



THE CARMELITE NEWS

WHITEFRIARS,
FAVERSHAM, KENT.

DEC. — JAN.
Number, 1952

Barcelona.

I AM writing this in Barcelona where the nuts come from. It used to be the custom for seaside towns to employ song writers to sing their attractions, and people sang these songs "Kelly from the Isle of Man" and "Take me down to Blackpool, Dip me in the Sea," unconscious of the free advertisement which they gave them.

Even the "Great Austrian Composers" put down in music the glories of Vienna, but London sings not so much of Piccadilly as of Old Father Thames. I think that the song writer who associated Barcelona with nuts should have had a Catalonian Dagger shown to him.

It is a lovely city, so vibrantly alive that one can feel it in the walk and conversation of the people. They are small, graceful, proud and courteous. If you bump into one of them, all you do is to raise your hat, smile and look suitably sorry. Their faces light up and they smile and say "Its a pleasure."

The food is good, plentiful, but expensive. It is a high pleasure to sit and chew small green olives over a glass of sherry before lunch.

What a joy it is to eat fish that has been cooked with some respect for the fish!

The Catalonian men have sleek black hair and frizzy eyebrows, which must surely come from the coffee which they drink—the blackest and bitterest brew ever poured into a cup. They have a profound respect for their own feet, and they wear shoes as fanciful as those of the ladies.

Shoe shining is a trade. If you sit at

a cafe table, you may find a shoe shiner cleaning your shoes, because he takes it for granted that they need shining. It costs only sixpence. First they clean the leather and shine with a cloth, and then they anoint the shoes with liquid polish and shine them with a brush. They finish them by rubbing wax over the surface with their hands, and a quick rub of a cloth brings up a shine like the "Waves of Tory."

There is a vegetable market somewhere around here and the farmers come in with their produce in covered carts. They are brown, hairy, sturdy little men and every man has his pipe. Every cart has its little black and white dog. There he sits on top of the load knowing full well that he owns it, and that it is his job to guard it—and guard it he does! If anyone goes near to the cart, he makes it completely evident that he is quite prepared to eat them alive. They are very intelligent. They know the traffic lights and the hand signals of the traffic cops, and if the driver doesn't move fast enough, they jump down beside him barking like mad, as much as to say "What are you thinking about. Get a move on!" The dogs live on the carts all their lives. They are fed only by their masters. Sometimes they develop a great affection for the horse or mule with which they travel and sometimes they die of grief when master travels on.

The churches are beautiful, dark, rich ornate and never empty. They seem to resent the light of the sun, and the gold and silver of the altars gleam from the light of the candles like bright tapestries in the moonlight. In every church which I saw, there is an altar to Our Lady of

Mount Carmel and the Holy Souls. She is the Universal Consolatrix in life and death. There is no scarcity of holy souls—dozens of them and always a few clergy and nuns. It is nice to know this.

There is no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Spain. It has never been necessary. The whole street would stop to ask why if a child was crying. In fact the children are in charge. They chatter, chirrup, sing and boss their parents and the parents enjoy it. That maybe is the reason why the Spaniards are so proud. They have never been kicked around.

Tibidabo is a mountain just outside Barcelona. As you go up the long, tree-lined avenues you can see it straight ahead. The Spaniards are building a National Thanksgiving Church right on top of it—in fact two churches, one on top of the other. Tibidabo means "I will give you" from the words of Christ. It is their way of saying "Thanks."

The picture "Our Lady of Fatima" is being shown in the most luxurious cinema in Barcelona.

I move on this afternoon to hardfaced France. It has been a pleasure to meet a people so highly civilised.



Agony Column.

A correspondent from Surrey has the following droll comment.

Tell "Jennifer" that the expert for finding husbands is St. Catherine of ~~Medina~~.

Round here, till comparatively recently, girls paid visits to a hill-top chapel dedicated to her and said:

St. Catherine, St. Catherine,
O lend me thine aid!
And grant that I never
May die an old maid!
A husband, St. Catherine!
A good one, St. Catherine!
But ar-a-one better than
Nar-a-one, St. Catherine!

J. C.

P.S.—For getting rid of unwanted husbands its St. Wilgefortis—popularly known as St. Uncumber.

not a social butterfly, a good dancer or a pub crawler, most of the nice girls are already fixed up with a steady partner. What is one to do? Go right in and do one's best to push another fellow out of the way? Well, I just have not time to do it, nor have I the inclination."

I can become very ~~unpleasant~~ Ma'oe that is the reason why so many men marry their secretaries. They just get so used to having them around that it is hardly worth their while sending them home.

Jennifer's experiences have inspired me to start a Private Matrimonial Bureau. I had the idea years ago and I made the mistake of consulting, what I considered to be an experienced cleric. He said "No! In these matters you are a Holy Innocent." That remark so impressed me that I resolved to live up to it in future. Meanwhile, somebody else stole the idea. I will have to think carefully about the matter, and if I decide on it, I will tell you about it in our next.



Parade.

Did you hear about the policeman who after serving twenty years went to his Superintendent and complained that he had never been made a Sergeant? "But," said the Superintendent "You have no initiative! You scarcely ever bring a case to court. There's that bookie down the lane and you have

Jennifer has been fixed up! She met an enquirer on the same deep valley of loneliness as herself. He did not even have to prune his moustache.

I was astonished at the high level of enquiry that came in.

This may give you an idea of it. One man wrote to say, "I am a busy man. I am a good Catholic. I occasionally go to social functions. I meet a girl that I like and then I find that because I am

The Holy Face.

A MEMBER from Dublin has written a long letter (unsigned) urging me to erect a Shrine to the Holy Face. We already have a very fine old picture of the Holy Face in the Lady Chapel and I am arranging to have a perpetual lamp to burn before it. Devotion to the Holy Face was one of the chief devotions of St. Teresa of Lisieux, and it is a devotion popular in all Carmelite churches. The devotion is not popular in England because the English are not a meditative people and devotion to the Holy Face belongs to the mystical order of prayer rather than to purely congregational practise. I suppose this is the reason why it is so popular amongst Carmelites.

If any of our members would care to subscribe towards the lamp or towards the oil that will be burned in it, we would be glad to hear from them.



PERTSHIRE,
SCOTLAND.

Dear Father Lynch,

We have received a wonderful grace through Our Lady of Mount Carmel. I promised that I would have it published. I enclose details of the illness.

A member of my family took influenza. She had been in a weak state of health for years—lung trouble. She was one month in bed and that increased her weakness considerably. She felt better and we hoped that she would soon be up and about, when quite suddenly an hæmorrhage from the lung occurred. She lost a great amount of blood—too much for her state of weakness. The doctor who had been attending her for a very long time was called and he found her in a very low state—in fact in an alarming condition. Towards the evening the bleeding stopped, but she collapsed and we thought that she was passing away. She seemed to recover but the following day the hæmorrhage started again—another big one. A specialist was called in haste, but little or nothing can be done in such cases. We had no hope left.

never caught him even once. Every time you go along there, he sees you coming, and he skips out the back door. Why don't you put on an old mac and a muffler and go along to place a bet with him?" "Very good" said the constable, "I'll do that." Next morning he went to the bookie and said, "I want 2/6 each way on 'Sunrise'." "You want 2/6 each way on 'Sunrise'," said the bookie. "Is there anything else you want this morning? I'm not busy." "No" said the constable, "I just want 2/6 each way on 'Sunrise'." "And who told you I was a bookie?" "Oh" said the constable, "Everybody knows that." "Well," said the bookie, "I'll tell you something else; I know that you are a copper." "How do you know that?" said the policeman. "Because you have got your helmet on." **Just plain daft!!**

BROWN SCAPULARS.

We are now making a very fine ~~Brown Scapular~~ *to two sizes*.

The Scapular pictures are printed on rubberised satin, and we can produce large quantities in our machine room.

We can send you Scapulars singly or in quantities on demand.
SIXPENCE. / NINEPENCE.

Einstein was travelling by train in U.S.A. and went to the Dining car for a meal. He had left his spectacles behind him in the compartment, and found he could not read the menu. He handed it over to the man sitting beside him saying, "Please could you read out the menu to me?" "Sorry, Buddy, I can't read either."

The elephants and the ants were having a football match. One of the ants got the ball and went for goal, but an elephant charged up and put his foot on him. "Hey" said the referee, "You can't do that, the poor little fellow was only trying to score a goal." "Well" said the elephant, "I was only trying to trip him up." The moral of that is—don't play ball with people who are much bigger than yourself.

In our distress we turned to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, asking her, in honour of the 700th Anniversary of her Apparition, to stop the bleeding and to cure our sick person. For five days we thought that death would come at any moment. We waited—but never ceased praying and trusting in Our Lady's help. She answered our prayers, and, incredible as it may seem, the invalid is now up, and is as well as she was before that dangerous illness.

Our deep gratitude goes to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) V. L.

ST. JUDE NOVENA.

At the request of many clients of St. Jude, a Novena of Masses will be offered in honour of St. Jude commencing Dec. 16th and ending on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th.

NOVENA TO THE HOLY CHILD OF PRAGUE

Dec. 24th—Jan. 2nd.

January 2nd is the Feast of the Holy Child of Prague. The Novena will therefore commence on Christmas Eve. It traditionally opens at the Crib. We invite all the members of the Holy Child of Prague Society to join with us in this Novena. It is their special feast.

NOVENA TO THE HOLY FAMILY

Jan. 5th—Jan. 13th.

This is the family Novena of the Universal Church. Many people join in Novenas for their private intentions of one kind or another. It is offered in thanksgiving for the happiness of the home, for the shelter and comfort that it brings to those that appreciate its true blessings.

Now, it is time for me to wish you
The Compliments of the Season.

We have gone through another year and we have many things to be thankful for. Our members have remained loyal to us and have generously supported us. For that we will render humble and grateful thanks before the Crib.

May we say "God Bless you all," and wish you a Holy and Happy Christmas, and many blessings in 1952.

Our Lady keep you! Yours in Carmel, M. E. LYNCH, O.Carm.