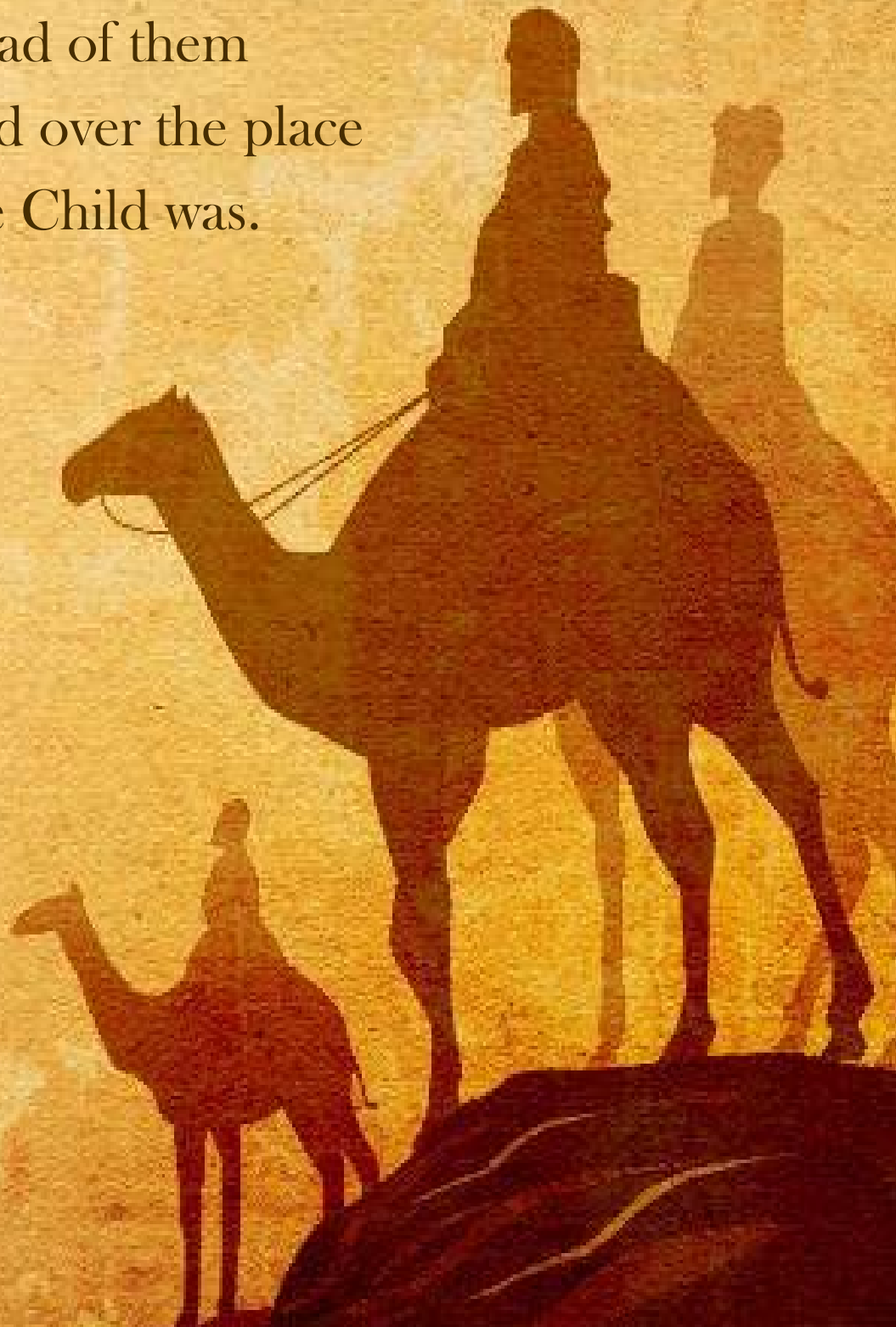


Ennis Parish Link

Issue 40 Christmas 2010

The Star they had seen in the East
went ahead of them
until it stopped over the place
where the Child was.



Christmas Message from Bishop

Dear Sisters and Brothers in the Parish of Ennis,

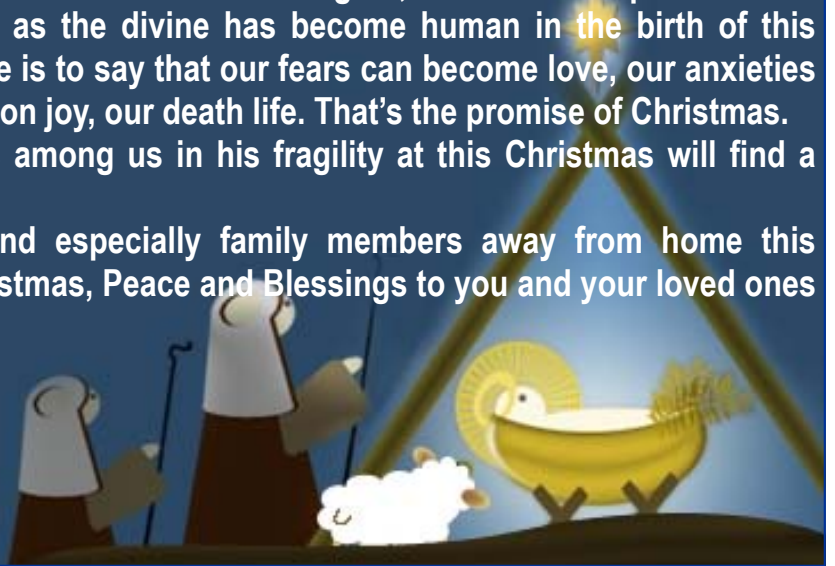
As we prepare to celebrate Christmas I take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to all in the parish and throughout the Diocese who participated in my ordination as Bishop of Killaloe at the end of August. It was a wonderful occasion and I sincerely thank all those who were involved in the preparation and organisation of the ceremony.

For many, this Christmas brings with it a sense of fear and foreboding about the future with a lot of uncertainty about work situations and what the coming year will bring.

Christmas reminds us that our Saviour is one of us, and that's what God becomes when the Baby is born. God takes to himself our fragility in the fragility of the newborn Child; God takes to himself in this birth our fears and anxieties, our hopelessness and our depression; God takes to himself all that is genuinely human, both the light and the darkness. In doing so, he makes the promise that everything human can become divine, just as the divine has become human in the birth of this Child. To say that the human becomes divine is to say that our fears can become love, our anxieties peace, our hopelessness hope, our depression joy, our death life. That's the promise of Christmas. I pray that the new born infant who comes among us in his fragility at this Christmas will find a welcome in our hearts.

Wishing you, your families and friends and especially family members away from home this Christmas, a Very Happy and Joy Filled Christmas, Peace and Blessings to you and your loved ones throughout 2011.

Bishop Nieran
Christmas 2010



What A Change!

We are survivors! Consider the changes we have witnessed: We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, frisbees and the Pill. We were before radar, credit cards, laser beams and ballpoint pens; before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothing and before Man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be? We were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers and computer marriages. We were before day-care centres, group therapy and nursing homes. We had never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yoghurt and guys wearing earrings. For us, timesharing meant togetherness, not computers or condominiums; a 'chip' meant a piece of wood, hardware meant hardware and software wasn't even a word. Partner was someone you played cards with.

In 1950, Made in Japan ' meant. Junk, and the term making out referred to how you did in an exam or interview. Pizzas, McDonalds and instant coffee were unheard of.



In our day, cigarette smoking was, fashionable, grass was mown, coke was a cold drink and pot was a thing you cooked in.

We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but were surely before the 'sex change'. We made do with what we had and were the last generation that was so dumb as to think that you needed a husband to have a baby.

No wonder we are so confused and there is such a generation gap. But we survived. What better reason to celebrate.

"The Porter Boy"

Over the past sixty years, Ennis has seen the disappearance of many old buildings, institutions and regular features of everyday life. One of these everyday features was the "Porter Boy". He was generally a young man cycling around Ennis on a bicycle with a large basket sitting on a frame to the front. James Joyce in *Ulysses* devotes a section describing the messenger boys moving around Dublin on Blooms Day delivering the messages. Ennis had a crop of porter boys working for the many departed old shops of Ennis, Knoxs, Websters, Liptons, Kennedys, O'Deas, Quinn and Collins and The Ennis Cash Co, which is now the only surviving one.

The origin of the word porter comes from an old word generally used to describe stout or Guinness. The porter was in charge of the Guinness barrels of stout. He had to get them up and especially "tap" them to provide the tap for filling the glasses. The late John B. Keane often mentioned the art of tapping the Guinness and could tell which pub in Listowel was tapping a barrel by the rhythm of the tap. In Ennis the messenger boys cycling around Ennis were generally called the "Porter Boys".

Who were they? They were boys who had left school early and took up the position to try and supplement the family income. There are many people still alive in Ennis who started out their working careers as Porter Boys. The 1920s, 30s, 40s and 50s were tough times, poor dole, no employment and limited income coming into homes in

Ennis especially those who lived in the back lanes. We read of back lanes in the book *Angela's Ashes in Limerick*. Ennis also had them and life was very tough for those who lived in them. The ten or fifteen shillings a week earned by these boys meant a great deal to providing food in their homes.

What qualifications were required for this job? One had to be able to ride a bicycle. This may seem strange today but in the 1930s and 40s they were only huge big old bicycles. Children as a whole would not know how to ride them. Some children perfected the technique of putting one leg across under the bar and ride sideways. I remember on one occasion a young boy was so anxious for the job that he said he could ride. I sent him on his first mission and he fell all over the street. I said he could not have the job. He began to cry saying his mother badly needed the money, so I had to teach him how to cycle.

The next most important part was to know the various places around Ennis. So, one day I asked this young man where was St. Patrick's Terrace? He thought for a bit and did not know. I asked where was St. Flannan's Terrace with the same puzzled answer. Finally I asked where was Clon Road? He thought for a bit and asked me was it Saint Clon Road. Needless to say he did not get the job.

He had to be reasonably big and strong. Why you may ask? There was a system of crashing. If one porter boy saw yours going along with a basket full of messages he would charge him and send him

crashing across the street, wrecking the bicycle and injuring the boy. The awful part of this was that you got little satisfaction if you complained to the other shop. One of the sad incidences was where the porter boy would come back crying, purely and simply because his father met him on the way home and took the money from him. To overcome this I used to pay him early and send him home with the money. Needless to say I would have to placate an angry father.

There was a thing that often came up and used to affect me and that was hunger. This was brought home very forcibly to me one day when having lunch with my parents I asked my father, the late Dr. Moylan why the Porter Boy was always asking to go out for a drink of water. My father replied "that's because he is hungry" and the way to get rid of the hunger pangs was to drink water. It shook me because hunger had never occurred to me. My mother came to the rescue, she made the boy come over to our house in Bindon

Street every day at noon and fed him the same lunch she was feeding her family. Years later he was home

from England and told me the only time he saw real meat and a real meal

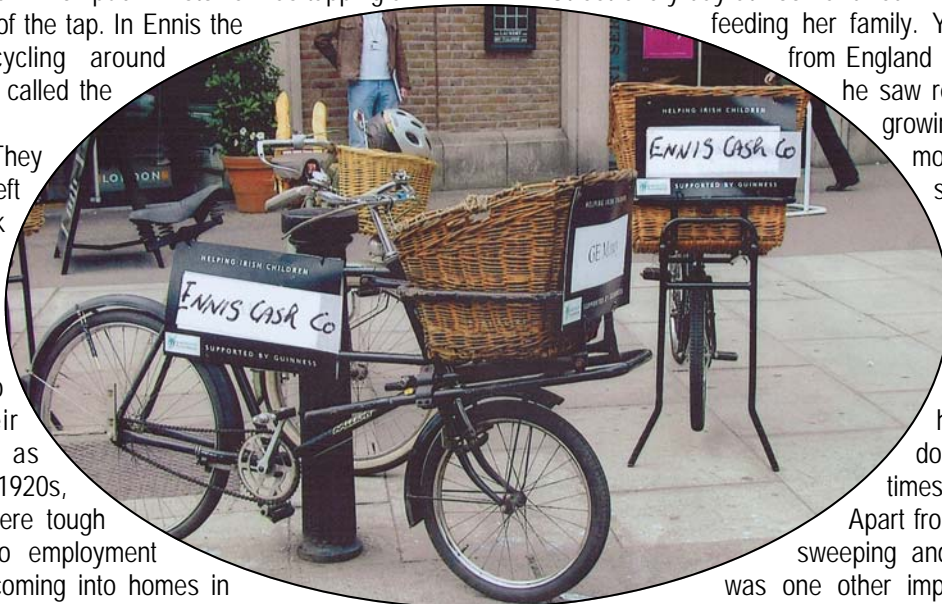
growing up was the time my mother fed him. She also saw to it they had good clothes especially in the cold. On one occasion I saw a boy come to work on a very cold, frosty morning in plimsolls, they were the only shoes he had. Nowadays people do not realise how tough the times were in those days.

Apart from washing floors, dusting, sweeping and general cleaning, there was one other important job — unravelling

twine. During the war years twine for parcelling goods was very scarce. All twine from parcels had to be opened carefully, then rolled into a ball and used again. The one picture that always stuck in my mind were the chilblains on the hands of some of the boys from the cold. How people suffered in the past from this terrible curse in their hands and feet. It was not uncommon to see porters cycling around in striped pants. When messages were delivered a request for old clothes was made. If this was made to a Bank Manager's wife she would often give him a worn striped pants, because in those days Bank Managers had to wear striped suits. It is strange to relate that many Porter Boys were beautiful singers and one in particular was an extraordinary whistler. You could hear him coming a long distance way. Where did they all go? Most went to England and some stayed here and lived out their lives in Ennis. The picture of the Porter Boy with the bicycle and the huge basket in front is now gone. We should spare a thought for them and the important role they played in old Ennis. Also think of the shop assistant in the old grocery shops producing this self balancing pencil from behind his ear, giving a good lick with his tongue and writing the item into a ledger book and then loading them on to the messenger bike.

They were the old days in Ennis and there are many still around who can remember them with fond and sad nostalgia.

Oliver Moylan



Friary Christmas Message 2010

Do you remember when you were six year old

The text in the parish church at Christmas,

'Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men,'

And Christ's lips moving in the stained glass window?

There were no lipreaders present

But I can tell you what he said.

'I come bringing not peace,' he said, 'I come

Bringing not peace but a sword."

Louis MacNeice

Many might argue that the poet Louis MacNeice was a pessimist. However, there are many in our community who are experiencing the harshness of the sword more than the sweetness of Christ's peace. The birth of our Saviour brought both peace and pain. The joy of the infant's birth was shattered by Herod's destruction of innocent life. The delight of a newborn son was soon replaced by the life of a refugee in Egypt.

What will Christmas bring to our homes this year? For those who are struggling I pray that it may bring them some moments of wonder as once again we remember God's awesome generosity in giving us his Son as a tiny infant. For those who are at peace I pray that the message of Christmas generosity will enable them to open their hearts to those who are in need.

On behalf of all the Friars I wish you and your family, both near and far, a blessed and happy Christmas.

Hugh McKenna, OFM., Guardian.

PADDY GLEESON 1904 - 2010 Irelands Oldest Man

Dearest Paddy,

Our wonderful neighbour and endearing life long friend.
Today we celebrate your long and fruitful life of over 106 Years.
"Paddy you have made History."
-The oldest man to live in our country in 2010.
Your life was inspiring, so simple and wise.
You were always so kind, so very jolly and nice.
You spoke no ill of anyone, You made us feel we were
No 1
Your sense of humour was your gift.
Which gave everyone you met a happy lift.
You were proud of your birthplace of O'Callaghans
Mills.
And lived most of your life there on very few pills.
You had no surgery in all that time
and you were self sufficient and walked a straight
line.
You never indulged, moderation was your key.
Enjoyed Nora's Christmas Pudding with a cup of
strong tea. Christmas was a great time of your year.
Enjoyed Christmas cake, did the wren and we had
plenty of cheer.
You filled the house with ivy and holly.
We believed Santa and Paddy ate wobbly jelly.
Your writing was remarkable. Your words of eloquence.
Your heart was open. Your mind was wise.
We loved you to bits. You were everyone's No 1 hit.
As children we adored you. As adults we valued you.
In the 70's-Your mode of transport was a "James" Motor bike
At that time we had never seen the like
Your Faith was profound. You did "Holy Rounds".
Your armour each night before turning off the light,
was reciting the Rosary by the turf firelight.
Prayers for us all whenever you got our call.
In times of trouble: Paddy's words of advice: WELL, WELL, WELL.



You got to do what is best for all concerned, and what is right.
Yes, you are really being put to the Test. "Like gold in a furnace".
Paddy in you long life. You saw plenty of strife.
Wars and Black and Tans and you danced to Ceili Bands.
Volunteers and Battles. Depressions and Recessions.
You rehearsed over the flame of bygone days and games.
Your smile on your face never displayed your great age.
You taught us so much, not take from any book.
You had so much Knowledge, without going to
College.
You were so Confident and Proud, without shouting
aloud.
You have friends galore in dozens by the score.
Your life was simple. You worked in the bog.
Fed the hens and love the old sod.
You loved the animals,
Mary Ann the goat and George the ass.
Was as bold as brass.
Your garden and the white lilies were a sight to
behold.
Surrounded in box hedging in colours of gold.
Your treat each day was bringing water from the Spring
Well.
and dropping in to check the neighbours as well.
Paddy when you went to "Raheen".
It was a relief in your pain.
Your wish to be there, was created in prayer.
You were happy there, you were fed, warm and true
And among everyone you knew.
When asked. Paddy "How are you"
Paddy would say "I'm Fine. Sure. "I'm nice to them
And "They are nice to me".
Now time has moved on. and Dear Paddy has passed on.
To Heaven we pray You to stay. You have earned you way.
May you Rest In Peace. Forever. Amen.

By Rita Lorigan, Neighbour.

War Veteran Remembered

PJ Murphy, The Turnpike was recently presented with a War Veteran Service Medal by the South Korean Ambassador in recognition of his involvement in the Korean War of 1950-53.

PJ joined the British Navy after completing his time in School with the Christian Brothers in Ennis. The Navy was very good to PJ. He qualified as a Cook and Baker, skills that he used in later life when he had completed his time with the Navy.

At the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950 PJ was deployed on a Troop Transport Carrier operating between Singapore and Seoul in Korea.



He served for the full duration of the war, a war which cost the lives of almost two million. On July 27th 1953 a peace agreement was reached. The 38th Parallel became the border separating North and South Korea.

PJ retired from the Navy in 1954. He travelled, America was his home for 10 years. He returned to Ennis in the early 1960's and settled down with his wife Ann to rear their children; Marisa, Siobhan and Sinead.

Sixty years after a war that was to shape relationships between China and the West, Korea is back in the news and the 38th Parallel Zone is once more featured.

We are Called...to Act Justly

Who are the poor in our community who require our particular attention?

We are Called...to Love Tenderly

How do I show that: I love myself? I love my neighbour? I love God?

We are Called...to Walk Humbly

Who are the people whom we most need to serve?

We are Called...to Serve Generously

In our community, who are the people to whom it is difficult to be generous?

We are Called...to Live Peacefully

Where in my life am I lacking in peace? How can we work for peace in our community?

Sing of the Lord's Goodness



On the 21st October last year a group of people responded generously to an ad in the parish newsletter in relation to setting up a new Folk Group in the Cathedral. After a number of practices, the Folk Group went 'live' on the 7th November at the 6.30pm Saturday evening mass.

Ever since it has gone from strength to strength. Initially the group started with just two guitars, now, we have six guitars, two violins, keyboard/piano, flute, and concertina. Now we have about 26 members. The Folk Group is now up and running over a year and we are always looking for new members to join us. We play at the 6.30pm vigil mass on Saturday evenings, and we practice on Wednesday nights @ 8pm in the Cathedral Chapter Room.

If you are interested, even for a look to consider it, you will be most welcome. So come along and join us, and sing of the Lord's goodness.

Christmas Thoughts



"It's sharing your gifts,
not purchasing gifts;
It's not wrapping presents,
it's being present and wrapping your
arms around the ones you love;
It's not getting Christmas cards out
on time,
It's sending any card, anytime,
at the right time;
It's not having the biggest and best
Christmas light display,
It's displaying the Christ light that
comes from your heart;
It's not Santa coming down the
chimney,
It's Jesus coming down from
heaven,
and giving us the gift of eternal life."

Eucharistic Congress 2012



Lord Jesus,
You were sent by the Father
to gather together those who are scattered.
You came among us, doing good and bringing healing,
announcing the Word of salvation
and giving the Bread which lasts forever.
Be our companion on life's pilgrim way.
May your Holy Spirit inflame our hearts,
enliven our hope and open our minds,
so that together with our sisters and brothers in faith
we may recognise you in the Scriptures and in the
breaking of bread.

May your Holy Spirit transform us into one body
and lead us to walk humbly on the earth,
in justice and love,
as witnesses of your resurrection.

In communion with Mary,
whom you gave to us as our Mother at the foot of the
cross, through you
may all praise, honour and blessing be to the Father
in the Holy Spirit and in the Church,
Now and forever.

Amen



Ennis Sculpture Initiative

What are these sculptures about?

Trinity

by Diarmuid O'Twohigh & Marcel Twohigh, Club Bridge, Ennis.

Theme: The concept of my sculpture "Trinity" was to endeavour to portray (from a triangular block) a feeling of unity amongst man, in their quest for tranquillity and harmony in this life. Using each corner section for a human figure, stylized in form and containing a head that involved an interaction of human and animal elements, (expressing the evolution of homo sapiens). I endeavoured to express an overall totality that exists between nature and man. Using a Romanesque arch for penetration of light between each form I endeavoured to express a unity and harmony conducive to the site and local environment.



Sleepy Head - helping hands

by Shane Gilmore, Parnell St. Car Park, Ennis.



Theme: "There was no premeditated concept behind these pieces. They are a more subconscious result of working with my assistant, David McNamara and our collaborated thoughts. They evolved almost accidentally but seem to me to symbolise the laid back and friendly side of Ennis life".

Christmas Message for the Polish Community

W dniu Bożego Narodzenia nasze myśli kierują się do Betlejem – miejsca, gdzie narodził się Chrystus. Dzisiaj wchodząc do groty narodzenia nie spotkamy Świętej Rodziny, Pasterzy i zwierząt, nie doświadczymy tajemnicy tej świętej nocy. Wszystko jest inne – marmurowy ołtarz, wokół ikony i zgłęb tłum pielgrzymów w półmroczny pomieszczeniu. Nic nie przypomina tamtej nocy. Ale kiedy zamkniesz oczy, a otworzysz serce to dotkniesz nieprzemijającej tajemnicy tego jedyne na świecie miejsca i tej jedynej prawdy, że tu w tym miejscu narodził się Jezus nasz Zbawiciel.

Dzisiaj pośród zgłębku tego świata, ferworu zakupów, niepokoju o jutro, zatrważających informacji, trudno jest odnaleźć Jezusa, Maryję i Józefa w ubogiej stajence. Trzeba się zatrzymać i wyciszyć, aby oczami wiary dotknąć tajemnicy narodzin dzieciątka Jezus.

Życzę braciom Irlandczykom i moim rodakom, aby ten święty czas zapalił w waszych sercach płomień nadziei, który napelni was pokojem, bo cóż może się stać człowiekowi złożonemu w ręce Boga, tak jak Jezus czuł się bezpiecznie w dłoniach Maryi.

Wesołych Świąt Bożego Narodzenia!

Fr. Tomasz Daukszewicz

At Christmas time all thoughts turn to Bethlehem – where Christ was born. Today, entering the Christmas Grotto we do not meet the Holy Family, Shepherds and animals, or experience the mystery of this holy night. All is different – marble altar, around the holy icons and pilgrims crowd noise in dusky room. Nothing to recall the holy night. But when you close your eyes and open your heart to touch the timeless mystery of the only place in the world and the only truth that here in this place has been born Christ our Savior.

Today, amid the bustle of this world, shopping fervor, anxiety about the future, alarming information, it is difficult to find Jesus, Mary and Joseph in a poor Christmas crib. You have to be still, so the eyes of faith touch the mystery of the birth of Baby Jesus.

I wish my Irish friends and my fellow-countrymen, that this holy time kindled in your hearts the flame of hope, which fill you with peace and love.

For what may become a man composed in God's hands, as Jesus felt safe in the hands of Mary.

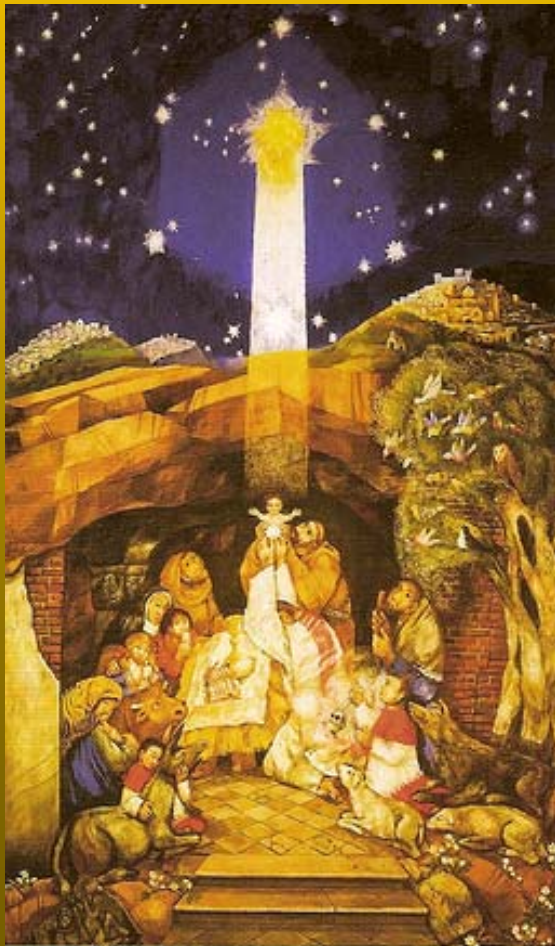
Merry Christmas!

Fr. Tomasz Daukszewicz

Greetings, favoured one! The Lord is with you...

Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favour with God (Luke)

A young unwed girl, a poor backwater town, hardly the scene a filmmaker would choose for the event that would change the world. But this is exactly where God chooses to send the messenger who, after saying hello, tells Mary the one kernel she will cling to in the days ahead, "The Lord is with you". She must remember the Lord is with her through the embarrassment she suffers among the townspeople. The Lord is with her as she breaks the news to Joseph. The Lord is with her during that treacherous journey to her cousin, Elizabeth. The Lord is with her throughout the birth, upbringing, ministry and death of her beloved son.



The name Greccio is etched in every Franciscan heart, for it was about this time in 1223 that Francis of Assisi decided to re-enact the coming of the Christ Child in a most solemn manner. He went around the village inviting people and their animals to come on Christmas Eve to prepare a manger scene. The faithful responded, came in crowds, the forest echoed with their voices, and legend has it that the Christ Child appeared to Francis that night.

Mary is the mother of the promise that is sustained through all time...the Lord is with us. As we kneel before the Christmas Crib let us pray with great faith, sure hope and fervent charity that the babe of the crib of Greccio will be with us to sustain us in all the ups and downs of life this coming year and always.

May the peace and love of God fill your hearts and souls this Christmas and throughout 2011

**You have the gratitude and prayers of the
Poor Clare Community,
Francis Street, Ennis.**

My Ten Commandments

1. Do not worry, for worry is the most unproductive of all human activities.
2. Do not be fearful, for most of the things we fear never come to pass.
3. Do not cross bridges before you get to them, for no one yet has been successful in accomplishing this.
4. Do face each problem as it comes. You can handle only one at a time.
5. Do not take problems to bed with you for they make very poor bedfellows.
6. Do not borrow other peoples problems. They can take better care of them than you can.
7. Do not try to relive yesterday for good or ill - it is gone.
8. Concentrate on what is happening in your life today.
9. Do be a good listener, for only when you listen do you hear ideas different from your own. Its very hard to learn something new when you're talking.
10. Do not become bogged down by frustration, for 90 percent of it is rooted in self-pity and it will only interfere with positive action.



BULLETIN BOARD



Confirmation 2011



11th March Scoil Christ Rí
12th March Holy Family
26th March CBS
8th April Gaelscoil
9th April Ennis National



World Day of Prayer

for the Sick Friday February 11th.
 Mass of Healing and Anointing in St. Joseph's at 11am.

Taizé Pilgrimage 2011

Sun 10th July to Tues 19th July - €550.00 all inclusive. **Contact:** Fr. Jerry Carey @ 086 2508444.

Taizé Prayer on 2nd Thursday of each month at 7.30pm in Poor Clare Chapel.

Lent & Easter

Ash Wednesday 9th March 2011
Easter Sunday 24th April 2011

First Holy Communion 2011



14th May Ennis National
14th May Scoil Christ Rí
14th May Gaelscoil
21st May CBS
28th May Holy Family

Parish Ceremonies for Christmas

Cathedral of SS Peter & Paul

Christmas Eve: 6.30pm – Children's Mass.
Christmas Eve: 9pm - Vigil Mass.
Christmas Eve: Midnight - Polish Community Mass.
Christmas Day: 9am; 10.30am & 12noon.
 10.30am Children's Mass: Ennis National School.
Christmas Day: 3pm - Polish Community Mass.

St. Joseph's Church

Christmas Eve: 6.30pm – Children's Mass.
Christmas Eve: 9pm – Vigil Mass.
Christmas Day: 8am; 10am & 11.30am.

Cloughleigh Church

Christmas Eve: 9pm – Vigil Mass.
Christmas Day: 9.30am; 11am Family Mass.

Friary

Christmas Eve: 10pm - Carols beginning @ 9.30pm.
Christmas Day: 9.30am; 10.30am & 12noon.

Poor Clare Monastery

Christmas Day: 7.45am

No Evening Mass Christmas Day in Ennis

The Sacrament Of Reconciliation

The Cathedral

Confessions: 23rd: 3pm-6pm.
24th: 10.30am-1pm & 2pm-5.30pm.

St. Joseph's

Confessions: 24th: 2pm - 4pm.

The Friary

Confessions: Mon 21st to Fri 24th:
 11am – 1pm; 2pm – 5.30pm;

Penitential Services

Cathedral: Monday 20th December at 7.30pm.
 (No evening Mass)

Friary: Tuesday 21st December 10.30am
 Friday 24th December 10.30am.
 No Confessions after Christmas until January 3rd.

Daily Masses Christmas Week

Cathedral:
 12noon & 7.30pm from Christmas until Mon Jan 3rd.

St. Joseph's:
 11am: from Christmas until Monday January 3rd.

Cloughleigh: 9.30am (weekdays).

Friary: 12noon only from Christmas until January 1st. (No evening Mass).

Poor Clare Monastery: 8.30am (weekdays).

Ecumenical

Carol Service

Sunday 19th December
7pm in Cathedral, with
Combined Parish Choirs.

Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes 2011

Summer:

June 26th to July 1st.

Autumn: Early October.

Contact:

Fr. Tom Ryan at 061-364133.

Act Christmas

"It is easy to think

Christmas,

and it is easy to believe

Christmas,

but it is hard to act

Christmas."

Parish Statistics 2010

Baptisms: 308

Weddings: 45

Confirmations: 241

Deaths: 131



Pray out the
Old Year

Pray in the
New Year

Cathedral
31st December @
11.30pm.

SAMARITANS

People can contact the Samaritans by phoning 1850 60 90 90, email jo@samaritans.org, write to Pat or Mary, Samaritans, Sunville, Kilrush Road, Ennis.