

RATHMICHAEL PARISH  
NEWSLETTER

www.rathmichael.dublin.anglican.org



*Dear Parishioners et al,*

As I write, the school Principal, along with two adorable children and myself have just delivered lots and lots of goodies to the Old Folks Centre in Shankill. The 219 pupils in the school, each brought their bounty to the Harvest Assembly where we sang and prayed thanks to God for his goodness whilst remembering those in dire situations.

The 'selected' children were a big hit with the people there. Plenty of chat!! The presence of all the goodies prompted several people in their 90s to discuss the old days with me, commenting on hungry times past.

And on that theme, I suggest that you look at a piece written by our own Alan Grainger, where he writes of some of his wartime experiences in Britain. Alan will preach on the subject on Remembrance Sunday (8<sup>th</sup> November at the 11.00 hrs service)

As we see day by day the devastation and human fallout caused by war we are reminded (if we so choose) that if we fail to learn from history, we're doomed to repeat the past no matter what. And while the European Union as we know it day by day is seems with bureaucracy, lessons were learnt from European history thanks be to goodness.

I include some quotes here which I figure worth more than a thought or two as people of the Resurrection. Believers.

*'And can it be that in a world so full and busy, the loss of one weak creature makes a void in any heart, so wide and deep that nothing but the width and depth of vast eternity can fill it up!'*

*(Charles Dickens, Dombey and Son)*

*"The pain of grief is just as much a part of life as the joy of love; it is perhaps the price we pay for love..."*

*(Parkes 1972)*

*"..and when the work of grief is done,  
The wound of loss will heal  
And you will have learned  
To wean your eyes  
From that gap in the air  
And be able to enter the hearth  
In your soul where your loved one  
Has awaited your return  
All the time"*

*(Taken from Benedictus, a Book of Blessings, John O'Donohue 2007)*

*AMEN*

*Fred*

Armistice Sunday      Why are we here today?

I was sitting on the steps of the French windows which opened onto the back garden of my home in South West London. It was a glorious late summer's day and we were listening to the wireless, waiting for Neville Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, to speak, expecting him to commit us to war after the warning he'd sent Hitler the previous day. Even now, all these years later, I can still remember the eerie silence which preceded his now famous words ... 'consequently a state of war now exists.' It was the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September 1939.

I was talking to the Rector after the harvest festival service four weeks ago, the day we heard the story of Stone Soup, and I was telling him about the mock egg sandwiches my mother used to make, during the war, when he suggested that, as very few of the congregation would have had the experience of growing up in a country at war, it might be interesting for them to hear what it was like. I wonder if he's right ... we'll know soon!

Anyway, I'll save you doing the maths. I'm eighty seven now, which means I was eleven on that fateful Sunday morning when Chamberlain made his announcement. I can remember turning to my parents the minute he'd finished speaking; I wanted to ask them what was going to happen next. But when I saw the look on their faces I kept my mouth shut. Obviously I had an idea of what was at stake, in a general sort of way, just like everyone else; but this was different. No longer would we be talking about 'if war breaks out', war *had* broken out, and we were going to be in the thick of it ... whatever that might entail. At the end of the radio address there was another long silence. It was as if life itself had come to a halt. Our worst fears had been realized, things were never ever going to be the same again. I could hear my mother crying.

Life in wartime Britain was strange, so strange I sometimes wonder if it all happened. There were dangers of course, immense ones but, as a schoolboy, I found them more exciting than frightening. It's curious how your mind can play tricks. We talked of the most awful things in a way that made light of them, unconsciously cushioning ourselves to the shock of dead and broken bodies, buildings destroyed, ships sunk, flames everywhere ... and the smell of smoke.

We had an air raid shelter at the bottom of our garden which my father and I (if he could catch me) constructed during the previous year when war was threatening. For many months during The Blitz it was the family's bedroom, and it saved our lives one sunny afternoon, in the Spring of 1941, when fourteen houses on the other side of our road got direct hits. Nobody was killed thank goodness.

I have an abiding, if ridiculous memory, of the scene; Mrs Davis's new Singer sewing machine, was sitting perched on top of the rubble of her house ... it was as though it had conquered it.

Contd on Page 2 ....

Some nights later, after the bombing of the London docks, twenty miles away, the flames were making enough light in our garden to read a newspaper. I heard over four hundred people lost their lives that night in what we'd started to call The Blitz, a string of 57 consecutive nights of bombing during which twenty thousand Londoners were killed; casualties in numbers beyond our comprehension, perhaps it was as well we were never told.

My father was too old to join up so, in addition to his ordinary day job, he became an air raid warden; checking people had complied with blackout regulations to ensure enemy bombers couldn't see us after dark, and sleeping in the Warden's hut every second night, while on standby to help the rescue services in the case of a hit.

My mother, and a neighbour, set up an emergency first aid station while I, as a Boy Scout, like thousands of other of my age trained as an auxiliary messenger boy, ready to be pulled in should the telephone system get damaged or destroyed by bombs. I also worked with the rest of the troop, hauling our trek cart round the district, collecting iron gates, iron railings, and aluminium pans. Items people had given to be melted down and turned into Spitfires and ammunition. And we ran a canteen for soldiers stationed nearby, serving tea, sandwiches, and Namco a vile mix of cocoa, milk and sugar. On several Christmases I got a job in the Post Office helping deliver the mail. I was paid a tanner an hour and thought it was great, getting a special thrill out of delivering one particular sort of letter made of made of thin folded paper, like the old airmail letters used to be but yellowish in colour. They'd been written by our men in captivity in Germany - Prisoners of War - and brought by the Red Cross to Britain. Handing one of these letters to a wife or mother, and seeing joy and tears it brought, is a memory I will never forget.

Food rationing was tough. Typical rations for one person for a week were 2oz of butter, (about 50 grams) and the same of cheese and tea, 4 oz of margarine, 4 oz of ham, 3 pints of milk, a few pence's worth of meat, and a single egg. As a treat we were allowed one jar of jam a month. There was no ice cream, few sweets, and not too many fat people. Offal and sausages weren't rationed, but could never be found, and only National bread, a greyish coloured product made from British wheat rather than Canadian was available. Fruit was very scarce unless it was in season and imported stuff like bananas and oranges all but disappeared. In addition, clothing and shoes were rationed and the sale of petrol for private use was prohibited; in fact there was only enough for the armed forces, a few essential services, and the commercial transport which kept the nation functioning. This meant no cars, so we walked, cycled, or caught the bus,

To supplement our meagre diet my father took one of the allotments created when the school field behind our house was ploughed up and in it he grew vegetables, while I bred rabbits (as food rather than pets), and my mother kept hens to provide the eggs we needed for extra protein. On Sundays, as a treat, having saved our meat ration to buy a small joint, we had what my father called 'area meat', named thus because, despite the fact they covered our plates, the slices he carved were so thin they were practically transparent.

I was evacuated twice, the first time to a Yorkshire village and second time to Buckinghamshire. This meant I went to three different secondary schools and had to adjust my accent each time I moved so I'd fit in with my fellows. One of the schools I was at shared a building with another which had been destroyed by bombing; *they* had the classrooms in the morning we had them in the afternoon. At all the boys' secondary schools I attended the staff were old men, young women, or war wounded; the younger men who would normally have taught us were away fighting for us. Sometimes we missed lessons so that we could be loaned out to help on farms when the crops were ripe and there was no one else to gather them in. I recall at different times picking cherries, rhubarb, potatoes, and peas. After an air raid we collected and swapped shrapnel, and bits that had fallen from stricken aircraft. I saw several pilots bale out and parachute to earth, and I also saw the flotilla of small boats that went to Dunkirk to bring back our army pinned down in the sand dunes outside the town, three hundred thousand men and more. And I watched flights of gliders taking our soldiers to Arnhem, and witnessed the assembling of thousands of Allied troops in preparation for the D Day landings.

And we ate a lot of mock egg sandwiches when the chickens weren't laying. An invention of my mother's, the sandwich contained only the salt and pepper we'd normally use to flavour the egg. You should try making one when you get home, see if you can persuade yourself, as I so often did, that the sandwich actually contained one.

It's all a matter of faith, and we're in the right place for that.

So why *are* we here today?

We're here to remember men and women from every part of the globe who gave their lives in War in order that we can live in Peace. Thanks be to God.

**Alan Grainger,  
November 2015**



***The poppy is the symbol of Remembrance  
and of the Poppy Appeal.***

***Poppies will be available at the church for those  
who wish to donate to the Royal British Legion  
Poppy Appeal on Sunday 1st & 8th  
November.***



**SUNDAY SERVICES - NOVEMBER 2015**

<b>SUNDAY</b>	<b>08.30 HRS</b>	<b>11.00 HRS</b>	<b>19.00 HRS</b>	<b>LECTORS</b>
<b>ALL SAINTS' DAY</b>  White  1st NOVEMBER 2015	H.C.	HOLY COMMUNION with HOLY BAPTISM Wisdom 3: 1-9 Psalm 24 Revelation 21: 1-6a John 11: 32-44	EVENING PRAYER	Baptism Party
<b>THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT</b>  Proper 27  Green  8th NOVEMBER 2015	H.C.	FAMILY SERVICE with ACT OF REMEMBRANCE Preacher: Alan Grainger  Ruth 3: 1-5; 4: 13-17 Psalm 127 Mark 12: 38-44  Please join us for Coffee after the Service	HOLY COMMUNION	Caroline Senior
<b>THE THIRD SUNDAY before ADVENT</b>  Proper 28 Green  15th NOVEMBER 2015	H.C.	HOLY COMMUNION  1 Samuel 1: 4-20 Psalm 16 Hebrews 10: 11-14, (15-18) 19-25 Mark 13: 1-8	COMPLINE	Michael Hill
<b>THE KINGSHIP OF CHRIST</b>  Proper 29  Green  22nd NOVEMBER 2015	H.C.	MORNING PRAYER  2 Samuel 23: 1-7 Psalm 132: 1-12, (13-18) John 18: 33-37  Please join us for Coffee after the service	HOLY COMMUNION	Jill Bolton
The FIRST SUNDAY of ADVENT  Violet  29th NOVEMBER 2015	H.C.	HOLY COMMUNION  Jeremiah 33: 14-16 Psalm 25: 1-9 1 Thessalonians 3: 9-13 Luke 21: 25-36	COMPLINE	Arthur Murphy

***He told them, "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field. (Luk.e 10:2)***

# NOVEMBER ROTAS

## CHURCH, BRASS & HALL CLEANING

DATE	CHURCH	BRASS	HALL
7th	Debbie Duncan		
14th	Debbie Duncan		
21st	Emma Parker		
28th	Emma Parker	Helen Darcy	

## CRÈCHE

1 <sup>st</sup>	- Volunteer Needed
8 <sup>th</sup>	- Family Service
15 <sup>th</sup>	- Arlene Clinch
22 <sup>nd</sup>	- Gillian Bourne
29 <sup>th</sup>	- Kate McCauley

## CHURCH FLOWERS



## CHURCH COFFEE

8th	Mary Went, Dorothy Jack Anne Golden & Beverley East
22nd	Heather Maybury, Ros Cox, Helen Darcy & Sharon Cole

## SUNDAY CLUB

	4-6 yrs	7-9 yrs	10-12 yrs
1st Nov	Shirley Farrell	Jane White	Sarah Campbell
15th Nov	Debbie Duncan	Gillian Nevin	Jonathan Byford
29th Nov	Carol Beamish	Sarah Campbell	Karen Grosso

## THE ALPHA/IN-BETWEEN BOOK CLUB



The October meeting will be on Tuesday 27th October 2015 @ 8.00 p.m. in the home of Lily Byrne, "Old Conagh Cottage", Thornhill Road, Old Connaught. Phone: 087-2229633 and the book we are reading for this meeting is "Wild" by Cheryl Strayed.

The November meeting will be on Tuesday 24th November 2015 @ 8.00 p.m. in the home of Mary Richardson, "Lawn View", Loughlinstown. Phone: 2824299.

The book we are reading for the November meeting is "TransAtlantic" by Colum McCann.

## CONFIRMATION 2016

The Archbishop has appointed the 6<sup>th</sup> March 2016 for Confirmation services in this area.  
Most likely in Christ Church, Bray.

Prospective candidates or their parents please contact Anne Thompson or the Rector.

Jonathan Byford will play a major part in preparing the candidates.

## PARISH REGISTERS:



## FUNERALS:

**6th October 2015:** Daphne K. P. Maxwell (née Archer), beloved wife of the late Con, Rathmichael, Co. Dublin. We extend our sympathy to Daphne's children, Daphne, Hilary, Patrick and Christine, grandchildren Luke, Fergus and Robin and to her extended family and friends.

15<sup>th</sup> October 2015: Christopher Simms, Shankill, Dublin 18. We extend our sympathy to Christopher's wife Una, his son Michael, daughter-in-law Laia, grandchildren Erin and Aina, his brothers and sisters, his extended family and many friends at this poignant time.

**22nd October 2015:** Don Marr, Kiltarnan, Co. Dublin. We extend our sympathy to Don's daughter Kathi, His granddaughters Poi, Hannah and Alice, his brother Neil, his extended family and many friends.

We pray for all who are bereaved. Grant to them the spirit of faith and courage, that they may have strength to meet the days to come with steadfastness and patience, not sorrowing as those without hope, but in thankful remembrance of thy great goodness in past years and in the sure expectation of a joyful reunion in the heavenly places.



## HOLY BAPTISM: 11th October 2015.

Erik John, son of Valerie and Philip Grier, Shanganagh Cliffs, Shankill.

We welcome Erik John to his Christian family and assure him with his family and godparents of our continued prayers and support

## FAREWELL LUNCH

After 24 years service to Rathmichael Board of Management as treasurer Peter Markham has retired.

We cannot begin to thank him for the amount of time, effort and care he has given the school over the years. He has been so supportive of both Hazel Crawford and myself as principals. He certainly will be a difficult act to follow.

On 18th October a lunch was held for Peter to mark his retirement. It was attended by 25 past Board of Management members and was a lovely occasion. We truly wish himself and Anne the very best for the future.

In speaking about Peter, the rector quoted the French Christian Philosopher

*"A man's virtue is to be measured not by his extraordinary efforts, but his everyday habitual acts and conduct".*



The rector, together with Dr. Billy Marshall (former rector), Hazel Crawford (former Headmistress), Peter Markham, Caroline Senior and Anne Markham.

## HARVEST THANKSGIVING

Flowers, fruit and vegetables adorned the church on Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> October which, together with some seasonal hymns and anthems, and the baptism of Erik John Grier, all contributed to a most joyful celebration of our harvest. Thank you to everyone who contributed to this service by decorating the church so beautifully, leading the singing and to the congregation for lifting our spirits. When we witness the appalling humanitarian crisis in the world at this time it should make us thankful for all that we have. Following the service, we had the sale of harvest gifts and the proceeds (€1,550.00) will be divided between Christian Aid and the Refugee Crisis Fund.

Thank you to Beverley East and her loyal team for organising this event once again. In turn, Beverley wishes to thank everyone for their generosity in helping to make this amount of money which will be greatly appreciated.



### UNITED SOCIETY GOLF OUTING

An inter-parish golf outing was held in Old Conna Golf Club on 28<sup>th</sup> September where 19 teams enjoyed a golf course in terrific condition and a most hospitable location. The icing on the cake was – the most glorious day weather wise! The day finished off with a most delicious supper and a good old bit of fun and chat. The result has been that €10,000 has gone to the United Society. This is a fantastic outcome and thanks are due, first of all to Geoffrey Perrin for organising the event, and to the participating parishes, the companies and individuals who sponsored teams.

For the record – the winning team was comprised mainly of Perrins! *Well now – fancy that!*



*Peter Markham and Chris Byrne of this parish getting ready to tee off!*

I would like to share with you this month the work going on in the Infant classes. Under the programme Aistear which means journey, the children learn by doing. This helps to increase their vocabulary with good comprehension attached. Last week I walked in on two lessons. The theme was 'The Farm'. The Junior Infants were baking bread and learning the story of the Little Red Hen. The Senior Infants made butter! I was very impressed. Each child either went home carrying a bread roll or crackers with home made butter. This is what learning is all about. The teachers and the children were enthused. This can only make for good learning practice.



In Fifth class this week they embarked on a two day workshop with Biz World. They set up their businesses similar to that of Dragon's Den. This workshop has been made possible through the generous sponsorship of both the Local Enterprise Office and Dún Laoghaire Rathdown. Through participation in the workshop, the children learned valuable and important collaborative, communication and team building skills. This training serves as a foundation on which to build their knowledge and experience of enterprise, money management and critical thinking. This fun but informative programme is cross curricular with links to Numeracy, Literacy, SPHE, Art, IT and Drama. I was fascinated by their presentations to 4<sup>th</sup> Class. A whole wealth of knowledge was learned from this experience. Well done 5<sup>th</sup> Class!

*Caroline Senior, Principal*



# *Rathmichael Cabaret*

*Wine and cheese*



**7.30pm**

**Adult only €5.00**

**01 2824794 / 0877446719**

**6<sup>th</sup> / 7<sup>th</sup> November 2015**

## RATHMICHAEL WALKERS



Our next walk will take place on  
**Saturday 28th November**  
meeting at Rathmichael church  
**at 11.00 a.m.**

You are more than welcome to join us.

Queries: Contact Sonia @ 087 679 8876

Or Helen @ 087 234 2689

## GRIP AND SLIP YOUTH GROUPS

We have had a great start to the season. *GRIP* are in to a new discussion and we are already planning a few big events for the year. Last week we started a new Youth group for 5th and 6th class, which has been named *SLIP*. In the first week 14 boys and girls came along and there is talk of more to come! The groups will meet alternately each week – details will be in the Parish Newsletter.

If you would like more information about us - please text or call me at 0876839272 or email at [byfordjonathan@gmail.com](mailto:byfordjonathan@gmail.com).

*Looking forward to seeing you,*

*Jonathan Byford - Youth Leader*

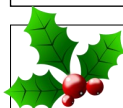
## THE THURSDAY GROUP



We look forward to seeing everyone on  
Thursday 19th November at 10.30 a.m. in The  
Rectory.

Please let me know if you require a lift.

Anne 2824202

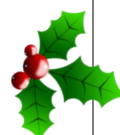


*St. Anne's Parish,  
Shankill*

*Christmas Fair*

*Sunday 29th November*

*The Resource Centre*



## Martello Productions

### Presents

By kind permission of  
The Drama League of Ireland  
An Amateur Production of



## MARTELLO



PRODUCTIONS

Burton Hall  
Rathmichael National School  
Stonebridge Road, Shankill  
Thurs 26<sup>th</sup>, Fri 27<sup>th</sup>, Sat 28<sup>th</sup> November  
2015 at 8pm

Big  
**Maggie**  
By John B.  
Keane

Tickets €12.50, Concessions €8 includes refreshments.  
For Tickets please ring 0862633955

Big Maggie by John B Keane is a compelling vision of the Irish mother as sociopath. Maggie Polpin is a just widowed mother of four living in rural Ireland, now sole owner of the family shop and farm.

She is a complex figure, far from the clichés of Irish femininity which preceded her. This is a hard-bitten, uncompromising woman who puts her personal security above all other concerns. She rejects the place which cultural precedent has laid out for her and chooses to drive all of her children away rather than nurture them like a mother hen.