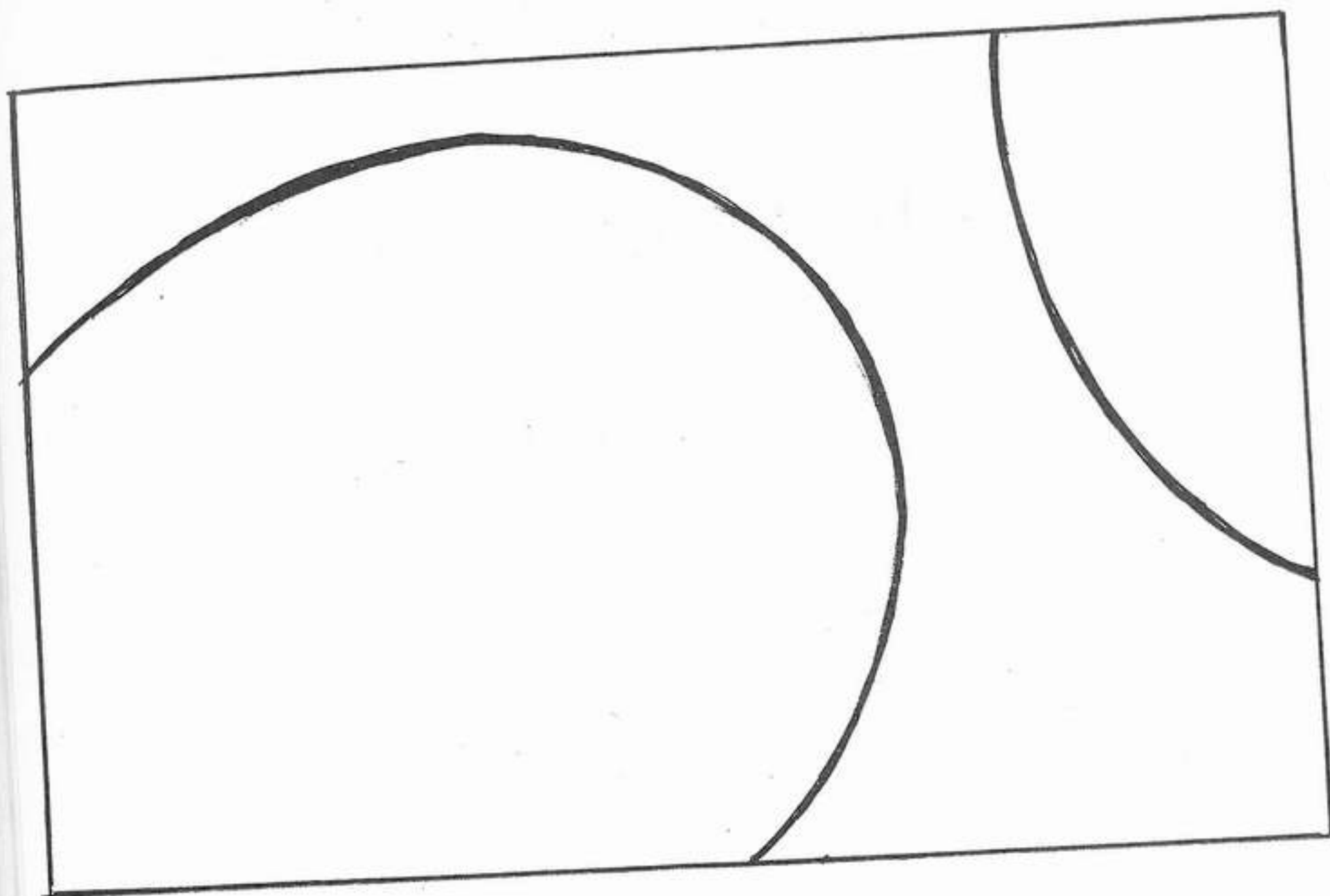
1. Mary O'Connor (9), 40 Pennywell.
2. Nora Murphy (7), Carrigkerry N.S.
3. Joseph Murphy (9), Aonce, Ballyorgan.
4. Criona Liddy (8), 63 Greenfields.
5. Ellaine Walshe (8), Newlawn, Ballyagran, Kilmallock.
6. Patricia Lynch (7), Presentation School, Roxboro.
7. Mary O'Keeffe (9), Feohanagh N.S.
8. Evanne Brosnan (8), Maiden Street, Newcastle West.

Seniors:

1. Aideen O'Connor (11), Creevagh, Thornville, N.C. Road.
2. Nora Mary Broderick (13), Ballingown, Newcastle West.
3. Denis Cullinane (10), Ballyorgan, Kilmallock.
4. Mary Enright (10), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.
5. Alice Dundas (12), St. Mary's, Limerick.
6. Geraldine Mullane (12), Holy Child School, Rosbrien.
7. Vera Marron (10), 9 Park Avenue, Adare.
8. Veronica Scanlan (12), Ballyroughan, Ardagh.



Autumn Painting Competition



Before commencing be sure to read Auntie Brigid's letter

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

NAME

ADDRESS

Age.....

Signed (Parent, Teacher)

Biodh iarrachtai istigh roimh 15/11/1969

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

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