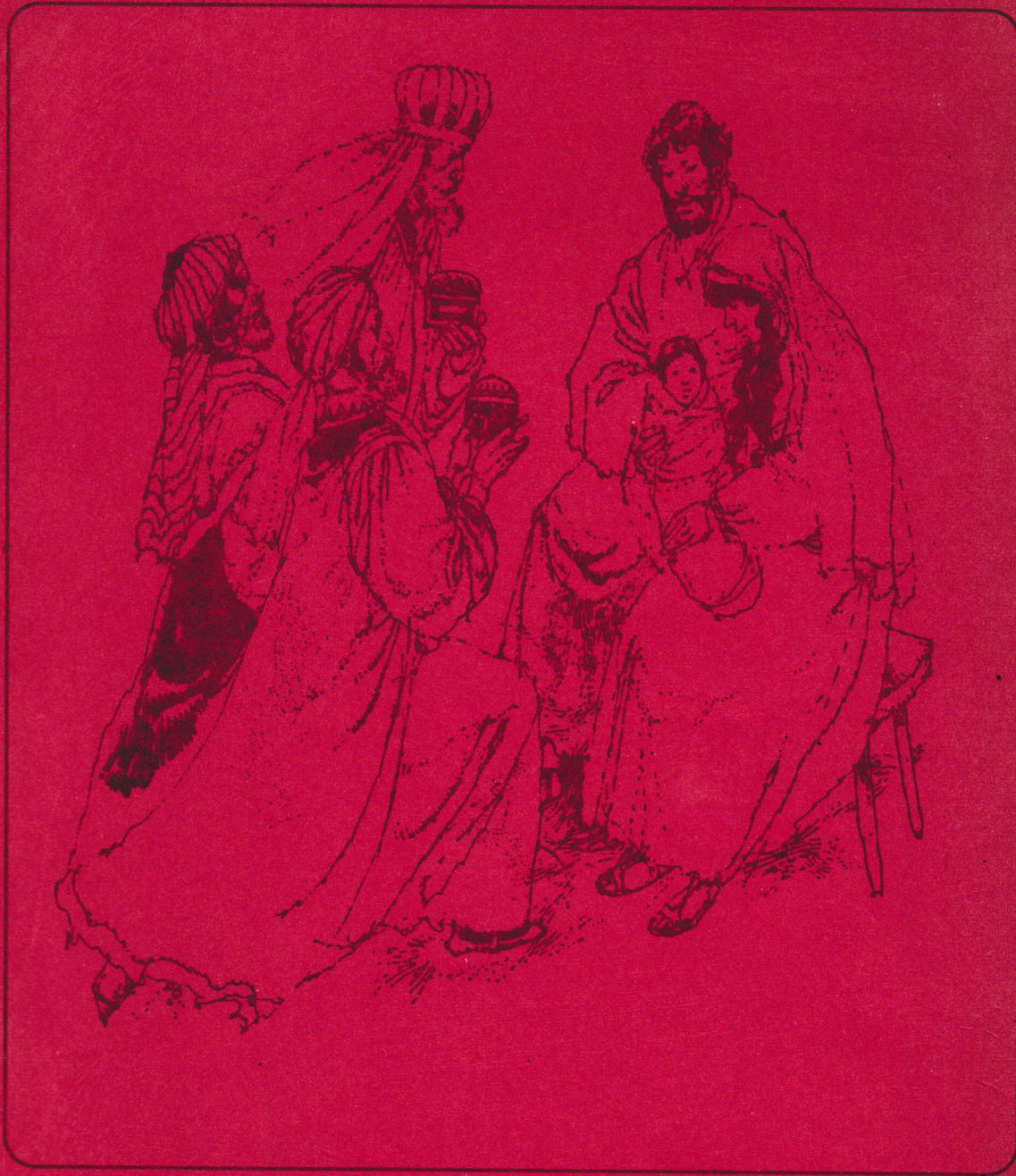


St. Mary's Magazine



Christmas 1992

50p



St. Mary's Presbytery
Stow Hill, Newport, Gwent, NP9 1TP
Tel: (0633) 265533

December 1992

Dear Parishioners,

On the First Sunday of Advent, when the Archbishop was with us to celebrate Confirmation, a document on the forthcoming Pastoral Congress was distributed to each family of the parish. The Pastoral Congress will be an important event in the history of our archdiocese, and the document we received is a discussion paper to stimulate thought and response on matters of pastoral concern so that practical suggestions can be arrived at to promote and improve the life of the church in the archdiocese.

This activity is in response to the Holy Father's dedication of the 1990's as The Decade of Evangelisation. Evangelisation involves offering to others the gospel of Christ but we can only do this effectively if we have 'our own house in order'. It is here that the Pastoral Congress of 1995 fits in. The Congress is a coming together of a true cross section of the Archdiocese, with the Archbishop, to deliberate on matters which need to be improved to assist the local Catholic Church to be more true to its calling and better prepared to offer Christ to others.

The discussion document is for all of us to think about and make recommendations for consideration by the Archbishop and the members of the Congress. Submissions are wanted from groups and individuals. They will be collated after Easter next year and sent back to us for further consideration. Once the Congress has finished its work, a Synod will be held in October 1995. The Synod will be a group of laity and priests with the Archbishop to arrive at decrees or laws putting into effect the decisions of the Congress.

This is a historic moment in the Archdiocese. Please read, consider and pray about the discussion document. This is a duty for all of us and our Congress depends on the contribution of each Catholic of the Archdiocese.

May the Lord bless you and your loved ones this Christmastime.

D. Eric Hittler

SVP NATIONAL MEETING (NEWCASTLE) 1992

A Report by Michael Elliott

I admit that when I saw the mini-bus parked outside St. David's, Maesglas, I said to myself 'Have I really got to travel all the way to Newcastle on Tyne in that?!' Well I had to, and decided it was all in a good cause - in fact the very best of causes being the Annual Meeting of the SVP.

The theme of this years' conference was based on the Beatitudes, and each speaker made reference to one of them as a theme for his or her talk.

The first address was on happiness and what that word really means - It is true spiritual happiness if we work for and think of other people, and lose ourselves in other's needs.

Next were two talks on different areas of suffering - these were given by people who actually worked with the victims. Firstly sufferers from AIDS and secondly children in Rumania. Mother Teresa said 'AIDS sufferers are the most unwanted and unloved brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ and they deserve our love and care.' All of us have negative fears and prejudices and these have to be faced and acknowledged before we can overcome them - whatever reason a patient suffers from AIDS should not alter the way we treat him.

In Rumania nursing had been debased as a profession as it was not productive for the state, and the whole idea of caring and nursing the sick had been lost. The conditions of most of the children in orphanages and hospitals is quite terrible and Vincentian Daughters of Charity are in Bucharest starting training classes in nursing and care of children.

The work of the SVP in Scotland and Ireland was the subject of two talks. In Scotland the SVP has started a new venture in giving holidays to poor families by paying for rented holiday homes. In Ireland the SVP is more and more involved in helping the unemployed and dealing with many social problems especially in rural areas.

'Our Personal Spiritual Lives' was the subject of a very impressive address by a local priest. He said our incompleteness without God is the sign of our need for him. He reveals himself only to the humble and we must acknowledge our good as well as bad points - the only way to true humillity.

When faced with peoples' tragedies we need not be afraid of not having an answer - not everything tragic is God's will and to say that it is does not help. As Vincentians in our work we must do 'little things with love' and be humble enough to leave the rest to God.

The evils of unemployment were the subject of several talks. The main tragedy of unemployment is that it kills the spirit, and spiritually and materially depresses the whole family. The SVP venture called 'Advent' aims to find or create jobs for people by encouraging co-operatives, giving free expert advice on setting up businesses and starting self-employment schemes.

Both Cardinal Hume and the International President of SVP were present and encouraged us with a picture of the Society world wide. The work we do is vital in helping others as well as showing the face of Christ to the world.

At a personal level I found my first SVP Conference an exciting and hopeful experience. To meet brothers and sisters of the SVP from all parts and see their goodwill and enthusiasm does make you proud of our Society and determined to give more in the future.

P.S. Actually the mini-bus was surprisingly comfortable!

THE LONG NIGHT

*This night is the long night,
It will snow and it will drift,
White snow there will be till day,
White moon there will be till morn,
This night is the eve of the Great Nativity,
This night is born Mary Virgin's Son,
This night is born Jesus, Son the King of glory,
This night is born to us the root of our joy,
This night gleamed the sun of the mountains high,
This night gleamed sea and shore together,
This night was born Christ the King of greatness
Ere it was heard that the Glory was come,
Heard was the wave upon the strand,
Ere 'twas heard that his foot had reached the earth,
Heard was the song of the angels glorious,
This night is the long night.*



The Celtic Tradition

St. Mary's Catholic Social Club Stow Hill Newport

**Membership is open to all parishioners over the age of 18
and costs only £2.50 per year**

**The Club is open at Sunday lunchtime and
every evening of the week except Tuesday**

**A varied programme of entertainment is planned for 1992 -
why not become a member?**

**Main Function Room (seating 70) available
for hire to members and parishioners for
Baptism Parties, Receptions,
Anniversary Parties etc. (but no discos!)**

THE 1992 WELSH NATIONAL YOUTH PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

Nine St. Joseph's sixth formers and two teachers were among the 106-strong youth contingent to Lourdes with the Welsh National Pilgrimage this year.

Their role was to assist with the sick pilgrims and among their duties were helping in the wards and in the dining room of the hospital, assisting with the wheel-chairs and accompanying the sick to the Masses, the Baths, the Blessed Sacrament Procession, the Torchlight Procession and the International Mass. Three St. Joseph's students, with their teacher, were very privileged to be able to work in the Baths for one day.

A band of musicians provided the backing for the enthusiastic singing which was always much in evidence. The youth provided hymn singing at the Masses, sang to the sick pilgrims in the wards every evening, put on a concert for the sick in the hospital, and entertained the entire Welsh contingent one evening.

One glorious sunny day was spent a short distance outside Lourdes in the City of the Poor, where after a sung Mass the sick pilgrims were treated to a picnic lunch, and participated in a concert.

The group relaxed during their one free day at Gavarnie in the Pyrenees, surrounded by beautiful scenery, and spent a night in Nevers on their way home, where they were able to view the body of St. Bernadette.

The St. Joseph's group had a busy year fundraising to enable the nine students to participate in this experience of a lifetime. They hope to increase their numbers to twelve in 1993, including some boys.

The members of St. Joseph's sixth form participating this year were: Christina Bevan, Emma Lewis, Lucy Morgan, Rebecca Morgan, Sarah Gay, Andrea Phillis, Anne-Marie Lee, Monique Van der Pol, Emma Fitzpatrick. They were accompanied by Ms. J. Evans and Mrs. P. Landers

Youth Reflections at the end of the Pilgrimage

1. What, if any, was your understanding of a Pilgrimage before coming to Lourdes?

A lot of walking and praying

A lot of hard work, helping people

A group of people going to a Holy Place

Suffering, no enjoyment

To grow closer to God and strengthen your faith

Meet others of the same religion

A very quiet reflective time

2. What do you now understand by a Pilgrimage?

"It is a very rewarding experience, helping the sick to enjoy themselves and at the same time enjoying yourself too. It brings us closer to God due to the special atmosphere, making you feel you want to pray and not that you are forced to. Although it was stressed that this is a Pilgrimage, not a holiday, we can see that hard work can be so enjoyable that it is better than a holiday."

"There was a special presence of the Virgin Mary and a great communication between everyone through music. The visit to Nevers removed all fear of death. I hadn't expected Bernadette's body to be so peaceful and perfect."

"Friendlier than we expected with lots of love and care for us as individuals and for the sick. A chance to off-load our problems in confession or to friends and team leaders. Not an old fashioned idea of religion, but modern and enjoyable."

"We have seen how lucky we are. We saw how much the sick appreciated us, even though we weren't experienced at helping such people. They didn't criticise us if we did anything wrong. We have learnt about giving, and not just taking. We have seen how strong the faith of the sick people is."

The Pilgrimage is a time to help others and to grow ourselves. We gained a great deal by working with the sick. We can enjoy ourselves when we pray and are praying when we enjoy ourselves."

"We have learnt that we helped ourselves by helping others. We get out of life what we put in. All things can be enjoyed."

NPS

Established 1862

**Notley
Pearson
Shewring**

**A comprehensive range of
financial and business services**

Chartered Accountants

For further information and full details
please contact either:
Alan Shewring
or
Tony Hurley

38 Chepstow Road,
Newport, Gwent, NP9 1PT
Tel: (0633) 263963/4
(0633) 215379

Baboushka's Story

There are Christmas legends from every country in Christendom - and this one, from Russia, is one of the most famous of all. Baboushka means Grandmother, and she learned her lesson the hard way

*My cottage in old Russia stood,
Quite isolated, in a wood.
I always kept it spick and span,
As well as an old woman can,
And made a palace of my home
Not dreaming I would ever roam;
I little knew what lay in store
When strangers knocked upon my door.*

*"We leave tonight," the wise men said.
And so I sent them on ahead.
Well, really! How could I walk out,
Leaving the washing-up about?
Next day, with presents in my packs
I set my donkey in their tracks.
A star was guiding them, I knew;
All right - then it could guide me, too!*

*There were but three, and richly dressed,
They asked for shelter, food and rest.
I showed them in, and while they dined
I asked them what they'd come to find.
"A king!" they said. "Much farther on,
A babe to feast your eyes upon."
"Can I come with you, please?" I cried.
"I'm old, but I can surely ride."*

*Alas - the stars all looked the same!
I only had myself to blame.
I should have taken my big chance
And left without a backward glance.
Since then I've travelled round the Earth,
Searching for the Christchild's birth,
And gifts I brought for Him to see
I give to children, secretly.*

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

**ALBERT E. HICKS LTD
GRAFTON HOUSE
1 GRAFTON ROAD
NEWPORT**

Telephone: Newport 259225

**FOR A PERSONAL, CARING AND
RESPECTFUL SERVICE**

NORTHERN IRELAND - A Personal View

by Fr. Tony Furlong

This is a brief tale of military comradeship, memories revisited and present-day bridge building.

The story begins back in 1942 when a young Rosminian priest, Fr. Albert Basil, almost accidentally, became sole chaplain to the first Battalions of the U.S. Army's new Ranger force - the equivalent of our Commandos. These soldiers were embroiled in the savage battles in North Africa, Sicily and up through the Italian peninsula, accompanied by their padre whose ministry crossed the barriers between Catholic, Episcopalian and all other shades of Protestantism found among the troops. Fr. Basil was decorated for devotion to his religious duties, holding non-denominational services and celebrating Mass whilst under enemy fire.

As a lasting sign of the Rangers' deep affection for their chaplain, they bought him a beautiful chalice suitably engraved and bearing the following inscription on the patten "whenever you raise this in the course of your sacred duties remember your military sons." (Translated from the Latin.) This, Fr. Basil certainly did.

In the post-war years many of the friendships formed with the Rangers endured, and indeed, deepened. He travelled to the States many times for their annual reunions and in turn received many visits from his soldiers on holiday over here.

Lack of space precludes me from writing at greater length about Fr. Basil. Suffice to say that his profound, joyful presentation of Christianity whilst chaplain to Loughborough University for 24 years made a deep impression on me when I arrived there as a student in 1974. He was called from this life on 5th February of this year.

The story moves to September 1992 and a letter received by our Provincial, Fr. Hare, from the organiser of a special event in Northern Ireland later that month.

The first Ranger Battalions had been activated at Carrickfergus, Northern Ireland, in June 1942, and to mark the 50th anniversary, a small group of those first Rangers was returning to dedicate a memorial at the gate of the training camp, now a very ordinary housing estate on the edge of the town. They asked Fr. Hare if he could send a representative of the Order to the event together with Fr. Basil's chalice. He was pleased to grant their request and I was asked to make arrangements to be there.

So it was that early on the morning of 23rd September I boarded the Manx Airlines Shorts 360 aircraft for a memorable flight to Belfast in a cloudless sky. Sr. Carmel met me at the airport and there followed a fascinating tour of those areas you see on telly. The good sister removing and replacing her veil depending on which area we were touring! Belfast is a city of contrasts and contradictions. Apart from the security cordon, the city centre appeared smart and prosperous. The suburbs seem more down at heel and "territory" is regularly demarcated by the graffiti and murals. We stopped to pray at the Catholic cathedral - a modest building with broad Romanesque columns - painted red, white and blue!

....ctd.

After a pub lunch with Sisters Carmel and Kevin, I was kindly delivered to the Magheramorne House Hotel just outside Larne. This fine old house - much favoured for wedding receptions - was where I met the Americans who welcomed me immediately into their group and proceeded, individually and collectively, to recall their favourite stories about Fr. Basil. That evening we attended a reception in the home of the American Consul in South Belfast. It was during the convivialities that the terrorists detonated a 2,000lb. bomb destroying the nearby Forensic Science Laboratory. The shock wave from the explosion passed through the house - a most peculiar sensation and a timely reminder of the sadness always in the background of so many inhabitants of those shores.

Most of Thursday was passed in the company of the Mayor of Carrickfergus, his councillors and officials of the Northern Ireland Tourist Board. The weather proved rather damp, but we sampled some of the town's historical buildings either side of an excellent lunch in the Town Hall. I was most impressed by the spirit of reconciliation and sincerity present in so many of the people I met. That evening I was invited to play an active part in the ecumenical service of Thanksgiving held in the ancient parish church of St. Nicholas.

On the Friday morning I celebrated Mass for the Rangers using Fr. Basil's chalice. This was a private, intimate celebration held in a conference room of our hotel, in contrast to the public service the previous evening. After lunch came the climax of the trip as we attended the dedication of the memorial stone at the old camp entrance. The weather was kind and the occasion was made colourful by the attendance of the mayor and his council in their robes. The ceremony was conducted by the Presbyterian chaplain to the mayor. I always find it moving to see old soldiers on parade whilst the last post is sounded. In this case, the heavy casualty rate in these Battalions made the occasion particularly poignant, as they had so many fallen comrades to remember. Before returning to the airport for my flight home there was just time to visit the Rangers' exhibition in the town museum. It was a rare experience to see the veterans pointing out themselves and friends in photographs taken during training 50 years ago.

Although the reason for my excursion to Northern Ireland had been the presence of the Americans I am left with equally fond impressions of a welcoming host population in a beautiful country. It was encouraging to see ordinary people on both sides of the so-called Sectarian divide working for the reconciliation of past sins and for the economic rebuilding of their society. It powerfully put the terrorist factions in their place as isolated groups of thugs on the edge of civilisation serving only the interests of the darkest evil. It is our Christian duty to give the support of our prayers to so many unsung individuals who are working over there for a just and lasting peace.

The Totally Irreverent Page

It's a miracle!

These days many people have difficulty in understanding what a miracle is. One such person was Pat - even though his priest explained the subject with great clarity and patience. Pat was still not satisfied.

"Father, could you be giving me an example?"

The priest sighed. "All right, Pat. Turn around."

When he did so the reverend gentleman gave him a hearty boot in the backside.

"Now Pat, did you feel that?"

"I should say I did."

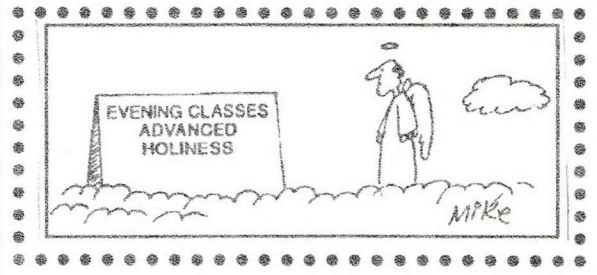
"Well, Pat, it would have ben a miracle if you hadn't."

Many hands ...

A parishioner had been doing a lot of work in the church garden:

'My, you and God have made a lovely job of it' exclaimed the priest.

The man replied, 'It was in a real mess when God did it on his own!'



Not in my lifetime!

The Vicar was preaching a powerful sermon concerning Death and Judgement. In the course of the sermon, he said, 'To think that all of you living in this parish will one day die.'

A man in the front pew started laughing and when the Vicar sternly said, 'My good man, why do you find such a serious subject so funny?' the man replied, 'Ha! Ha! Vicar, I don't live in this parish!'

What's in a name?

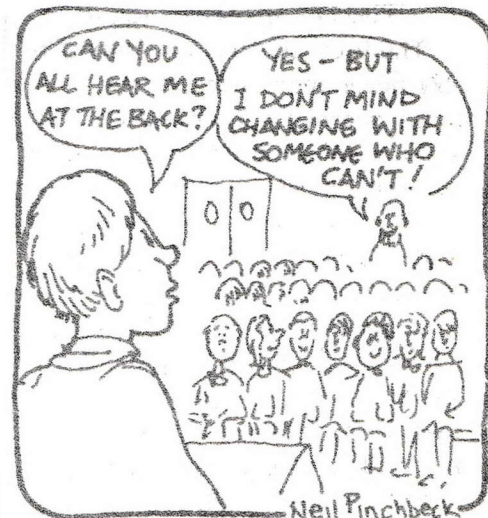
In some of the South American countries it is quite common for parents to name a boy Jesus. There was one such boy in the choir of San Salvador's. He had a really angelic appearance, but a harsh and untuneful voice. The parish priest used to let him stand in the front of the choir and he looked the part beautifully. He did not sing, but mouthed the words to give the appearance of singing.

Jesus was in the forefront of the choir when the Bishop came for his annual visit to San Salvador's. After mass was said, His Grace tackled the parish priest about the boy's performance.

"You know that little dark boy in the front of the choir? He wasn't singing at all. He was just opening and closing his mouth."

"Oh, Jesus. He can't sing."

"No, but Christ he could try, couldn't he?"



Ave. ave. Sir!

In the Army, in the days of compulsory Church Parades, the Sgt. Major marched the men to the church but became muddled, and ordered: 'ROAM OUT THE FALLEN CATHOLICS'

Children's Page

The History of the Manger

Away in a Manger

See within a Manger laid

Come, come, come to the Manger

Mangers in Middle Eastern countries at the time of the birth of Jesus were made of clay or stone. They would obviously be very cold so that is why Mary spread straw in the manger in the stable so that it might be warm for the newly-born infant.

St. Francis of Assisi is often associated with mangers or cribs but even before his time Constantine built the Basilica of the Nativity in 326 AD over what is claimed to be the exact spot where Jesus was born.

Cribs at this time and afterwards tended to be jewelled and ornate re-creations. St. Francis considered this a far cry from the original and he made a simple re-creation of the original in a wood near Greccio in Italy. Many people came to worship at this and the poor, simple crib was once again established as a more faithful representation of the first Christmas.

Jokes that probably came out of Christmas crackers

What happens if you eat Christmas decorations?

You get tinselitits!

Why should Elijah's parents be remembered by all business people?

Because they made a prophet!

Man: Can I have a parrot for my son?

Pet-shop owner: Sorry, sir, we don't do swops.



Turning over a new sheet!

Matron to astonished new boy at a boarding school:

'You must make your bed properly in future, Brown, or you and I will fall out!'

Christmas Scrambles

Can you work out the Christmas words with mixed-up letters? (Answers at bottom of page)

LRCOA _____

ETRE _____

EUKRYT _____

BCRI _____

YLOLH _____

CCEAKRSR _____

NBOIR _____

EHNIMYC _____

What is Indian snow?
Apache here, Apache there.

Answers: carol, tree, turkey, crib, holly,
crackers, robin, chimney.

The English Queens of the Sixteenth Century

I: Katherine of Aragon

by Jean Gwatkin

In 1503 the twelve-year-old Henry Tudor was contracted to marry Katherine, the seventeen-year-old widow of Henry's brother Arthur Tudor. A papal dispensation, necessary because of their relationship, was obtained from Pope Julius. Katherine also affirmed that her brief marriage to the fourteen-year-old Arthur had not been consummated.

However, Katherine's father, the Spanish King Ferdinand, was unwilling to pay a second dowry while Henry's father, a man of considerable monetary prudence, was equally reluctant to bear the cost of keeping her. Matters were resolved on the death of Henry VII in 1509 when the new King, Henry VIII announced his intention to marry Katherine immediately. The wedding took place that summer. The couple seemed well matched. Both were of a religious temperament, highly intelligent and well-educated, and they were mutually attracted. Katherine had red-gold hair, blue eyes and a pretty round face with a determined chin. Henry was tall, strikingly handsome, also with red-gold hair. He was a magnificent horseman and excelled in other sports. He had a fine singing voice, played musical instruments and composed music.

The marriage was popular. There was national rejoicing at the birth of a son in 1511 but it was cut short when the baby died within weeks. In 1516, after a sad series of miscarriages and stillbirths, a healthy daughter, Mary, was born. Henry said, "The Queen and I are both young and if it is a girl this time, by God's grace the boys will follow." But when two years later Katherine bore another, very short-lived, daughter it was "to the vexation of everyone." In 1519 to add to Katherine's humiliation, Elizabeth Blount, Henry's mistress, gave birth to a son, acknowledged by his father as Henry Fitzroy.

In the early years of their marriage Katherine was the King's most trusted adviser. He made her his Regent when he was campaigning in France. She was Regent when in the autumn of 1513 news came that the Scots were mustering under their King James IV (incidentally Henry's brother-in-law) for an invasion of England. With an army of eighty-thousand he reached Northumberland. Battle was joined on the field of Flodden on September 9th. The Earl of Surrey, commanding the English force, gained a resounding victory. At the end of the day ten thousand Scots lay dead on the field, among them their King. It was Katherine's hour of triumph. As trophies of war she received the Scottish King's banner and the bloodied coat in which he had met his death.

This proved to be the pinnacle of her influence over the King. Her father had been secretly scheming with France, Henry's enemy. When this became known, Henry turned on his wife telling her he would govern his own kingdom without outside interference. Katherine's political hold on Henry, which she had used on behalf of her father, had suffered a mortal blow.

With no sign of a son as the years went by, the matter of a legitimate male heir became crucial in both the King's and England's interest. There were three options. If Mary was to remain Henry's heir, she would have to marry

a foreign prince who would eventually be England's effective ruler. Henry Fitzroy might be acknowledged as the future King - he was undeniably English - or, and this was the crux of the matter, Katherine could be repudiated leaving the King free to marry again. Although Anne Boleyn had now entered Henry's life, she was not yet the paramount issue. The great issue was that his Kingdom should never fall into foreign hands. Even if Mary were to reign alone a crisis would follow her death. Henry Fitzroy would seem a doubtful option. Although acknowledged as Henry's son, he was still a bastard and bastards can mean trouble in history.

That left Katherine. If she could be persuaded to enter a convent it was possible that the marriage could be canonically dissolved. However, Henry adopted the stance that his marriage be declared null on the grounds that he had married his brother's widow, even though a papal dispensation had been granted at the time. Henry took as his authority the Biblical (Leviticus) prohibition forbidding a man to marry his dead brother's wife. Katherine, however, stood firmly on the validity of the Pope's dispensation. Henry's position seemed weaker. No subsequent Pope was likely to take a favourable view of his predecessor's judgement being overturned. Another major consideration for Clement, Pope Julius' successor, was the fact that the powerful Emperor Charles, to whom he owed his own election to the Papacy, was Katherine's nephew. Clement decided on a policy of procrastination.

In the event a decision was made to try the case in England with Cardinal Wolsey and the Italian Cardinal Campeggio presiding. It appears that Campeggio had an understanding with Rome that he would not come to a decision. When the court opened in June 1529 Henry spoke from the Throne formally placing the judgement in the hands of the Legates. Katherine made a brief, dignified appearance, again asserting that she had been a virgin at their marriage and a faithful wife. Henry made no attempt to interrupt her. She stepped outside to be greeted by a large and affectionate crowd cheering her for her courage and calling out "good Katherine!" Katherine smiled and nodded her acknowledgement. The case was revoked to Rome.

Katherine was firmly against any attempt by her supporters abroad to mount insurrection in her favour. She declared that she wanted no English blood shed for her. And so the King's 'Great Matter' dragged on. For some years Katherine had remained at the King's side - she even continued to embroider his shirts - but with the rise of Anne Boleyn at Court to an evermore prominent place, Katherine and Mary were given separate establishments. Then, in 1532, Thomas Cranmer became Archbishop of Canterbury, this appointment, surprisingly, was ratified by Pope Clement. In January 1533, Anne, now pregnant, was secretly married to Henry. In May, Cranmer annulled the King's former marriage declaring the marriage with Anne valid. The following month Anne was crowned Queen. Katherine was placed under virtual house arrest in Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdonshire where she died in January 1536. On her death bed she dictated a last letter to Henry. After commending Mary to him, in the hope that he would be kind to their daughter, she closed with the words 'lastly I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things.'

Of all his wives Katherine had, for the early years at least, shared the best of Henry and she had loved him the best. His capricious, fascinating, vindictive and, at the end, courageous second Queen now takes her undisputed place at Henry's side - Anne Boleyn. But that is another story.

O Come All Ye Faithful

Musical Notes by Pat Carney

Young William Ewart Gladstone, who became British Prime Minister, greatly appreciated the services at Margaret Chapel in London's West End. For one thing, the services were of great beauty, the sermons were short and the congregation were "the most devout and hearty that I have ever seen."

The minister at that time was Frederick Oakley, one of the leaders of the nineteenth century Oxford Movement, a concentrated effort originating around 1833 at Oxford University to restore to the Church of England certain Pre-Reformation principles which through inertia and indifference had been lost. A restoration in Faith and Worship with an insistence on its alleged Catholic character without any reference to union with Rome characterised the movement.

It was begun by Dr. Keeble at Oxford and was carried on by John Henry Newman and many others, finally William Ward (name rings a bell!).

The Tracts For The Times was a series of doctrinal papers, setting forth the aims and teachings of the movement. Many of these were censured and condemned by the Established Church and Ward's Tracts cost him his status by the convocation of the University. Several leaders of the Movement became Catholics, among them Newman and Ward.

The Movement seemed to have ended, but its influence continued. The Church of England was transformed. An Anglo-Catholic party was definitely established and the country at large became familiar with Catholic doctrine and practice.

We have here in Newport two Anglo-Catholic churches, St. Julian's and St. John the Baptist, Risca Road, where incidentally your organist sang as a choir boy, with Gwen Phillips at the organ. Gwen was the organist for a time at St. John's, was a fine player, and could also throw a hymn book with great accuracy, landing on the front row of the choir stalls. The hymn book was the English Hymnal edited by Ralph Vaughan Williams, still the finest of all hymnals, more Catholic than anything we have at St. Mary's. On taking the book back to Gwen, yes, another thump, then choir practice would continue. Gwen was for many years assistant organist at St. Mary's.

However to return to Fred (Frederick Oakley) who believed passionately in the power of religious symbols and fine music, and before he joined the Roman Catholic Church, he gave his congregation and the world his version of the eighteenth century 'Adeste Fideles'.

*Where your pleasure is, there is your treasure:
where your treasure, there your heart;
where your heart, there your happiness.*

Augustine of Hippo

ST. MARY'S PRIMARY SCHOOL

Children's Prayers

'For my home' by Faye Smith

Thank you for my home God, and my family because they are special to me. Because they are my family and I am glad I have them to love me. But someone is ill, my Nan is, and I ask you God to help her to get well soon. So does my family, because God is so good he will help her to get well soon.

'For my family' by Kate Bethan Evans

God I am asking you to keep my family safe and warm. Please God can you look after my Great Gran because she is in heaven, and my Dad, because he has got a bad back.

Electricity - Anonl

Night creeps in,
Switches click.
Bulbs light up,
Darkness gone.

Lights flicker,
Fuse blows.
House is dark,
Without light.

Torch found,
But batteries low.
Shedding little light,
Upon shadows

Fuse fixed,
House lighted.
Electric heating,
Nice and warm.

Televisions, Radios,
Cookers, Microwaves,
Telephones, Computers,
All powered by

ELECTRICITY

Moods by Katie Hawkins

Sometimes I feel angry and feel like punching something and smashing it to pieces,
Sometimes I feel playful so I go and take my dog for a walk.
Sometimes I feel in a wild mood and I want to rip my books up.
Sometimes I feel helpful and I go and wash the dishes for my mum.
Sometimes I feel horrid and feel like a monster out of his mind.
Sometimes I feel happy and I jump around my house.
Sometimes I feel excited like the day before I go on holiday.
Sometimes I am really moody
Sometimes I feel lovely, happy and quiet.

Autumn by Laura Smith

Leaves crackling in the wind
A gentle touch of the breeze
Russet leaves floating
All rustling up together.
In the playground children play
Pushing each other on the swings.
Up and down
Everybody leaving school
For the holidays.

Moods by Elizabeth Tyson

Sometimes I am in a mood to be wild, I slide down the stairs,
Climb on the chairs, and jump up and down.
Sometimes I am in a mood to be creative,
I write a letter or draw and paint.
Sometimes I am in a silly mood, I act like a baby,
I climb under things and just won't let anyone near me.
Sometimes I am in a mood to be miserable,
because I have fallen off my bike.
I cry and I can't move my leg, I feel down in the dumps.

A Visit to Egypt - August 1992

by Hillary Cameron

After enduring an array of vaccinations and doses of malarial tablets I embarked on my holiday to Egypt with some trepidation, convinced that I would fall prey to malaria or other diseases. As soon as I entered Cairo airport I was sure that I had been bitten by mosquitos, much to the amusement of other members of the group. I had packed so much medication of one sort or another that I was determined to use some of it.

I had always wanted to visit Egypt and travel down the Nile. Nothing can prepare you in pictures, guide books, or T.V. for the sheer size and majesty of the Pyramids and Temples of this country. When our bus turned the corner of one of the many busy roads on the outskirts of Cairo, the size of the Pyramids and Sphinx at Giza was almost indescribable.

The Ancient Greeks considered the great pyramids at Giza to be one of seven wonders of the ancient world. They were built from stone quarried from local hills. Napoleon estimated that there would be enough stone in the main pyramids alone to build a wall 3 metres high all around France! The oldest pyramid at Giza, that of Cheops, supposedly took a highly skilled group of masons, mathematicians, surveyors and stone cutters as well as 100,000 slaves, over twenty years to build. It was not an obsession with death, or fear of it, on the part of the ancient Egyptians that led to the construction of these incredible mausoleums; it was their desire to be at one with the cosmos. A Pharaoh was the son of a God, the sole receiver of the "ka" or life force, that emanated from the God. The Pharaoh, in turn, channelled this vital force to his people, so in life and death he was worshipped as a God.

After our trip to the Pyramids we visited Cairo Museum which houses, among other things, the treasures of the tomb of the young king Tutankhamun. He ruled for only 9 years during the 14th century B.C. His tomb was discovered in 1922 by the English archaeologist Howard Carter in the Valley of the Kings, near Luxor. On display was the famous death mask of the young king with an array of treasures, including gold and lapis lazuli jewellery, the king's bed and wooden throne, plus many mummified exhibits.

This was our first day in Egypt!

We then went to Luxor (the ancient city of Thebes) visiting the temple of Luxor and the temple at Karnak (Death on The Nile fame). This temple was dedicated to Amun, one of the gods of creation. The whole site measures about 1.5 km by 0.8 km which is large enough to hold about 10 cathedrals. We visited this temple in late afternoon (only about 40 degrees C).

The following day found us rising at 4 a.m., breakfasting at 4.15, in order to cross to the West bank of the Nile for a pre-dawn donkey ascent over the hills to the Valley of the Kings. Have you ever had a panic attack over live animals? I have - for me it was my poor donkey. After managing to get on the beast, I only travelled on his/her back for about 30 seconds, when the thought of ascending the hills and falling from the donkey into the Valley of the Kings was too much, and I let 19 of the group of 24 travel on the donkeys and together with 5 other faint-hearted members of the group went the modern way - taxi. The sunrise on the Valley was worth the early start and the splendour of some of the tombs was incredible. The tombs were designed to resemble the underworld with a long inclined rock hewn corridor, descending into halls and finally ending in the burial chamber.

..... continued overleaf

We then embarked upon a boat for our journey up the Nile. This was a relaxing time stopping en route to visit the most completely preserved temple in Egypt at Edfu. This temple was dedicated to Horus the falcon headed son of Osiris who avenged his father's murder by slaying his uncle Seth. The temple was built, according to legend, on the site where the two gods met in deadly combat. Apparently this magnificent temple was discovered under a huge sand dune by the Romans.

We continued our leisurely pace up the Nile, stopping to swim in it, and so far living to tell the tale, until we arrived at Aswan, Egypt's southernmost city. The highlight of this part of the tour was another pre-dawn rise, to travel by camel into the desert to visit the sixth century monastery of St. Simeon. I did manage to ride this beast much to the amusement of many of the group, and almost disbelief of staff and some parents!

The people of Egypt are extremely friendly and although it is considered to be a 3rd World country, the values of family life and honesty are all too apparent. The first week of our holiday ended back where we started in Cairo where we had a brief respite before embarking on the second stage of our holiday - the Sinai peninsula. The highlight of this part of the tour was yet another pre-dawn rise (3.30 a.m.) and strenuous ascent of Mount Sinai, reaching the summit for dawn at 7 a.m. This was the place where God gave Moses the ten commandments. It was an extremely barren wilderness, but when we visited it was full of thousands of visitors.

This is enough of my holiday for this time - perhaps again if anyone is interested.

Christmas Trivia

Why are daisies pink-tipped? One shepherd, having no gift for the infant Jesus, picked some daisies whose tips turned pink when Jesus kissed them.

A related legend recalls a little shepherd girl who also had no gift. Sadly she lagged behind. An angel, taking pity, scattered white roses on her path. Hence Christmas roses.

On the flight to Egypt, Mary put Jesus' clothes on a sweet-smelling rosemary bush to dry, since when rosemary has been blessed.

The Magi travelled to India after leaving the Holy Land. There they died but their bones were entombed in Cologne Cathedral, known to this day as the City of The Three Kings.

Although Prince Albert popularised Christmas trees, their first known appearance in England was at a party given by Queen Caroline in 1821.

Carols were originally ring-dances and Stonehenge, called The Giants' Dance, is also known as the Giants' Carol.

A white Christmas means fewer deaths next year while no snow means more. Sunshine on Christmas Day foretells a peaceable, plentiful year. Storms near sunset predict sickness and a New Year Day which starts with red clouds means strife.

One delightful legend related the origin of tinsel. A woman decorated her tree but during the night, spiders spun beautiful webs over it. As a reward for her goodness, the Christ Child turned the webs into shining silver.



ST. MARY'S CUBS 1992

Good heavens! A year has gone by already! What have we done?

Well, we've managed to put in some work to get a few badges.

We went to the Police HQ at Cwmbran where, thanks to Police Officer Orphan, a tour was arranged. Akela (Eugene) learnt quite a few things he didn't know before! The cubs went down the M4 in patrol cars and there were a few white faces before (and after!) the trip. Eugene stayed on terra firma!

A few weeks later we had a talk by the British Transport Police on "Safety on the Railways". It wasn't very pleasant, but today it is necessary.

Our cubs are learning First Aid and the tomato sauce is a good substitute for blood!

By the time you read this, hopefully, we will have had our "Posh Night". Everyone goes to Tramps' Suppers but we wanted to be different. We were thinking of camping in London but they wanted £50 per cub for a weekend! Baden Powell would be very unhappy if he was alive today as he founded the Scouting Movement for everyone, but not at that price.

Our insurance costs £10 per cub per year and that's why we have events such as the Quiz Night to raise funds. Thanks to the Social Club members and to you all for your help.

Some more good news is that Bernadette Hurley is helping with the cubs, her ideas are great and the boys like her. We wish Bridie well, the last few months have not been easy.

God bless you all and thanks!

Akela Eugene

A. D. TURNER & SONS

FAMILY BUTCHERS

STALLS 56/57

NEWPORT MARKET

Telephone: Newport 256538



SPECIALITIES:-

Scotch Beef, Welsh Lamb

Local Pork, Poultry

and Home Made Sausages



THE GUILD OF ST. STEPHEN AND ST. MARY'S ALTAR SERVERS

St. Stephen is the Patron Saint of altar servers. On the Feast of Christ the King the following servers were enrolled into the Guild of St. Stephen:- Gareth & Christopher Meredith and Michael Walsh. Our thanks to Fr. Tony Furlong for performing the ceremony.

St. Stephen's Day this year is special as Dominico Vellucci will be awarded his silver medal for 10 years faithful service to the altar. 5 year certificates go to Thomas Winter, Ben & Joseph Webb, Thomas Fletcher and Michael Hard. Thurifer certificates go to Christopher Parkman and Gareth Meredith. First Communion servers will receive a Special Blessing from the Pope. They are David Hurley, Joseph Lamb, Michael Walsh and Edward Crawley. The following servers will receive certificates signed by the Archbishop for acting as mitre and crozier bearers:- Andrew & Thomas Winter, Matthew & Michael Roberts, Stephen Wigmore and David Hurley.

Our correspondent Eugene hopes he hasn't missed anybody out.

Thank you to the Sisters and the parishioners who attend and give the servers encouragement by coming to the St. Stephen's Day Mass. Our special thanks go to Sheila Sexton (creeper!) and Fr. Willett (bigger creeper!) whose help and support is always very welcome. God Bless You All, Ad Multos Annos, Eugene.



FRANK'S

**NEWSAGENT
GREETING CARDS**



**TOBACCONIST
SOUVENIRS**

**Wide Range of Religious Books, Rosaries, Missals, Statues,
Mass Cards and Printed Memorial Cards etc.**

**FIRST HOLY COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION CARDS
AND SOUVENIRS**

**ALSO A LARGE RANGE OF HELEN STEINER RICE
INSPIRATIONAL CARDS AND BOOKLETS**

We also offer personalised wedding stationery

33 Charles Street, Newport, Gwent. Telephone: Newport 214286

Monday - Saturday: 0700 - 17.45

Sunday: 0700 - 13.00

WILL THE REAL FATHER CHRISTMAS STAND UP PLEASE?

by
DAVID JONES

*T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ...*

So goes the delightful Christmas poem written by American poet Clement Clarke Moore which tells the story of St. Nicholas's arrival down the chimney on Christmas Eve night. And although entitled 'A Visit From St. Nicholas' the main character of the poem is so familiar and almost universal it could readily be called 'A Visit From ... *Liebes Christkind* or *Kriss Kringle* or *Santa Claus* or our very own *Father Christmas*.' So confusing is the identity of the magical Christmas visitor, commonly known throughout the world yet bearing a number of puzzling aliases, that one is tempted to ask, will the real Father Christmas stand up?

Little is actually known about the real St. Nicholas save for the facts that he was born in Lychia, an Asia Minor province of the Roman Empire, became its Archbishop and died there in the fourth century AD. However legends about him abound. One, which probably explains his connections with the feast of Christmastide concerns a rather gruesome event that took place whilst he was on a journey to the Council of Nicea. Apparently he decided to take a rest at an inn, the owner of which it transpired had just killed three small boys, cut up their bodies and salted them down in a barrel to be sold as meat for pies. After discovering what had happened, St. Nicholas made the sign of the cross over the tub containing the bodies and miraculously the three boys climbed out singing the praises of God. From that day on it is claimed Nicholas became the patron saint of boys and girls, his feast day on 6th December being marked by the giving of small presents of gingerbread or toys to children. His elevation to Christmastide saint, when his name was simplified to 'Santa Claus', came later with a drive by the Church against the pagan festival of Saturnalia. As to the tradition of hanging stockings, this has been attributed to another legend concerning St. Nicholas where it was said he threw a bag of gold through the open window of a poor man and it fell into a stocking that had been hung up over a fire to dry.

Yet the modern-day image of Santa Claus is perhaps far removed from the quiet, sobriety-attired appearance one would associate with a saint. It was from America that the loveable, red-faced old man with white hair and whiskers, clad in a red gown on a sleigh emerged - in truth a nineteenth century North American invention.

.....Continued overleaf

In some parts of mainland Europe, especially Germany, it was believed that St. Nicholas was simply a messenger who took children's requests up to heaven. Then, a representative of Jesus called Liebes Christkind brought the presents to the houses of the children just in time to be opened on Christmas morning. Again the Americans took a hand in matters by corrupting the name to the more easily pronouncable Kriss Kringle.

Despite only slight variations on the Santa Claus theme (a hood rather than a cap) it appears that Father Christmas has a true British pedigree. In the Middle Ages it was the custom of the lord of the manor to employ an individual called the Lord of Misrule to take charge of the festivities. It was his job to laugh, joke and generally see everyone had a good time. Eventually the custom died out but was later revived in Victorian times in the guise of Old Father Christmas. Realising that, unlike youngsters in other countries, their children did not have a magical being who brought them presents on Christmas Eve, the Victorians over a period of time adapted the idea of Old Father Christmas into the traditional image we have today. By the late 1860's he was depicted on Christmas cards distributing presents to children but it was not until sometime during the First World War that he made his debut in a departmental store.

So just who is the real Father Christmas? Is it the fourth century patron saint of boys and girls? Or the teutonic messenger rfrom heaven? Or perhaps the white-whiskered old gent with a New York drawl? Undoubtedly opinions vary. Mine? Will the red-cloaked gentleman with the Anglo-Saxon Ho! Ho! Ho! stand up please!

MOYSE AND MULLIS

**UNIT 4, EVTOL TRADING ESTATE,
PORTLAND STREET,
NEWPORT.**

Telephone: Newport 246247

**PAINTERS & DECORATORS
COMPLETE PROPERTY
MAINTENANCE**

St. Joseph's Primary School

A Baker's Poem by Gareth Meredith

At the break of dawn,
The sun creeps through the clouds.
Light comes in through the dusty windows,
Brightening up the shop.
Light the fire, at first a flicker then a roar.
Flames are dancing in the fire ready for the bread.
Mixing, stirring, shaping.
Rising dough.
Placing it in the oven,
Making another batch.
Delicious smells waft through the door.
Customers come rushing in to buy, fresh, hot bread.

A Milkmaid's Poem by Kelly Barrell

Buckets clanking, cows mooing,
Horse shoes click clacking on the stony path.
Blazing sun shining on the fields full of golden grass.
A three-legged wooden stool placed near the contented cow.
Hands squeezing the udders, collecting every drop of milk into the cold, clean bucket.
A fine day today, seven buckets full of fresh, creamy milk.

Horace the Dragon has Toothache by Victoria Edwards

Horace the dragon went to live in Wales with his cousins. They were called Megan, Evans and Maldwyn. Megan liked to cook. Evans liked to do the garden. Maldwyn was an inventor.

One day Horace was at the seaside eating rock when one of his teeth came loose because he was always eating sweets. His tooth was painful. He ran to Evans. He was in the garden seeing the flowers grow. Horace said that he had a toothache. Evans gave him a handkerchief to put on his tooth. Horace went to the cook and told her about his tooth. She gave him some powder in his hand. He sneezed. The powder went all over the kitchen. She put him outside. He went to see Maldwyn the inventor. He was working on a big machine. Horace said "I have got a toothache". "I have just the thing for you. But you must wash your teeth every day with this." He got a string from his bedroom. Then he tied the string on the door and the other end on his tooth. Then he said "I will count to 3 then I will shut the door, 1 - 2 - 3." He shut the door. The door fell down but his tooth was still there. Then they all said "You must go to the dentist." Horace said "But I don't want to go to the dentist." Then Evans gave him a pat on the back. His tooth came out. That was the end of his toothache.

The Lawyer's Poem by Liam Carroll

The trial begins, throats are dry.
Everything is silent, nothing moves but a fly.
The humming of voices, the shuffle of feet.
The jury listen glued to their seats.
The prosecution and the defence both had their say.
The hum of the people grew louder all day.
"Bring on the jury!" the judge commanded.
"Yes, we have our verdict.
The man is innocent."
The trial is over,
people are relieved.

A Carpenter's Poem by Stephen Allison

Winter's morn, workshops freezing,
Tiny charred fire glowing.
Hammer hitting nails,
Chisels carving wood,
Surrounded by a sawdust forest.
Underpaid and wearing rags,
Weary with sore hands.
Polishing a table for a rich man,
As he is patiently waiting.
I finish satisfied,
"What shall I do next?"



St. Joseph's High School

St. Joseph's Jubilee Year and European Unity Celebrations

To coincide with the school's Silver Jubilee, St. Joseph's is taking part in 'Beacons Across Europe' to celebrate European Unity. A chain of beacons throughout the E.C., Malta and Cyprus will be lit (including one at St. Joseph's) on New Year's Eve.

Charity Fundraising

The school's emphasis on raising money for charity is an important element in the way in which we develop a commitment to Gospel values in our children. The following charities have recently benefitted from "pupil power" fundraising.

Royal Gwent Hospital Cardiology Fund, CAFOD, Cerebral Palsy sufferers, Salt to Save Lives Appeal, Save the Children Fund, Operation Raleigh and many more!

The School Environment

Together we CAN clean up the place - a plentiful supply of bins and the efforts of the Crime Prevention School Panel are helping to improve the appearance of the school.

Conservation Week - Following a suggestion from the curators of Tredegar House, our crime busting squad made Duffryn shops top of its hit list. The Bighouse Staff and Newport Borough Council Estates Department added their support to our muscle power. It is hoped that this project will be extended to provide seating as well as litter bins to enhance the area permanently.

In the Garden - Sr. Anne Teresa has gathered a band of unemployed helpers who offer a wide variety of skills and work together as a team while being re-trained.

On Stage!

Congratulations to those who took part in the recent Fashion Show with pupils from Westfield School - hope some future models were signed up!

This year's school production was 'Oliver' and is being performed at the time of going to press. No doubt rave revues will be forthcoming in the very near future - in the meantime "well done" to everybody who helped behind the scenes and congratulations to all the budding actors and actresses!

The school's annual Carol Service will also have taken place by the time you read this - and the wish will surely have been expressed that you all have a

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE CHRISTMAS STORIES

by Tony Corten

The Gospels, all of which were written within sixty years of the Death and Resurrection of Jesus, reflect the theological preoccupations of their writers. In other words, each of the Gospel writers, in proclaiming the Good News of Jesus, reveals a facet of the mystery of God which is distinctive to them.

Only two of the Gospel writers - Matthew and Luke - tell the story of the birth of Jesus and in these Christmas stories the writer's distinctive theology shines forth.

St. Matthew's Christmas Story (Matthew 2:1-23)

St. Matthew's Gospel was written in the last third of the first century AD. It was most probably written for Jewish converts to Christianity, who lived in Antioch in Syria, and who faced the hostility of the Jewish community on account of their acceptance of Jesus as the Christ. Matthew's principal theological preoccupation, therefore, is to present the Revelation of God in Christ as the supreme fulfilment of the Old Testament. Matthew uses a number of literary devices to do this. For example, Matthew's Gospel is divided into five sections to represent the division of the Books of the Law which open the Old Testament. Throughout the Gospel, Matthew uses quotations from the Old Testament to show how Jesus fulfilled the Law and was the Second Moses and the promised Messiah. Matthew, in common with the other evangelists, also stresses that it is in the Death and Resurrection that Christ's Messiahship can be seen and proclaimed. Matthew also shows that the proclamation of Jesus as Risen Lord and Saviour will be met with a disparate response: rejection or acceptance.

The same theological preoccupations can be found in Matthew's Christmas story which is centred on the story of the magi, (the three wise men) and Herod's determination to destroy the infant Jesus. For example, Matthew's account of Jesus' escape from Herod is remarkably like the Old Testament story of Moses' escape from the Pharaoh (Exodus 1-2). But Matthew has another reason for including the story of the Magi. Matthew shows, throughout his gospel, that the Good News evokes a disparate response - either acceptance or rejection. In the Christmas story the first believers, the magi, are Gentiles. Fr. Raymond E. Brown writes, "Yet the gospel writer is Jewish enough to continue the tradition that, deprived of the Scriptures, the Gentiles never had so explicit a revelation as was given to the Jews. It was through nature that God revealed himself to the Gentiles and so Matthew shows the magi receiving a revelation through astrology: the birth star associated with the King of the Jews brings them the good news of salvation. This is an imperfect revelation; for while it tells them of the birth, it does not tell them where they can find the King of the Jews. The ultimate secret of his whereabouts is locked in the special revelation of God to Israel, in the Scriptures ... Then Matthew highlights the paradox: those who have the Scriptures and can see plainly what the prophets have said are not willing to worship the newborn King. To the contrary, the king and the chief priests and the scribes conspire against the Messiah and the wicked king decrees his death. But God spares Jesus and ultimately brings back his Son from another land." Although rejected by the Chosen People, represented by Herod and the chief priests, the manifestation of Jesus to the magi brings them salvation. They are the forerunners of those who will come to worship. 'The King of the Jews' who died on the Cross and was raised to God's right hand through the Resurrection.

St. Luke's Christmas Story (Luke 2)

St. Luke's Gospel was written between the years 70-80 AD. It was addressed primarily to a community of Gentile Christians. Some of the main themes of the Gospel, and the accompanying volume, The Acts of the Apostles, are the mercy and forgiveness of Jesus, his call to the poor and underprivileged, and the universal message of salvation. Luke also brings out the importance of individual spiritual qualities, especially prayer, joy and praise of God in the Holy Spirit. Naturally, many of these gospel themes appear in the most familiar of all the Christmas stories: the birth of Jesus in a manger at Bethlehem and the proclamation of the birth to the shepherds. Some commentators have noted that Luke's account of the birth of Jesus in poverty indicates Jesus' solidarity with the poor. Others have commented that Luke is interested in the symbolism of the manger. The manger is not a sign of poverty, but is probably meant to evoke God's complaint against Israel in Isaiah 1:3 "The ox knows its owner and the donkey knows **the manger of the Lord**; but Israel has not known me and my people have not understood me." However, when the birth of Jesus is proclaimed to the shepherds, they willingly seek the baby in the manger and worship him. In other words, in the birth of Jesus, at last God's people have begun to know the Lord.

While the revelation of the Christ's birth was made in Matthew's gospel to the magi, in Luke's story humble shepherds were the first to be privileged to hear the Good News. In rural society shepherds led a precarious existence and, because they were unable to keep many of the dietary and cleansing rituals of the Jews, were regarded by pious Jews as outcasts. For some commentators the proclamation of the Good News to the shepherd anticipates the ministry of Jesus when he specifically preached the Good News to the poor and to outcasts. Other writers suggest that the reference to the shepherds was an allusion to the fact that David was a shepherd in the area of Bethlehem. In the story of the Annunciation (Luke 1:26-38), Jesus was described as the Son of David and the heir to a kingdom which would never end. The birth of Jesus at Bethlehem and his revelation to the shepherds, the descendants of David, marks, therefore, the beginning of the everlasting kingdom.

Luke also presents us with certain types of the Christian believer in his birth narrative. First, there are the shepherds, the main characters of the birth scene who come and find the angelic signs verified. They symbolise an Israel who at last recognises its Lord and they praise God. Luke also introduces a group of hearers who, in response to the shepherds' tale, are astonished. Astonishment, in their case, does not lead to belief in Jesus. But in the third participant of the scene we are presented with the perfect type of the Christian believer, one who hears the word of God and produces a plentiful harvest: Mary. Mary sees, ponders and believes. So, as in Matthew's account, the Gospel of Luke reveals that the Mystery of Christ will elicit a disparate response: rejection or acceptance in faith. The gospel writers, writing in the light of the post-Resurrection experience of the Church, show us that such a response was present from the first moment of Christ's appearance on earth and that the challenge of Christ will continue to elicit the like response until the end of time.

To tackle the subject of the birth stories within the scope of such a short article was, in some ways foolhardy, but if anyone would like to discover more about the richness of the Christmas stories may I recommend the following book:

An Adult Christ at Christmas - Fr. Raymond E. Brown S.S.

I bought a copy last year, at the CTS shop in Cardiff and it was then priced £3.50.

COOKERY CORNER

by Carmel Edwards

Do you remember last Christmas when I was trying to come to terms with a new oven - well this year I may not have an oven at all! I came home one day to find a message from No. 2 son. It read "I have blown up the oven - DO NOT USE, will explain later."

As it happened it was not as bad as it sounded but I have been without an oven now for more than three weeks as the part needed to repair it has to come from the only stores department in Europe which is in Italy. They did deliver within the first two weeks - but it was the wrong part! So I am still waiting.

It may be that someone in the family will have to take pity on me and cook a large chicken for me - otherwise all my Christmas cooking will be done in Marks & Spencer this year. Assuming we will have cold chicken for Boxing Day (or you can use your cold turkey) I thought we would have **Chicken Waldorf Salad**.

You will need:

1 medium head of celery, chopped
2 red apples, quartered, cored and sliced
2 green apples, quartered, cored and sliced
3 oz. salted peanuts
One and half pounds cooked chicken (turkey)

Dressing

Half a pint of mayonnaise
2 cartons of Greek yoghurt
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
Strained juice of half a lemon
1 teaspoon of caster sugar
Salt and pepper
Chopped parsley to garnish

Put the celery, apple and peanuts into a large bowl. Cut the chicken (turkey) into chunks and add to bowl. Make the dressing by mixing all ingredients together, seasoning well. Pour over the chicken mixture and gently mix together. Keep in the fridge until serving. Sprinkle with parsley.

A friend (Pat Delmonte) gave me a recipe called **Layered Cranberry and Satsuma Parfait**. It's very seasonal and will make a delicious light alternative to the mince pies and Christmas pudding that you eat for days. It can be made in advance and served straight from the freezer.

For the cranberry sorbet

9 oz. fresh cranberries
5 oz. granulated sugar
4 fluid oz. red wine
1 egg white

For the satsuma ice cream

5/7 satsumas
Grated rind 1 orange
6 oz. demerara sugar
2 egg whites
Quarter teaspoon salt
Half pint whipping cream
3 tablespoons orange curacao
Thin slivers of orange peel

Put cranberries, sugar and wine into saucepan, bring to boil gradually to dissolve sugar. Cover and simmer for about 8 minutes until cranberries are mushy. If you can, puree in food processor and leave until cold. Whisk the egg white and fold into puree with metal spoon.

Halve the satsumas and squeeze to provide quarter pint of juice. Put juice into saucepan with grated orange rind and demerara sugar. Put egg whites and salt into bowl and whisk with electric whisk. Put satsuma juice over heat and stir until sugar has dissolved. Bring to boil and boil fiercely for 3 minutes. Pour the syrup immediately on to the whisked egg white in a thin stream - whisking all the time. Keep whisking until the mixture is cool and thick. In another bowl whisk the cream into soft peaks. Fold into egg white and syrup mixture with metal spoon. Add orange curacao a tablespoon at a time.

To assemble

Spoon a thin layer of cranberry sorbet mixture into a glass serving bowl (make sure bowl is freezer safe) followed by thick layer of satsuma ice cream. Continue like this ending with a layer of cranberry sorbet. Arrange thin strips of orange peel in centre and freeze for at least 6 hours. (Serves 8)

Happy Christmas!

A Flair for Detail!

(Thanks to the anonymous contributor for this item!)

The trustees of an old Catholic church decided to repair some of its property and employed an artist to touch up statues and paintings. Upon presenting his account, the committee in charge refused payment until details were specified. Whereupon he presented the items as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
1. For correcting the commandments	1.	5.	0.
2. Embellishing Pontius Pilate, and putting new ribbons on his bonnet		15.	0.
3. Putting new tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb		10.	0.
4. Repluming and gilding left wing of Guardian Angel		15.	0.
5. Washing the servant of the high priest and putting carmine on his cheeks	1.	5.	0.
6. Renewing heaven, adjusting the stars, and cleaning the moon	2.	0.	0.
7. Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	2.	10.	0.
8. Brightening the flames of Hell, putting a new tail on the devil, mending his left hoof, and doing odd jobs for the damned	2.	10.	0.
9. Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig	1.	0.	0.
10. Taking the spots off the son of Tobias	1.	10.	0.
11. Cleaning Balaam's ass, and putting a shoe on him		5.	0.
12. Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath and extending Saul's legs	2.	5.	0.
13. Decorating Noah's Ark and putting a new head on Shem	1.	5.	0.
14. Mending the shirt of the prodigal son and cleaning his ears	1.	15.	0.
15. Putting earrings in Salome's ears		5.	0.
Total	£19.	15.	0.

**Season's
Greetings**

FROM

Dermot Reardon

BLEWITT STREET

BANESWELL

**NEWSAGENT
TOBACCONIST
CONFECTIONER**

Paul

Wilkinson

**5 ST. MARK'S CRESCENT
NEWPORT**

TELEPHONE: NEWPORT 252820

CARPETS

CARPET TILES

BLINDS

PERSONAL AND PROMPT

ATTENTION

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

by Oona Roche

Old Bridget Gilligan peered out through the lattice window of her little cottage on the borders on Monaghan and sighed deeply. It was Christmas Eve and although she could hear a distant bell from the village the quiet of the countryside was broken only by the lowing of cattle and a sheepdog barking in the muddy lane. Soon, the first night stars would appear and a winter's moon reveal the valley below bathed in shimmering silver frost.

How lonely she felt - but wasn't it always the way at Christmas with her family gone, she barely existing on a tiny farmstead helped only by Ned, a half-witted stepbrother, who spent more time in the pub than tending the land.

"Ah, tis not the season to be sad, sure it isn't" said Bridget, bestirring herself. She must get her candle and light it quickly for was it not a symbol of Christian joy - an old Irish custom which she strictly adhered to? Placing it in the window the flickering flame would act as a guide, an invitation to those who like Mary and Joseph might this very night be searching for shelter. There were wayfarers about; travelling people; fairy-folk even - though you had to be wary of such, who were in truth angels caught twixt heaven and hell.

She stoked up the fire, poured the cats' milk and laid the table in anticipation. There was soda bread and cheese and potatoes; there was soup on the stove and packets of Irish coins on the dresser. Every year she awaited a passing stranger or guest - her hospitality extended to all - yet nobody came and poor old Bridget sat fingering her rosary, a small bent figure rocking to and fro in her basket-chair with just the tick of the grandfather clock to keep her company and the wind outside moaning and whistling in the treetops.

It must have been getting on for midnight when the rumbling came, like muffled thunder. She thought she saw a flash in the heavens - lightning no doubt - then the cows started mooing, the dogs howling and growling. A strange and eerie silence followed. No more bells were heard; the animals, so disturbed, fell still. The glow from the fire alone gave her comfort, silhouetting the little crib on the sideboard. Her eyes grew heavy as she studied the tender scene it depicted till at length she drifted into sleep

Loud knocking on the door startled her back into reality. Drawing the bolt she stared at the two blurred figures before her - a young man and woman, whitefaced and shivering. They had seen the light in the window they told her. They needed a place to rest for the night. Could she help them? "Of course" cried Bridget. "I've been waiting for you" - she pointed to the laden table, the smoking embers in the fireplace. Heating the pot, the soup and potatoes, she cut up the loaf and spread great chunks of cheese upon it. Soon they were seated, eating ravenously.

"What is your name?" she asked the man. "Joseph" he answered. "We've come over the border to visit friends - but got lost in the mist ..." He nudged the girl who nodded affirmatively. "I see you are hurt" exclaimed the old woman, pointing to his bloodied shirt. "Ah, tis only a scratch. I slipped on a rock on the hill over yonder."

She offered to bathe his wound for him but he stoutly declined, stating that now they had eaten and drunk, they would be off to bed - his wife was pregnant and needed rest. She must be called Mary thought Bridget piously, observing the girl who sat silent, morose, her gaze straying often to the heaps of coins upon the table.

Suddenly, a commotion outside roused the two into vigorous action. They sprang to their feet as a shouting, singing group of revellers returning from the festive celebrations rolled up the lane. The man pulled his now hysterical companion into a corner, clamping a hand across her mouth and dropping something - which for one incredible moment looked to Bridget just like a gun ... 'a child's toy - pistol more likely' she told herself. 'A Christmas present - yes that was it!' The shadows were playing tricks with her eyesight!!

"Tis only Ned and his friends" she assured them. "He helps me on the farm and is harmless - listen, they're going."

Joseph withdrew his arm from around the shaking girl and peered through the lattice into the darkness. He seemed disturbed and looked at Bridget as if doubting her words but when peace returned and the revelry faded, he composed himself, remarking casually "My wife is extremely nervous, and very tired."

"Then I'll away upstairs to make up your beds" Bridget made for the passage, glancing back on the floor - there was nothing there. "You will be staying won't you?" she asked him. He inclined his head.

When she returned however the door was wide open, the couple were gone, and so were the neat little piles of coins. Running out on the pathway she peered up to the crest of the hill, bleak and windswept, but no sign of human life confronted her. Bridget stood for a while, reflecting on her unusual visitors. Why were they so eager to leave; what had frightened them into disappearing? She had tried so hard to make them welcome. Wait till she saw old Ned on the morrow - she would give him a piece of her mind - upsetting the applecart ...

Already a faint glimmer touched the skies, heralding dawn. Getting ready for Mass next morning Bridget tidied up her little kitchen. She put away the burnt-out candle and picked up Ned's pipe lying on the flagstones. So that was what had fallen then! She shuddered slightly, not knowing the reason, her forehead furrowed. Had she really entertained those wanderers - or dreamt the whole thing? She switched on the radio and listened to the news abstractedly.

A bomb had exploded over the border in Fermanagh. Two had been killed in a little town close to her village. Police believed the I.R.A. terrorists might have blown themselves up, but could not be sure as the bodies were unrecognisable. They were warning the neighbouring area to be on the alert for suspicious persons.

"Oh what is the world coming to" declared the old woman. "I must hurry to church to pray for God's mercy, and for all poor suffering souls who have nowhere to lay their heads - like that homeless young couple last night - like the Holy Family themselves 2,000 years ago

But this was Christmas 1992 .

Would peace ever pervade her country she wondered?

ARTICLES OF HISTORICAL AND LOCAL INTEREST

BY EDWARD CURRAN

Letter marked - Malpas Churchwardens, May 14th 1793

From King George to the Archbishop of Canterbury with covering letter from Richard, Bishop of Llandaff. To be read in all Parish Churches on 2nd June 1793.

'Embrace with alacrity and zeal this opportunity of rendering essential service to our persecuted brethren of France now resident in the British Dominions. You will therefore prove that you are activated by that most benign and characteristic Principle of our Holy Religion, Love for the Brotherhood and compassion for the unfortunate of every denomination and for relief of the French clergy who as a result of dreadful persecution - many thousands - sufferers for conscience sake driven into England without any means of livelihood or support. They have been maintained by voluntary contributions amounting to £26,000 but resources are failing. Collect from house to house and send to:

John Wilmot Esq., M.P. for Coventry, Chair, Committee for Relief of French Clergy.'

The "South Wales Argus" - Office: 11 Baneswell Road, Newport Item from the FIRST issue in MAY 1892

Welsh National Banquet Impressive Function at Mansion House

Given by the Lord Mayor of London (Alderman David Evans) to his fellow countrymen of the Principality. The guests numbered about 400 and included the Duke of Beaufort K.G., the Earl of Powis, the Earl of Dunraven, the Bishop of Newport and Menevia, Dom Cuthbert Hedley O.S.B.

The loyal toasts having been honoured Bishop Hedley responding to the toast 'The Clergy', said that the prosperity of Wales depended upon the labours of everyone of her children whether native or adopted. (Hear Hear). There can be no doubt that in the 50 years that had elapsed since the many thousands of Irish people, who now constituted his flock, claimed the hospitality of Wales, there had not been much friction between the two races. That was owing first of all to the sterling qualities of his flock. But he must not forget the kindness of the Welsh people and the kindness and thoughtfulness of the employers of labour in the Principality. (Cheers).

Turn the page to read of some familiar names & addresses dating back to 1902

The Catholic Truth Society of England and Wales

CONFERENCE AT NEWPORT
SEPTEMBER 1902

Secretary:

Father Bailey, The Presbytery

Members of the Executive Committee:

Mr. Herbert Canning, Crindau Gas Works
Mr. Edward Curran, 25 West Street
Mr. George Dibdin, 12 Manley Road
Mr. James Donoghue, 10 Trinity Place
Mr. Thos. Donovan, 7 Locke Street
Mr. Edward Lawlor, 37 Risca Road
Mr. Edward Lyons, 27 Lucas Street
Mr. James Murray, 4 Belvedere Terrace
Mr. Robinson, Caerleon, Mon.
Mr. Joseph Roe, Duckpool House, Caerleon Road
Mr. Thos. White, 22 Portland Street
Mr. Alfred Williams, J.P., The Mount, Caerleon, Mon.

Reception and Hospitality Committee

Mr. & Mrs. Bates	Mrs. I. Llewellyn
Mr. & Mrs. S. Blackborow	Mr. & Mrs. Maddox
Miss Frances Blackborow	Dr. & Mrs. McGinn
Mr. & Mrs. H. Le Brasseur	Dr. Neville
Mr. & Miss De V. Brewer	Mr. & Mrs. O'Connell
The Misses Clarke	Alderman & Mrs. D. A. Vaughan
Mrs. P. Heitzman	The Misses Waddle
Mr. & Mrs. E. H. Willey	

Meetings were held at the Tredegar Hall. The Bishop of Clifton celebrated High Mass at St. Mary's and the Bishop of Shrewsbury at St. Michael's.

On the last day three hundred clergy and laity including Bishop Hedley travelled by train to Tintern. The weather was beautifully fine. The ruins were thoroughly explored then the whole party assembled in the main transept and sang "Faith of Our Fathers".

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

by ROY MITCHELL



Exeter Cathedral, October 15th, 1330

(Read these snippets from Pat Carney and you may never again complain about the behaviour of other people in church!)

As recorded in the official register dated 15th October 1330, the Bishop of Exeter complained that the Cathedral Clergy 'Fear not to exercise irreverently, and damnably certain disorders, laughing, giggling, and other breaches of discipline during the solemn services of the Church, which is shameful to recite and horrible to hear.'

The Bishop goes on to describe one particularly troublesome practice. "Those who stand at the upper stalls in the Choir and have lights within their reach at Matins, knowingly and purposely throw drippings or snuffings from the candles upon the head or hair of such as stand in the lower stalls, with the purpose of exciting laughter and perhaps of generating discord.

Nearly 30 years later, matters had not improved at Exeter. The Bishop wrote again declaring himself no longer able to wink at the abuses or pass them by without remedy. On January 7th 1360 the Bishop gave the Cathedral Clergy until the Feast of Christmas to get their act together - not an ungenerous deadline!

Abbot Thurston of Glastonbury had experienced Saxon resistance when he tried to introduce the French style of chanting. But the monks were not having any of it and preferred to sing the old way. So the Abbot stationed Norman archers in the church and when the monks persisted in singing in the traditional manner the archers 'let them have it'. (Watch it Ladies!)

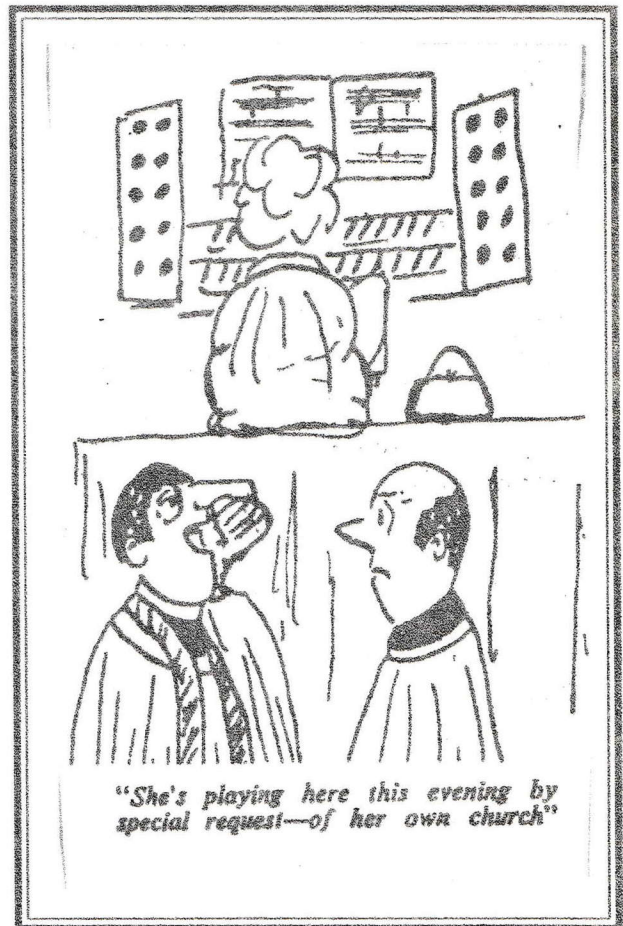
SURPLICE STIR

(Things still hadn't improved some 500 years later at Exeter!)

A very pretty public stir
Is making down at Exeter,
About the Surplice fashion:
And many bitter words and rude
Are interchanged about the feud,
And much unchristian passion.
For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress, or a white one.
Plagued with a trouble of my own
A wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night one.

J. Wippell & Co. Ltd.

(At the time of the 1840 riots about the wearing of surplices objected to by some Protestants as a return to 'Popish vestments'.) Wippell's, as merchandisers of the garment could not be unbiassed.



9 Chesterholme,
Stow Park Avenue,
Newport, Gwent.

16th November 1992

The Editor,
St. Mary's Magazine,
Stow Hill,
Newport,
Gwent.

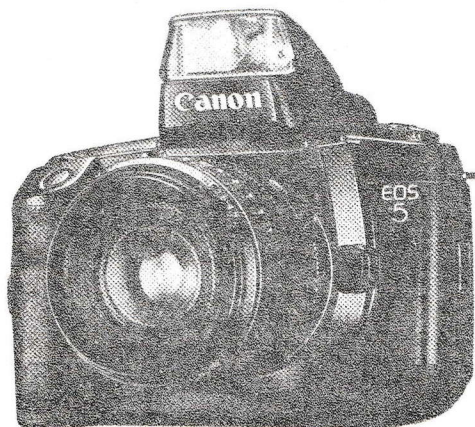
Dear Editor,

Last year when our Parish Priest welcomed the boys to be enrolled into the Guild of St. Stephen his words were so inspiring and encouraging. How sad to know his words were only addressed to half the children in the congregation.

Yours faithfully,

S.W.D. Gush

**FOR A WIDE CHOICE OF EASY
TO USE COMPACT CAMERAS
CALL AT**



**G. DAVIES
(CAMERAS) LTD.**

**7 CHARLES STREET
NEWPORT 262738**

TALKING THROUGH YOUR HAT

You must have heard someone say this, but did you know that in the 17th century men actually talked through their hats in church?

Men wore hats or hoods in church and, on entering at the door they would remove their hat and, holding it before their mouth, breathe a short prayer before replacing their hat and sitting down.

MORE EXCUSES!

(From motor insurance co. files)

I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law and headed over the embankment.

I pulled into a lay-by with smoke coming from under the bonnet. I realised my car was on fire so took my dog and smothered it with a blanket.

THE COLUMBA CATHOLIC SOCIAL CLUB

**442 CORPORATION ROAD
NEWPORT, GWENT.**

*Upstairs lounge available
seating 90 people*

TELEPHONE: NEWPORT 253629

**A WARM WELCOME
AWAITS YOU!**

Moscow and St. Petersburg, 25th July - 1st August

Fr. Michael Hare

It was a week full of surprises. First, the heat - in Moscow over 80 deg. F., though no one complained! Then the vastness of Moscow; its solemn blocks of palazzi reminiscent of Victorian Rome but grander, with plain modern high-rise climbing away to the horizon. Plenty of greenery to relieve the monotony, but where were all the people (population nine million)? The streets were quiet, often deserted. We were told 50% of Muscovites were gardeners, so maybe half the population was away in dacha-land. More likely they were staying inside because there was nothing in the shops! Or they were in the Underground, which was positively seething - not surprisingly at 2p a ticket. And what an Underground - more like a cavernous ballroom with its chandeliers and mosaic murals.

Everywhere you looked NO GRAFFITI! How long, we wondered, will it be before they discover the felt tip pen and the paint spray can

If your idea of the Kremlin and Red Square is a grim monolith inhabited by fur hatted statesmen in great-coats, go there in Summer and you will find a fairy-tale palace set against the river, its red brick and yellow ochre walls and gilded cupolas shining in the sun, and a cobbled stone hill climb into Red Square (which is a rectangle anyway!) The only soldiers in sight will be the half-dozen or so involved in the changing of the guard, and Lenin's tomb, reminiscent of a wartime bunker, now attracts fewer and fewer 'pilgrims'. The air is so relaxed now, as if this has always been just a tourist attraction, and the new CIS flag flutters above it all.

On our city tour we saw large plinths no longer sporting imposing statues of Communist heroes: they had been toppled a year before, after the coup. But we weren't prepared for one extraordinary sight. On a plinth in front of the former KGB building someone had erected a large wooden cross. A soldier standing by the cross suddenly knelt, kissed it and signed himself. Was he playing to the crowd below, as our guide thought? Or was this a triumphant re-assertion of Christ in what had been the heart of Atheistic oppression - as some of us thought? It was certainly a breathtaking moment for us, and said a lot to us about the new atmosphere around. There is a sense of liberation, of oppression lifted - in spite of the hardship.

This brings us to the people, the subject of endless fascination for us, (as we were no doubt to them!). They appeared bowed, but not broken. They thronged the entrances to the Underground and lined the subways holding up their simple wares in a brave attempt at free marketing. We found them individually engaging to meet (usually), especially the young ones (students?) behind their craft stalls, where they were selling painstakingly-made articles to find roubles to meet their bills, or to save up for travel abroad.

Continued overleaf

We were warned about the food, but no one reported ill effects. After a day or two we were used to facing three kinds of cold meat for breakfast, although I never got used to hot milk with my tea, or porridge without milk. The fish entrees were tasty - sturgeon, turbot, we were told, but the caviar was disappointing.

If you were told a baptism was taking place in a church would you expect a funeral to be going on at the other end? This was the case in a large Orthodox Church in St. Petersburg, where a whole family was standing by the font, oblivious to us onlookers, their devotion deep and unaffected.

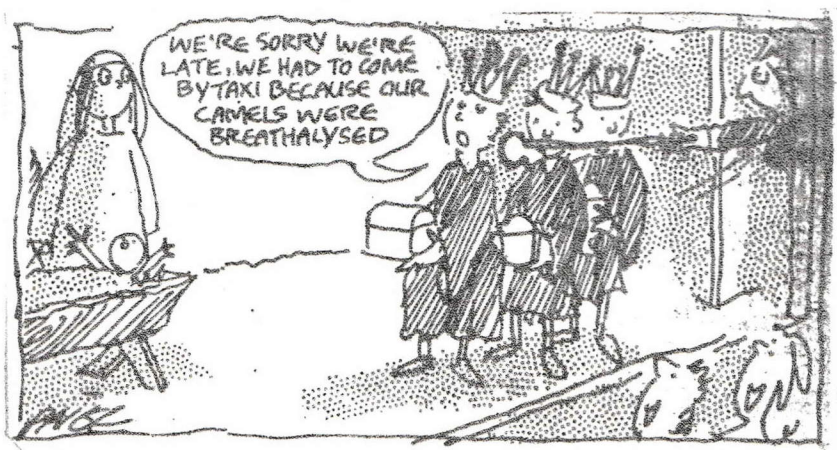
In the Catholic Church of St. Louis in Moscow, candles were lit in front of The Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Fatima, as people gathered for Sunday evening Mass. We had our English Mass just before theirs, and as we filled the church with Mayhew-McCrimmon sound, we had to pinch ourselves to believe all this was happening. The church in St. Petersburg was dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. We said Mass in the lower church as the upper one was being restored, by volunteers from Lithuania who slept in the sacristy overnight.

At both Masses the devotion and excitement of the youthful altar servers was unforgettable, their altar garb consisting of a cotta over shirt and jeans. The priest was particularly grateful for a gift of home-made rosaries from St. Mary's.

In St. Petersburg we would have needed at least another week(!) to see all 4 million items in the Hermitage Museum properly, but to see the ballet in the newly-restored 18th Century Winter Garden Palace theatre more than made up for anything we thought we might have missed.

The priceless treasures of the Armoury museum in the Kremlin and the meticulously restored Summer Palace of the Tsars outside St. Petersburg were well worth seeing and convinced us how carefully the Russians have cherished their artistic patrimony. But the abiding memory for us all will be of the people, their quiet dignity, so brave, so uncomplaining, their care-worn faces ready to break into a courteous smile, in many cases their apparent deep, humble faith. It was a privilege to meet them, a people who knew what suffering was, but who were bigger than their fate, we thought.

We hope that our brief encounter with them may have fired their hope, thus fulfilling the pledge of our trip - 'To Russia with Love'. Our thanks to our excellent guides, and to St. Mary's parish for their publicity and support.



REPEAT PERFORMANCE?

by John Wysome

Natural causes rather than market forces prevent me from visiting the barbers regularly, but occasionally it is necessary and when I do it is usually full - boys, young men, old men and even ladies.

On my last visit it was particularly full, we all had to be tidy for Christmas!

Such a mixed crowd mutes quality conversation, devours all the newspapers and uses all the seating, so I stood there dreaming, castle-building, perhaps at times tranced until eventually my mind focused on an old man also patiently waiting. Was he lucky to be able to reflect back on life rather than look forward? Would the young lad, also waiting but perhaps not so patiently, enjoy and be tormented by similar emotions through his life. Do the following lines, albeit with exaggeration and humour, describe all our lifestyles:-

Born lorn,
Dad bad,
Nurse worse;
'Drat brat!'
School - fool,
Work shirk,
Gal pal,
Splash cash,
Bets - debts,
Pop shop.
Boss - loss
Wired 'Fired!'
Scrub pub,
Drink - brink -
Found drowned.
'De Se';
Grief brief.

The young lad having now waited some considerable time started to fidget,

He was scratching,
 he was good at scratching,
he did a lot of scratching.
 He itched as well.
He sat itching,
 he was even better at itching.
He did even more itching than scratching.
 He sat itching and scratching,
he sat scratching and itching.
 He hated people who didn't scratch.

Eventually, Dad said a few choice words in his ear - no wonder Dad seems bad!

In the corner sat two men. For one the wait was heaven - the talker - for the other the wait was purgatory - the listener (seemingly without the right of reply). I thought to myself:-

Wot a marf'e'd got,
Wot a marf.
When 'e wos a kid,
Goo' Lor'
'Is pore old muvver
Must 'a' fed 'im wiv a Shuvvle.

One can easily imagine at school his way would be,

As I was laying on the green
A little book it chanced I seen.
Carlyle's "Essay on Burns" was the edition -
I left it lying in the same position.

In contrast the young couple next to these did not say a word, they just sat holding hands,

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty
No use to talk to me.

If only someone would explain,

'Tis easy enough to be twenty one:
'Tis easy enough to marry;
But when you try both games at once
'Tis a bloody big load to carry.

And if you explained who would listen,

Gather your rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

Anxiously, the businessman (pseudo?), while reading The Times (perhaps the Mirror's inside), looks at his watch - time is money (or is he concerned about missing the first race) but he must look impressive. His suit is very smart, not Savile Row but certainly Marks and Spencer. To me he is the man W. H. Davies thought about when he wrote his poem called "Leisure". For this man is looking only in one direction - how I loathe the hooded man who is not looking at all.

What is this life if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep and cows.

No time to see when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see in broad daylight
Streams full of stars like skies at night.

No time to turn at beauties glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich the smile her eyes began.

A poor life this, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

My feet are now beginning to ache, when suddenly two seats become vacant, both vacated by one man who obviously lives "in praise of ale". He limped to the barber's chair and I thought,

An old gourmet who's grown somewhat stout,
Felt a twinge and much feared it was gout.
'If I drink now' he thought
'Three whole bottles of port,
It surely will settle the doubt.'

"Next"

"Next"

"It's my turn" I thought, "that's right I was after the old man." I moved towards the chair as he shuffled towards the door. As I sat down I reflected,

The little old man put on his hat
(I thought: "One day I'll be like that!")
The little old man walked wearily out
("Preserve me, Lord, from growing stout.")
The little old man went lonely away
("Let me glimpse again - I'm going grey!")
With his shrivelled head and his sunken eye,
("I'm not sure but I'd rather die
While my legs are firm and my hair is thick (*note)
The thought of depending on a stick!")
And I thought, "Make hay, son, while you can;
One day you'll be only a little old man."

And so will the young lad.

*Note in last poem - artistic licence!

From the Registers

1.4.92 - 30.11.92

Baptisms

Benjamin Lovell, Daniel Mackenzie, Donato McNiven, James Silcox, Michelle Evans, Jessica Fletcher, Kieran McInerney, Emma Plaister, Tara McGuinness, Alexander Webb, Abigail Geran, Dominic Geran, Gareth Tempest, Stefano Carnevale, Lauren Walsh, Dannika Hutchinson, Jack Williams, Lilly Williams, George Crook, Conor Blackborow, Kerry Morgan, James Feeney, Patrick James, Billy Channing, Bailey Huish, Jordan Kelleher, Paul Kelleher, Bethanie O'Brien, Oliver Rose Meyer, Casey-Jane Collins, Lauren Jones, Luke Yhnell, Samuel Bidhenny, Faron Devine, Danielle Griffiths, Tomas Ashton, Samuel Swainson, Samuel Dearden, Joseph Lewis.

Marriages

Martin Hopcroft and Helen Sweeney
Sean Smith and Johanna Marriott
Andrew Griffiths and Michelle Petras
Rodolfo Vellucci and Julie Smith
Michael Armson and Veronica Davis
Stephen Lord and Louise Martin
Robert John and Victoria Strevens
Kevin Kelly and Carol Davies
Fabio Lo Prinzi and Clare Nicholls
Kevin Ward and Clare Drewett
Robert Palmer and Carmel Rickatson
David Fletcher and Gillian Black

Thomas Finnerty and Ceri Hill
David Gates and Rebecca Hale
Michael Fry and Angela McMellon
Chris Plumtree and Ceris Long
Ioan Jones and Nicola Chapman
Graham Snell and Sarah Bartlett
Neil Harris and Mary Paciello
Paul Hurley and Elizabeth Venn
Joseph Patrick and Lisa Tuck
Ed Delahaye and Victoria Mason
Chris Fellows and Victoria Dennison
Steve Lofty and Siobhan McGarrigle

Deaths

Patrick Crofton, Joseph McConnell, Mary Martin, Giovanni Gambarini, Nel Capel, Ethel Phillips, Barbara Keane, Emily Raymond, Francis Abbott, Kathleen Rodriguez, Alfred Reardon, Jeffrey Lyons, Michael Turner, Anne Bigglestone, James Evans, Giuseppa Vellucci, Jo Hurley, Mary Nichol, Katie Cashman, Margaret Howells, Amanda Walker, John Ford, Louise Harley, Cecilia Collins, Joseph Yeowart, Patrick Felkin, Elizabeth Norville, Patrick Farrell, Michael Short, Mary Williams, Florence Page, Joseph Foley, William Kane, Sophia Hill, Mary Bowman, Monica Thomas, John Patterson, Vera Fitzgerald, Katherine Wilks.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

to you all

