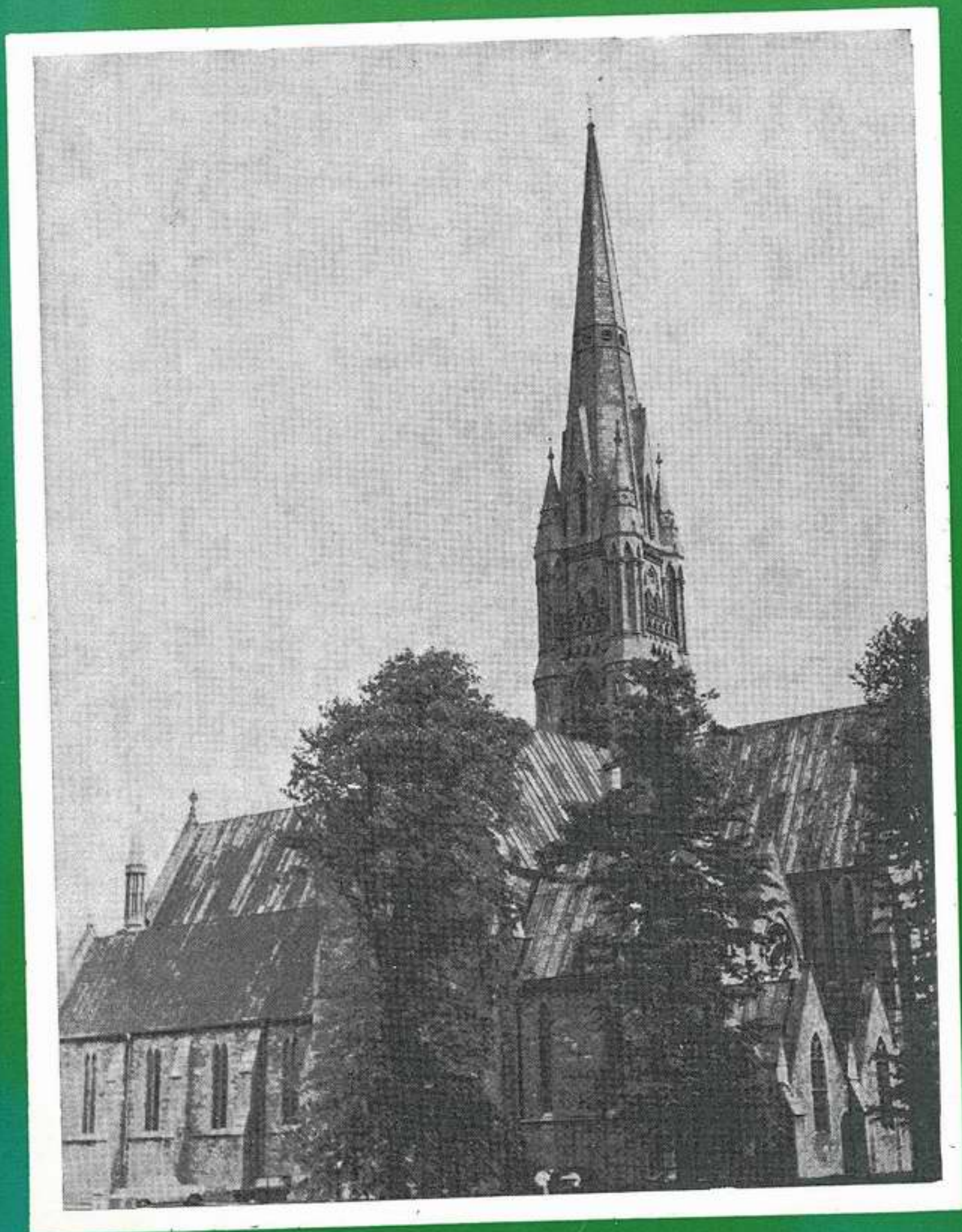


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Rev. C. Collins.

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Easter, 1970

Renewal

In Ireland to-day many people are calling for reform in many aspects of our society, and people are coming to recognise the need for these reforms.

We need not look beyond our Christian beliefs for the inspiration to effect these reforms in the years immediately ahead. Christ has taught us that every person is of equal value in the sight of God, whether he be highly endowed or mentally and physically defective. It is implicit in His teaching that everyone should have the opportunity to develop the talents God has given him. Again, by word and example, Christ has taught us compassion.

When we reflect on Christ's teaching we become conscious of the defects in our community services for the very many who need special help. We become conscious of the necessity to develop a society in which there is equality of opportunity in education and employment. We become conscious of the necessity to ensure that all young people leaving school can find employment suited to their particular talents.

Christ summed up His teaching by telling us that we showed our love of God by our practical love of our fellow men and women. This means developing a society which fosters man's co-operative, rather than his competitive, instinct—a society in which the strong find their salvation in concern and sacrifice for the weak.

The renewal of the Church is now gaining momentum in Ireland. The time has come for us to see that renewal is called for, not only at the level of the individual, but also at the level of our community institutions and services, and in the organization of our industry, agriculture, finance and commerce.

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South Africa

by CYRIL O CEIRIN

The moral rights and wrongs of the South African policies of Apartheid, in theory at least, may be endlessly debated. Every white South African can, if he wishes, put up a more or less plausible case in defence of his government's "separate development" policies with regard to the non-white peoples of that republic.

It is important, I feel, that this point should be generally understood: if it were, it would tend to prevent at any level such unfruitful squabbles as, for instance, that which appeared on the "Late Late Show" some time ago.

The argument as to whether the theory of apartheid or "separate development" is morally unlawful is relatively of little significance when white-black relations in practice in South Africa are looked at objectively. There can be no doubt whatsoever that, in practice, the non-whites are treated unjustly by their white rulers. Injustice has no defence.

THE WHITES' CASE

White South Africans argue with conviction that we in Europe have no idea of the extent or complexity of their problem (and they are right!), that apartheid policies are not only expedient and practical but that there is no other solution, that blacks have a higher standard of living in the republic than in any other part of Southern Africa. I repeat that, however right such statements may be, they have very little to do by way of answer to the charges that non-whites suffer under one of the more unjust systems in the world.

I spent nearly six years in South Africa. Since returning home in 1961, I have often tried to explain the position of the South African non-white by relating it to that of the Irish Catholic in penal times and, indeed, in later years, up to the conclusion of the Land War. The comparison is true up to a point.

An Irish Catholic could change his religion, for instance, but the non-white cannot change the colour of his skin. Nor, I would suggest,

was the position in Ireland as rigorous as the other is: from 1760 onwards a wealthy Catholic merchant class (gombeen and otherwise) grew up in Ireland but there is little or no chance of a similar emergence among the non-whites of South Africa. (A South African white might counter this remark by pointing to the merchant Indians, but this small group is confined not only to certain areas but also to a single race). Many Catholic Irish land-owners managed to retain at least a worthwhile portion of their lands under rents, but the black African never owned land privately in the first place.

THE INJUSTICES

Because of the colour of his skin, there are more ways through which a non-white can be brought under the lash of injustice than the Catholic Irishman used be. There is the Immorality Act, for example. Far worse, even, are the inhuman pass laws: blacks must carry their "pass" outside their homes to allow them restricted freedom of movement and there are savage penalties in the event of anyone of them being discovered without such identification in his possession. (I know one case of a man who, sitting on his own doorstep, was searched by policemen, who failed to find his pass; he explained that it was in his coat, which hung inside the door; nevertheless, he was imprisoned).

In a short article such as this, it is virtually impossible to give anything like a complete picture of man's inhumanity to man as exemplified in South Africa today. Perhaps, by way of illustration, it might not be amiss to relate the following.

I remember that, having been in the country some few days and having seen nothing strikingly brutal, I was shocked to read a short report of a court case in the Transvaal. A black farm-labourer had been whipped to death by his black overseer, who was acting under the orders of the white farm-owner. The farmer was brought to trial, but the case had to be abandoned as all the non-white witnesses—approximately a dozen



Cyril O Céirín lived in South Africa from 1956 to 1961, working as a hard-rock miner.

of them, including the overseer—had disappeared. It was stated openly in the court (and no one thought it necessary to deny the accusation) that police had kidnapped the witnesses and that they had acted under the instructions of the then prime minister. As far as I know, the “missing” witnesses were never again heard of.

The case, as I later learned, was not unusual. The report was given about four inches of single column in Johannesburg’s leading English-language newspaper. When I pointed out the report to the group of Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking South Africans in whose company I was at the time, their only surprise was that I should be so surprised! “You’ll learn,” I was told—with some contempt.

LIVING WITH THE SYSTEM

Unfortunately, I did learn to live with such a system. It is all too easy. There was so

very little the ordinary individual could do unless either unusual circumstances, chance meetings with the “right” people, or authoritative position in life gave one the opportunity.

I remember brutal beatings of non-whites by whites, I remember occasional shootings. One expects these in such a situation. Enough is being written elsewhere about the greed and violence of white South Africa. This is not the place to add to the list of wrongs.

While I cannot condone them, I can understand them: a great deal of violence done to non-whites by whites is prompted by fear and the continual and progressive need to re-assert and demonstrate white supremacy. Under the terrible system he has created and perpetuates, the white man believes that his survival depends on an iron-heel supremacy and that injustice, like justice in other lands, must not only be done but must be seen to be done.

Fear of retaliation and unrepentant guilt is driving the white South African to ever-increasing injustice. Most can see no other way of survival. Theirs is a fearful dilemma. Few Irish people who read this will fully understand; but then they have never lived in South Africa.

I do not write like this to excuse the unjust treatment of non-whites by whites. That is inexcusable. Firstly, I want to give some inkling of the fact that man’s inhumanity to man on such a large scale is not the prerogative of any one race or people; if circumstances impel them and true religion be diluted, any group of humans, white or black, Dutch or English or German or Irish, may grind their fellow-men into the dust. Not a few besides the Bernadette Devlins of this country feel that some sections of our own community are “more equal” than others. From small beginnings, the South African system grew. The dictum of Edmund Burke holds good for all men and for all time: “It is enough for good men to do nothing for evil to triumph.”

CHRISTIANITY

Secondly, I want to stress the basis on which any correction of the situation in South Africa must be founded. The solution is most difficult. Few people who have lived in South Africa, for instance, would agree

Continued page 26



That First Dance!

by KATHLEEN O'CONNOR

The Inter. class in general thought it was a great idea. All fourteen of us. "After all", we argued neverously, "it was about time" — "now or never" — "must see life at first hand." All this was the build up to our first dance.

We decided the annual parish social would be as good a place as any to meet fourteen dark, handsome young strangers. Looking in the mirror that night my doubts crowded in about one's total success in that field. But youth has a certain resilience and the next day saw fresh hopes brewing. Most of us at this stage had that much desired permission, and more feverish, serious conversation about

what we'd wear and would there be any hope of something new.

Well, the week went by and the big day arrived. All the anxiety was past now, those terrible, terrible fears of being the only female in the land standing — as the world went gaily dancing.

We went on our way in a solid mob of hopefulness and fear. Entering the social hall, we made our way to the supper room. One always made a bee-line to the supper room in those days. Anything to prolong the wretched hour of entering the arena. We ate, slowly and laboriously, like a lot of ulcerated grandmothers. But the evil hour was upon us and

the fourteen dark handsome ones were to be found.

THE ARENA

The music struck up, we laughed, chatted and seemed careless and gay. We were told by the "Leaving Cert." class to laugh, chat and seem careless and gay. They said it paid off. We became almost hysterical chatting, laughing and being careless and gay. Suddenly to my horrified gaze, I noticed that the fourteen of us were dwindling smaller and smaller as gangling, pimply youths claimed us one by one. "Lord", I prayed; "don't forget me — don't let me be the only wall-flower of this Inter. class." He heard me. It flashed through my mind that there must be something in that bit in the gospel about "not a sparrow falls," etc. It was a stupid request, but it was heard. A large fellow came from nowhere and said: "Will you dance?" Would I dance! Sure I'd dance — but I remembered the Leaving class advice, a curt nod and casual agreement.

My curt nod was lost and casual agreement also. He jumped on the floor and hauled me with him. We danced, jumped and pushed. I could hear the scrape of his metal tips as we went our merry way. They were the days of the metal protectors and steel tips. Had his whole shoe been made of steel I would still have been carefree. Wasn't I dancing; the spell was broken, our first dance and we weren't standing all night. A Debutante in all her gossamer glory couldn't have been as happy as I. The dance ended, he said: "Would you like some lemonade?" — I got my lemonade. The night ended. I had danced seven times with him. Heady with success, I agreed to his accompanying me home, all my best intentions a memory.

Home we went, up through the town, well buttoned up against the cold of the night — there was a glow inside that no cold wind could extinguish. I had been a success; I hoped all my contemporaries had been as lucky as I.

RHODODENDRONS

A week went by — a great week. I received three letters from my companion of that night. Envy was rampant in the class. The letters were read by the hand-picked near and dear ones. Another week went by

and Sunday saw me coming home from a walk. As I came up the passageway to the house, I saw to my horror a great big bunch of flowers — rhododendrons they were — tied with a great big rope to the knocker. "Oh Lord," says I, "I'm disgraced." I knew who had put them there. He was a country lad and the rhododendrons were in full bloom. "What an uncouth thing to do," I thought, "rhododendrons and rope." O God, it was all wrong. I wrote saying it was all wrong. I lived in horror that I'd be rhododendron swamped again. I wasn't. He, being a sensitive lad, got the message and went his way.

The years went by for all of us, and we went our way. But now and then in this polished, sophisticated and somewhat jaded world, where one little 'phone call can send rare blooms anywhere on this globe, I now know that that great bunch of rhododendrons and rope weren't such a tragedy after all. It has taken me a long, long time to find out.

Hank O'Shea

by EDWARD DALY

I am a junior cowboy,
My name is Hank O'Shea;
I ride my ricking bronco
About the place all day.

The bad men come from Texas,
Across the Indian hill;
They try to shoot me in the back,
But shucks, they never will.

Some days I ride to Cowboy Town,
To drink in the saloon;
They sell Montana lemonade,
The colour of the moon.

The sheriff often finds me there,
And yells "We need you, Hank,
To catch a bunch of rustlers,
And the guys who robbed the bank."

One day I'll be a sheriff,
And wear a silver star;
And ride a prairie mustang,
And never in a car.

I'll beat the gunmen to the draw,
I'll track the outlaws down;
I'll wed the rancher's daughter,
In the Church in Cowboy Town.

Cycling Through Ireland

by JAMES F. SADLIER

To the rousing strains of "There is an Isle", the five lads, Tom, Eric, Frankie, Joe and myself, Jim, left our many well-wishing friends at Mountshannon Hostel in the County Clare and cycled off into the heavy rain. This was the beginning of our cycling holiday.

Doorus House, Kinvara, by the the sea was the destination. Cycling through Woodford, Gort and Kinvara this group of modern nomads looked a peculiar sight to the inhabitants dressed in their Sunday best. Tired, wet and hungry, we arrived at the hostel, but our physical condition was only incidental when we learned that there was "no room at the inn." However, a local farmer put his house at our disposal and after a hearty supper we were in much better spirit. Another English cyclist, who was seventy-eight years young, also made this his resting place. We soon dubbed him "Shorty", which title he earned by his small, squat physique. He told us he had cycled from Glin that day, a mere 110 miles. This feat won for him our admiration and we marvelled at his energy. We anticipated an early night, but our expectations were short lived when a number of "locals" piled in and soon a rousing sing-song filled the silent night. I couldn't help but notice our English friend, Shorty, squirming uncomfortably in his chair as blood-boiler rebel songs rent the air. At some early hour of the morning Parish man, Tom, and "Wasp" follower, Joe, joined voices and concluded a very enjoyable night with the Parish anthem, "There is an Isle".

An early rising and a satisfying breakfast and we were on the road to Killary Harbour, Co. Mayo. Galway, Oughterard and Leenane were reached and left behind. The beauty of Connemara and the Joyce Country, radiant in the brilliant sunshine, caused many exclamations of praise from us, but the beauty of Killary Harbour made us gasp with incredulity. Next day we proceeded towards Achill.

THE WEST

The friendliness of the Western folk was



James F. Sadlier of Limerick is a leading member of An Oige, the Irish Youth Hostel Association. The Association has forty-two hostels in Ireland and 11,500 members in the Republic, 347 of whom are in the Limerick city area.

Here James gives a vivid account of a fortnight's cycling trip through Ireland with four companions, during which they stayed at the An Oige hostels.

evident on all sides as they waved to us from the meadows. The weather was great and each day became more pleasurable as we cycled through the countryside. Then, suddenly, disaster struck. On our fourth day out Big Tom's machine collapsed. There we were in the middle of nowhere with an invalid bicycle. Things looked sad. Every now and then someone would make a wise-crack which resulted in a hollow laugh. When all efforts to mend the bicycle had failed a local lad came on the scene and kindly gave us his

assistance. Five hours of feverish mechanical activity passed before Tom's mount was ready to roll. Big Tom heaved his huge frame, all six feet two inches of it, onto the sick bike and the show was on the road again. Carefully nursing the "yoke" along, we eventually hobbled into Crossmolina. After a local mechanic made good the defects in Tom's bike, we were off to Ballina. There we filled our empty stomachs with pints of milk and succulent home-made apple pies. It was now 7 p.m. in the evening and due to our earlier misfortune, we were hours behind schedule. On the toss of a coin we headed for Sligo. This was to be a mad dash along the coast road for about 35 miles. We cycled with determination and even though I say so myself, to the many villagers we passed we must have been the perfect expression of marrying machinery to muscular power. We had to forego the pleasure of the scenic beauty of the Yeats country due to this race against the clock. We arrived and decided to stay overnight in Ballysodare, 5 miles outside Sligo. Here Tom's C.T.C. shirt played a vital part in securing comfortable accommodation for the night.

DONEGAL

Pressing on each day, we grunted up hills and sighed with relief speeding down-hill with the exquisite scenery of Donegal providing the golden happiness of travel. The rugged hills and lonely farms, wild headland and silver strands, the magnificent coastline, carved by the Atlantic waters into towering cliffs, bays and inlets, constituted the contrasting scenery of Donegal. We nested in various hostels in the county and the night spent in Tra na Rossan at the most northerly point of Donegal provided us with never to be forgotten moments. We had our first swim of the trip in the placid waters of the Atlantic. It was delightful but I am sure we must have polluted the waters there and disgusted the marine life, as the perspiration of six days cycling was removed by the sea. Feeling very refreshed we returned to the hostel. Strains of a stirring sing-song greeted us as we approached. In the hostel common-room nearly eighty people of many nationalities were gathered and all were communicating in the universal language of song. Present was T.V. personality, Fergus Cahill from Cork, whose virtuosity on the guitar was appreciated by the silence he commanded. But Fergus

was not the only artiste present. Here also were six Belfast lads whose harmony of voice showed long hours of practice. A member of a prominent Dublin ballad group thrilled us all with American folk songs to his own banjo accompaniment. This was truly a great night. This was certainly hostelling-life at its most enjoyable. This was Irish life.

After Mass next morning we bid goodbye to all our newly made friends. Gortin Gap in the Co. Tyrone was our destination. Cycling mile after mile, stopping only to satisfy our hunger, we arrived at the border post of Strabane in the early afternoon. The Customs officer cast a suspicious eye over the strange, motley group dressed in the uniform of anorack, sweaters and cycling shorts. After a few matter of form questions he gave us the go-ahead. Passing through Strabane, Sion Mills and Newtownstewart, it seemed we had wandered into a ghost country. All business life was absent, reminding us that it was the Sabbath Day in the North.

THE SIX COUNTIES

People, apart from a stare of curiosity, took no notice. Absent also was the friendly greeting. We sensed we were in a different country. The Youth Hostel nestled in the centre of a large forest. Peace and tranquillity prevailed all round, being disturbed occasionally by the cheerful song of a thrush or blackbird. In the spacious diningroom of the hostel we soon put a mound of food out of sight. Then, just as we were about to sit back, the bold Tom threw a spanner in the works. "The old bike is beginning to act up again" he said, in his most diplomatic manner. "We better have a look at it." Eric and Frankie volunteered to wash up while Joe and I decided to look at the now affectionately known "yoke". It was in fairly bad shape alright and why wouldn't it be with Tom's massive fourteen stone propped on it day in, day out. However, we were prepared for all emergencies. I had bought bicycle spares here and there on the journey after our first disaster and now we were equipped with sufficient parts to assemble a complete new bike. Well Joe and I worked 'til darkness fell putting Tom's transport in order. Although tired, we were satisfied in the knowledge we had done a thorough job.

(To be concluded)

New Wine and Fresh Bread

by REV. FRANK MORIARTY, C.F.

There is nothing really new about the New Mass. The Lord's Supper is always the religious gathering of God's people, who come together as a body to celebrate the memory of their God's death. In twenty centuries fads and fashions marred the celebration and a clutter of repeated gestures, dated decorations and fanciful frills had smothered the stark and utterly dramatic reality. I am going to listen to Jesus Christ, the son of God: I am going to offer Christ, crucified and risen, a glorified victim to God: I am going to receive Christ, flesh, blood, soul and divinity. I am going to eat a supper of the Lord.

GO IN SINGING

Let us go to Mass. We complain about the Sunday surges, the crush-barrier to order and dignity. We want more intimate churches where distance won't take toll of attention nor distractions tatter our concentration. This motley congregation massed in the house of God, from the door blockers to the permanent fixtures with almost squatters rights, is gathered, under the presiding priest, to give praise. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly; in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns, and inspired songs, singing in grace with all your heart to God." Sing, you sinners. Sing. Bring the party alive. We are one bread, one body, we who all partake of the same bread and the same song. Belt into the liturgy in a good hearty voice.

NOTHING AGAINST ANYONE ?

Oh God, forgive me for what I have failed to do. Act penance. If two or three, gathered in the name of Jesus, have Him in the midst of them, where conversation should be the most natural thing in the world, they are still conscious of sin. If you are offering your gift at the altar and there remember that your brother, workmate, child, superior, friend, enemy, lover, has anything against you; anything from your talking, from your doings or from your neglect; leave your gift there and go — go to be reconciled. We're a pretty low crowd all of us. Let us do a

genuine grovel all round. Every sin and selfishness is letting down the whole side. We have not only sinned against God but against each other. Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy.

GIVE HIM A HEARING

God will put life into us — He will show pardon, power and peace. "I have made known to you all that my Father has told me; and so I have called you friends." Speak Lord; Your servants are listening. Speak the Word, who was in the beginning with God, ages before that Word was made flesh to eat for the life of the world. Spread the Word; give us something to chew over and digest for "not on bread alone do we live but on every word that comes from the mouth of God." A man reads. God speaks to His people and Christ is still proclaiming His good news. The old, old story from the Old Testament, snatches and snippets from letters in the New, and words and wonders from the Man Himself. "Your words, Lord, are spirit and life eternal."

HANDIWORK

For four centuries, since 1570, the Roman Mass has preserved its sacredness and solemnity in the deep freeze of unchangeable dead Latin. It has now thawed out. The pruned prayers putting up our gift-offerings are bluntly brief but beautifully expressive. "Blessed are You, Lord, God of all creation. Through Your goodness we have this bread and wine to offer — fruits of the earth and the vine made by the work of human hands. They will become for us the bread and spiritual drink of life." God made us and brought us into being. "Blessed be God forever." God is the master of the earth. We swear to give it back to him. "Blessed be God forever." The loaf and cup-full we offer are God's gifts to us before we make them our gifts to Him. But they are mixed with the sweat of man's brow, they are shaped by the welts on his hands. Ploughed fields, scientifically nurtured

and fertility-tested seed, bare feet dance-pressing out the juice, combined-harvesters, barrels on docks, Infra-red baking and plastic corks — the work of human hands. Bread for starving millions, wine away from alcoholics; and the thought of what God can make of them because we brought them to Mass.

UNDILUTED MIXTURE

A raindrop of water plops into the cup. Mingled and gone. The mystery of this water and wine. Christ diluted the wine at the Last Supper. Explain it. When water is mixed with wine in the chalice the people are united to Christ. Blood and water trickle from the stopped heart of the crucified. He was God and man inseparable. That is the mystery. But that we should share in the love life of the Trinity because our tears, our sweat, our kiss-moisture, our heart blood, our faith mingled with His in the chalice, like water and wine, make His sacrifice — that is a greater but more understandable mystery. In a crushed frame of mind and heart scalded by our sorrow we ask, through our shame-faced and tonguetied humility, "God take it, and like it." That's what He wants. And so if our insignificant offerings would only mock in face of our sins and iniquities, the priest washes his hands of the whole affair.

The Consecration somehow concerns Christ alone. The fetching of bread and wine by people processing is only a preparation. We offer them because they are ours to be sacrificed. They will not remain. God will take them and make them flesh and blood, and Jesus will renew again the joint-sacrifice of His Supper and sufferings. Christ, our Pasch, is offered and immolated. The son of God, having celebrated the feast commemorating the freedom of his blood ancestors from their slavery to Egypt, desired and longed to leave his blood-brothers, the sons of God, a feast-memorial of his release, through death, to resurrection and glory. He gave us Himself. "Through Him, with Him, in Him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all glory and honour is Yours, Almighty Father, for ever and ever. Amen." We have a paschal banquet in which Christ is consummated.

Eternal Father, let the Holy Spirit come upon these gifts to make them holy so that they may become for us the body and blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ. May all of us who share in, and are nourished by, that body and blood, which we offer, be brought together in

unity by the Holy Spirit. Because the kingdom, the power, and the glory are Yours now and forever. Amen.

GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

"Who does not know that, in the heat of love, we want to eat each other." The body of Christ is offered to us. My flesh is meat. Lamb of God. We are not damned; glad and happy to be called to supper. Day to day bread is absorbed by us into our brain and brawn. We are absorbed, body and soul, into Christ's reality and physical presence in eating the bread of life. Loving does not mean looking at each other, Christ and me and you — but looking in the same direction. Because the bread is one, we who are many are one body, since we all eat of the one bread. We look in expectataion and wait in joyful hope for the coming of Our Saviour. Peace to you. Let's shake on it. Are we too, too shy to kiss. Bride and groom embrace in a sign of peace. Let us not love in words alone.

The Mass is ended. Go in the peace of Christ to love and serve the Lord. Go, lovers, to the unfinished work that waits you, the lathe and the bench and the letter in the typewriter. Go, men, to the work that is beyond your comprehension, computers, laser-beams and psychiatry, work that is good by God. Go, farmer and earth-shifter, for, while Mass went, the earth blossomed ripe for harvest and drains filled with rain.

NOT MUCH CHANGE

'Tis the same, old, wonderful Mass after all. Maybe a mini-Mass for a new era. Today's tensions squeeze prayer out. Good works and charitable doings are in vogue. Mass-time is for peace, communion, prayer and song. There is no novelty nor fashion-following only a clean, clear, meaningful Mass for priest and people to grasp, possess, and live. More words of God are sounded from His Sacred Scripture. The outlines and sequences are plainer. The entry procession demands that we sing. How sad life would be without a song. How sad a church without human voices. Now, thank we all our God, with heart and hands and singing angel or crow voices. When we eat this bread and drink this cup, we proclaim Your death, Lord Jesus, until you come in glory.



From My Window

By CORMAC O'CONNOR

What a world of meaning is contained in a few words, in a simple phrase thrown away like an empty tin. What a wealth of wisdom turns up in ordinary conversation, words that drift on the wind, in the street, in the bus, in the supermarket. Language, in its clichés and its idioms and its local earthy colour, contains the very stuff of life. It reveals not only what it says but what it sometimes attempts to conceal. It not only forms our minds but makes us part of our society and our culture.

There is one expression that has been grating on my ears for a long time now and it carries so many overtones of the new society that it clangs like a broken bell. The saying I have in mind is: "I don't see why I should . . ."

Now it is not the words themselves that are tiresome. Indeed they are simple words and, like people, words are most beautiful when they are simple. But these simple words describe a terrible truth, namely that the user does not see; and, worse than that, he does not see why—and, more terrible still, he will not see why.

I DON'T SEE

Now when a person says "I don't see" he is proclaiming his ignorance, and the ignorance proclaimed in the words "I don't see why I should . . ." is bound up with a contradiction between his attitude and his statement. He wants to withdraw from people and 'stand on his dignity.' But at the same time he wants to proclaim his ignorance. He wants us all to know that there is something he will not do because "he does not see why he should." The truth is, of course, that he refuses to see why he should because he is determined not to do it!

No sooner, however, does a man stand on his dignity, than the whole world knows that he has cut himself off. Not only does he retreat into his cocoon of pride but he is no longer able to see why he should or should

not do anything. He is an independent, anarchist state with but one citizen. Little does he realise that to stand on one's dignity means exactly what the phrase says, to stand on it, to grind it in the dust, to leave oneself without it.

But—and here's the pity—if I genuinely say "I don't see why . . .", I am touching the very nerve of life because the 'why' of things is the gateway to wisdom. The tragedy is that those who say "I don't see why I should . . ." are not in search of wisdom but in search of the dismal seclusion of their ivory tower.

WISDOM

Dignity, like humility and charity, is not puffed up. If the people, who use this phrase, could realise how they throw away dignity and wisdom and joy and friendship perhaps they would stoop again to salvage them from the dust. And yet do you not hear it all the time, in bars and pubs, in committees, in business and in play?

And the sorry truth does not end there. There is another sting. Not to see is no shame—man journeys out of ignorance. Not to see why is also no shame for even greater than us could see why only "as through a glass, dimly." But to proclaim one's ignorance and to call a halt there is self-annihilation. Those who say this not only degrade themselves by proclaiming their pride but degrade the very words which could lead them to understanding. To ask why is the awakening of a mind in search of truth. To stop all search with the words "I don't see why I should . . .", is a touch of old Satan for it is motivated by pride and contempt, by egotism and spleen. When I hear the phrase I shudder at the truth it reveals—the closure of a heart which could reach out to life, the closure of a mind to the supreme joy of knowing people and all reality, the rejection of a chance to grow.

"I don't see why I should . . ." Words like these can be sacrilegiously used but, being sacred, they can still reveal a tragic truth.

Houses For Newly-Weds!

A derelict eyesore at the corner of Clare Street and Lelia Street, Limerick, has been transformed into a block of six delightful flats by the efforts of the Limerick Catholic Housing Aid Society. For many years the Society have given expert advice on housing through their advisory service and have been able to help quite a number of people in this way to get homes of their own, but this is the first building project undertaken by them.

The flats are being let to young married couples at very reasonable rents with the intention of providing accommodation for them until such time as they are in a position to buy their own homes. They are self-contained flats with livingroom, fitted kitchenette, bedroom with built-in wardrobe and bathroom, fully and tastefully decorated and complete with floor covering.

TO BRIDGE THE GAP

It became evident from interviews with young couples that many who wished to build their own houses were unable to do so, not because they would not be able to meet the weekly repayments involved but because they were not in a position to get the necessary deposit required to build a new house. As you know, loans and grants are available to build new houses but the full cost cannot be met with these loans and grants and it is necessary to have money available to bridge the gap. This gap is increasing year by year as building costs increase. Ten years ago it was possible to secure a new house if you had £100 cash available, now this amount is likely to be in the order of £750, and many young men with good wages just cannot get their hands on this kind of money. Everybody agrees that young married couples should have a place of their own when starting their married life and it is heartbreaking to see so many prevented from enjoying this right because they cannot raise the necessary bridging finance. Many are forced to live with their in-laws or pay high rents for very sub-standard accommodation.

The Catholic Housing Aid Society hope that their flats will serve as half way houses for those who occupy them, giving them a clean start for a few years until they get their own homes. The flats will be let for about £3-10 per week but the tenants will, by agreement, pay rents in excess of this. The excess rent paid will be in the form of savings and these savings will be returned with interest to the tenant when he vacates the flat. It is hoped that the monies thus saved will, after a few years enable the tenants to buy their own homes. The Society will help in every way possible to achieve this end.

SPONSORS

The project is an experiment which deserves success and could not have been undertaken without the great generosity of two anonymous donors and the public spiritedness of the St. John's C.Y.M.S. who made a sum of £6,000 available at a very reasonable rate of interest. The project will cost £10,000 after allowing for Government grants. At the prevailing commercial interest rate of 9½% it would not be possible to build and let flats for the rent that is being charged. The key to the problem is the obtaining of money at interest rates not in excess of 6½%. Another project will soon begin in Mary Street and this will be made possible by the participation of St. Mary's Credit Union, who feel that a project of this kind, as well as being a good investment, will help to alleviate a serious problem in their own community. Further projects could be undertaken only if the public can make monies available to the Catholic Housing Aid Society at a reasonable rate of interest. The Society is certain that there are many who would be prepared to do this. Their investments would be guaranteed and the satisfaction of knowing that their money was being put to good use in their own community should outweigh the sacrifice of a little interest. What better use could be

WOMAN'S PAGE

by BAIRBRE

The other day, I overheard a rather ghoulisish conversation in the bus. As a matter of fact, by the time we reached our destination practically every passenger had joined in. You will understand why when I tell you that the subject under discussion was the Hong Kong 'flu. Those who had been stricken seized their opportunity to launch into horrific descriptions of soaring temperatures, pains, aches, hacking coughs and total disinterest in food of any kind. Those who had been lucky enough to escape the ravages of the disease, chilled up with harrowing tales of whole families that had gone for days on end without care or attention because no member was well enough to summon help. Just as the discussion had reached an almost unbearable pitch of gruesome horror, the conductor said: "And what about all the old people that died in their hundreds?" That silenced us quickly enough, and just then the journey ended.

CONCERN

It was a dreary winter's day, and that simple question from a young man continued to trouble me long after I had left the bus. I became acutely aware of the many old people, scurrying by on their way to Mass in a nearby church, like sightless people reaching out blindly for a sanctuary. I thought of the reasons for the change in the Mass—the need to bring the people of God closer to one another, uniting them with Christ in the Eucharist. The naked evidence of poverty, of cold, of hunger and lack of nourishment on the faces of these old people seemed to me to be a contradiction of what the new Mass sought to convey. If we were really united with all our fellow Christians in the Holy Sacrifice, should we not be concerned about them at all times, not just while we were within the four walls of a church?

No one will deny that conditions in this country are much better than they were twenty years ago. Yet despite all the evidence of wealth we see everyday, there are

approximately 114,000 old people living in poverty in Ireland. We pride ourselves on our great and glorious Christian heritage, but the manner in which we treat many of our old people is a constant reproach to us. It is difficult to believe that all these old people have no-one belonging to them. Of course they have, but why should they burden themselves with the care of a crotchety elderly relative when the State is there to do the job? Why indeed . . . except that now and then, often by chance, we come face to face with a gentle little lady, or a quiet old man asking nothing but to be allowed end their days in peace—and they shame us. They are so resigned to God's will, so helpless, that we search desperately for excuses to prove that we are not to blame for their condition.

But we are to blame. Seventy million pounds was spent on gambling in this country last year. One million would have built twelve hundred houses for old people. A fraction of the money we spend on unnecessary luxuries each year, would make life bearable for thousands of old people and lonely people.

NOT EASY

When you live in a well-appointed house, it is easy to be critical of the dirty, unkempt appearance of an old person. It isn't so easy to be clean and tidy when "home" consists of one small, draughty room, with a tiny grate for cooking and heat—a tap in the yard to provide running water, and little more than £3 a week to buy food, fuel, pay for light and rent. It isn't easy if you are an elderly widower whose wife has recently died, and you are forced to cater for yourself for the first time in your life, trying to cook a meal, wash a shirt or socks, or make a bed . . . all the things you took for granted for so long. It isn't easy to stay healthy and active if you are an old lady whose teeth have decayed and fallen out and you cannot afford to get a set of dentures, so you can no longer chew your food, and you

rely on the bit of bread dipped in the drop of tea to sustain you. There isn't much nourishment in bread and tea.

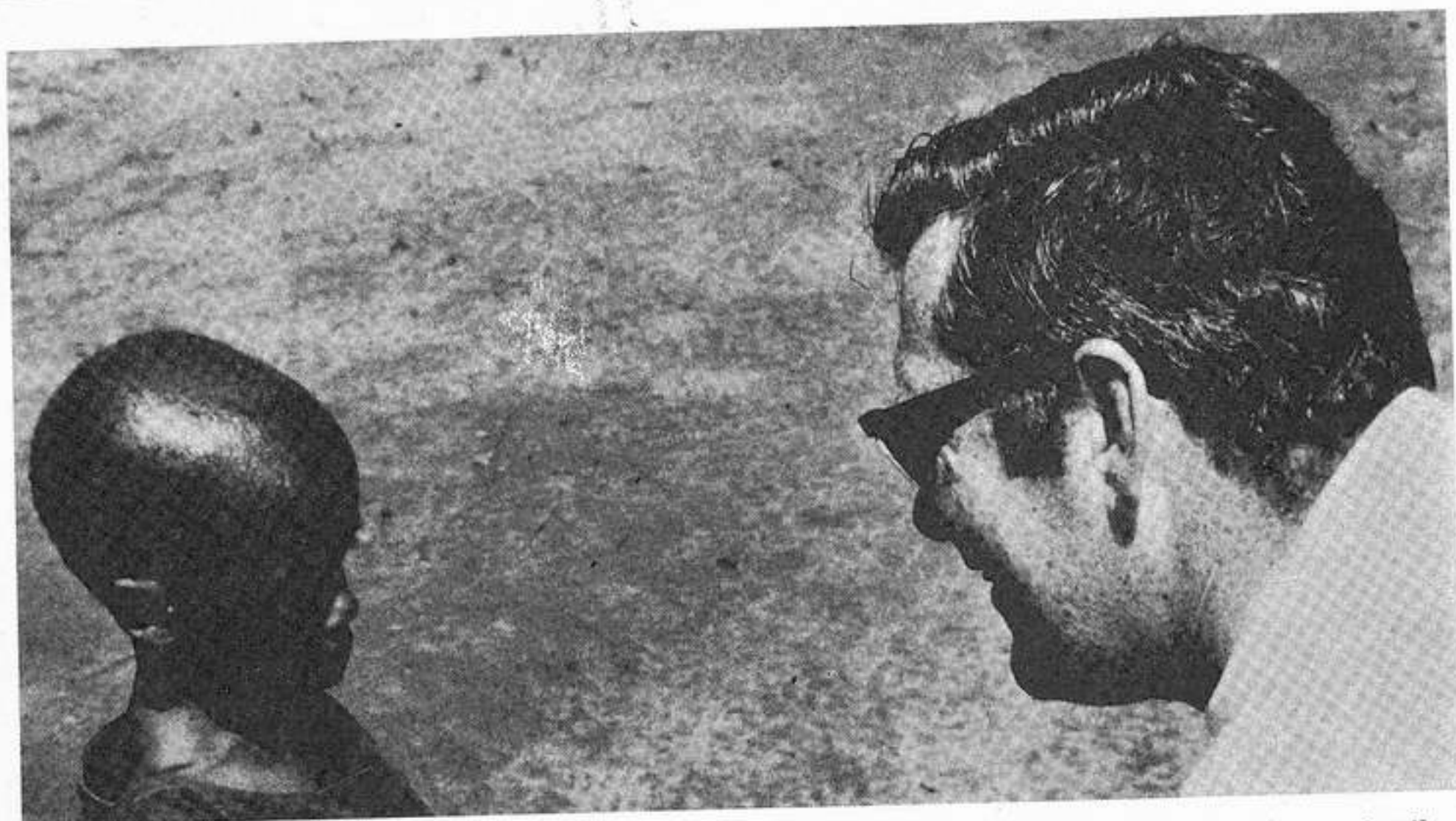


NEW LIFE

Soon we'll forget the dismal winter as the days lengthen into summer and the miracle of nature is re-enacted for us. New life encourages us to throw off our worries and tensions and brings hope where we only saw despair. I often think that this is the best time to make resolutions. Why not determine now to bring a little happiness into the lives of some of the old people in our own

family circle, in our street, our village or town? There are so many ways in which it can be done. We can visit them in their homes and show our concern by helping with the chores, by bringing gifts or just providing the company they often lack. If we are shy about going on our own, there are many excellent committees and organisations that cater for the needs of the old. We can stimulate interest amongst our friends. We can campaign for improved housing and social welfare even if it means that we have to pay extra taxes to finance them.

In short, we must face up to the fact that WE are the State, and we have a duty to cherish our old people. They, too, were young once, full of hopes and dreams. We are now reaping the reward of their toil and sacrifices. We owe them peace, tranquility and freedom from care in their twilight years. Life may be sweet now, but it passes quickly and when it does, we, too, will be grateful for small mercies.



Fr. Jack Finucane, of the Holy Ghost Fathers, now home again from Biafra, and staying with his family at Shelbourne Road, Limerick. Fr. Finucane was Director of Distribution for Caritas International in Biafra, and was responsible for the distribution of all relief coming from Catholic sources throughout the world, including America, Germany and Ireland. During the last three months of the war, he was responsible for the distribution of two hundred and seventy tons of food and medicine being flown into Biafra every second night.

C 36470

Feile Na Maighe

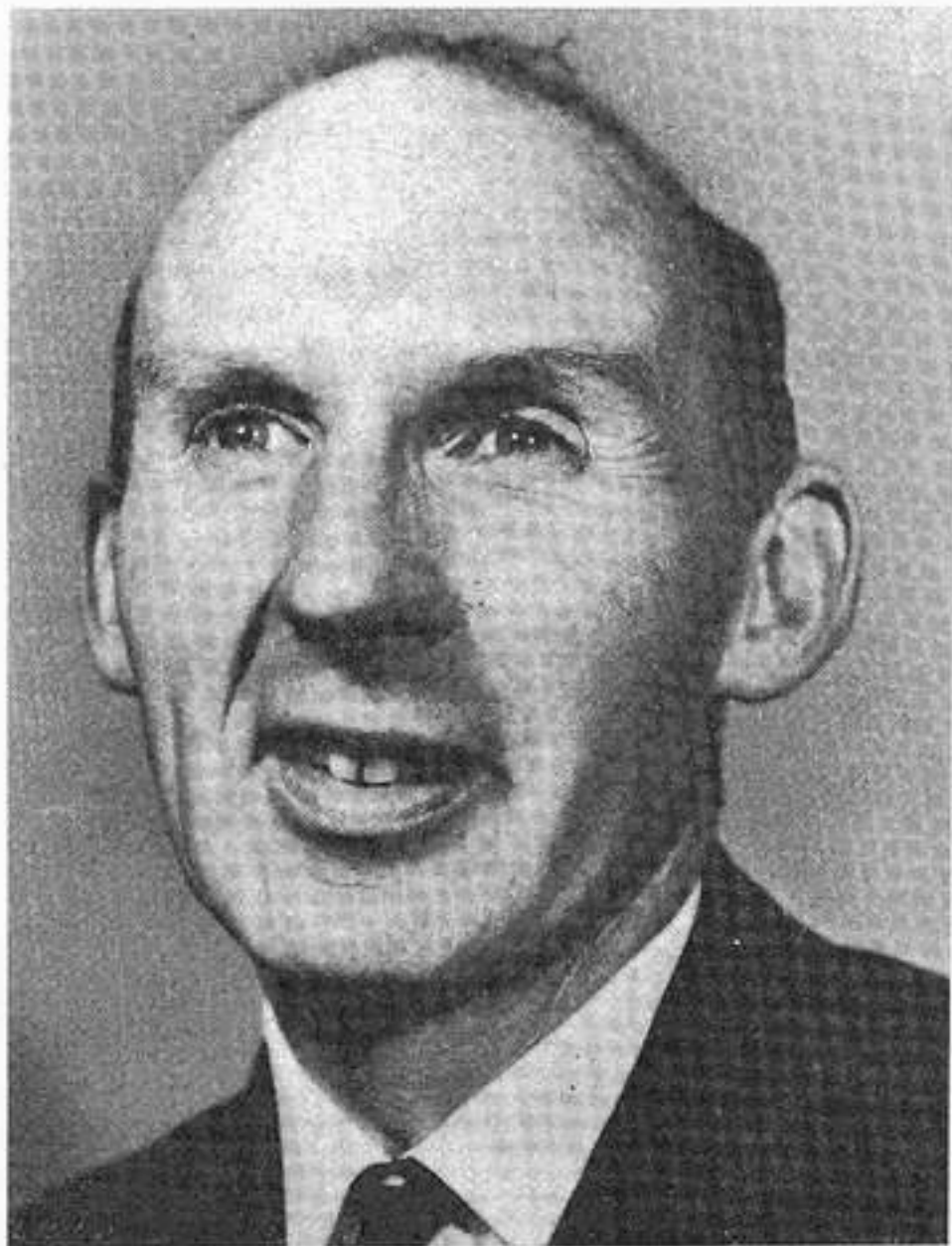
by OILIBHÉAR PLUINCÉAD

For some time now, some of the Irish poets who lived in the 17th or 18th century are being honoured in Summer Schools or similar functions. There are many who believe that the people of Limerick ought to do justice to the poets of their own county, especially Filí na Máighe and also Dáibhidh Ó Bruadair who, though not a Limerick-man, spent much of his life in the county.

As you are probably aware, a Festival of the Maigue (Féile na Máighe) is to be held in Croom in April this year (10th to 12th) to commemorate these celebrated 18th century Gaelic Poets of the Maigue countryside, who used to hold their poetry sessions in Seán O'Tuama's hostelry in Croom. These poets who made Croom and the Maigue valley a centre of bright, patriotic, and merry poems will be honoured academically and by social events during this three day festival.

Literary scholars and journalists from different countries have tried to solve the connection between the witty and frequently satirical mini-poems sent by these poets to each other and the well-known modern verse form called the 'Limerick.' To highlight its reliably accepted creation by the Maigue Poets, a speciality of the festival will be a bi-lingual Limericks competition.

But this is by no means all. A varied programme is being planned for the Féile. Other salient events at the festival will include lectures and open-house discussions on the Irish Literature of the region and its post-1800 Anglo-Irish Literature (with particular reference to the de Veres, Gerald Griffin and Lord Dunraven, one of the founding fathers of modern Irish archaeological studies. There will be Church Services with Cóir Chúil Aodha (under Seán Ó Riada, a composer who has revolutionised native music), the unveiling of a commemorative plaque to Aindrias Mac Craith in Kilmallock, a concert, a Gaeltacht Night of Music and song, and a céili. There will also be an afternoon outing to places associated with the poets and nightly social get-togethers of Limerick, Kerry, Clare and Gaeltacht traditional musicians. These are some of the



Mannix Joyce—Feile President

features of what promises to be an historic festival.

The following is a typical 'Limerick' in which Seán Ó -Tuama, poet and tavern keeper, in 18th centry Croom and Limerick City, wittily describes himself, his trade and customer relations :

'Is duine mé dhíolas leann la
Is do chuireas mo bhuíon chun rangcáis
mura mbeadh duine in cuideachta
dhíolfas
mise bhéas thíos leis in antráth.'

or freely translated into English :

'I sell the best brandy and sherry
to make my good customers merry
but at times, their finances,
run short, as it chances,
and then, I feel very sad, very!'

Higher Education In Limerick

On the 1st of January of this year, Dr. Edward M. Walsh took up duty as Director of the proposed new college of higher education for Limerick. For the present it is to be known as the Institute of Higher Education because no decision has been taken as to the final title. The delay in naming the Institute will not inhibit in any way the progress in planning for higher education in the Limerick region.

As understood and accepted by Irish people, university education consists of a fixed course of study in the form of lectures and examinations, leading to a degree. This gives the student status, and paves the way for his entry into some good profession. Will the Institute of Higher Education in Limerick do exactly that for the students of this Region? Clear thinking and detailed explanations are now very necessary, so that the people may understand what is being planned.

DEGREES

From the outset it is planned to develop facilities and curricula so that courses can be presented which will permit the student to graduate with a Bachelor's degree. The choice of degree programmes will be very carefully considered by the Planning Board, and every effort will be made to ensure that the graduate is receiving a training which will enable him to pursue a worthwhile career within this country. These degrees will have national recognition. A student with a degree from Limerick stands a better chance of employment in his own country. He will contribute to the economic and social development of this Region and the various professions and industries within it. The requirements for entry to a Bachelor Degree in Limerick will be the same as for the existing Irish universities. At present this is a Leaving Certificate with two honours, or its equivalent.

THE TRAINING COLLEGE

In addition, the Limerick Institute will aim at providing advanced Diploma and Certificate courses for the student whose Leaving Certificate qualifications do not permit him to enter the Bachelor Degree. In this way a



The author, Mrs. Margaret M. Lyddy, B.A., H.Dip. Ed., is Secretary of the Limerick University Project Committee.

greater number of students may become involved. It is possible that there will be some link between the Mary Immaculate Training College and the new Institute for Higher Education in Limerick. The primary teachers may be enabled to proceed to a Degree in Education. There will also be a department of Physical Education which is a new departure in University Education in Ireland. Where appropriate postgraduate and research sections will be developed.

The initial success and later development of the Institute will depend on the degree of support it receives from Limerick and the Region. It is hoped that very close links will be established with industries, the business community, and the professions. In keeping

with modern trends in Higher Education as developed in other countries, part of the students' programme may be practical and part intellectual. Carefully devised curricula, a high staff-student ratio, and an appointment system streamlined to meet modern needs are all envisaged.

THE SITE

A site has been selected for the new Institute of Higher Education. The 73 acre site lies on the south bank of the Shannon between Plassy Bridge and Plassy Falls, about two and a half miles to the east of the centre of Limerick City, and 400 yards off the main Limerick/Dublin arterial road. In addition to being on the Tipperary side of Limerick City, the land is physically linked with Clare by a foot-bridge: previously used to walk canal horses across the river.

Mrs. Margaret Lyddy and Mr. James G. Lyons, Solr., members of the Limerick University Project Committee, have been officially appointed to the Planning Board of the new University. The Minister for Education will appoint four other members in due course.

The site is particularly well suited to campus development. The aspect is towards the north-west with a fine view across the river to the Clare Hills. There are small islands in the river, while parts of the bank are lined with tall trees.

The old Plassy mill stream runs through the property, and on higher ground stands Plassy House, which was originally built by one of the owners of Plassy Mills, and recently used as a centre for rehabilitation. Despite proximity to the city, the setting is essentially rural.

Adequate level land is available for athletic activities, and the possibility of using the river for rowing, boating, etc., adds to the attractiveness of the site.

This type of Institute of Higher Education will be of considerable value to the Limerick region. The commercial and professional firms in the region will benefit by the interchange of ideas between staffs and students. Industries will have well-trained graduates available to fill the posts at present held by foreigners. The Institute will create much

employment, initially architects and builders, and then teaching staff, domestic staff, maintenance staff, laboratory technicians as well as a large number employed in supplying goods and student accommodation. The status of Limerick will be raised in the eyes of the nation and of the world. The economic advantages to Limerick will be great. Fewer business and professional people will leave the area if there is a status degree-giving college for their children within reach.

In the not too distant past university education was looked on as the prerogative of those with money and influence. This has now changed and a more enlightened attitude is evident.

For Limerick people and those of the region the time has come when any boy or girl, no matter what their financial circumstances, will be given the opportunity of entering an institute of higher education and have the freedom to acquire a degree which will provide a satisfying future in their own country.

AUTUMN, 1971

The regional needs which compelled the establishment of the Limerick University Project Committee eleven years ago still exist, and have grown more urgent. The Minister for Education has assured the Committee that the proposed college will open in Autumn, 1971. Since the 1st January of this year these proposals for Limerick have been set in motion and will be carried out without further delay. The enabling legislation will soon be brought before Dail Eireann and the drawing up of a constitution is also in train. The Limerick Institute of Higher Education will not be prevented by its constitution or by legislation from expanding to meet future education and cultural demands. This was a guarantee given by the Minister on 11th April, 1969, and it is fundamentally important for the future well-being of the Institute.

The Project Committee also requested representation for Limerick on the Higher Education Authority. Mr. Tony Bromell, a founder member of the Committee, has recently been appointed to this body.

The Limerick University Project Committee are still, and will continue to remain, active to ensure that the great work started eleven years ago will be brought to a successful conclusion.



Tomorrow's People

Let's be practical. We live in Limerick, we work with the young people of this city. Youth work in this city is only one agency dealing with these young people. Now, there is an interesting question—to how many formative agencies is the average Limerick adolescent open? A number of influences claim his attention and leave their mark: home, school, group or friendship circle, TV, neighbourhood, centres of entertainment,

organisations and how many others? If we intend purposeful youth work then two questions need well informed replies: 1. In what kind of community do our young people live? What pressures do they endure? Where do they seem to "fail" or where do we adults seem to "fail" them? Does youths' fashionable non-conformity insinuate rejection or is it non-conformity for the sake of fashion? And then there are those many hours, precious hours, that run into days per week that are spent in out-of-home-out-of-school associations which before they are spent are labelled "free" and afterwards are marked "waste." We don't seem to know our society too well and yet we want to educate socially young people in it and for it. We need to survey our community, to estimate it and evaluate it. We must try to answer: what kind of society have we got? and what kind of community do we want? 2. Of course we want each and every adolescent to be comprehensively educated socially speaking, but no single agency can do this and I wonder if,

all together, we are going about it even intelligently. Isn't it about time that teachers and youth leaders and employers and all agencies interested in service to youth should get together to know each others' fields of interest, the total purpose, the separate methods and the common aims. While allowing for freedom of choice to young people, it should be said, that indiscriminate meddling by selfishly motivated agencies in society's most precious gift—the adolescent—seems to indicate irresponsibility on the part of the adult community. There is no doubt that apart from the acquisition of structured, formal and informative education there is a great need for personal development and social integration. Any organisation dedicated to such an essential deserves the respect of all educators. Then let us all get together as co-operators in a purposeful determination and cease to be isolated functionists.

CONCERN FOR PEOPLE

Youth work is essentially concerned with Community Development but finds itself very often pre-concerned with "community provision." Efficient youth work demands some facilities (e.g. buildings, etc.) to fulfil its aims: prerequisites which a community should provide for this service. Unfortunately, what should be a prerequisite often is a primary concern to preoccupy youth leaders and so obstruct full concentration on essentials, namely people. Here we ask about the half used buildings and sports facilities of our schools that lie idle from early evening and for many weeks of the year. Are they not "OURS?" Tradition seems to support—hard to believe—that buildings are more important than people.

PROFESSIONALISM

I feel I would like to get on to a soap-box and shout about all this. But I stop myself—sadly. Well, recently in England of all places, it has been authoritatively noted that there is "a general public ignorance" of the youth service. Without apology I say the same of the Irish public. This is the fault of our youth organisations and for two main reasons. The first is the absence of a naturally developed national structure. We have a National Youth Council which was imposed on a non-existent national youth service and to date functions without a national youth

policy. We have a pyramid without a base, an artificial pretence to satisfy UNESCO, a caricature. (2). Youth work in Ireland never enjoyed professional status. It has been dwarfed by amateur authoritarian paternalism. It was branded as a hand-out charity to the underprivileged rather than as a skilled service of love to all. Youth work in Ireland is crying out for professionalism. A little professionalism can make effective an ocean of goodwill—an ocean I believe to be available. Until the youth service by its professional skill and efficiency wins public respect it is not likely to win public awareness or interest. Who will give to Limerick City the professional youth leadership it so very much needs? Is the Church expected to do this—again! But what about the Corporation or the Vocational Education Committee and/or the Department of Education through the introduction of teacher/leader appointments? As long as people regard youth service as a luxury of a high-living-standard society and not as a necessity, we are never likely to get professional youth leaders.

How interesting, that only this month in the House of Lords, Lord Arran asked that consideration be given to voluntary service becoming an integral part of the school curriculum. It makes me think of how often I wonder about a small army of young adults, so gifted, privileged and blessed, who each year pass through our Leaving Cert. classes and who I'm sure are willing to give service to their community. Who will be blamed for not inviting them and initiating them into the youth service? What wonderful work awaits them with the under twelve groups.

Industry and commerce in Limerick and Shannon continues to be vitalised each year by the intake of many young adults. Our common interest is quality. There is an area of mutual sharing for the benefit of adolescents. We would like to become acquainted with the many personell managers and employers who would like to project an image of true social concern for their employees. The photograph inset recently taken at St. John's Boys' Club, John Street, illustrates what we mean.

All club work is youth work but not all youth work is club work. Once upon a time, not so long ago, the only type of work called youth work was in fact club work. Recently, we have expanded our sights and we realise that a number of agencies do service to youth outside of the club. In the seventies we will

be asked to look at youth outside of the club. In the seventies we will be asked to look at youth work in a new depth setting—in the context of "community." We must now regard youth work not as an "isolate" but as a community "integrate." When in the seventies we wish to evaluate the work of a club, we will not ask about its size (building orientated) or how many in it (membership orientated) but how community integrated are its young people—how far do they contribute to the process of Community Development.

PARTICIPATION

Youth work is concerned with the social education of the adolescent. It hopes to enable the young adult (16 and over) to a critical

and responsible but actual participation in and with the community. This social education of young people is our community's response by informal methods to personal, educational and social needs of our adolescents. Such a response is based on an adult acceptance of young people as social equals. Youth leaders and workers must not be just providers but rather skilled enablers in a non-directive way. They must see to it that there is participation by involving young adults to the maximum by self-programming and decision making and accepting them as an integral part of community organisation. We must make available to young people opportunities not so much to practise democracy for future use but rather to contribute here and now in a real and practical way to a democratic way of life.



Prize-winners of Woodwork Group: 1st, Pat Daly (left); 2nd, Brian O'Brien (right). Left to right: Mr. J. Whelan, building contractor; Mr. Freddy Bromell, instructor to the Woodwork Group; Mr. O'Farrell, District Secretary to A.S.W.; Fr. Jim McGrath, Chaplain; Mr. Jim O'Dwyer, Arch.; Mr. Connelly, Sec., Builders' Federation.

DIOCESAN ITEMS

Before Christmas the people of the diocese were saddened by the news of the Bishop's illness. This has now given way to relief and gladness that His Lordship is again on the road to full recovery. From the messages received at the hospital His Lordship was assured he had the prayers and good wishes of the whole diocese.

ARCHDEACON RICE

After a long and active life in the diocese, Archdeacon Rice has retired. He was curate and later Administrator in St. John's. He was later Parish Priest of Janesboro' and Donoghmore and then of Foynes and Shana-golden. He was, in his earlier days, involved

THANKS

Limerick Itinerants Settlement Committee are very grateful for £10 received through Our Catholic Life. It came to Our Catholic Life as an anonymous gift. The postmark was Newcastle West. This was a very generous gift and many thanks to the donor or donors.

in the building of St. John's Pavilion and in the building of Janesboro' Church.

We wish Archdeacon Rice a happy and peaceful retirement.

THE MASS

The general reaction to the Missa Nominativa, introduced on the first Sunday of Lent, seems to be one of satisfaction. It would seem the greater participation of the laity, with lay readers, is very welcome. It will now be more necessary than ever that people aim at being in the church and in their places before the beginning of Mass.

ONE WAY TRAFFIC

Congratulations to the Corporation and the Gardai and all concerned with introducing the new traffic regulations. The traffic seems to flow much better now. How about another pedestrian crossing or two?

NEW PARISH

Since our last publication a new parish has been set up in the diocese. It was formerly part of the Holy Rosary parish and the new parish priest is Very Rev. John Browne, who was formerly curate in Our Lady of the Rosary parish and before that in Bruff. Fr. Browne has moved to his new parish — called Christ the King parish — since Thursday, 19th February. There is already an infants' school and Masses will, for the present, be celebrated in the Jetland Ballroom.

ORDINATION

History was made at Ranks Flour Mills in early February when Mass was celebrated on the roller floor of the mill at Dock Road by Rev. Augustine Hourigan, C.P. For five years Fr. Hourigan was a member of the staff. Almost three hundred former colleagues and directors of the firm were present. The Epistle was read by Mr. P. R. Greenwood, director of Ranks, and vice-president of the Irish Flour Millers' Association. Prayers were read by Mr. E. J. O'Redmond, Chief Executive Officer of the company. A special altar and canopy were erected by the maintenance staff.

Fr. Hourigan was ordained in his own parish church — Our Lady of Lourdes, by Most Rev. Eamon Casey, Bishop of Kerry. It was the first ordination in the parish church. Fr. Hourigan came to live in Greenmount Avenue in 1952 and when, in 1957, he had completed his secondary education at the Christian Brothers School, he went to work in Ranks. Five years later he entered the novitiate of the Passionist Fathers to study for the priesthood. He took his B.A. degree at U.C.D.

Fr. Hourigan has been for some time interested in youth work in which he was engaged in Dublin and Sligo as well as in Limerick. He was one of the principal organisers of a soccer club which has enjoyed a good deal of success — Weston Villa Soccer Club. He wrote a series of articles suited to young people for the "Limerick Weekly Echo".



Rev. A. Hourigan, C.P., imparting his blessing to his colleagues at Ranks Mills.

To show their solidarity with him the people of the parish made him a presentation on December 19th, and the workers of Ranks made him a present of a golden chalice.

We congratulate him and his parents.

MAGAZINES

We have noticed that a number of parishes are from time to time producing their own parish magazine or parish letter — call it what you will. These contain a good deal of news about the activities in the parishes and are, we are told, very popular, particularly with the emigrants. If you want any further information concerning these consult one of the priests in Croom, Crecora, Bruff or Our Lady of Lourdes. There may be many others too.

PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

The Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes will take place this year from 5th July to 10th July. This will be a big pilgrimage and it is hoped to take 50 invalids. Intending pilgrims

are advised to reserve their places as soon as possible, because the number of seats available on the aircraft is limited to 300. Inquiries and booking forms at Riordan's Travel, 2 Sarsfield Street, Limerick.

Booking for the Invalid Section should be made to: Spiritual Director, Lourdes Pilgrimage, 66 O'Connell Street, Limerick. Closing date for invalids is 30th April.

Fares: For ordinary pilgrims the all-in cost is 44 guineas; for invalids it is £40.

HOLY FAMILY PARISH (South Hill)

You may remember that in the Christmas issue we had an account of the house, or neighbourhood Masses. This was concerning the parish of Templeglantine. One day recently I called to see Fr. Shinnors in the new parish of the Holy Family. "We are fast becoming a family community," he said. He went on to tell me that having visited the homes in the parish he was very encouraged by the welcome he received. Everywhere

Continued page 26

SPORTS SPECIAL

by V. REV. P. G. RYAN, P.P.

N.H.L.

Limerick enter the seventies with fair prospects both in hurling and in football. Success will not be achieved however without effort and sacrifice, and a fair measure of luck. In the National Hurling League, Cork are back in the picture. By defeating Dublin they assured themselves of a place in the last four, and won Divisional honours by defeating Galway. Tipperary beat Kilkenny to win a place in the semi-finals. The winners of the Hurling League will travel to New York. The final is fixed for April 26th. Limerick beat Waterford 4-9 to 4-4 in a challenge game at Walsh Park, Waterford.

N.F.L.

Limerick footballers have qualified for the semi-finals of Division IV, Group A. Their opponents will be Wexford or Kilkenny—counties more noteworthy as exponents of hurling. In the other semi-final Kildare meet Wicklow. The football league final is fixed for May 3rd.

DR. HARTY CUP

Limerick C.B.S. are, of course, very interested in the Munster Colleges Championship. They defeated St. Colman's, Fermoy, in the semi-final, and go on to meet North Monastery.

KERRY'S TOUR

Meanwhile, Johnny Culloty and his Kerry-men start around the world in the month of March. On the way to Australia, they visit such interesting places as Amsterdam (diamonds), Vienna (waltzes), Bahrein (oil), New Dehli (mysticism), Bangkok (where, according to Noel Coward, "at twelve o'clock, they foam at the mouth and run") — and Singapore (drugs!). Then in the subcontinent, Perth (Western Australia), Adelaide (South Australia) and Melbourne (Victoria); on to Auckland in the North Island of New Zealand; and home by way of the Fiji Islands

of Polynesia in the South Pacific to San Francisco and New York. They play four games in Australia, one in New Zealand, one in San Francisco and probably one in New York or Boston. The tour lasts from Sunday, March 1st, to Easter Monday, March 30th. We wish the wearers of the Green and Gold "Bon Voyage" and "Slán Abhaile" from Down Under.

RACING SUCCESS

At Dungarvan Harriers Point-to-Point, Dr. T. Quane's Rodradusa, ridden by Mr. J. O'Riordan, won the 3 miles Open Lightweight Race. His stable companion, Robot, was only beaten half-a-length in the Open Farmers' Race (3 miles). Success came again at Punchestown, when Rodragusa won the Clongowes Wood Handicap 'Chase. The horse is trained by Mr. Gerard Hogan, Ballycahan Castle, in the parish of Manister. At Ask-eaton, Dr. Quane's Tullyleague (J. O'Riordan) was awarded the Open Maiden Race (17 runners) after an objection. The Duchess of Westminster still provides public favourites in the Arkle manner with Kinloch Brae, trained by Mr. W. O'Grady, and Twigairy, trained by Mr. Tom Dreaper.

RUGBY

After a belated draw with South Africa, Ireland lost to France and England. For a while it looked like an undistinguished Irish win at Twickenham. Then Ireland's "fête noir," Bob Hiller (Harlequins and Surrey), incredibly dropped two goals from about 50 yards. Out-half, Shackleton, administered the "coup-de-grâce" with a try. In 1968 the same Hiller snatched victory from Ireland with a penalty from the touch-line. He was also on the mark the following year. In fact he scored 24 points out of 33 in three matches against Ireland. Barry McGann's tactics of kicking the ball along the ground out of Hiller's reach did not succeed. The rugby ball breaks unpredictably. England's full-back and captain took his chances, and that was that.



(Courtesy Irish Independent)

RODRAGUSA (Mr. J. O'Riordan), left, taking the last obstacle before winning the Clongowes Wood Amateur Steeplechase from Pitroddie (Mr. D. McDonagh) at Punchestown.

SOCCKER

But for a few unaccountable lapses Limerick A.F.C. would be well in the running for League honours. As it is, they should be in the Top Four. The glamorous Cup competition opened well when the mirage of the Tel-El-Khebir (bedouins, camels, burning sands!)—T.E.K. Utd.—was dissolved to the tune of 5-0. The worst was feared when Limerick entered the arena at Kilcohan Park, but they emerged unscathed 2-2. A thirty seconds K.O. with a header by Johnny Matthews gave Waterford victory at the Markets Field. For the bemused, rain drenched, tightly packed crowd, it was not a pleasant experience by any means. Of course, if the score had happened at the other end, discomfort would be unheeded, and it would have been a match to remember! It's all part of the game; even if, after long experience, one feels that some unfortunate teams are

"born losers." What a dreadful concept! A consoling thought is that mighty Liverpool were knocked out of the F.A. Cup by lowly Watford. It can happen to the best.

ATHLETICS

At Mungret, Irish champion Sean O'Sullivan, of Castlemahon A.C., won the Limerick Senior Cross-country Championship for the 11th time in 14 years. He covered the 7½ miles in 37 minutes 15 seconds. Then at Ashford he retained the Munster title. Eddie Spillane of Donore Harriers—formerly resident in Pallaskenry and Adare—won the Leinster Championship in 37 minutes 57 seconds.

CAGE BIRD SHOW

There are other quieter pursuits — "far from the madding crowd" which bring their own competitive rewards. Mr. Victor Stockil of Catherine Street won all the honours at the Limerick Cage Bird Show with his Yorkshire canary—Best Local Exhibit, Best Yorkshire Canary, Best Bird in the Show.

PUTTING THE FACTS RIGHT

A member of Ballingarry Junior Hurling team writes to say that it was Robert Reidy who scored the decisive goal for Ballingarry Juvenile team and not John Cagney as stated in the Christmas issue of *Our Catholic Life*.

We thank this young man for putting us right in this matter.

HOMES FOR NEWLY-WEDS—contd.

made of idle money than providing decent accommodation for young married couples?

The members of the Catholic Housing Aid Society are to be congratulated for giving their time and talents to this splendid work. Actions speak louder than words and they can be proud of their project which, in fact, is the first of its kind in Ireland. A modest but significant contribution to the very vexed problem of housing.

Limerick has led the way in the provision of houses for old people through the great work of St. Anne's Guild.

Now a start has been made to help the young and may this pioneering project be the first of many.

Communication in Marriage

Communication in marriage means for many couples verbal exchange of thoughts, hopes, joys and sorrows. This alone is not complete, it is but one aspect of the communication essential to the fulfilment of partners in the life-long relationship that is marriage. They must communicate with the entirety of themselves.

The nature of the relationship between soul and body has always posed a problem for philosophers. There is no completely satisfactory answer. Man is not a spirit, but a soul and body joined in an essential unity. When soul and body are separated, we recognise that man has died but his soul and body must be reunited in the resurrection. Man will live on, as Christ does now, as an embodied spirit.

It is an embodied spirit that man communicates with man. To do so is essential for his development and well-being, "It is not good that the man should be alone" said God (Gen.2.18).

THROUGH THE SENSES

Solitary confinement is a cruel punishment. It is through his senses that man communicates, the most obvious of these being speech. It was the development of speech, more than anything else, which distinguished him from other animals.

Other forms of communication may be more important to us. The facial expression, the bodily attitude, the shrug may all tell us more than the spoken word. They may tell us something which belies the spoken word. Shaking hands, embracing, kissing, rubbing noses, are all means of communication, not between body and body, but between man and man for, as we have seen, the body is not the whole man.

No-one has more need of communication than a man and woman who commit themselves to a joint life together in marriage. If they are to develop that mutual understanding which makes possible the mutual trust and support which are essential to marriage they must communicate fully. This involves the entirety of themselves.

Why do married couples sleep together? Why do they suffer the inconvenience of a partner who reads in bed, prefers to retire late, or even worse, to rise early? one who snores or coughs? Surely there is more to marriage than kissing and cuddling? Husband and wife are not two people indulging themselves through the medium of their bodies. They are two people communicating with one another.

SERVING THE PARTNER'S NEEDS

In marriage, which is a relationship of love, the actions of the couple must convey that love. They must convey a recognition of the other as a human being to whom one gives service and not as an object through which one gains some personal satisfaction.

The married couple must offer to each other whatever is needed by them at that particular moment, peace, comfort, reassurance, encouragement, for that is what marriage is about. Physical contacts should be regulated, not by rights, but by obligations and needs, the obligation to show true and genuine love and the needs, not of oneself, but of one's partner.

Just as silence can be as expressive as words in appropriate circumstances, so refraining from intimate, physical contact can be as meaningful as the closest of such contacts. It is easier to engage in what is called love-making because of our instinctive promptings, taking comfort in the fact that it is 'all right' in marriage, than to make love appropriately because of the needs of our partner and our life together.

We are faced, not with the need to avoid falling below some minimal line of conduct, but with the call "be perfect as your heavenly father is perfect." (Mar. 5, 48).

Married people cannot fulfil their vocation in life as individuals. They cannot seek their salvation in isolation, privately as it were, because of the nature of their inter-relationship. Just as without the communication with God, which we know as prayer, there can be no relationship between God and man, so without full communication between husband and wife there can be no satisfactory marriage.

Why Do Our Tourists Come?

Very soon now, the serious business of holiday planning will take place in many homes in many countries throughout the world. As a result of pouring over brochures and weighing the pros and cons, somewhere over £100,000,000 worth of visitors will decide to visit Ireland. Without the benefit of competitors' brochures and, indeed with very little travel experience behind him, CLEM O'SULLIVAN examines the motives that bring these visitors to Ireland and decides, with becoming modesty, that he is the main attraction!

'Twas always a great mystery to me why people come to Ireland for their holidays! While we may measure up fairly well under all the more obvious "headings" which attract visitors to a country, viz., sun, scenery, value for money, history, literature, ancient monuments, etc., it is unlikely that we have more to offer in any single one of these attractions than other places I could mention. Let's have a look at a few of the above tourist guide-lines at random!

SUN

We have, thank God, a most equable climate, being situated, as the geography books tell us, in the north temperate zone and under the influence of the Gulf Stream. But while one may be very lucky and have a blazing June in Kilkee, if a sun-tan is the absolute prerequisite, one would be far safer if one were to choose the Cote d'Azur, or the South of Spain, or even the Sahara Desert!

LITERATURE

Sligo's Yeats Country is a great attraction, as is Joyce's Dublin, but to pretend that these centres are in the same boat as Shakespeare's Stratford, or the Wordsworth country in England would be foolish indeed.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS AND ARCHITECTURE

Visitors to Limerick would be well rewarded by a visit to St. Mary's Cathedral and King

John's Castle, but if one were journeying across the Atlantic to take a dive into ancient history, it is far more likely that he would seek out the Parthenon in Greece and the glory that was Rome, or as one of our own wits (Swift?) said of the Giant's Causeway, "it is worth seeing, but not worth going a long way to see."

VALUE FOR MONEY

In many ways we still offer good value for money to the visitor, but we are certainly not at the top of the league, and for the poorer tourist looking for a package deal he will probably find someplace where his pound or dollar will last longer.

SO WHY IRELAND?

Though the above run-down may seem like an "anti-brochure" for holidays in Ireland, this was not my intention. And though we are not a first choice under any of the above headings, neither is any country top of the league under all the headings. And, indeed, many thousands of visitors come here every year because of our weather, and for value for money, and to see King John's Castle and study Yeats in Sligo. But surely all of these — and add in Bunratty and the Rose of Tralee for good measure — surely, as I say, all of these do not add up to our £100,000,000 (give or take a few quid) tourist industry.

As I said at the start, 'twas always a great mystery to me. But 'tis a mystery to me no longer, and if you're still with me and bear with me a few sentences more, it need no longer be a mystery to you either, for I know the answer. One hundred million pounds worth of visitors come to Ireland every year to meet me! Yes — me! How's that! Oh, *you* too, of course. They come to meet you, and me, and all of us (including Tony Lynch) because we are the most friendly people in the world — bar none — and we really make them feel welcome.

KNAPPOGUE

I was standing at the door of Knappogue Castle one evening when a C.I.E. tour arrived. The mediaeval man on the door shook hands with one lady and said: "You are very welcome

to Knappogue Castle." She was so obviously moved by this simple phrase that I made it my business to seek her out later and have a word with her. She told me she was just completing a three-week tour of Europe and was returning to the States the following day. In all that time she had never been welcomed anywhere until she arrived at Shannon. Now, this lady may have had a better meal somewhere along the line than she had at Knappogue (though the banquet at Knappogue is superb), and she may have heard a better singer than Michael McCann at Knappogue (though Michael would certainly dispute that), but one thing is quite certain. She will remember her night at Knappogue and her twenty-four hours in Ireland long after she has forgotten the Eiffel Tower in Paris or the whole of her three weeks in Europe.

So how about that, now! An isolated case? It's possible, but very unlikely. I used to be very cynical about this "Ireland of the Welcomes" gimmick. But in my work over the last three years I've met an awful lot of visitors and I am cynical no longer. It really is a fact that we are a friendly people and make people welcome. And visitors do appreciate this and they come back for more. Of course there is a limit to the price they are prepared to pay to meet me — and you — and I expect there could be an odd year when they would be prepared to give the combined attractions of King John's Castle and myself a miss in favour of the Colosseum in Rome. But we have this great natural characteristic running for us, and we must use it.

ARE YOU WORTH SEEING?

So are you happy about it? I am, but are you? I say they come over to see me. Do you honestly feel that *you* are worth coming over to see? Are you one of the people who spoil the overall image of friendliness which the visitor gets here? If you see a visitor in distress do you pass on and leave him to sort himself out? If a visitor asks for your help, do you refuse it altogether or give it grudgingly? Do you resent his presence and say that his spending money puts up the cost of living for you, or do you realise and appreciate that his £100,000,000 is your bread and butter? Would you paint on a wall "Yankee, go home" or "Cead Mile Failte"? The choice is yours.

We are a naturally friendly people, all of us. And it is this trait that we can either cultivate, or lose. But remember, if we lose it, we cannot replace it by sun, Shakespeare, or even by another Bunratty.

Sorry about the sermon. And a happy Easter to all my readers!

DIOCESAN ITEMS—contd.

people seemed to be interested in the building up of this new neighbourhood into a real Christian community. They feel that a church, a school and a community centre are the most urgent needs now. They are fortunate in having the use of a conveniently placed house as a parish centre for the time being. Here, at 515 O'Malley Park, the new social worker, Sr. M. Ursula, is available most afternoons. Her services are freely availed of and much appreciated by the parishioners.

At the centre a few group-Masses have been held for voluntary workers. Those who took part were very pleased. The "programme" was, Confessions, Mass (with singing), a cup of tea and a discussion. Beginning at 8 o'clock it ended about 10 p.m. Since then about ten Masses for neighbours on similar lines have been held in different houses of the parish and there is demand for many more.

Fr. Shinnors also told me that he expects that the temporary church will be ready some time in May.

VOCATIONS EXHIBITION

A Vocations Exhibition organised by St. Joseph's Young Priests' Society in association with secular and regular religious in the diocese and its adjoining region was presented in the Jetland Ballroom, Limerick, on 11th, 12th and 13th March, 1970.

It was originally envisaged that the exhibition might be sustained for two days. Reservations were expressed as to the amount and quality of material which could be assembled in time. However, as planning progressed it became evident that the Jetland would be fully utilised and a minimum of three days' duration was needed to accommodate the number of visitors attending.

The emphasis on the presentation in the main part of the hall was on the concept of a religious vocation and its various forms of expression. Liberal use was made of audio-visual aids. Stalls or presentations by diocesan clergy and individual religious orders were accommodated on the balcony. All space available for stalls was fully utilised.

The exhibition was open on each of the three days from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. The diocesan representative on the Organising Committee is Fr. James Galvin, C.C., Holy Rosary.

An tEan Daite

le MAIRTÍN O CORRBUI

Fadó fadó bhí an t-iolar ina rí ar na héin go léir. Rí láidir ab ea é agus bhí ar na héin eile gach aon rud a dúirt sé leo a dhéanamh, agus é a dhéanamh go maith is go mear. Lá amháin chuir sé scéal amach a rá leo teacht le chéile i lár na coille mar go raibh uaidh tasc beag a thabhairt do gach éan díobh.

Ní raibh áthas ar bith ar na héin an scéal sin a fháil. Ní raibh fonn oibre orthu. Ach bhí a fhios acu nár mhór dóibh bheith umhal don rí, nó bheadh sé an-chrosta ar fad, agus mar sin tháinig siad go léir go dtí lár na coille, faoi mar a dúirt sé leo. Bhí an lon dubh ann agus an smólach, an spideog agus an dreoilín, an snag breac agus an faoileán, agus go leor éan eile idir bheag is mhór dóibh.

Bhí cotaí áille orthu. Bhí an préachán chomh dubh le pic. Bhí an eala chomh bán le sneachta. Agus bhí éin eile ann a raibh dath donn nó dath buí nó dath rua ar a gcuid cleití acu. Ach tháinig éan amháin agus ní raibh cota ar bith air. Bhí sé lom nocht.

AN t-ÉAN NOCHT

Thosaigh na héin eile ag gairí agus ag magadh faoi, agus nuair a chonaic an rí é ní ró-shásta a bhí sé.

“Cad is ciall leis seo?” ar seisean. “Cén fáth gur tháinig tú anseo agus gan chóta ort? An bhfuil meas ar bith agat art féin? An bhfuil eagla ar bith ort roimh do rí?”

Chrom an t-éan bocht nocht a cheann agus ní dúirt sé aon rud.

“Imigh leat as an gcoill seo ar an bpointe,” arsa an t-iolar, “agus ná tar ar ais arís nó go mbeidh tú gléasta faoi mar is ceart. Ba chóir náire a bheith ort.”

Bhí eagla ar an éan eile rud ar bith a rá agus bhí sé ag imeacht uathu agus é go brónach. Nuair a chonaic an colúr é, agus na deora ina shúile, bhí trua aige dó. Rith sé ina dhiaidh.

“Ba mhaith liom cabhrú leat,” ar seisean. “Féach, seo duit ceann de mo chleití.”

Agus phioc sé cleite dá bhrollach agus thug dó é.

Nuair a chonaic na héin eile an rud cineálta a rinne an colúr bhí náire orthu. Rith ceann acu agus thug cleite dá chuid féin don éan nocht. Ansin rith ceann eile . . . agus ceann eile . . . agus ceann eile fós, nó go raibh clúmh breá daite air. Ansin thug siad ar ais os comhair an iolair é.

Shiúil an rí ina thimpeall cúpla uair agus d'fhéach sé go géar air.

“Tá go maith,” ar seisean, “tá go maith. Táim sásta. Ach anois ní mór d'éan éigin súil a choimeád air agus aire a thabhairt dó, mar is dóigh liom nach bhfuil mórán céille aige.”

“Tá an ceart ar fad agat, a rí,” arsa an phéacóg. “Agus tá a chleití chomh deas sin anois go bhfuil eagla orm go mbeidh éirí in airde air agus ní fios cad a dhéanfaidh sé.”

Bhí an phéacóg in éad leis agus ba shin an fáth go ndúirt sí é sin.

Bhí an ceann cait ag faire orthu agus ag éisteacht leo ar feadh an ama, ach ní dúirt sé rud ar bith go ceann tamaill. Labhair sé ansin agus ar seisean:

“Má tá sibh sásta tabharfaidh mise aire dó.”

ÉIRÍ IN AIRDE

Dúirt gach éan díobh go raibh sé sásta agus fágadh an scéal mar sin. Tar éis cúpla lá, áfach, ba léir dóibh uile go raibh an ceart ag an bpéacóg. An t-éan ainnis sin ar thug siad cleití dó bhí sé chomh hálainn sin anois go raibh éirí in áirde air, agus ní labhródh sé fiú amháin leis an gcuid eile acu. D'imigh sé uathu ar fad agus chónaigh sé leis féin in áit uaigneach sa choill. Chuaigh na héin go dtí an rí agus d'inis siad dó conas mar a bhí an scéal. Bhí fearg mhór ar an iolar nuair a chuala sé a raibh le rá acu. Dúirt sé go mbeadh cruinniú eile ann. Tháinig siad go léir a chéile arís mar sin ach ní raibh éan na gcleití daite ann.

“Bhí a fhios agam gur mar seo a tharlódh,” arsa an phéacóg. “Nach ndúirt mé libh é? Nach ndúirt? Ní fiú leis teacht in aice linn. Níl aon mheas aige orainn. Níl aon eagla air roimh an rí uasal atá againn.”

D'fhéach an t-iolar ar an gceann cait.
 "Tusa a bhí ag tabhairt aire dó, nach ea?"
 ar seisean.

Chrom an ceann cait a cheann.

"Caithfidh tusa é a fháil mar sin," ársa an t-iolar, "agus é a thabhairt anseo, nó beidh brón ort."

Thosaigh an ceann cait ag gol.

"Ach tá a fhios agat, a rí," ar seisean, "nach féidir liomsa rud ar bith a fheiceáil sa lá. Nuair a bheidh an oíche ann rachaidh mé á lorg."

Ach ní raibh an t-iolar sásta. Dúirt sé leis na seabhaic breith ar an gceann cait agus é a cheangailt. Nuair a chuala an ceann cait é sin d'éirigh sé san aer agus d'éitil sé leis as an áit chomh tapaidh agus a bhí ann. Níor stop sé nó gur bhain sé pluais dhorcha amach, agus chuaigh sé i bhfolach inti.

AN CUARDACH

Labhair an colúr leis an iolar.

"A rí uasail," ar seisean, "mise faoi deara an trioblóid seo go léir. Mise a thug an chéad chleite don éan dána sin. Tá brón mór orm. Rachaidh mé ar a thóir anois agus nuair a bhéarfaidh mé air tabharfaidh mé ar ais anseo é."

"Tá go maith," arsa an t-iolar. "Imigh leat agus cuardaigh an choill ar fad."

As go brách leis an gcolúr. D'éitil sé anseo is ansiúd agus gach aon "Cú cú cú" as, ach theip air an t-éan daite a aimsiú. Nuair a bhí tuirse air lig sé a scíth tamall ar ghéag crainn. Táinig an préachán agus thosaigh sé ag caint leis.

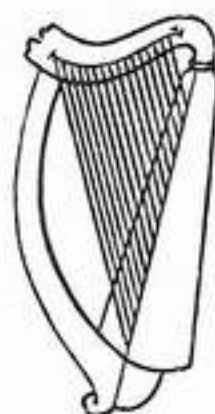
"Táim buailte amach," arsa an colúr.

"Is dócha go bhfuil," arsa an préachán. "Ach bíodh sos agat anois agus rachaidh mise á lorg."

D'imigh an préachán ar fud na coille ansin agus "Cá cá cá" á rá aige ar feadh an ama. Ach níor éirigh leis an bpréachán ach oiread.

Lean siad orthu leis an gcuardach an lá go léir, agus "Cú cú cú" agus "Cá cá cá" ar siúl acu, ach obair in aisce a bhí ann. Nuair a tháinig an oíche, seo chucu an ceann cait agus bhí sé ag cabhrú leo. D'éitil sé i measc na gerann agus "Hú hú hú" á rá aige.

Ach ba chuma. Tásc ná tuairisc an éin daite ní bhfuair siad, agus tá siad fós á lorg — "Cú cú cú" ag an gcolúr, "Cá cá cá" ag an bpréachán, agus "Hú hú hú" ag an gceann cait.



sa chathair um cháisc

I.

Bláthanna geale
 I ngdairdíní bearrtha
 A fógairt an Earraig
 Sa chathair um Cháisc.
 Solas an dóchais
 I súile na nógfear;
 Aigte na nógbhean
 A taithneamh le grá.

II.

Sraideanna folamh
 Gunnaí a' tafann
 Fuil ar an talamh
 Óg-fhir ar lár.
 Roighne ban Éireann
 Chun uaignis daortha
 Gan cara gan céile
 Gan faoiseamh go bráth.

SOUTH AFRICA—contd.

that a system of one-man-one-vote could achieve much by way of peace and justice. But the correction must be based absolutely on Christian charity. The Bible demands wisdom of us, too, and no where does wisdom need to be coupled with charity more than in the South African solution. The Roman Catholic Church must take the lead in bringing a courageous and wise Christian charity into action in South Africa. I refer here to the whole Church, not only to that small section comprised of the clergy.

It may be said that good Christians in Nazi Germany were coerced and frightened, but even more so were they disarmed, dazed or confounded by circumstances. The same may be said of good Christians in South Africa. It may be said of good Christians anywhere. Injustice is always with us—even in Holy Catholic Ireland. "It is enough for men of goodwill to do nothing . . ."



EASTER, 1970

My dear Children,

This is your first Page of 1970 so we are beginning a new decade. Let us hope it will bring more peace and happiness to the world than the "Sixties" did. Here we might turn our thoughts to the great Feast of Easter which will soon be with us. The greatest joy that ever came to the world came on the first Easter when the Apostles realised that Jesus was really and truly God. These Apostles were all sorts, a mixed group. They used grumble and complain, they quarrelled and got themselves into trouble, and our Lord had to come to the rescue many times. They did have one thing that saved them and that was love for their Master. This enabled them to go out and suffer many things to preach His Gospel and convert the world, and after that to die for Him. There are many good people in the world today like the Apostles. Let us pray for them that they may get the courage to do what is right and suffer in the doing.

I must now say Thanks to 139 boys and girls who sent letters and cards. I felt young again, reading your accounts of Christmas, school concerts, lessons, home activities and all the rest. I wanted to give a prize for the best one but I just could not decide because they were all so good. Finally I asked the old lady next door to draw a name from the basket. You must look at the results to find out who was lucky!

You will be glad to hear that I noticed still further improvement in your Art Competition. I am so glad that I decided to let you do most of the work yourselves. You evidently enjoyed it and the results were just wonderful. For Easter I have given you another exercise in design. The two Easter eggs are waiting to be dressed up so get out your paints. On the bigger one I have drawn some lines; you can fill in between them with lines, curves, rings, dots, anything at all, and then colour as gay as you wish. Try out your own ideas on the small egg and lastly fill in the background with some nice shade—no design, just colour.

Now it is time to say Goodbye 'til our Summer Page. God bless you all, a very happy Easter.

AUNTIE BRIGID



The Murphy Twins

The day had been wet and windy but was not cold. By now the rain had stopped and the Twins put on coats and wellingtons, glad to be able to get out of the house at last. "Come," said Peter, "we'll just run before the wind and see how far we'll get." So they ran like kites blown by the wind, until laughing and breathless they arrived at the hedge by the Long Field. Soon they were over the ditch and off again. Pauline stumbled over a tuft of matted grass but she was soon up and away once more. Next they crossed a stream and another ditch into Hayes' farm. This wasn't easy as the stream was swol-

len by the rain but Peter caught an overhanging bough and when he had got across stretched out one hand, while still holding on to the bough with the other, and helped Pauline across. On and on they ran. Pauline's hair was all blown and tossed with the wind and their cheeks were glowing from the exercise and the excitement. When they had crossed another stream and four more fields they were beginning to feel tired. "I suppose we had better go home," Pauline said, "it won't be so easy, though, with the wind against us." "I suppose it won't," said Peter, "but we'll just go one more field

first." And so they did. When they got into the field they heard a calf crying pitifully but could see nothing. Going in the direction of the noise they saw it came from an old quarry which was overgrown with bushes and briars. Sure enough, there was a poor little black and white calf which had somehow stumbled and fallen over the edge and was lying kicking and unable to free itself in the bushes below.

At first Peter and Pauline tried to get at the calf themselves but couldn't make their way through the briars so they had to go for help. It was too far to go home. So they crossed into two more fields and at last saw a farmhouse in the distance. They began to run again but soon drew back as a big sheepdog ran out barking. Soon, however, Mrs. Hayes came out to find out what the noise was about and the children told their story. She went out into the yard and told her husband who set out with his son to rescue the calf. Meantime, Mrs. Hayes brought the two children into her nice warm kitchen and soon they were sitting down to a lovely tea with hot scones fresh out of the oven. Suddenly, Pauline began to get worried. "Mammy will be looking for us," she said, "and we've a long way to go home." Mrs. Hayes, who had been looking out the window, said, "Don't worry now, they're just back with the calf and Michael will drive you home." And so he did and they arrived home in style, tired and excited after their adventure.

RESULTS OF CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS

Juniors.

1. Elaine Walshe (9), Newlawn House, Ballyorgan, Kilmallock.
2. Denis King (9), Ashford N.S., Ballagh, Co. Limerick.
3. Sarah Leavy (9), 5 Patrick St., Limerick.
4. Sandra Geary (8), 3 Alphonsus Tce., O'Connell Ave., Limerick.
5. Edward McGrath (8), Ballyorgan N.S., Kilmallock.
6. Betty Carmody (8), Rathcannon, Athlaccra.
7. Noel Bourke (8), St. Anne's, Rathkeale.
9. Mary Gilbert (8), Gurranekeigh, Kilmallock.
10. Geraldine Cuneen (9), Kiltolon, Patrickswell.

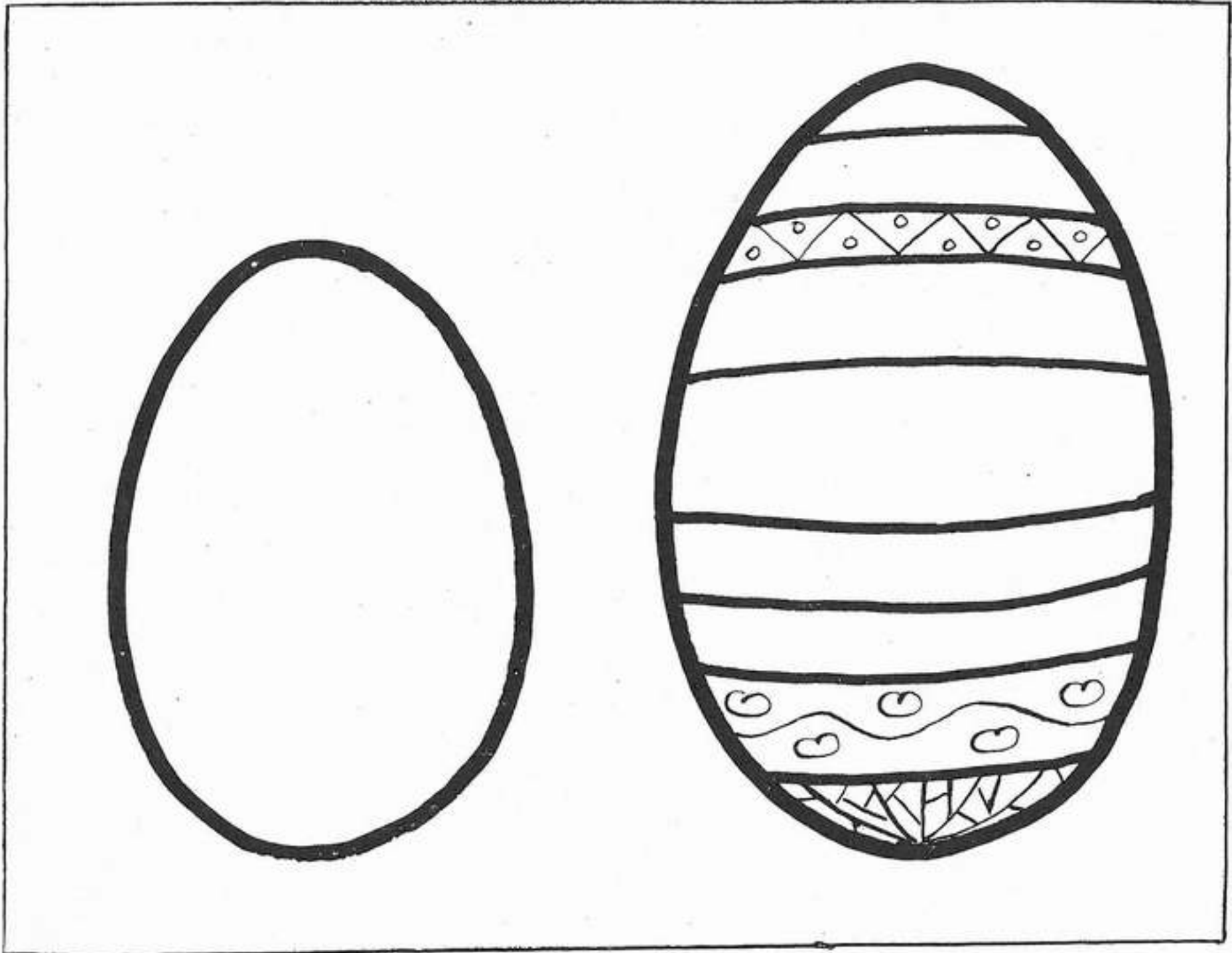
Seniors.

1. Adrian Hosford (10), The Square, Kilfinane.
2. John O'Connor (10), Ballyorgan N.S.
3. Brigid Hannan (13), Cush, Kilfinane.
4. Aileen O'Connell (10), 2 Greenpark View, Ballinacurra.
5. Marie McGrath (12), Maiden St., N.C.W.
6. Noreen Carmody (12), Ballintubrid, N.C.W.
7. Majella Coughlan (12), 35 Assumpta Park, Limerick.
8. Joan Bresnihan (12), Pallas, Feenagh, Kilmallock.
9. Mary P. Fox (10), Martinstown, Kilmallock.
10. Bernadette Power (10), Scoil Mhathair De, Limerick.

Draw for Best Letter.

Helen McNamara, Rathkeale.

Your Easter 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 iarrachtaí istigh roimh 1/5/1970

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Limerick Diocesan

Pilgrimage to

LOURDES

5th - 10th JULY, 1970

- ★ This will be a big pilgrimage and the Committee is anxious to have it as representative of the Diocese as possible. All organised groups are urged to send some of their members to help with the invalid section. Inquiries to: Pilgrimage Director, 66 O'Connell Street.
- ★ Intending pilgrims may start paying their fares now, if they so wish. For information about this Savings Fund ask your parish clergy or inquire at A/P Office, 66 O'Connell St., Limerick.
- ★ Further details about Fare, Invalid Section, etc., will be published as soon as possible.

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