

MARINO PARISH NEWSLETTER



Они говорят: «Мы снова начинаем войну». Дона nobis пачем. Аминь.

As we walked in brilliant sunshine on Good Friday evening, on our little Camino, we knew that the darkness of that day would be lifted by the joy of Easter Sunday.

Resurrection day, reminding us yet again that we are a Risen people, raised through the

sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross..

Yet fifteen hundred miles away the people of God were suffering under an unwanted war. And in a hugely symbolic parallel with this conflict, the followers of Jesus after the crucifixion, were also hiding away from the self righteous attacks of those who had crucified Jesus.

In the coming days we will celebrate the Ascension and we will hopefully on Pentecost Sunday celebrate the descent of the Holy Ghost on the apostles, an event which confirmed in their minds that they had not been abandoned and they now had the courage to go openly preaching in the streets.

Those who held opposing views dared not touch them because of the joy of the crowds hearing their words.

Is it not ironic in this twenty first century that two of the major Church communities in central Europe will on these significant days be praying for totally different outcomes.

In the Ukraine, where the resurrection has lifted the scales from the peoples eyes, they look on at the damage and death rained down on them by their neighbour. In Russia using the same Orthodox Rites the Churches will pray for the overthrow of a legitimate government and for the safe return of their sons whom they believe to be fighting a just and Holy war. How like those early months in Jerusalem where confusion and turmoil reigned with people converting to the message of Christ and the apostles preaching openly despite being hunted. After two millenia the message of Christ is lost in the minds of those who believe that theirs is the only truth and that the world should be as they wish not how others want it to be.

It must be our continuing prayer that a just peace will reign in Europe and that like Saul, blinded by hate until the Lord removed the scales from his eyes and opened them to love, the scales will fall from the eyes of those Church leaders in Russia who have forgotten the basic message of Christian living, that love of God must go hand in hand with love of your neighbour.

The heading is taken from the last lines of a poem, by a Ukranian poet, Boris Khersonsky, entitled Missa in Tempore Belli, and translates from Russian as follows
They say, "We're starting a war again."

Dona nobis pacem. Amen

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Marino Parish Synod Gathering



Last October Pope Francis issued an appeal to the faithful worldwide to outline their dreams, ideas, and concerns in a sincere effort to bring about real transformation and renewal in the Church. This process is called a "Universal Synod" in which he asked all of us to share our responsibility as baptised and confirmed members of the Catholic Church to call upon those charisms and gifts which we received at Confirmation and through our lived experiences as Catholics to help the Bishops and the Pope shape the future of the Church.

As the Church moves forward to a new understanding of a world moving past faith and belief it is beset by the past where love of God and neighbour was absent. Recent Papal letters over the last quarter

century have shown a Church concerned with the poor, with social justice and with concern for God's Creation and for the lived lives of all peoples. It is this message of God's love and compassion we must get across to the faithful and to those who drifted away and to ensure that this message is not drowned out by the strident criticism of those who only wish our demise.

Marino Parish undertook this journey at a synodal gathering on the 29th of March last. The gathering of almost one hundred parishioners of all ages with a slight weighting towards seniors in age came together under the guidance of two facilitators and was divided into groups, groups of people who in the main knew each other. Each table had a rapporteur who gathered comments under the various strands.

It is fair to report that from the general buzz of opinion and open conversation that people were coming together as Pope Francis had asked, people speaking openly, courageously, and humbly respecting other's ideas.

At the end people gathered over cups of tea and even more sharing occurred.

An analysis of the gathering is published on the parish website with a breakdown of the ideas which converged and those ideas which diverged.

The range of topics discussed are very similar to many of the responses which have come from other dioceses and for some within the Church much discussion may have taken place on topics which may not seem to be doctrinally in accord.

However, these meetings are the first in a variety of stages which will lead to the Synod of Bishops in Rome next year. It also perhaps highlights the fact that in some areas of life discussion on topics have not been allowed by Rome.

If all Catholics who wish to be members of the Church founded by Christ, as people confirmed in faith with the same gifts of the Holy Ghost, are not capable of discernment in the modern world then they are truly left as sheep lost without a shepherd.

Pope Francis reminds us that, "Every encounter calls for openness, courage and a willingness to let ourselves be challenged by the presence and the stories of others,".

As always we are all still called to recognise Him in the breaking of bread.

Recent Bereavements

Please pray for the following recently deceased members of our parish:

Vincent Sanfey
Terry Keeley
Anne Kelly
Eamon Matthews.
Josephine Uí Mhordha
Ethna Malone
John Clarke

Tom Kelly
Stella Sheridan
Joseph Redmond
John Mark Fox
Deborah Snedker
Eamonn Moore
Mary Kelly.



Pat on tap for the Summer

Hi everyone



This time the painting I wish to share with you is titled "On Your Bike" it is acrylic on canvas. It's of a cyclist going over Dollymount Bridge. I always loved that wooden bridge and have many fond memories of cycling of it as a child and later on in life. The bridge can represent the church which helps on our journey to reach Christ which I think is a nice thought when so many people think they don't need the church anymore.

Another Easter gone by; it just creeps up on you and all over before you know where you are. I attended the Easter Vigil this year. It was early 8pm this year. We had the lovely ceremony of light where we all light our candles and the Paschal fire. After the period of darkness of Good Friday and Easter Saturday with the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ we light the Paschal fire and candle to represent the new life in the Risen Lord. The name Paschal comes from the Hebrew word Pasach which is the Passover.

I had great difficulty with the lighting of my candle thinking that I might have to abandon it as it didn't look like it would stay lighting. I needn't have worried as once I got it going it was grand. It came to the time in the ceremony that we were to quench our candles, some people pinch the light out between their thumb and index finger, I was never one to do it that way preferring to blow it and take my chances on anyone singing "happy birthday". 'Anyhow I blew and blew but there wasn't as much as a flicker on the candle. This was going on for a minute or two but seemed like an hour. At this stage I was nearly turning blue and wasn't blowing anyone's house down. At that stage I was beginning to wonder was there something gone wrong with my breathing. The light bulb then went on I realised that I was wearing a visor and could have been there till Christmas without success in extinguishing the light. (If I am in a group of people indoors for any length of time in preference to a mask I would wear a visor.)

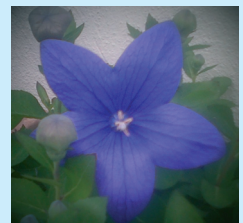
I wonder if I will have the courage to attend the Easter Vigil next year if the Good Lord spares me. Will have to try and remember what happened this year, if I do, as I would hate to have an action replay.

The late Tom Kelly R.I.P, an appreciation

We extend our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Maureen Kelly and family and extended families on the recent death of her husband, Tom. Maureen and Tom have been staunch and committed parishioners for nigh on sixty years and excellent neighbours and friends to everyone on Calderwood Road.

Tom was a man of many interests, quiet and gentle and unassuming, always helpful and supportive and a valued member of the parish community. He was a man of deep faith with a particular devotion to Our Lady and with great fondness for the pilgrim site in Wexford, Our Lady's Island. His gentle presence will be missed not only by Maureen and his family but by his neighbours and his many, many friends.

We pray that in the words of his favourite prayer Our Lady has taken him safely home.



The Garden in Early Summer



As we head towards June with it not always living up to its reputation as 'flaming June', May is supposed to be very warm and any warm weather is to be welcomed. This of course means that we have to pay more attention to our plants since we don't want them damaged by drying out. However let's make the most of whatever comes our way. The poet, Frances Ledwidge, a true man of the soil, has written in a delightful poem that we should all heed not just in June since these summer months slip past very quickly.

**"June is short and we must joy in it and dance and sing,
And from her bounty draw her rosy worth."**

And so, to serious business.

Half-hardy annuals should be finished planting out by early June. Dead head flowers and roses regularly, water and feed all plants, replacing any damaged by slugs if necessary.

If you have window boxes, or other containers, or hanging baskets make sure that you water them often. It is still possible to assemble colourful hanging baskets, and pre-planted ones are still available in our local hardware shop or garden centres.

Certain of your spring flowering shrubs can be pruned, cutting back on the flowering now, but check with your garden centre if you are not sure. Also, if you are a dahlia lover you can acquire some for planting out.

Plants will benefit from feeding a suitable liquid feed. If you have green vegetables in your plot, they could do with a nitrogen boost. Earth up potatoes if you have any in the garden, in drills or raised beds and watch for blight. Hopefully, you will have used blight resistant seed potatoes.

Also keep an eye on your tomatoes either outdoor or indoor for any sign of blight and be careful not to overwater your greenhouse tomatoes.

Soft fruits and tree fruits should be protected from the birds and watch especially for grey mould on your strawberries.

Deal with weeds as you see them before they flower and seed, either by hoeing or weeding, or use a contact weed killer, using only one that is safe for use around pets and presents no danger to children. Today with the need to protect our bee population we may not need to be too hard on some bee friendly weeds.

Rose bushes need to be watched for black spot and spider mites. Keep watch for greenfly and aphids on your fruit trees, and spray if necessary using organic sprays where possible. Later on in summer we will to keep focussed on garden maintenance and keep to our established routines of weed control and watering. Seasonal fruit can be harvested in July for flavour and freshness. If you are feeling energetic in the later summer months you can mulch flower beds to keep in moisture and keep down weeds.

If you wish you can commence planting bulbs for Autumn flowering.

Be happy in your garden however big or small.

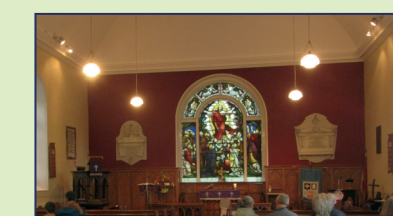


The Marino Camino

On Good Friday last we in Marino parish were once again able to continue with a celebration of the revival of the custom of visiting several Churches in memory of the way of the Cross.

Our parish under the careful organisation of Cora Farrell and her team and colleagues in each of the Churches undertook our own Camino walk, joined as always by our brethren in Christ from our sister Churches. Our walk got underway after the conclusion of the traditional Good Friday ceremonies in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul. Each participant was given a passport at the start to be stamped at each Church on the way. They were also asked to carry a stone symbolizing the burden of our sins which Christ had borne, and as a symbol of the weight of our own worries and failure.

Walking through the grounds of St. Mary's and around the back of the Marino Institute, in a beautiful pastoral setting, Spring sunlight dappling the leaves and generating a warm friendly atmosphere as we walked along, in faith and in companionship, to the beautiful Chapel of the Sacred Heart. There we were encouraged to reflect on the stones we carried, the role of the stone as a metaphor both for the guilt of sin but also as the foundation stone, that which the builders rejected. We were reminded to carry the stone as a symbol of reconciliation and renewal. Again, our pilgrim band set forth, our passports stamped, and a piece of wood being carried by one of our pilgrims a piece which would transform with other pieces into the symbol of the day, the Cross. Onwards with the sun beaming on us we moved through the grounds of All Hallows, to the warm welcome of Reverend Garth Bunting, the Rector of St.



John the Baptist Church, an historic welcoming Church. There, we were asked to meditate on our journey and share in Christ's last hours on the Cross. Set against the backdrop of the beautiful Ascension window, one could not but be moved to reflect on our journey. Again, we gathered another piece of the Cross.

On then to All Hallows where Father Paul concentrated on the bounty which Good Friday had brought and with readings from the family mass group in St. Patrick's we were asked to pray for others and to seek help with our own needs. It was such a pleasure to be in, again, the Church which had sent so many young men to go forth to spread the word.

Thence to St. Joseph's, Rosmini, where we were reminded of what the Cross was about. We were reminded that it was an act of love, the love which God has for us and which Christ through His suffering merited for us.

As we left we were asked to take a nail, along with another piece of the Cross. We were encouraged to remember that this nail, of little value, was a constant reminder of love. Not just something that inflicted great hurt on Christ's body but something that symbolizes the love of God each time we feel it or think of it.

Our last stopping point was our mother Church, where those still with us left their stones at the foot of the Cross, in solidarity with Christ and in the hope of the Resurrection. There we saw each piece of timber until the Cross loomed over us, a reminder of the gifts which it has brought to us.

Father Tom drew the evening to a close with a final blessing and expressing his gratitude to Cora and all who had helped to make this journey a special day.



COUSIN MAUREEN



The late, and much-loved Maureen Potter was my first cousin on my father's side, her mother and Dad being brother and sister. Her family lived in the north-side Dublin suburb of Fairview, next to Marino, where my newly widowed mother and her family of six orphaned children came to live after Dad's sudden and very unexpected death. When Auntie Josie, Maureen's mother, heard that we had become almost neighbours, she arrived to welcome us, bearing gifts, a large bar of Cadbury's Fruit & Nut chocolate for Mam, and a bag of Liquorice Allsorts for us children.

Maureen was a teenager by then, and already a champion Irish dancer. She arrived up one day shortly after our arrival in Marino, straight from a Feis Ceoil, where she had won yet another medal. We children were petrified with

shyness, and hid under the kitchen table, scared out of our lives at the presence of such a famous personality. Maureen gently coaxed us out of our hiding place, told us funny jokes, and let us count the medals already sewn across the top part of her costume - a hundred at least, we reckoned! After that, she paid us several more visits, and like her dear mother, never came empty-handed. Eventually her visits had to cease, as she became totally immersed in her stage career, but we followed her progress from one success to another with the greatest interest.

A couple of years later, the Christmas panto. at the Gaiety Theatre was the highlight for all Dublin children - and their parents too! Mam's tightly controlled budget left no room for tickets unfortunately, until the year she received a message, inside a Christmas card from Maureen, announcing that there would be tickets for all of us, to be picked up in the foyer of the theatre on a certain night, and to enjoy the show. The excitement in our house was overwhelming, as you can imagine!

On the appointed day, dressed in our Sunday best, Mam and the six of us children graced Dublin Bus with our presence into town, and made our way to the famous Gaiety Theatre, which was already swarming with families waiting to be admitted. Mam lined us up outside the door, warned us not to move an inch, and went to find the promised tickets. That was no trouble at all as there seemed to be a uniformed official of some kind especially waiting for us, who presented Mam with an envelope addressed to her. He then ushered us to the theatre door, where the contents of the envelope ensured us some of the best seats in the house. Never, never in our lives up to then had we seen such grandeur - everything we set our eyes on was new to us, and definitely posher than posh, including our seats! We spent the short interval before the show began examining everything minutely and trying to store it away in our memories for recounting to our Marino playmates next day. We knew we would be the centre of attention, which would of course be a novelty for us.

The first half of the panto was hilarious, with Cousin Maureen being the star, no doubt about that! During the interval, when the lights came up and the ice-cream sellers appeared, who walked out onto the stage but that same Maureen, shading her eyes with her hand, and demanding to know where her Auntie May and her six little cousins were? Poor Mam was red with embarrassment and had slid down as far as she could in her seat in an effort to disappear altogether, but we children started jumping around and pointing to her, which gave the game away! Half the audience then joined in with calls of "Auntie May, where are you?" "Are you enjoying the show?" asked Maureen, at which the whole theatre exploded into a very definite "yes!" Our family was then presented with the biggest, fanciest ice creams on the sellers' trays, with a bundle of serviettes in case of accidents!

When the panto ended, to thundering applause, and Mam was gathering us all together before making our way back to our bus stop, the same kind gentleman who had looked after our tickets when we arrived, was there again. This time he whispered to Mam that our taxi was on its way to collect us if we would like to stand back until it arrived. Completely overwhelmed by this stage, we did as requested, and in no time at all, a beautiful taxi in all its glory drew up at the door, and we were ushered into it. What an end to the most glorious day in our lives, and what a story we would have for our pals the next day. We hoped that some of them might actually see the taxi drawing up outside our house when we got home. That would be the icing on the cake, wouldn't it?

Such a beautiful gesture on the part of kind cousin Maureen the entire day had been. Not only was she talented beyond words, but she also had a heart of gold, a combination you don't always find.

THE END

Mary Shiel

Photo: Courtesy of The Times, London

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Eucharistic Adoration

he Eucharistic Holy Hour is more powerful than Anything outside of the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Holy Mass.

This revelation was given by Our Lord to Dina Belanger (1897–1926) a French-Canadian nun and renowned mystic who was declared Blessed on 20th March 1993. Jesus told her during one of her many Holy Hours “Time spent with me in the Blessed Sacrament counts for more than you think, possibly more than you could ever imagine!

Jesus went on to say “If souls but understood the Treasure they possess in the Divine Eucharist, the Churches would overflow with adorers,

consumed with love for the Divine Praises, no less by night than by day.

One day before her Holy Hour, Jesus showed her a multitude of souls on the precipice of Hell. After the Holy Hour, He showed her the same souls going to Heaven who otherwise would have gone to Hell. So, one person can make up for what is lacking in the lives of others by winning precious graces for their salvation.

Theological insights are gained not only from the covers of a book, but from two bent knees before the Altar.”The Holy Hour becomes the oxygen tank to revive the breath of the Holy Spirit in the midst of the foul and fetid atmosphere of the world”, the words of the late great Bishop Fulton Sheen, Archbishop of New York and renowned for his spiritual writings.

P.M.

Mary's Month



The month of May has always been seen by us as the month of Mary. Its verdant colours, its beauty in its greens, the colour of the lilies, the bluebells, the mayflower, the lily of the valley, all colours which remind us of the purity of Our Lady.

This year especially given that our lockdowns have been lifted it has been possible to fully appreciate this month and enjoy its colour and its vibrancy, to see the swallows darting through the air and if we are lucky, to catch the beauty of cowslips on roadside verges. In this time of cruel war, we know that we are privileged to have this freedom. Spring in the Ukraine normally a time of planting with spring flowers before roadside shrines the music of constant bombardment drowns out any song from birds or machinery busy in the fields. To honour

Mary, Our Mother, Pope Francis has asked us to pray the Rosary again during the month of May to pray urgently for peace.

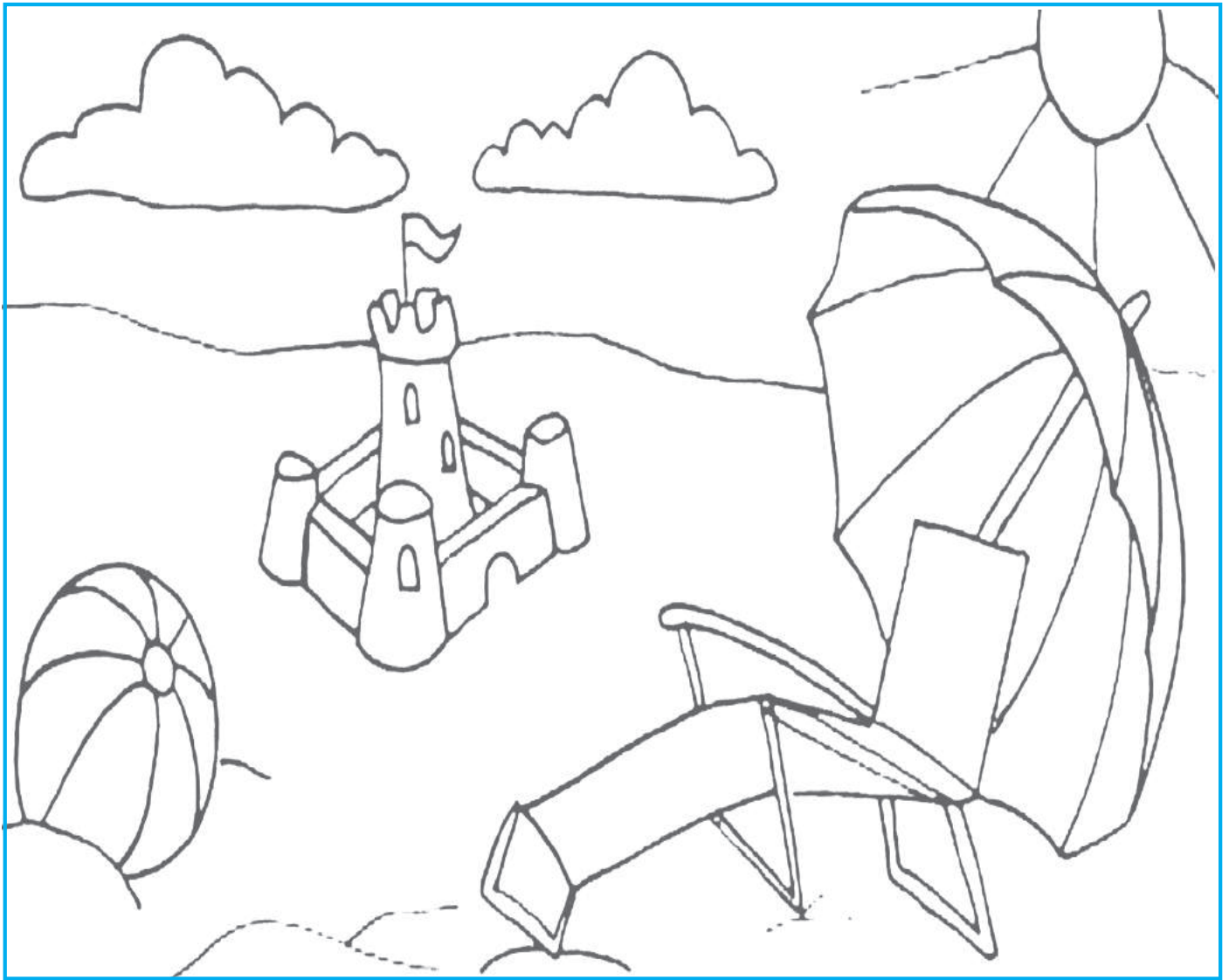
And yet, one relic of the past is brought to the delight of all, as we hear once again the beautiful May hymn to Our Lady, and the voice of Canon Sydney McEwan from all those years ago.

We can also hear our own choir each Sunday or by going to the parish website to the latest news section and clicking on the link to the choir. It keeps us reminded of its message of joy as we echo the poet's words,

'Their voices sound to show their pride

In Mary, Queen of all that's fair

In May'.



Summer Colouring Competition

Welcome to all our young readers who have loyally entered for the Art competition in our normal Newsletter.

Just colour in the drawing, write your name and address on the back of the page and drop your entries into the parish office at Marino Church, before the 17th of June 2022

Please do keep entering as it a great encouragement to our judges and our editorial team, when we see so much young talent and interest, especially as our newsletter is on the web for the time being. Gift tokens for the winning entries. The upper age limit is 12 years. Results published in the next newsletter, and the judges' decision is final.

In line with Child Protection Policy please do not give children's mobile phone numbers. We also leave out house numbers in the publication to maintain anonymity .

NAME;.....AGE:.....

ADDRESS:.....

.....

Spring Colouring Competition Winners

1st prize:SadbhBreen

Second prize:Isabella Wusu

Third prize: Saoirse Breen

Closing date for the next Competition is 17th of June 2022