

The Hibernian

For Faith, Family and Country

INSIDE:
Feasting at your
own table

Page 14

The Head of
the Family

Page 22

Immigration:
young & old

Page 36

AND MORE...

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A photograph of a woman with blonde hair, smiling warmly while holding a baby. The baby is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The woman is wearing a light-colored top, and the baby is wearing a white onesie.

**Have more
babies!**

IRISH DEMOGRAPHIC CRISIS CAN BE AVERTED - PG3

Contents at a glance...

Obituary: John Kelly - 5

Faughart
Gerry McGeough - 6 - 8

A Meditation by Cardinal Newman - 9

True unity: through belief in one Faith
Cathal Ó Broin - 10 - 13Feasting at your own table
Alan Robinson - 14 - 16You Too Can Be A Newbee
Cian Ua Ruairc - 17 - 19Ave Maria
Martina Caffrey - 20 & 21The Head of the Family
The Ploughman - 22 - 25Eisimircigh agus Inimircigh
Pádraig Ua Corbaidh - 26 & 27On meeting Mary and learning to pray
Pádraig Caughey - 28 & 29A Curse Upon Our Country...
Ellen O'Donnell - 30 & 31The Story of Michael: The Tallest of All Marines
- 32 - 34

Your Letters - 35

Immigration: Young Peoples, Old Peoples
Read pages 36 - 39

Inside view

At *The Hibernian* we make the effort to insure that our readers are apprised of important developments even before they come into the wider public domain.

In our August edition, for example, we effectively broke the story that Fianna Fáil would begin to organise in the Six-Counties. Six weeks later, the governing party's ruling executive announced that their political organisation had indeed begun the consultation process that will result in Fianna Fáil candidates going forward in elections in the North.

Meanwhile the September issue of *The Hibernian* led with the story that a financial crisis was imminent and that gold prices would begin to soar as a consequence.

Within days, turmoil on international monetary markets led to a run on a major British banking institution the likes of which hasn't been witnessed in decades, with hundreds of people lining outside the bank's Dublin branch in an attempt to withdraw their life savings. By mid-September, gold prices had increased dramatically.

The fact that we highlighted these developments

Gerry McGeough
EDITOR

does not mean that we endorse them. This magazine has never shied from stating clearly its pro-life, Catholic Nationalist politics and our economic stance is on a par with basic Catholic doctrinal teaching on the matter, as often eloquently outlined by the late Father Fahey.

It is however the duty of Catholics to be aware of what's going on in the world around us so that we can be prepared for events and act accordingly. To this end, *The Hibernian* has a responsibility to insure that our readers are as properly informed on developments as possible and we shall do our utmost to continue in this vein.

Once again, *The Hibernian* takes the opportunity to remind readers of the National Rosary Crusade to be held on the Hill of Slane on Saturday, October 13th at 3.00pm. We look forward to seeing as many as possible at this important event. Beannacht Dé libh.

Have more babies!

Those who espouse and promote the Liberal Agenda have been busy in Ireland for decades and their programme is currently at an advanced stage. It must be pointed out, however, that they have not yet succeeded in reaching their goal and, from their perspective, Ireland has proven a hard nut to crack.

It should also be noted that their victory is by no means a foregone conclusion and a spirited counter-attack by Irish Catholic Patriots could easily break the resolve of this insidious enemy, just as we have broken the onslaught of numerous enemies in the past.

So, what exactly are the aims of those who promote the Liberal Agenda and how can we undermine and stop them?

In the first instance we should recognise that Ireland is now a major target in the wider plans of these people who believe that by "breaking" us and separating us from our loyalty to the Catholic Faith and independent Irish Nationhood, that they will have reached a milestone in the construction of a Godless New World Order.

Their primary goal therefore is to bring about a secularised society in Ireland in which religion has no active role in the functions of the State. The current flashpoint in this struggle is education, where a determined assault is being made to remove whatever residual influence the Catholic ethos continues to have in our schools.

This is a two-pronged attack. In the Six-Counties the drive is to integrate schools of all religions into a single non-denominational system on the spurious grounds that this will put an end to sectarianism. In effect, it will put an end to any sense of Irish identity or devout Catholicism among future generations. The falling birthrate, itself part of the

manipulation, is being cited as another urgent reason for integration and the de facto abolition of Faith-based schools.

South of the border, meanwhile, pressure is being applied on the government for the State to intervene and replace the Catholic Church in the running of schools. In this case, the supposed plight



of non-Catholic immigrant children not being able to find readily available places in Catholic schools is being used as the cudgel against our Catholic culture.

The fact that the declining Irish birthrate and ever increasing levels of immigration are being used as weapons in this struggle should come as no surprise. Population control and movement are central to the plans of those who wish to exterminate the Irish Catholic Nation.

Remember, ours is not the first country to fall prey to this agenda and those promoting it have had ample experience elsewhere. Throughout Europe, once vibrant cultures have been reduced to moribund decadence by years of exposure to and acceptance of the Liberal Agenda. Having successively absorbed the contraception, abortion and euthanasia stages of the agenda, they no longer possess the defiant energy of youth or respect for age needed to stand up for themselves. In addition, the tolerance of divorce, pornography and the homosexual lifestyle has undermined the proper sense of family and community, the foundations of any nation.

Enfeebled by all this, these societies no longer have the ability to withstand the ultimate

destruction of multiculturalism, a meaningless oxymoron that in reality signifies the end of an indigenous nation in favour of its replacement by a conglomeration of often mutually antagonistic ethnic ghettos.

So now it's our turn to be destroyed. So far, thank God, we have fought off the abortion pushers, but the equally destructive contraception mentality has taken hold along with divorce and the promotion of the dead-end sodomite "lifestyle". The destructive propaganda of radical lesbian feminism meanwhile is wrecking havoc on the sanctity of motherhood and family life in ways that will negatively affect our society for years to come.

In 1975, Ireland's fertility rate was 3.5 children per woman. Now it is 1.9, below the replacement rate of 2.1. Today, 11% of the population is 65 or over. By 2050, it will be 26%. Those 80 or over will go from 2.6% today to 7.6% in 2050. At the same time, those between 15 and 24 will fall from 15% to 9.7% in 2050. Ultimately, this is unsustainable.

Yet there is still hope and now is the time to rally. During a recent visit to Ireland, US pro-life activist Joseph D'Agostino noted that in terms of cultural decadence Ireland is still about twenty years behind



the times, which is a very good thing. This means that despite the influx of foreigners, many of them heretics, pagans and hardened atheists, Ireland remains, relatively speaking, home to a cohesive population with a shared culture, history and religious background. This we must maintain and the only way to guarantee this is to insure that we do not become an ethnic minority in our own country, as some "progressives" have said will be the case when, according to them, the Chinese will be the largest ethnic group on the island of Ireland by 2050. History teaches, incidentally, that when an indigenous population becomes a minority in its own country, that population is subjected to the worst forms of discrimination and persecution.

What Ireland needs now, is a dramatic increase in the native Catholic

birthrate. Irish women urgently need to reject the sterile nonsense of socially destructive radical feminism, which demands that women act as men. Women need to create and nurture the next generation and do so in a Catholic environment. If we as a Nation fail to grasp this window of opportunity then the future for the Irish will be dire indeed. Do we really want to sell the soul of Ireland for a few pieces of short-term economic silver?

A falling birthrate, increasing levels of suicide, divorce, drug and alcohol abuse: the true fruits of the Liberal Agenda. This is not for Ireland. Let all sincere Patriots return to our Catholic Faith with gusto, let us place our trust in Our Lady and the power of the Rosary and take back our country for, and with, future generations.

John Kelly

More than a thousand mourners attended the funeral of politician and patriot John Kelly who was buried at the Glen church cemetery near Maghera in Co Derry on September 8th.

A devout Catholic and Irish Patriot John played a central role in some of the most significant events in Irish history over recent decades.

Born in Belfast into a hard-working Catholic family with strong nationalist leanings, John was only a child when he witnessed the large crowds gathered outside Crumlin Road Jail praying the Rosary on the morning that the young IRA Volunteer Tom Williams was hanged there by the British crown forces in 1942.

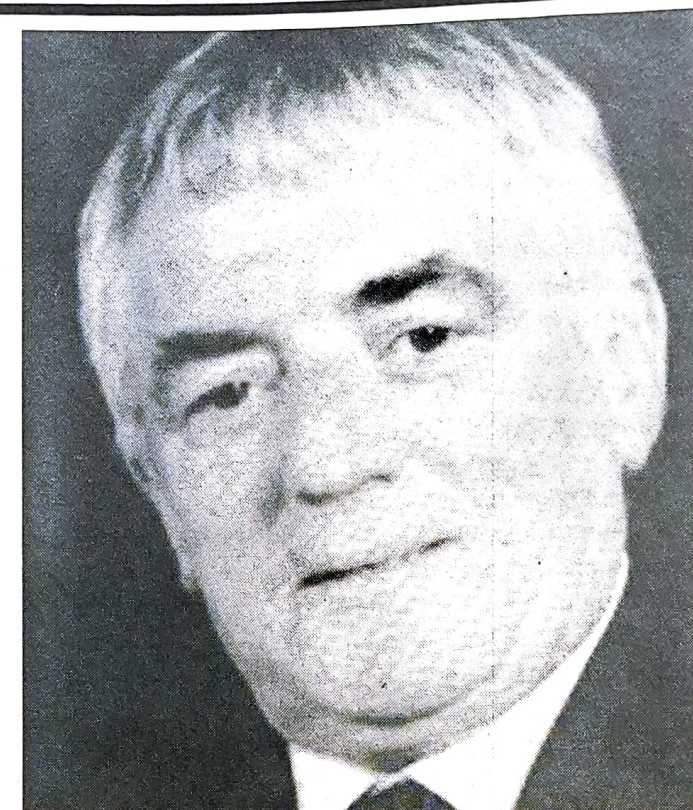
He himself saw active service during the IRA's 1950s campaign and was imprisoned by the British for seven years.

Following the eruption of the "Troubles" in the North in 1969, John became one of the founding members of the Provisional IRA, which broke from the

"Official" organisation when the latter went entirely Marxist and proved useless in defending Catholic communities from attack by the Stormont regime's Protestant "police" force, the RUC, acting in conjunction with blood-thirsty mobs of British loyalists.

He shot to international fame in 1970 during the so-called Arms Trial in Dublin when he found himself in the dock for allegedly having been part of a conspiracy, involving members of the then Fianna Fáil Irish government and a member of the Irish Army Intelligence Corps. It was alleged that the group had attempted to procure arms on the European Continent for the defence of Catholic communities in the Six-Counties.

During the trial, John made an impassioned speech from the dock, which drew applause and a standing ovation not only from the gallery but from at least one member of the jury as well. All the defendants were acquitted and one, Charles Haughey, went on to become Taoiseach.



Following the Northern ceasefires, John was elected as a Sinn Féin councillor for the Magherafelt District Council in Co Derry, his wife's home area. He was later elected as a Member of the Legislative Assembly (MLA) for Mid-Ulster.

In 2004, John joined a growing number of sincere Irish Republicans who left Sinn Féin in protest at the undemocratic, totalitarian nature of the party's leadership.

Despite a long battle with cancer, John remained

always upbeat and cheerful and never complained about his suffering. In 2005, while on vacation in Donegal, he braved flames and smoke with typical courage to rescue a person from a burning building.

John's passing in September at the age of 71 was greatly mourned by his family and wide circle of friends throughout Ireland, the United States and beyond. He is survived by his wife Phil, daughter Bronagh and grandchildren.

Faughart

Gerry McGeough

During the recent construction of a section of the M1 motorway between Dundalk and Newry, a large number of human skeletons were unearthed around the Louth / Armagh border in the vicinity of Ravensdale.

Archaeologists believe that the remains may have been those of combatants who fought in the Battle of Faughart in 1318. Having lain undisturbed for centuries, their discovery revived interest in one of the most intriguing episodes in Irish history - The Bruce Wars.

Many people will have heard of the Scottish King Robert the Bruce and movie-goers will undoubtedly recall his role in the film *Braveheart* - a Hollywood version of history that cut more factual corners than any motorway. It may, however, be less well known that his brother, Edward, was the last King of Ireland and that Faughart brought his reign to an abrupt end.

The Bruce Wars in Ireland need to be put into their

proper context. In many respects the campaign was a logical extension of the Scottish Wars of Independence and Robert the Bruce's need to secure his new-found kingdom and freedom by keeping the English at bay and undermining their plans for the reconquest of Scotland.

As a brilliant military strategist he sought to build-up a pan-Celtic alliance of sorts in order to bring the war to the English on as many fronts as possible. Given his stunning victory over the English at Bannockburn in 1314 his stock was high and, inspired by his successes, the Irish and Welsh began to stir in earnest against the old foe.

For generations, the Gaelic Irish had suffered under the burden of the Anglo-Irish colony that had been imposed upon the country following the Norman invasion of 1169. Despite overwhelming military might, the English had never been able to conquer and suppress all of Ireland, while the Irish, despite strong resistance from the outset, could never muster sufficient force or unity to oust the



Robert the Bruce

foreigners. By 1300, a form of stand-off had developed, with the English, through their Anglo-Irish colony, in control of much of modern Leinster and Munster with a significant presence in Connacht and the Earldom of Ulster east of

the Bann corresponding with the modern counties of Antrim and Down.

Elsewhere, the Gaelic Irish held sway, though their control was often tenacious at best and they bore great resentment towards the colonists who treated them in an often brutal and racist manner. To complicate matters further, there was an on-going melding of sorts between the Irish and the colonists, particularly west of the Shannon, which left no-one quite sure where allegiances lay at any given time.

During the Scottish Wars from the mid-1290s onwards, England's ruthless Edward I, or Longshanks as he came to be known, also gained a brutal reputation as the "Hammer of the Scots". In crushing the rebellious Scots, he relied heavily on his Irish colony to provide him with finances, men and supplies. Anything that could neutralise this source of assistance for the English would be welcomed by the Scots, an observation not lost on Robert Bruce during the dark days for himself and his country.

Although Bruce was dealing with a less capable adversary in the form of Longshank's son and heir Edward II, he still could not consolidate his position while the latter refused to recognise the new political and military

realities. The move on Ireland, it was hoped, would press the point home. Preliminary diplomatic overtures to Irish Chiefs made much of the common Gaelic ancestry of the two countries and the common English enemy they shared.

Domhnal Ó Néil of Tír Eoghain, who styled himself "King of the Irish in Ireland", along with around twelve vassal chiefs responded to Bruce's overtures and offered the High-Kingship of Ireland to his brother Edward.

One of Ó Néil's greatest adversaries among the Anglo-Irish was Richard de Burgh, the Earl of Ulster also known as the Red Earl. Ironically, de Burgh was also Robert the Bruce's father-in-law.

In May 1315, Edward Bruce landed near Carrickfergus in modern Co Antrim. He had a fleet of 300 ships and some 6,000 men; the Bruce invasion was now for real. He quickly despatched with those of de Burgh's levies sent to fight him and, joined by his Irish allies, went on to meet a more substantial enemy force in the field.

Contrary to earlier belief, historians now accept that Bruce was crowned King of Ireland shortly after his arrival in 1315.

The new King made his way south towards Dundalk,

easily winning a series of skirmishes along the way. He proceeded to destroy the Anglo-Irish stronghold of Dundalk. Two large Anglo-Irish armies gathered to confront him near Ardee in modern Co Louth. Bruce and Ó Néil made a tactical retreat north to Coleraine, while pursued by their enemies. Skilfully, they managed to create political divisions among their foes and the Bruce alliance was able to win a victory over de Burgh at the Battle of Connor in September 1315.

As Edward II was being pressed to send reinforcements to the beleaguered colony, Bruce again marched south and won another victory at Kells in Meath. He went on to sack Granard in Longford, Finnea and Abbeylea. Within a year, Bruce was in control of much of Ireland and the English garrison, holed up in

Dublin and other outposts, was in a woeful state.

Unfortunately, Edward did not take Dublin, possibly because due to the mind-set of the time it was not considered crucial to the conquest of Ireland.

He withdrew north and held court in his capacity as King of Ireland. By September, 1316, Carrickfergus, the last English outpost in Ulster, surrendered and Edward made a trip to Scotland, returning in January, 1317 with his brother Robert.

The brothers marched south to Ratoath in Meath where they engaged and defeated the Red Earl de Burgh, who fled to a by now hysterical Dublin whereupon the citizenry imprisoned him; an unprecedented act against an aristocrat that sent shock waves throughout the entire English Feudal system.

"...The move on Ireland, it was hoped, would press the point home. Preliminary diplomatic overtures to Irish Chiefs made much of the common Gaelic ancestry of the two countries and the common English enemy they shared."

Again, the Bruces bypassed Dublin and traversed the country like the ancient High Kings travelling as far as Limerick. The arrival at Youghal in Cork of Roger Mortimer, Edward II's new justiciar, with a force from England in April posed no concern for the victorious Bruces who circuted back to Ulster from whence Robert returned to Scotland.

The contents of a remarkable document of the period shows something of the grievances the Irish suffered under English rule. This "Remonstrance" was sent by Domhnal Ó Néil to the new Pope, John XXII, and outlines their reasons for the war of survival as they perceived it. The sophisticated diplomacy of the document displays an element of international statesmanship on the part of Ó Néil.

Following a lull in military hostilities, Edward Bruce once again stirred from his Ulster base in the summer of 1318. At the time, Western Europe was in the grip of a severe famine and the lot of the Irish people was particularly dire. The war was taking a major toll on the country in general and the movements of large armies made things even worse giving rise to what would now be termed as acute war-weariness.

Against the advice of his Irish allies, and without reinforcements and supplies from Scotland,



Edward engaged a huge English force of some 20,000 at Faughart near Dundalk on October 14th, 1318. The Scots were slaughtered and Bruce, along with Alexander Mac Domhnaill (King of Argyll) and Alexander Mac Ruari (King of the Isles) fell in the battle. King Edward's body was beheaded and quartered- his head sent to Edward II in England and the parts distributed around Ireland.

Despite this victory, the Anglo-Irish colony, or

Middle Nation, so-called because they were neither properly Irish or English, went into a period of lengthy decline, ending up confined to the porous Pale area around Dublin.

The ultimate beneficiaries of the Bruce Wars were the Ó Néil's. Following the collapse of de Burgh's Earldom of Ulster, a branch of the dynasty pushed eastwards from Tír Eoghain into the Red Earl's former lands. This branch was the Clann Aoidh Buidhe and their

influence still lingers in the placename Clondeboy.

Irish history is of course rich with irony. The Bruces effectively help establish the Ó Néil's in Ulster for the next three centuries. As fate would have it, it was a Stuart descendant of Robert the Bruce, England's James I, who oversaw the end of the Ó Néil hegemony and began the notorious Plantation of Ulster, an episode whose legacy remains with us to this very day.

A Meditation by Cardinal Newman

God has created me to do Him some definite service; He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another. I have my mission - I may never know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next.

I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection between persons. He has not created me for naught. I shall do good, I shall do His work. I shall be an angel of peace, a preacher of truth in my own place while not intending it - if I do but keep His Commandments.

Therefore I will trust Him. Whatever, wherever I am, I can never be thrown away. If I am in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him; if I am in sorrow, my sorrow may serve Him. He does nothing in vain. He knows what He is about. He may take away friends, He may throw me among strangers. He may make me feel desolate, make my spirits sink, hide my future from me - still He knows what He is about.

*May the Lord bless you
and keep you.*

*May the Lord make His Face
shine upon you and be
gracious to you.*

*May the Lord uncover His
Face to you and give you
peace*

Numbers 6: 22-27



John Henry Cardinal Newman

Catechism Class: Knowing the Faith...

From the Revised Edition of the BALTIMORE CATECHISM No. 2 Confraternity of Christian Doctrine 1941
The chief corporal and spiritual works of mercy:

Which are the chief corporal works of mercy?

The chief corporal works of mercy are seven:

1. To feed the hungry,
2. To give drink to the thirsty.
3. To clothe the naked.
4. To visit the imprisoned.
5. To shelter the homeless.
6. To visit the sick.
7. To bury the dead.

Which are the chief spiritual works of mercy?

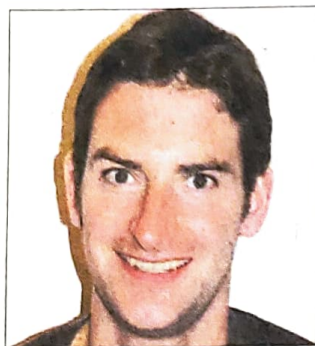
The chief spiritual works of mercy are seven:

1. To admonish the sinner.
2. To instruct the ignorant.
3. To counsel the doubtful.
4. To comfort the sorrowful.
5. To bear wrongs patiently.
6. To forgive all injuries.
7. To pray for the living and the dead.

Is everyone obliged to perform the works of mercy?

Everyone is obliged to perform the works of mercy, according to his own ability and the need of his neighbor. For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to me. (Matthew 25:35-36)

True unity: through belief in one Faith



Cathal Ó Broin

"Let's all be positive. Let's not argue, but focus on what we agree on."

The above statement may seem to be a very wise way to deal with the problems of the world. At first glance you might think that it was "harmless", "prudent" or even "wonderful". "But", I ask, running the dreaded risk of being considered negative, "could there be a grave error in this way of thinking"?

Well, first of all, it is a vague statement. It does not tell us what is at stake. There are many times when the above is indeed valid. But, supposing somebody wants to steal your wife. In that instance, would you say to the potential thief that we should "all be positive, not argue and focus on what we agree on"?



Of course you wouldn't, or at least you shouldn't! It is ridiculous. Any husband worth his salt would rightly confront and confound the villain if at all possible. The reason is that there is an issue of justice at stake in that scenario – there is something really important that simply cannot be overlooked.

Now what if we take this opening statement as a

philosophy when dealing with God? Many people think that there is no danger in it at all – that it is a positive thing to ignore our differences when dealing with religion. It is often said in this modern age that we should strive so that all religions can live side by side in some sort of cosy co-existence. But is this really possible, and what are the ultimate consequences of such an

endeavour? The idea of religious liberty seems to come from a well-meaning desire to avoid quarrels and wars, but the fundamental factor that drives this concept is a certain agnosticism or carelessness when it comes to God. The Catholic Church has condemned this way of thinking on many occasions in the past. She calls it "indifferentism", and when we examine this fur-

ther we can see that it is very dangerous to our Faith. Just as you will lose your wife by such an attitude, you will also lose your religion.

The sneaky trick of this philosophy is that it is a wolf in sheep's clothing – it pretends to be about creating harmony between peoples, but what it does in reality is that it ignores God and treats Him as if He were an unimportant afterthought. The primary goal becomes "harmony and peace" not the "honour and glory of God."

True religion brings harmony and peace – as a consequence. We simply cannot seek these fruits without the tree – no true good can come at the expense of God's honour. The order is very simple, God first, then man – but to follow this we need to know the true God, and so, we need to follow the true religion. The disorder in the popular notion of "the Rights of Man" is the inverse of this – it is an atheistic religion where man replaces God, and the false belief is that people can just be forced to be good with no real impetus. This will ultimately fail, since the only way that men will ever treat each other as they should is by living as God truly wants man to live.

If we hold that "one religion is as good as another", then why do we have any religion? It is often said that "people should

be allowed to worship God in their own way", and this might seem very reasonable – but beware, for this is another wolf ready to devour our hearts and souls! What this is saying is that "God doesn't mind", that "it doesn't matter what you do". If you say that all religions are "true", and then continue the logic, you will eventually have to conclude that no religion is completely true, since all religions contradict each other. In reality there is only one true Faith, and it

tion of bishops and priests have effectively lost their faith, and many more are afraid to speak out in the silence.

There is a profound crisis in the Church which is rooted in the error of indifference and modernism – there is an attitude that is actually anti-religious, that says that we don't need specific rules, or laws or beliefs. That's why in many places you can go to Mass, every week for years, and never hear a really clear sermon about

"True religion brings harmony and peace – as a consequence. We simply cannot seek these fruits without the tree – no true good can come at the expense of God's honour."

is possible to reasonably come to this conclusion if we prayerfully follow the trail of evidence. If you seek, you will find that the Catholic Faith is authentic and that every religion but it eventually leads a society to barbarism.

Now, I wonder if any religion has been more misrepresented than the Catholic Faith is today. This is not happening by accident – it is happening because a very large por-

sin, chastity, Hell, redemption, sanctifying grace, or anything that would really challenge you to change your life in a fundamental way.

You might ask how such an attitude can survive. The answer is that it lives on the triumph of feelings over reason. Of course, this leads to the death of Faith, and we can see this happening all throughout the Christian world. Mass attendances everywhere

are way down, and they will go all the way to zero unless things change. The 8th of September 2007 saw the hundredth anniversary of the publication of the great encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis* by Pope St Pius X. In it the Pope deals with the error of Modernism – the idea that truth in some way changes over time. He saw the storms ahead by the tendencies of his age. He talks about "Vital Immanence" which is basically feeling-centred religion. An example of this in modern thought might be, "God comes to me in my own way. He guides me by the spirit and I know that such and such is right, because I feel it."

In reality we should be guided by the truth. Our feelings are fickle, and are many times subject to the distortions of temptations. Often I may not feel like being kind to my brother, but by truth I know that I ought to be kind to him always. But why should I? The world would say "because of his human dignity", but by Faith, remembering the words of Christ, I know that I must "love my neighbour as myself, for love of God". This is doctrine, this is truth. Truth is a rock. Feelings are like sand. We were made for Heaven, not for earth. When seeking the eternal we must build our house on something that we know will stand the test of time.

The whole notion of dogma or doctrine is seen nowadays as something cold, hard and intolerant. We live in a television age that is intoxicated by a constant stream of silly entertainment. Why would we want to sober up to the bare formalities of the Ten Commandments, or the likes, when we can continue to snuggle cosily, listening in comfort to another interesting story about nothing in particular? Fun and laughter, it seems, is all that is wanted. The only thing we are told to do is "not to be too serious".

Some people will tell you that religion is a cultural thing, that everybody has a different way of dealing with God and that all ways are valid. This position is easy to empathise with at first, since nobody likes someone telling them or others that their fundamental beliefs are untrue. It just doesn't seem "nice" at all. The mystery to many is encapsulated in the question, "why would God allow children to be born into these various religions if they were false and/or an offence to Him?"

The truth is that some children are born into extreme poverty. Does this mean that God wants them to starve to death? Of course not. God wants those who have enough in material terms to share with those who are in need. In the same way, God wants those who have

the Gospel to share this truth with those who have not yet received it.

Many Church leaders since the Second Vatican Council have put a lot of effort into what they would term "ecumenism". It used to be unthinkable for a Catholic to even enter into a Protestant church. It was "an occasion of sin", we were told. Then, gradually things began to change.

Ireland was slow enough in this regard, but by the time of the awful bombing in

tance of true visible communion, of unity in one faith. It also casts doubt on the teaching that the Sacraments are essential. The Anglicans split from the Church because King Henry VIII wanted to commit adultery. He asked the Church for a divorce and was refused, and so, to reconcile his conscience he pulled the majority of the Church in England into schism. The Anglicans initially looked just like Catholics, but they were out of communion. They took the King as their pope. They then

Orthodox church do today. They could not pass it on, however, because their rites of ordination to the priesthood and consecration of bishops were defective. Their intentions were erroneous since they lost belief in the sacrificial nature of the priesthood and the True Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. When a true bishop lays his hands on a man during a valid ordination a miracle occurs and the man becomes a priest, with a priestly character impressed on his soul for all eternity. That man has then certain powers which are not given to most men. Chief among them is the power to forgive sins in Confession and the power to call God down on the altar during the sacrifice of the Mass, to turn bread and wine into the Blessed Sacrament.

The power and nature of the priesthood is not a matter of indifference, and the fundamental beliefs of the Catholic Faith are not optional. The priest and the bishop have *actual* powers. The Blessed Sacrament is *really and substantially* the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Christ Himself. If this is not true, if it is only symbolic, then the whole thing it is actually absurd - an horrific pantomime, a dreadful deceit.

Priests and bishops, even popes have acted in the most unfortunate ways since Vatican II, causing grave scandal and creat-

"...When a true bishop lays his hands on a man during a valid ordination a miracle occurs and the man becomes a priest, with a priestly character impressed on his soul for all eternity. That man has then certain powers which are not given to most men."

Omagh, for example, bishops of the Catholic Church had organised with Protestant leaders and various "inter-faith prayer meetings" were held for peace. Many people were enthusiastic about such novelties, and there was a general feeling that it was good that people were eventually "coming together".

One major problem with this type of activity is that it disregards the impor-

changed things gradually, and they soon altered their rite of ordination to the priesthood. Pope Leo XIII, in the Bull *Apostolicae Curae* of 13th September 1896, solemnly declared that ordinations carried out with the Anglican Ordinal are "absolutely null and utterly void."

Anglican bishops would have had the power of apostolic succession at first, just like the

ing serious confusion. The impression given is that there is no serious difference between religions, especially the "Christian" ones. The Papacy is thus disrespected - it is like a father saying "it doesn't really matter, son, if you obey me or not". It is actually not the place of any father to say this to his son. A boy must honour his parents because it is his duty to God. If a father treats a son's dishonour towards him with carelessness he is neglecting his duty. He cannot simply act as though everything were fine.

The spirit of indifference which has moved Church leaders to try to placate Protestants since Vatican II has left the Church wounded and weak. Some people thought that if the Church softened its hard edges, and took on board some Protestant ideas, then "Christian Unity" would somehow be possible.

Christ said that He "did not come to bring peace, but a sword". Absolute unity of all peoples is not likely while men have free will. The only unity we can have is a unity of those who accept the universal (Catholic) creed, a unity of those who are joined through the Sacraments and the sameness, or oneness of faith. The chief goal of authentic religion should be the satisfaction of God. Many leaders in the Church since Vatican II have been too busy trying



to please the world, and have forgotten their first duty - that of pleasing God. This error comes from a worldly attitude and a lack of real trust in Our Creator. God can do all things, at any time. The very best we can do is to be humble and to be holy. The way to sanctify others is to first sanctify ourselves. We do this simply through the Sacraments and through prayer - fulfilling our duties of state and amending our lives. We cannot do this by compromising our beliefs or by accepting what we know by faith to be clearly false.

Of course, it is not that we should in any way disrespect those who are impoverished of the True Faith of Christ. We cannot "force" it upon them - that won't

work. God is in charge, not us. We shouldn't fawn over them either - slyly currying favour with them in order to somehow win them over.

We live in a sea of junk advertising. Everybody's minds are clogged up with silly slogans and meaningless logos. It seems that most people want to sell something to somebody. Even when we think that we are perfectly happy, we are being told that there is some product or service that we are really missing. This brings about an unhealthy attitude, as we constantly chase fleeting and unimportant novelties. The Catholic Faith doesn't need clever gimmicks or catchy advertising. The Faith is not sold, it simply grows and spreads by faith in action.

The nature of truth is that it is coherent - all parts of an argument should fit together. That is why, if we really have the True Faith, we cannot pick and choose the parts of it that we wish to believe and follow, otherwise we destroy its unity, and it ceases to make sense. If we seek the unity of people by compromising with doctrine we destroy the unity of our Faith, and so, we lose it. The antidote to this is an untiring loyalty to the Faith in its entirety. By seeking the depth in what may sometimes seem dry dogma we will find a unity of peoples that is built on upon a rock. From this we will see the true oneness and peace that comes by a unity of hearts, souls and minds with God Himself.

Feasting at your own table:

October thoughts for living the feasts in the home



Alan Robinson

First, I had better get rid of some false impressions; despite the title this is definitely not a cookery column.

I wish that it could be, but eggs on toast and toasted cheese aren't found in many books about Catholic Seasonal Cookery and so I give that up as an idea.

A good seasoned Jesuit Fr Hugh Thwaites S.J. wrote a little pamphlet a few years ago: *Our Glorious Faith and How To Lose It*. It wasn't another self-help book or a Jesuit guide to faith destruction, but it gave many reasons as to why people lose their Catholic Faith. With a title like that it should have



sold well. I would say that one of the ways to make children lose their faith is because some (not many) good Catholic parents make it so boring, piety so long winded and with little connection to real life. In fact, money, success at school, cars, television all seem more real, because they are visible and tangible. This is the real world. Well, we know that we are dealing with "all things visible and invisible". This means that the visible things are really impor-

tant, gifts from God to be used in a way that brings us to him. Many Catholics have a fear of the visible and the physical and find them awkward. They are very happy with Devotional Chaplets of the Divine Blood, but they find the use of "Cigarettes and Whisky and Wild, Wild Women" [the title of a popular 1950s song and not my phobias] a big problem. This isn't new. Dr Johnson told his friends that he found it easy to be sober, easy to

be drunk, difficult, nay impossible to be enjoying the liquor in moderation. We then come to Puritanism. Some people think that they are being truly Catholic, when they're only being puritanical or even just respectable. A good priest said that the sign of a puritan was fear and hatred of seeing people enjoying themselves.

We have got to show our children, friends and family that we can really

"Enjoy" our religion and that it is to do with the real world, in fact, it is the real world. We have to shun the devotions and prayers that somehow are a little bit unreal and take the ones that help us and are connected to our real life. A prayer for good weather before the match as indeed is Grace before and after the meal, (God Bless the Cook!), is more real to child than meditations or even worse, Considerations of the Sacred Wounds of Our Lord. Maybe consideration of the "tired Christ", Christ the Workman (a beautiful and ignored devotion encouraged by Pope Benedict XV in 1917 - not 1971, in case I be accused of leftwingery - and again in 1923 by Pope Pius XI, and commended by Fr Denis Fahey C.S.Sp) or Our Lady In the Kitchen of Nazareth. All these may help to show that our faith has a reality and a connection with everyday life. Religion mustn't be remote and far away from the home-life and the family. It seems as if some people like to excite the taste for the more remote and exotic. It is frequent that we see statues of the Holy Child Of Prague or St Martin de Porres but not very often Our Lady Of Knock, St Brigid or St Joseph the worker; Lily bearer yes, saw and nails no.

One way that we can live our faith in a real way is to take up the liturgical cal-

endar and put away the secular. "Happy New Year!" said the priest on 30th November to an astonished congregation, "I meant it, Happy New Year!" It was, of course, Advent Sunday - and I am not making it up - and he explained that it was real/Catholic new year. This is a simple way in which we can radically alter our all too naturalistic thinking and realise that there is a real Catholic year.

"...In short, are we making it easier for the family to pray together or are we doing everything that will make our children hate it all in years to come?"

October in the month of the Holy Rosary and we can make it a time of thinking about how we pray the Rosary in our families. Maybe we need a bit of thinking and rejigging of our timetables to make it easier to pray the Rosary together. The Rosary is the Great Weapon and we need to sharpen our arrows and swords if they are going to get us anywhere. Are we really praying it as best as we can? Can we help our children and ourselves by doing something, using

books, pictures cards, lighting candles in front of our lady's image. Many fights can take place as to who's going to light them tonight and that shows how important it is. The Rosary is a hard prayer and maybe we need to think again about whether all the children need to be there for all the decades. This can, surely, be decided on age. Is kneeling going to make it easier to contemplate the mysteries, after a hard day's

work? Will I be threatened with burning at the stake, if I say, try sitting for the Rosary? The Holy Mother Church, as far as I know, doesn't lay down rules for posture when praying the Rosary. Do we make it too long by adding too many "trimmings"? In short, are we making it easier for the family to pray together or are we doing everything that will make our children hate it all in years to come?

October has some great feasts. And we can all have

our favourites, S. Therese of Lisieux, St Raphael the archangel, Holy Guardian Angels. How can we make these feast live? We can use the Collects from the daily Missal, perhaps changing some of the more difficult vocabulary. We can find a picture of the saint, there are plenty to be found with a bit of Googling on the internet images. If it is the Name Feast of one of the family it is vital to have a special treat; the name person might choose a favourite meal or cake. In fact in some places, especially for girls, they decorate the place at the table.

Then at the end of October comes the Eve of All Saints (Hallows) when the church has traditionally asked us to abstain from meat and do with a bit less at the table. I don't believe that there's anything about Trick or Treat.

I would say, however, that the good and healthy folk customs associated with Hallow E'en, if they can be truly Christianised, are good. I would be all for the simple joy and teaching that they contain. This is far cry from Happy Hallow e'en and the gruesome masks. In fact, anything that can impress the joys of the Catholic faith on our children is to be applauded. At least they are a relief from the sheer boredom of learning the Baltimore / Green Catechism by heart. That catechetical rote learning

seems to have done little for the generations of the 1940s and 1950s. Let's flee from the Maynooth-Jansenism of the past, the religious equivalent of Dickens's ghastly schoolmaster Mr Gradgrind. Maybe we can debate the success of the learning of the "old catechism" in defending this country from the new heresies of the Vatican II era.

Hallow E'en is a day of serious preparation and solemnity. The Mass is said in purple vestments and there is no Gloria. We are to work up an appetite, liturgically and then gastronomically, for the great feast of All Saints on November 1st. The saints are glorious in heaven and as the liturgy of the Church sings at Second Vespers of the Feast (on the day itself) and throughout the Octave: "O How glorious is the kingdom wherein all the saints rejoice with Christ! Clothed in white robes, these follow the Lamb whithersoever He shall go". This antiphon on the Magnificat is well worth going over. However, this is



our feast. A friend of mine was once a student in an old style Convent school. One of the more humane Nuns asked her if she longed to be a saint. My old friend, being a good old-style Catholic and knowing that such things were well beyond her smartly said

"No thanks". The sad thing was that she had mistaken the caricatures that pass as saints in the black covered books, for the real thing. For in heaven, one day, we hope that we will all be saints, purified of our failings, faults and sins. All Saints' day shows

us that Sainthood is up for grabs and that with our good will, determination and the Grace of our Heavenly Father it is within reach. We have to make our families holy, as did the Martins of Lisieux and they did quite well. Our homes need to be our little Monasteries and they need to sound with joyful praise and laughter, not with the groans of grim determination. I am glad to see that IHS Press is to reprint John Senior's *Restoration Of Christian Culture*. We all could do with a bit of that. We may have a lot of Christian knowledge, but it's the culture battle that will count.

"Our homes need to be our little Monasteries and they need to sound with joyful praise and laughter, not with the groans of grim determination..."

You Too Can Be A Newbee

I am told by my teenage daughters that I am a New-bee or a nu-be, the problem is that I don't know how exactly this is spelt and so maybe it's New-by.

Not knowing the correct orthography does make it hard. It means really that I am a new kid on the block, this particular block, being the fullness of Catholic Tradition. Why couldn't I just be quiet, say nothing and be ordinary instead, here I am rushing into print in *The Hibernian*: the paper people love and some love to hate. I suppose that it is better than my state last year which was being a winnable traditional Catholic; now that I have

Cian Ua Ruairc

a few things settled I can become a moaner, fanatic, hard liner, fascist, rebel, disobedient and many other descriptors beloved by the *Irish Times* and fulfilled by so many dear traditional Catholics.

Where did all this stuff come from? I have to admit that I have been thoroughly re-cycled after many years of liberal neo-modernist training. I was a member of my Parish Council, I was thrilled when the Parish priest asked me to be a Eucharistic minister, I went to many apparitionist sites where exciting visionaries told me how fortunate I was to be one

of the "chosen few". I received the Holy Communion in the hand and I wore anything I liked to Mass. I can even remember how much I enjoyed my first Big Mac in Dublin, on a Friday. I knew, because the Priest told me, that you weren't allowed to eat Fish On Friday any more; that had been made illegal by Pope Paul VI during the Second Vatican Council, or as we

all called it then: "The" Council. I was told and believed that everything new was good and everything was bad and worse, out of date. The New Mass was really the old primitive Mass and the entire Bible was now read aloud (this is a real lie of the New Church) during the Mass. I pretended that I understood all those long Old Testament readings I was part of the new liberal

"I was told and believed that everything new was good and everything was bad and worse, out of date..."



elite; I joined in the jokes made by the priests about John Charles and laughed heartily at old, dark Catholic Ireland. I have a good C.V. as you see, and so how did I come to be confirmed by Monsignor Lefebvre?

I want to tell the Tale Of Two Masses. I went on holiday to America to stay with relations in the Kansas area. When it came to Saturday evening there were some embarrassed looks when I mentioned Sunday Mass. Indeed I had thought that we would save ourselves the bother of Sunday worship and go on the Saturday evening, thus giving more time for the Sunday papers. There was a fidget and a silence and then as my cousin went to the kitchen to "fix" dessert, her husband told

me that they had given up on Mass. He reckoned that as his bishop had been insisting on ecumenical visits to protestant churches and had told everyone that the protestants were going the same way as the rest of us, there wasn't much point in giving generous donations to the Parish and indeed little point in going at all. He now gave a donation to Amnesty international and saved on petrol on Saturday evening. They both looked pale as this was explained to me. They waited for a delayed Irish explosion. Actually, I wasn't sure what to say, I didn't have an answer. Some of the Pastoral courses I had gone to at Milltown Park had taught me that protestants were our separated brethren and we were all, now, basically

the same. I hadn't yet seen the John Paul II fiasco at Assisi (when amongst many other abominations, a statue of the Buddha was put on top of the tabernacle in the church of St Peter; the only religious article that was forbidden that day was the processional statue of Our Lady of Fatima,) still yet I hadn't seen John Paul kissing the Koran or Benedict XVI taking off his shoes in the Blue Mosque, praying with Muslims facing Mecca). There was a long way to go. My cousins and I now said little. I asked if there were any neighbours who could take me to Mass, they told me that there were, but this led to another difficult situation. My cousin started to colour a little and became angry when their names were mentioned. They said that they weren't really

Catholics, that they were bad, disobedient Catholics and they didn't go to a proper Church. I was confused. She explained that they went to a disobedient priest who wasn't properly recognised and that they had the old Latin Mass at the chapel. I was horrified by it all. That my cousins didn't go to Mass wasn't too good, but that there was a nearby family who went to a Latin Mass was far worse. We 'phoned them and I decided, more out of curiosity than piety, to go for a look.

The Mass was strange yet familiar and struck a note within me. The priest was a bumbling, kindly looking figure. This was the "schismatic" Fraternity of S. Pius X and I didn't like it. I could hardly hear the priest, his Latin was bad, he gabbled, rushed it and even I could tell that he accentuated the wrong words. It was all said in a furious rush, except for the sermon which reached thirty-five minutes of absolute nonsense. If this was what they lovingly called "tradition" they could keep it. We had the usual coffee and doughnuts below in a basement. When the friends went to talk to some others I was left alone and ignored by everyone until one lady came up to me and asked where I usually went to Mass. I told her that I was from Ireland and went to my parish, "Well, you can't call that a true mass, that's a Protestant

Communion service." I said that wasn't too bad a description and that protestants were very close to God. There was a slight atmosphere then over the doughnuts and I was glad to be taken back in their car. I thanked them but I did say that priests should really, I thought, know their Latin before saying Mass in that language. I went back to Ireland and tried to forget it all.

Last year I spent some time in the Cork area and heard that a group of French Catholic young people were camping in the area in which I was staying. I knew enough about the Catholic church in France to know that these teenagers would certainly be modern and progressive. When walking through the village I saw some of them coming out of the little community hall. I was intrigued than the half dozen girls were not jean-clad but were wearing lengthy skirts. I went into the church shortly after with one of my daughters and was amazed to find fifteen of these teenagers kneeling in prayer as one arranged the Altar for Mass. Even more surprising was that the old Altar cards were propped up and an altar cross was being carried from the sacristy. A Capuchin friar with long beard and shaved head entered and soon after a Sung Mass began. The Mass was one of the most

impressive I had witnessed, the ceremonial, pronunciation of Latin, Gregorian chant were almost perfect. All the students made the said responses slowly and carefully and (which was strange in Ireland) all together. The Mass followed the traditional Roman rite and at the end the priest came out and knelt in front of the altar making a kind of medita-

tion-thanks-giving, sadly for me it was in French. A few minutes later I was able to talk to one of the girls who explained that they were members of M.J.C.F. (Mouvement jeunesse Catholique de France) which was a national association of traditional young Catholics between the ages of 16 and 30. Every year they did walking holiday pilgrimages and always took a traditional (exclusively old rite) priest with them. Their purpose

"I was fascinated by their careful following of the Mass using large and new looking Missals. They were not distant spectators at the Mass but took an active and full part in the Mass..."

was, they explained to me, corporate and collective which led them to their own personal devotion and prayer. I had never used a Missal and was ready to order one of the [many] re-printed daily Missals. I was already a Newbee. The whole large and international brotherhood of traditional Catholicism and traditional and liturgical worship was unfolded to me. I learnt from them that Mass was not a quiet, dignified, reverent devotion,

like the Divine Mercy Devotions, but the corporate worship of the people of God. It wasn't privatised nor was it personal, it was a way of worshipping together using the same words, music, gestures customs and reverences that had always been used until the introduction of Paul VI's New Mass and with it his new Religion. There were no special ministers because the laity were to be apostles in the world not liturgical activists in the sanctuary. There were no extraordinary ministers because, really, there was no need for them. There was no standing for Holy Communion, each being treated as a separate unit; we all knelt in adoration, shoulder to shoulder. There was no need for World Youth Day nonsense because everyone is a child of God and the gatherings need not be age-based but based on the real Catholic unit, which is the family. Here, with M.J.C.F., was real straight forward and joyful Catholicism. I had found it and was now no longer a converting winnable but the real thing.

Note:

M.J.C.F. has an internet website and they do come to Ireland

There are many newly re-printed daily Missals.

There are traditional Capuchin Franciscans at Morgon in France.

Ave Maria

In this month of October, our minds are raised once again to Our Blessed Mother.

The feast of the Rosary on October 7th, reminds us gently of this most powerful devotion. What we should do this month in particular is focus on the Rosary itself and how it strengthens our relationship with Our Heavenly Mother and in turn with God.



Martina Caffrey

teen promises attached to its recitation. These promises include special graces and protection making the Rosary one of the most powerful forms of prayer after the Holy Mass. It is a shame then that so many people are losing out on these graces by not praying the Rosary properly.

The prayers of the Rosary are well known to everyone but have we stopped to consider what we are saying in even one Hail Mary? This was a thought that came to St. Mechtilde and she implored the Blessed Virgin to teach her the praise that could most win graces for her. Our Blessed Mother appeared to her with the Ave Maria in gold letters on her breast and told her that no greeting could give Her more praise than this prayer. She then explained the prayer of the

Hail Mary (Ave Maria) and how it gives praise to Her. "Hail Mary" is the highest form of greeting that we can give Our Lady as it is the words used by God when He addressed Her through the Archangel Gabriel thus confirming by His almighty power that She was exempt from sin and made Her a bright star in Heaven and on earth which is reflected in Her name Mary, meaning star of the sea. "Full of grace" means that the Holy Ghost penetrated Her with divine sweetness and filled Her so greatly with grace that all who seek it will find it through Her. "The Lord is with Thee" reminds us of the union of Our Lady with the Blessed Trinity and the act of God becoming Man in her womb. "Blessed art Thou among women" reflects that all creation acknowledges and rejoices that Mary is blessed and exalted above all creatures in Heaven and on earth. "Blessed is the fruit of Thy womb" is a means to exalt and worship the most precious fruit of Her Womb which has sanctified and blessed every creature as God became Man in the form of Our Lord Jesus Christ. In this way, even one Hail Mary can be the

highest form of praise we can offer to God. Numerous saints down through the centuries have spoken of the power of just one Hail Mary. In the Holy Rosary, we say more than just one Hail Mary. The Rosary is clearly the most powerful and highest praise we can offer to Our Blessed Mother so why do we rush through it and not think about what we are saying?

The Rosary is not just a string of words that we recite. Like all prayer, the Rosary is a conversation between us and God through Our Blessed Mother. How can we rush through our prayers then, saying them as fast as possible? When we are talking to our families or our friends, we do not speak the words we use really fast. If we did, the person we are talking to would not be able to understand us and would ask us to repeat it again more slowly. How is it any different with God? Yes, God can read our hearts and minds and know what we are saying before we even think of it but does it not show disrespect to Our Creator to then address Him in a fast

mumble of words. Instead we should show Him and Our Blessed Mother how much we love them by saying the words that offer praise in as loving a way as possible. We should say the prayers not only with our tongues but with our hearts. The Rosary said from the heart, slowly and lovingly, is the sure and only means by which we can gain every grace promised by Our Lady for ourselves and for those who need our prayers.

If we need further proof of this, we only need to look at the places where Our Blessed Mother has appeared down through the centuries. In places like Lourdes and Fatima, the Rosary was the key message given to us. In Fatima, Our Lady told the children to pray for sinners using the Rosary. She chastised them for not praying properly but for rhyming off the Rosary as fast as they could. The children had developed a habit of saying only the words Our Father and ten times the words, Hail Mary so they could finish the Rosary as quickly as possible and have more time to play. She told Francisco, in a message relayed by Lucia as he never actually heard Our Lady speak but only saw Her, that he would need to say many Rosaries before he would be allowed into Heaven. She also appeared several times to Jacinta on her own in their parish church in Aljustrel and

taught her how to pray the Rosary properly.

When Our Lady teaches the Rosary, She teaches that it is to be said slowly saying each word with love and meaning what we say. How can we then ignore this instruction by Our Heavenly Mother and rhyme off the Rosary without meditating on the

words that we are saying? We meditate on the Mysteries and think about each of the decades reflecting on the salvation won for us by Our Lord in union with Our Lady but we then ignore the praise we are offering to Our Lady in the prayers that follow the meditations. This month we need to slow down and reconsider

how we pray the Rosary. We want to offer all the praise and love we can to Our Blessed Mother who has and continues to do so much for us. What better way can we give Her thanks and present to Her a beautiful bouquet of roses than by praying not just saying the Rosary, slowly and with all the love in our hearts.



The Head of the Family

The Ploughman

The word 'family' does not appear in either Hebrew or Greek, instead the word 'family' appears in the bible as 'household'.

The biblical household comprised family members including grandparents, indeed the grandparents comprised the head of the pyramid, aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers and sisters alongside parents. The immediate family lived in the family house and made it a home, the extended family lived in close proximity thereby constituting a familial homeland.

Adoption was a means of absorbing non blood kin into the sanctuary of the tribe. It was the eldest male member who decided, as he was the 'Father', and his headship extended to inheriting and disinheriting. Opening and closing the door to nationhood.

The Man as head is a really difficult concept for us today. Even within traditional Catholic circles

there is a tension on this issue. Could God really have meant that to be the case today? First, if you are a non Christian, forget it, you are never going to understand this one. If you are a Christian than you are going to have to listen to the evidence.

1 Corinthians 11:3

I want you to know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of every woman is man, and the head of Christ is God.

1 Corinthians 7:11

for a man indeed ought not to cover his head, since he is the image and the glory of God; but woman is the glory of man, for man is not from woman, but woman from man.

1 Tim 11:13

Let a woman learn in silence with all submission, and I do not permit a woman to teach or to have authority over man, but to be in silence.

Tough words for those who love to selectively quote

easy on the ears passages of scripture. Did St Paul mean it, or were those quotes only relevant because the tradition of the day demanded it? No contest; he meant it all right. He was not adverse to rocking the foundations of traditional institutions and challenging cultural norms of the day, circumcision for one, the traditions of the Pharisees for another. Now you can say you don't agree with St Paul and walk away but you cannot say that is not what he meant, and still accept the word of God. Recent generations of men have retreated from their calling to be leaders of their families. Men have abandoned the truly formative institutions of civilisation. The home stands empty and abandoned for

most of the day while the physical, moral and spiritual education of their children is given into the hands of those who actually despise Christ and all he stands for. The exodus of Fathers from the centre of the home to the margins of the workplace has had a severe impact on his influence within the family. So often a work-weary father rather than beginning his second shift of 'family man' when he returns through his front door, seeks time out in rest, reward and recuperation. His only period of interaction or influence with the other family members seems to be reduced to the short time between the TV going off, food being served and the TV going on again. Basically, Dad has become stranger, his focus on

"...The Man as head is a really difficult concept for us today. Even within traditional Catholic circles there is a tension on this issue. Could God really have meant that to be the case today?"

material prosperity has been bought at the cost of family disintegration.

The only real time he is challenged to act is when pushed to the limit. Family man has become reactionary rather than proactive. His bottom line is keeping everyone happy even if that is at the cost of right and wrong. 'As long as they are happy then I'm happy', is his catchword. In fact those words have almost become the family constitution. Man has lost not only conviction in himself but the courage needed to enact those convictions. Popularity becomes his prime concern and to keep that popularity he buys his audience with unlimited freedoms. His leadership will follow in any direction it is lead. St Paul has this advice for women, hard words for soft ears but again making no dilution, the same yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Titus 2:3-5

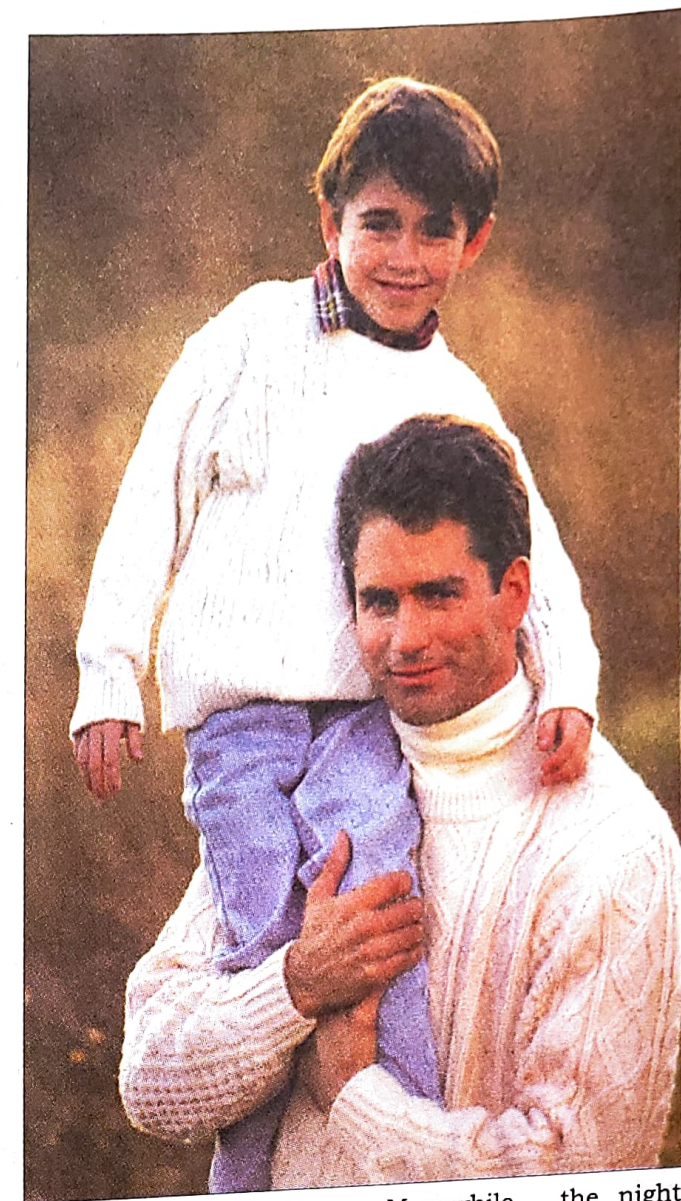
The aged women, in like manner, in holy attire, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teaching well; That they may teach the young women to be wise, to love their husbands, to love their children.

To be discreet, chaste, sober, having a care of the house, gentle obedient to their husbands; that the word of God be not blasphemed.

Mothers today so often neglect their home centred

role for the empty fulfilment of the workplace while warehousing their children in daycare. Parents send their children to schools where God is outlawed and they allow them the near total freedom to absorb the twisted messages of trashy movies and mindless music. The computer and the TV have become the incubator for so many Mums and Dads whose only wish is the passivity of their sons and daughters. Anything will suffice to do that job as long as it enables them to spend their lives with the minimum of interruption or aggravation. After years of training in the ways of rebellion through Godless schooling, negative peer association and debauched entertainment, Christian parents are somehow surprised when their children rebel and forsake the God of their fathers.

Since the advent of women in the workplace during the First and Second World Wars, society has become increasingly feminised. This feminising process has reached a point where masculine traits are either hidden away in an attempt to win female popularity, exaggerated in a violent and abusive parody of true masculinity or treated as a psychological condition. The true male role model of an accessible and loving self-sacrificing real family man has given way to a grotesque imitation. The arrogant self obsessed



muscle man with the gelled hair and tan who is also in touch with his gentler feminine side and aware of gay/bisexual gender choices is the role model for today's generation of lost boys. It is sad to see the best husband material ignored as 'boring', while the danger men who offer both mystery and excitement are always found to be the most sought after. No wonder boys are desperate to adopt this false image of manliness, because it brings with it the seeming rewards of female adulation.

Meanwhile, the night club has become the only way that most contemporary young human beings feel able to conduct the form of social intercourse that might eventually lead to a potential marriage. It goes something like this. Take two young self obsessed people, feed them constant moral subjectivity and impurity, get them both drunk, high on drugs, or both, dress her in the most sexually revealing apparel that would once have shamed any self respecting prostitute, lower them both into

a scene straight out of Dante's Inferno, complete with mind blowing volume levels of hypno-rhythmic music, squeeze them together, dim the lights, stand back and see what happens. Now that's fine and dandy in today's twisted world view, indeed it is increasingly becoming the norm. Yet if one were to suggest that perhaps the re-examination of the traditional matchmaking cultural practises such as chaperoning, courtship, family involvement and suitor introduction might be in order you can imagine the immoral outrage that would elicit.

Primary education is in near complete feminine control with men making up only 12% of the teaching staff. Incredibly, many boys go through their primary formative years both at home and within the school system without encountering or experiencing the vital influence of any male role models. Today we live in a period of the most profound gender identity crisis. It is a crisis that has never been experienced before. All we can do is gawk helplessly at the carnage of violence, despair, unhappiness, uncertainty and unfulfillment that are the true rewards of revolutionary emancipation.

The Church, like the family, is not immune to these symptoms. Since Vatican II it has readily embraced so many of the errors and

modernist feminist philosophies that so bedevil the mission of the traditional and eternal family instituted by God. The crisis of Fatherhood extends to priest, bishop and as high as the chair of Peter. New man, new religion, new God. The new priesthood is that of the facilitator not the teacher, of those led rather than those who lead. Suggestions take the place of commandments and the main objective of most homilies these days is to say as much as

"...For this reason the care that both future husband and future wife should take in discerning their future spouses cannot be underestimated. This voyage that they are embarking on is for Life..."

possible while offending as few as possible. Be Mr Nice and try not to be too hard on yourself. This is not exhortation to the war against the world, the flesh and the devil but mere feel-good therapy, it is limp-wristed self-help designed to limit the effects of Freudian angst.

The reason that the family is being attacked with such vitriolic hatred from all sides is simple, the family has not been completely liberated from the

authority of man as head. It is the last of the Kingdoms. His headship, like that of John the baptist, is being asked for on a platter but, infuriatingly, remains stubbornly on his shoulders. When a woman marries she is given by one man, her Father, into the loving care of her husband. She passes from his authority to another's willingly.

This sacramental union and sacred oath taking is not a purely emotional

all of the time, and if they fail to do that then they cannot be the right one for you. This disappointment so often leads to divorce and separation and to the tragic constant series of doomed searching for 'the right one'. Relationship follows broken relationship until old age wakes you up to the falseness of that proposition, by then it is normally too late and so begins a life of regret and loneliness where even the children that were trampled and ignored by this vain pursuit no longer care to call.

For this reason the care that both future husband and future wife should take in discerning their future spouses cannot be underestimated. This voyage that they are embarking on is for Life, only love of God more than of themselves or each other will sustain them on this incredible journey. God as direction, man as captain, woman as first mate and heaven as destination. Temptation is always to be avoided and unfortunately the mixed working environment today has become the cause of so many affairs as well as a hotbed of indiscretion and flirtation. No big surprise here as this time spent in shared activity away from the spouse is usually vastly greater than the time they have with each other. This can lead to an improper informality and closeness that fuelled by a constant diet of junk

books, soaps and TV can so often lead to infidelity. Important question: Should a woman obey a husband who is abusive, ignorant, dictatorial, tyrannical or just plain stupid? She should from a fundamentalist position, because she has promised to and scripture and tradition require her to. The fact that the husband is an oaf does not disqualify him from being a husband.

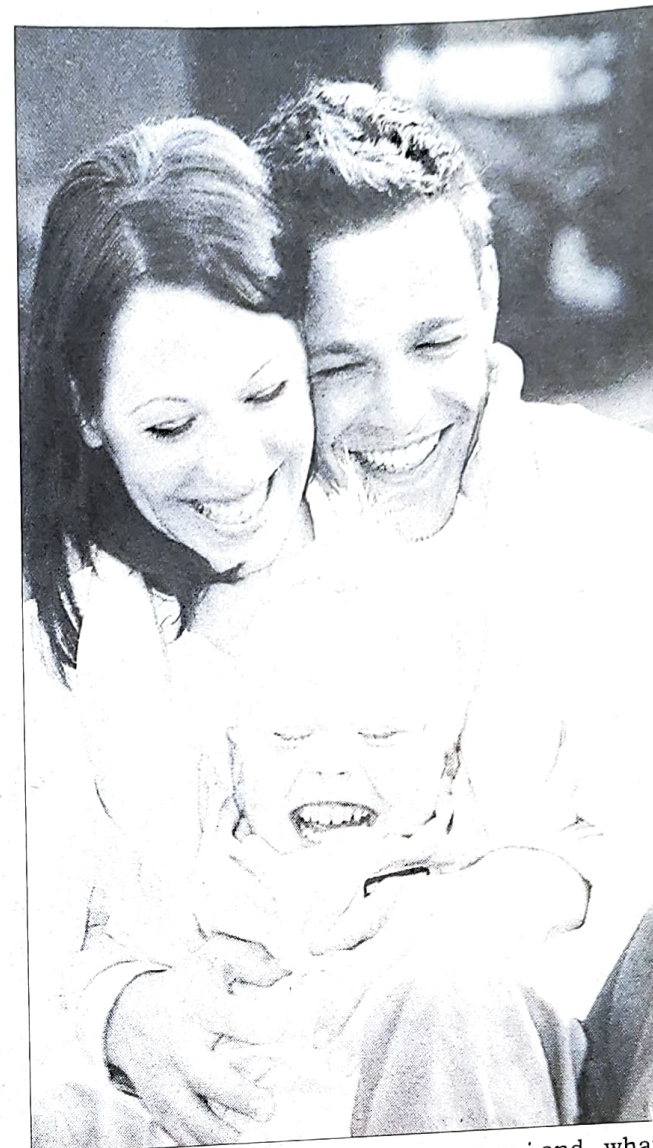
Personally I think that perhaps the requirement to obey is operative only when the man is trying to allow God to be his head. If he is sincerely and genuinely listening to her, if he is attempting to understand her point of view and include it in his decision making process then, even if in his wife's eyes that decision is wrong, he should still have the final say. Any other course and the dual voting rights of each leads to a permanent hung parliament and much mutual resentment. However each has their legitimate social spheres and competencies. The wife as homemaker should be allowed the chance to manage that sphere without constant or needless interference. Also, if she is a better economist or teacher then she should not only be allowed but encouraged to take this lead.

The crisis of manhood that is having such a profound disorientating effect on our culture must be

addressed. The formation of future men has to begin today and must begin in your own household. Like it or not the buck stops with you. What you allow or don't allow, what you say and what you do speaks of who you are. And that witness is going to have a profound affect for both good and ill on your children. The things that speak volumes are sometimes the things that go almost undetected because they have become habitual, the lack of charity, the back-biting tongue or casual swearing. All of these are filtering into the minds of your young ones. Computations are constantly taking place.

We have all seen how the over-emphasis on authority and discipline by some fathers, without the corresponding balances of charity and mercy, within the home can so easily lead to wholesale rebellion and rejection. Equally, charity and mercy without the balance of authority and discipline inevitably leads to the same outcome only this time under the banner of liberty and freedom.

It seems as if both the Church and the family are indissolubly connected in this way, both are suffering from the same malady. However the illness is caused by the medicine and the solution for both can be found only in a return to objective order.



And that order is a return to Patriarchy.

This war is for the hearts of our children, they live for only a short time under our immediate authority and at some time they will have to live by the spirit and that spirit must move their hearts in conformance with the will of God. The world seeks those hearts and the fight for the parents is to instead capture those hearts for Jesus. If we have genuinely won the hearts of our children then both theirs and ours

become one, and what child would wish to break our hearts if in doing so they risk breaking their own as well.

Last word to the Old Testament:

Malachi 4:5-6

Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he will turn the hearts of the Fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their Fathers, lest I come and strike the earth with a curse.

Eisimircigh agus Inimircigh



Pádraig Ua Corbaidh

Cuid bhlianta ó shin bhí eisimircigh againn; daoine ag dul as Éireann go tíortha i gcéin.

Ach anois is inimircigh atá againn; daoine ag teacht go hÉireann ag lorg 'saoil níos fearr dóibh féin'. Na hinimircigh sin is eisimircigh iad ón a dtír dhúchais féin. Ach ar ndóigh tá cuid mhaith ár muintire fós thar sáile. Silim gur i 1956 a riabh Domhnach na nEisimircigh curtha ar bun; Domhnach i mí Dheireadh Fómhair. Bhí paidir speisialta ann agus bhí sé molta í a rá tar éis na Corónach Muire. Bhíodh sí ráite tar éis na gCaondúthrachtaí ar thráthnóna Domhnaigh. Seo leanas an phaidir sin:



Paidir do na hEisimircigh
A Íosa, b'éigean Duit Do thír dhúchais a fhágáil, i Do chéad laethanta ar an saol seo, agus, le Muire Do Mháthair ghrámhar agus Naomh Íosaf, na cruatain agus an bhochtaineacht d'eisimircigh a fhulaingt san Éigipt, tiontaigh Do shúile go trócaireach ar ár muintir arbh éigean dóibh a dtír dhúchais a fhágáil, ar lorg fostaíochta. I bhfad ó gach atá dílgrach dóibh, agus ag tabhairt aghaide ar dheacrachtaí saoil nua,

is minic iad i mbealach cathuithe tromchúiseacha agus baoil do shlánú a n-anamacha. A Thiarna, bí i Do threoraí acu ar a mbealach, a dtacú i saothar, a sólás i mbrón a neart i gcathú. Coimeád dílis iad dá gcreideamh, saor ó pheaca agus dílis do

"...Sílim gur i 1956 a riabh Domhnach na nEisimircigh curtha ar bun; Domhnach i mí Dheireadh Fómhair. Bhí paidir speisialta ann agus bhí sé molta í a rá tar éis na Corónach Muire."

Glossary

Eisimircigh - Emigrants
Inimircigh - Immigrants
tíortha i gcéin - foreign countries
a dtír dhúchais - their native country
thar sáile - overseas
tar éis na gCaondúthrachtaí - after the Devotions
b'éigean Duit - You had to
na cruatain - the hardships
an bhochtaineacht - poverty
a fhulaingt - to suffer
tiontaigh - turn
go trócaireach - mercifully, in mercy
ar lorg fostaíochta - seeking employment
dílgrach dóibh - dear to them
d(h)eachrachaí - difficulties
cathuithe tromchúiseacha - serious temptations
bí i Do threoraí acu - be their guide
a dtacú - their support
sólás - consolation
ceangal clainne - family ties
Deonaigh - Grant
cosain - defend
nóibhéine - novena
i mbreiteacht - in sickness
angar - trials (of life), need
an chuma air - it seems
in easnamh - lacking, missing
comhairliú - to counsel
leis an gcine daona - (with) mankind, the human race
d'Idirghuí Mhíorúilteach - your Miraculous Intercession
Chomh cumhachtach - So powerful
"Iontas na Míorúiltí" - "Prodigy (wonder) of Miracles..."
san Aois Nua seo - in Modern Times
go díograiseach - fervently
m'achainí - my petition
do ghealltanais a choimeád - to keep your promise
Cíth Rósanna - a Shower of Roses
a Bhláithín Dhí - Dear Little Flower
comhlíonfaidh mé - I will fulfill
feasta - henceforth, from now on
ní stadfaidh mé - I will not cease
A Naomh Treasa Íosagáin - Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus
ró-umhal - most humble
a chumhdaíonn - embraces
lena charthanacht - with his charity
breoite - sick
lucht an dobróin - those that sorrow
iompaímid - we turn
impímid - we beseech
inár gcruachas faoi láthair - our present difficulties
gar - favour, service, turn
luaigh - mention
trí aithris a dhéanamh - by imitating
d'umhlaíocht - your humility
suaimhneas agus sástacht - quiet and contentment
umhlú toilteanach - willing submission
T(h)oil Naofa Dé - God's Holy Will
buaireamh - grief

gach ceangal clainne. Deonaigh, agus turas an tsaoil seo críochnaithe againn, go mbeimid go léir aontaithe i mbeannachtaí ár mbaile Neamhai. Amen. (Logha 350 lá.)

A Íosa, A Mhuire agus A Íosaf, cosain ár n-eisimircigh.

Imprimatur + Joannes Carolus, Archiep. Dublín, Hibernia Primas.

Timpeall an ama seo freisin tá dhá nóibhéine ann. Ceann do Naomh Treasa de Lisieux agus ceann do Naomh Máirtín de Porres.

Nóibhéine do Naomh Treasa de Lisieux

(Abair go laethúil, nó in aghaidh na huaire i mbreiteacht agus in angar- ach go háirithe nuair a bhíonn an chuma air go bhfuil gach cabhair in easnamh. Mar nóibhéine abair ó 25ú Méan Fómhair go 3ú Deireadh Fómhair nó ar aon naol lá eile.)

A Naomh Treasa ghlórmhar, a d'ardaigh Dia Uilechumhachtach suas chun cabhrú agus comhairliú leis an gcine daona, impím d'Idirghuí Mhíorúilteach. Chomh cumhachtach is atá tú is go bhfógraíonn ár Máthair Noafa an Eaglais tú mar "Iontas na Míorúiltí... an Naomh is Mó san Aois Nua seo." Anois impím go díograiseach ort freagra a thabhairt ar m'achainí (luaigh an achainí) agus do ghealltanais a choimeád go

gcaithfidh tú Cíth Rósanna ó Neamh. A Bhláithín Dhí, comhlíonfaidh mé feasta d'achainí "aithne a bheith curtha ort i ngach áit" agus ní stadfaidh mé de dhaoine eile a threorú chuig Íosa triot. Amen.

A Naomh Treasa Íosagáin, grá i gcroí na hEaglaise, guigh orm.

Ár nAthair... 'Sé do bheatha... agus Glóir don Athair...

R. Guigh orainn a Naomh Treasa.

F. Íonas go mb'fhiú sinn gealltanais Chríost.

Nóibhéine do Naomh Máirtín de Porres

26ú Deireadh Fómhair go 3ú Mí na Samhna

A Naomh Mháirtín ró-umhal, an t-é a chumhdaíonn an uile dhuine lena charthanacht dhíograiseach, ach go speisialta iad siúd atá breoite, lucht an dobróin nó iad siúd atá san angar, iompaímid chugat, agus impímid do chabhair inár gcruachas faoi láthair; iarraidimid ort sláinte anama agus choirp a fháil dúinn ó Dhia, agus go háirithe an gar a n-iarraidimid anois: (luaigh an achainí); go bhfaighimid, trí aithris a dhéanamh ar do charthanacht agus d'umhlaíocht, suaimhneas agus sástacht le linn ár laethanta uile, agus umhlú toilteanach do Thoil Naofa Dé i ngach buaireamh agus deacracht an tsaoil. Amen.

On meeting Mary and learning to pray

PART II OF A SERIES...

Padraig Caughey

Adrian IV whose home name was Nicholas Breakspere ceded Ireland to the English, under Henry II in 1154 may God forgive him for it. He did so in these terms:

'Thou hast signified to us, indeed, most beloved son in Christ, that thou dost desire to enter into the island of Ireland, in order to subject the people to the laws and to extirpate the vices that have there taken root, and that thou art willing to pay an annual pension to St. Peter of one penny from every house, and to preserve the rights of the churches in that land inviolate and entire. We, therefore, seconding with the favour it deserves thy pious and laudable desire, and granting a benignant assent to thy petition, are well pleased that, for the enlargement of the bounds of the church, for the restraint of vice, for the correction of morals and the introduction of virtues, for the advancement of the Christian religion, thou shouldst enter that island,

and carry out there the things that look to the honour of God and to its own salvation. And may the people of that land receive thee with honour, and venerate thee as their master.'

However in fairness to the English Pope many scholars dispute the authenticity this Bull.

When the Loyalists attacked the Civil Rights protests here in 1969 they also launched a series of pogroms against Catholic

areas in the north, aided by the almost exclusively Protestant/British police, the Royal Ulster Constabulary. The native Irish went into open rebellion and the British Army was called in as 'Peace Keepers'. The IRA the Irish Republican Army was



reformed and a long guerrilla war of some thirty years began.

My own family as I've already mentioned had a long tradition of Irish Republicanism. My father had been vice President of the main Republican Party Sinn Fein and was editor of their newspaper the Republican News. He was also a businessman who owed a number of shops. The British introduced Internment of Catholics on the 9th August 1971. This meant that the British could put who ever they liked in prison without charge, jury or court for an indefinite period.

My father and elder brother were both interned while I was in the monastery. The British told my family that when I reached 18 they would come down to the monastery and intern me too. At 16 years old I was now the breadwinner for the family and wished to leave my studies for the priesthood and return home to help out. But my father from the Internment camp insisted I stay where I was. Like most Catholic parents of the period they were inordinately proud of a son who had a vocation.

It's difficult for me to convey the atmosphere of the period. I witnessed a lot when I came home from holidays and on the media, so I'll describe what I saw and why my

hatred for the British grew ever more deep.

My mother used to visit the internment camp to see my father and the prison ship to see my elder brother Ciaran. It was the first time I'd ever been in a prison and it seemed weird, so different from the monastery where I usually lived. But then the whole world in my native

"My father and elder brother were both interned while I was in the monastery. The British told my family that when I reached 18 they would come down to the monastery and intern me too. At 16 years old I was now the breadwinner..."

City of Belfast had changed to war. Riots, bomb explosions, gun battles constant death, everywhere hate and fear.

On another level life went on as usual, daily mass and the rosary, prayer and study. Where I lived was in the country and was little affected by the surrounding trouble. But still news of what was happening was constantly around me. I was still very devout and I suppose may have been thought religious, but hatred was continually eating at my heart like a canker. My Spiritual

Director Fr Bernard O'Donnell tried to challenge me in my greater and greater hate, but it was no use. My house at home was constantly being raided by armed troops. My mother was impoverished by my father's internment and my father's businesses were lost. Over and above all it was what happened to my family that made me rage. Seeing my

mother crying after my brother had been beaten was just too much.

When I was 19 I moved to the Novitiate, which was just outside Enniskillen about 60 miles from Belfast in the beautiful lake lands. Hatred is a terrible thing and it was beginning to have open effects on me. Hatred is like an acid that we pick up in our bare hands to throw into the face of another but find it burning to my bones. In terms of maturity I remained deeply stunted, very selfish and more and more

unspiritual and bitter. Inevitably I left the monastery after a few months and returned home to go to university.

When I left the Novitiate and returned to Belfast I at once joined the IRA, of which I was a member for the next six years. I was very active and my one intent was to hit the British as hard as I could. I didn't really care about dying too much. From our own perspective dying in such circumstances would have made me a martyr. I was so full of rage, incandescent, in fact, that I would have gladly given my right arm for a chance to hit back at the British. Hit back I most certainly did, I lived and breathed the IRA and enjoyed the excitement of it all.

At the same time I enrolled at Queens University where I stayed a few months. I was growing to unstable to last at college and anyway everything there seemed tame and unreal to what I was doing on the outside.

To be continued...

CORRECTION

Due to a misprint error, it was wrongly stated in the September issue of The Hibernian that Bloody Sunday occurred in Belfast. The massacre of Irish Catholic civilians by the British Army on that January day in 1972 did of course take place in the Bogside area of Derry City.

A Curse Upon Our Country...

Ellen O'Donnell

It might be thought that to fight for the pro life cause a lot of energy and time is needed, and therefore a busy person might not have enough time to "get involved".

However as Catholics we are always "pro life" by our very culture. In really very small ways people can begin to actively fight against the liberal bombardment of this country, which culminates in the rotten industry of abortion with which we are now increasingly threatened, by just being Catholics in word and deed.

The pro abortion philosophy has found its way into our National psyche through various channels, so that now, without realising it, many Irish people who are against abortion are silently tolerating the verbal and mental onslaught of the liberal, abortion minded world.

How many women reading this have had to tolerate the question "is that you done now?", during pregnancy, from virtual strangers who feel it is fine to address a lady with this insulting question? How many raised eyebrows do we tolerate when we announce a new baby on the way, and how

often do Catholic women feel embarrassed to mention their pregnancy for fear that it won't be met with "congratulations!" from even our own families, but maybe just a nod, or silence.

Catholic women are perpetually bombarded in the "Health clinics" with contraceptive and sexualised information. From getting your blood pressure taken by the midwife whilst staring at a poster recommending the IUD to attending a Consultants appointment at the local hospital which is held in the same quarters as the GUM (genital-urinary medicine) clinic and, therefore, having to tolerate posters with unspeakable messages and images.

So, towards the most vulnerable persons, pregnant women and babies, this vile modern world promotes itself. So called ante natal treatment is gearing up around a "seek and destroy" system. What is the anomaly scan for at 20 weeks gestation? Why is a married Catholic woman being routinely tested for HIV, but not being given routine tests for possible pregnancy complications?

The anti-life propaganda doesn't stop there. Women following the age old tradi-

tion of raising their children at home are literally sneered at by society. Husbands are asked in public, "when is she going to earn her keep?" TV, Newspapers, Radio programmes all pump out the same message, don't have children, go out to work, use contraception, give contraception to children, women are just like men etc...

All of this is anti-life and leads, eventually, to abortion. Abortion is the murder of a rejected, unwanted child. Start rejecting and not wanting children and you will soon start killing them.

How to combat this? Stop accepting the little snipes and comments quietly is a good place to begin. It's hard when you are shocked, to respond, but it is right to be shocked by the rejection of your children. Stand up for others if you hear these kind of comments being directed at them.

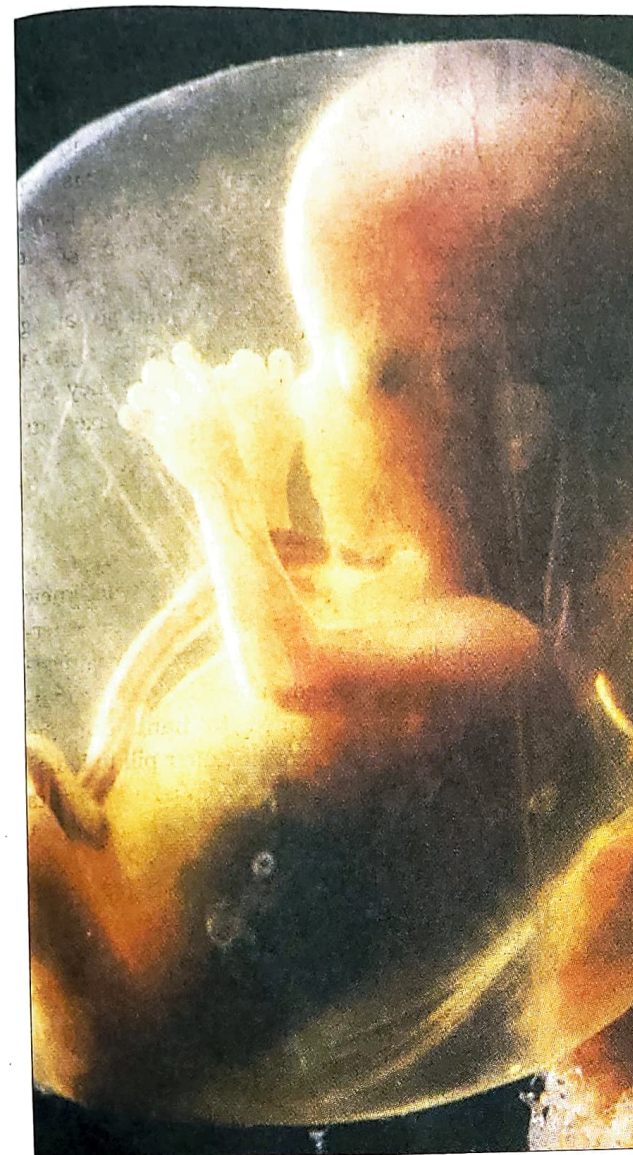
We must demand a Catholic environment for our children and this starts before they are born. Reject the services of doctors, Consultants and health professionals who take part in abortion practices. Ask to be treated by people who understand your unborn child is a human and well loved.

Ask to be treated in an environment which is not offensive to you. Don't leave this just to pregnant women to deal with. Nobody should go along with the modern agenda for an easy life if they can help it. You pay taxes, its your country, the law is behind you, be brave.

It wasn't that long ago that every midwife knew how to carry out an emergency baptism if requested, now they are conditioned to hand out the morning after pill to ladies leaving maternity units with their new borns. A baby in one hand and a virtual gun in the other for the next child.

How has it come to this? The answer is a direct result of lack of faith.

The Socialist Workers Party pays an unintended compliment to the Church in Ireland under Archbishop McQuaid. In an article about how the "Mother and Child" scheme, an ill named attempt to force family planning on the Irish population, was stopped by the Church of the day, the author states; "But the most dangerous opponents of the scheme were the Catholic hierarchy". Can we say that now? Are the most dangerous opponents of the present threat of abortion the Catholic hierarchy?



The power of the Church was also, again unwittingly, acknowledged by an abortionist doctor from Belfast. Dr Lamki, a Consultant from the Royal Hospital in Belfast, addressing the Oireachtas Committee in 2000 stated; "I trained in Dublin in the days of the rule of Archbishop McQuaid whereby the (sic) certain rules are observed and no changes are required."

So it is clear we need men like Archbishop McQuaid, so unswerving in his clear

message to the Irish people. Good churchmen can stop this kind of abuse from going on. But we can make a start ourselves. We should act like Catholics and demand to be treated like Catholics by the governments we vote for and by the doctors we pay. We should support good doctors and politicians when they act properly.

In the North there is a campaign being run by Precious Life to support a motion which has been tabled for this parliament.

tary session. This is a pro life motion and reads:

"That this Assembly opposes the introduction of the proposed guidelines on the termination of pregnancy in Northern Ireland; believes that the guidelines are flawed; and calls on the Minister of Health, Social Services and Public Safety to abandon any attempt to make abortion more widely available in Northern Ireland."

People are asked to send postcards to their MLAs requesting that they attend the debate and vote in favour of this pro life motion. (Postcards can be obtained by calling 028 90278484).

In the Republic the Comhairle na nDoctúirí Leighis (Medical Council) is beginning the review of its ethical guidance for doctors. Submissions have been made by many pro life organisations, including the newly formed Association of Catholic Lawyers of Ireland who state; "Direct abortion is in contravention of the Constitution and is also contrary to the Criminal Legal position in the Republic of Ireland....."

Therefore the current phrase in the IMC guidelines is manifestly **ILLEGAL**, in that it supports the direct and deliberate abortion of a child." (Submission by ACLI)

The International Planned Parenthood Federation, world wide promoter of abortion, has issued its FPA groups with special strategies for dealing with "pro natalist" countries like Ireland. In an article called "The World's Vanishing Children" by the Population Research Institute statistics show that Ireland's fertility rate has already fallen below replacement level. Already we are rejecting our children, what is our fate if this continues?

Archbishop McQuaid said in 1971 when warning against contraception;

"One can conceive no worse fate for Ireland than that it should, by the legislation of our elected representatives, be now made to conform to the patterns of sexual conduct in other countries... It may well come to pass that, in the present climate of emotional thinking and pressure, legislation could be enacted that will offend the objective moral law. Such a measure would be an insult to our Faith; it would, without question, prove to be gravely damaging to morality, private and public; it would be and would remain, a curse upon our country."

With the assistance of Our Lady we can reclaim our country and protect our children from the slaughter that is abortion.

(The writer is a Barrister)

The Story of Michael:

The Tallest of All Marines

With the feast of Saint Michael having just passed us by at the end of September, I thought it would be nice to share a story I came across recently.

I will leave it to your own discernment as to who the stranger was but to me it seems a powerful example of the help of the angels. Below you will find a letter written by a young marine to his mother after being wounded on a Korean battlefield in 1950. The Navy chaplain, Father Walter Muddy, to whom the letter was shown, thoroughly checked the facts with the young Marine and the sergeant in whose patrol he had served. Having concluded that the facts mentioned in the letter had actually occurred, Father Muddy made the letter public in 1951 before a gathering of 5,000 Marines at the Navla base in San

Diego, California. Since then the letter has been published in newspapers and magazines, read on the radio and television, all over the world:

Dear Mom, I wouldn't dare write this letter to anyone but you because no one else would believe it.

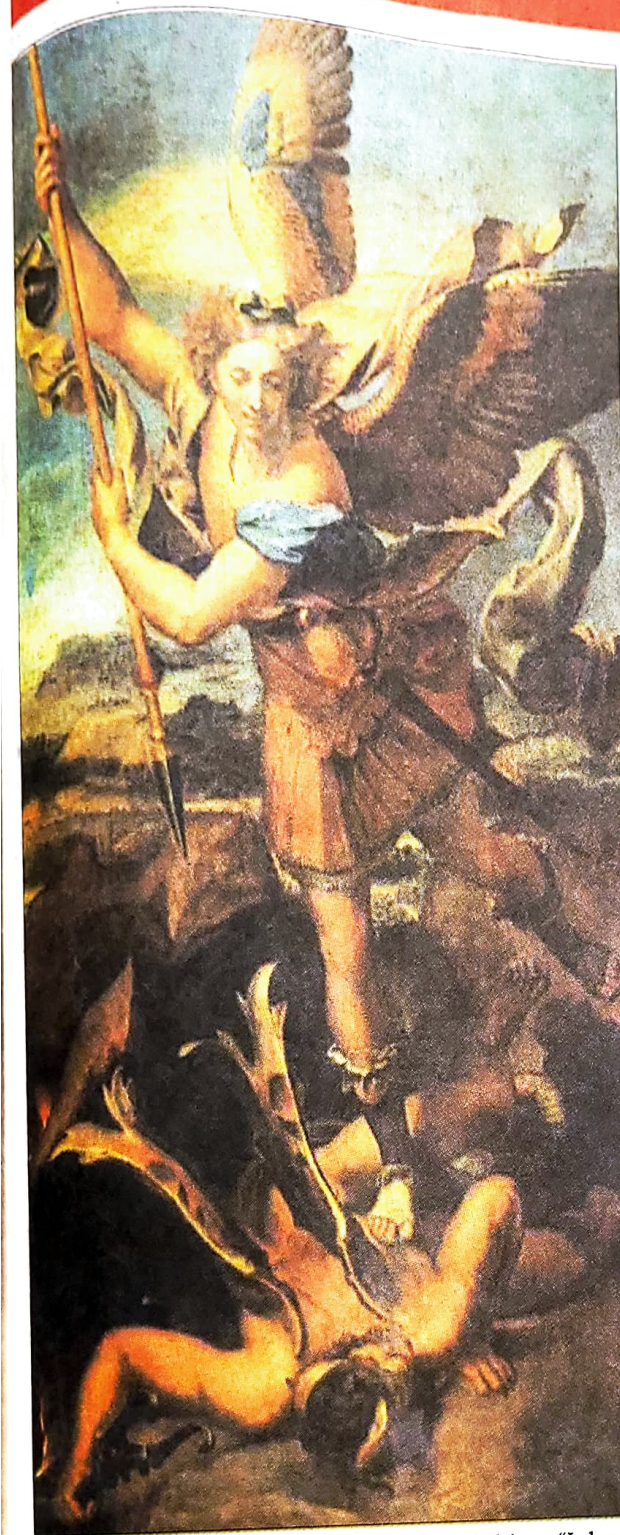
Maybe even you will find it hard but I have got to tell somebody. First off, I am in a hospital. Now don't worry, ya hear me, don't worry. I was wounded but I am okay you understand. Okay. The doctor says that I will be up and around in a month. But that is not what I want to tell you. Remember when I joined the Marines last year; remember when I left, how you told me to say a prayer to St. Michael every day. You really didn't have to tell me that. Ever since I can remember you always told me to pray to St.

Michael the Archangel. You even named me after him. Well I always have. When I got to Korea, I prayed even harder. Remember the prayer that you taught me? "Michael, Michael of the morning fresh crop of Heaven adorning", you know the rest of it. Well I said it everyday. Sometimes when I was marching or sometimes resting. But always before I went to sleep. I even got some of the other fellas to say it. Well, one day I was with an advance

detail way up over the front lines. We were scouting for the Commies.

I was plodding along in the bitter cold, my breath was like cigar smoke. I thought I knew every guy in the patrol, when along side of me comes another Marine I never met before. He was bigger than any other Marine I'd ever seen. He must have been 6' 4" and built in proportion. It gave me a feeling of security to have such a body near. Anyway, there we were

"...I was plodding along in the bitter cold, my breath was like cigar smoke. I thought I knew every guy in the patrol, when along side of me comes another Marine I never met before..."



"I know", he said and then went on, "Michael, Michael of the morning..."

I was too amazed to say anything for a minute. How did he know my name, and a prayer that you had taught me? Then I smiled to myself, every guy in the outfit knew about me. Hadn't I taught the prayer to anybody who would listen. Why now and then, they even referred to me as St. Michael.

Neither of us spoke for a time and then he broke the silence. "We are going to have some trouble up ahead."

He must have been in fine physical shape or he was breathing so lightly I couldn't see his breath. Mine poured out in great clouds. There was no smile on his face now. Trouble ahead, I thought to myself, well with the Commies all around us, that is no great revelation.

Snow began to fall in great thick globs. In a brief moment the whole countryside was blotted out. And I was marching in a white fog of wet sticky particles. My companion disappeared.

"Michael", I shouted in sudden alarm.

I felt his hand on my arm, his voice was rich and strong, "This will stop shortly."

His prophecy proved to be correct. In a few minutes

the snow stopped as abruptly as it had begun. The sun was a hard shining disc.

I looked back for the rest of the patrol, there was no one in sight. We lost them in that heavy fall of snow. I looked ahead as we came over a little rise.

Mom, my heart stopped. There were seven of them. Seven Commies in their padded pants and jackets and their funny hats. Only there wasn't anything funny about them now. Seven rifles were aimed at us.

"Down Michael", I screamed and hit the frozen earth.

I heard those rifles fire almost as one. I heard the bullets. There was Michael still standing.

Mom, those guys couldn't have missed, not at that range. I expected to see him literally blown to bits.

But there he stood, making no effort to fire himself. He was paralyzed with fear. It happens sometimes, Mom, even to the bravest. He was like a bird fascinated by a snake.

At least, that was what I thought then. I jumped up to pull him down and that was when I got mine. I felt a sudden flame in my chest. I often wondered what it felt like to be hit, now I know. I remember feeling strong arms about me, arms that laid me ever so gently on a pillow of

trudging along. The rest of the patrol spread out. Just to start a conversation I said, "Cold ain't it." And then I laughed. Here I was with a good chance of getting killed any minute and I am talking about the weather. My companion seemed to understand. I heard him laugh softly.

I looked at him, "I have never seen you before, I thought I knew every man in the outfit."

"I just joined at the last minute", he replied. "The name is Michael."

"Is that so", I said surprised. "That is my name too."

snow. I opened my eyes, for one last look. I was dying. Maybe I was even dead. I remember thinking well, this is not so bad.

Maybe I was looking into the sun. Maybe I was in shock. But it seemed I saw Michael standing erect again only this time his face was shining with a terrible splendor.

As I say, maybe it was the sun in my eyes, but he seemed to change as I watched him. He grew bigger, his arms stretched out wide, maybe it was the snow falling again, but there was a brightness around him like the wings of an Angel. In his hand was a sword. A sword that flashed with a million lights.

Well, that is the last thing I remember until the rest of the fellas came up and found me. I do not know how much time had passed. Now and then I had but a moment's rest from the pain and fever. I



remember telling them of the enemy just ahead.

"Where is Michael?" I asked.

I saw them look at one another. "Where's who?"

"...Just how did you do it kid? We heard shots. There hasn't been a shot fired from your rifle. And there isn't a bit of lead in them seven bodies over the hill there..."

asked one. "Michael, Michael that big Marine I was walking with just before the snow squall hit us."

"Kid", said the sergeant, "You weren't walking with anyone. I had my eyes on you the whole time. You were getting too far out. I was just going to call you in when you disappeared in the snow."

He looked at me, curiously. "How did you do it kid?" "How'd I do what?" I asked half angry despite my wound. "This marine named Michael and I were just..." "Son", said the sergeant kindly, "I picked this outfit myself and there just ain't another Michael in it. You are the

only Mike in it." He paused for a minute, "Just how did you do it kid? We heard shots. There hasn't been a shot fired from your rifle. And there isn't a bit of lead in them seven bodies over the hill there." I didn't say anything, what could I say. I could only look open-mouthed with amazement. It was then the sergeant spoke again, "Kid", he said gently, "everyone of those seven Commies was killed by a sword stroke." That is all I can tell you Mom. As I say, it may have been the sun in my eyes, it may have been the cold or the pain. But that is what happened.

Love, Michael

Your Letters...

E-mail your letters to:
Info@hibernianmedia.com

Public transport is going nowhere

A chara,

I have been a daily user of public transport for the past ten years and I am very frustrated. It has come to the stage that I have started looking for another job, since I cannot handle the stress of being late for appointments on a frequent basis.

world. But, unfortunately, there is also no reason why those in charge have to make it so. I wonder when are the unions going to make it one of their goals that people take pride in their work.

Is mise le meas,
Mr K Brown, Meath

Happy changes in our household

A chara,

About five months ago we started saying the Rosary again in our family. My husband wouldn't join in at first but he is saying it now and that makes five of us all on our knees at seven o'clock every day.

I was on the continent recently, and one can not help but notice the efficiency of the train services in France and Germany. Why can we not match these countries in this regard? Is it simply impossible to run trains on time? I know that we have less resources, but we also have a much smaller network.

I have tried to deal with employees of CIE, but unfortunately I have more often than not found them to be disinterested in my complaints. Sometimes when I approach them it is as though I have woken them from some sort of apathetic slumber. They seem horrified to even have to answer my questions.

I blame the unions, and weak management for these problems. All that those in charge have to do is put on some sort of train service. They are not obliged to make it a good service, since they are paid one way or the other by the state. They seem to forget that there is an art in punctuality that is just as important as getting the train from A to B.

We used to be a very devout family, but we went very lukewarm over the past six or seven years. We were addicted to television, we never ate together, we argued constantly - and I am happy to say that things seem to have turned a corner for the better - and all since we started saying the Rosary.

Is mise le meas,
Mrs I. Roche, Cork

The Divine Praises in reparation for blasphemy

Blessed be God.
Blessed be His Holy Name.
Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true man.
Blessed be His Most Precious Blood.
Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar.
Blessed be the Holy Spirit, the Consoler.
Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.
Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception.
Blessed be her glorious assumption.
Blessed be the name of Mary, virgin and mother.
Blessed be Saint Joseph, her most chaste spouse.
Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints.

Immigration: Young Peoples, Old Peoples

Legal immigration is just the visible face of a much more massive phenomenon, that of illegal immigration, which could even be called an "invasion." Is it permissible to refuse or repulse the unfortunates driven from their own countries by misery?

Extract from an interview with French priest Fr Gregory Celier

Father, you have defined the duties as well as the rights of the legal immigrant. You have also enounced the rights and duties of the host country. But today it is illegal immigration much more than legal immigration that is the problem.

To approach this difficult question, let's try to understand better the reasons for emigration and immigration. The principal cause of emigration, as we have said, is poverty, misery. Now what are the causes of immigration, that is, the choice to enter one country rather than another? There are two obvious reasons, and two less obvious. First, immigration is desired by the host country to obtain workers to fill the jobs that the citizens don't do (hard work, paltry pay, difficulties, etc.).

Secondly, immigration is chosen by the immigrant. The obvious reason that comes to his mind is the peace and prosperity of the host country.

Then there are two less obvious reasons. The first is our demographic depression. As I said, politics is the art of the real. It is a "biological" reality, I would say: a country whose population is stagnating, diminishing, or aging, creates a vacuum for younger, more active, poorer peoples. However you look at it, the fact cannot be escaped: a rich country like France, if it refuses to have children, will necessarily have immigrants.

The second reason comes as a corollary of the first: a country that no longer has children is a country that has lost confidence in itself, its culture, its history, its values. It is thus willingly a cosmopolitan country, cosmopolitanism being, not a generous and reasonable welcome of others, but rather the nonchalance that is a prelude to death. The immigrants sense that, in this depressed country, they can keep their own customs while benefiting from the local wealth, for

the natives no longer have a zest for life and camouflage this death wish beneath a false notion of welcome and sharing.

Your vision is hardly optimistic, but it seems unfortunately realistic.

For me, when a prosperous country suffers from a real and persistent problem of immigration, the causes are more internal than external. The globe is big, you know: why would immigrants choose a particular country if they were not sure of being taken in and of making a niche. A strong country, proud of its values, young mentally

and demographically, whose citizens are ready to make themselves respected, will know how to regulate immigration. A country aging mentally and demographically because of its refusal to give life and to believe in itself, is an easy prey for the uncontrolled migratory masses.

Let's get to illegal immigration, which is at the centre of all the debates.

The political action must be effected at the source. Sending back the illegal immigrants does not constitute a policy; working to change things in the countries of origin so that they

"...a country that no longer has children is a country that has lost confidence in itself, its culture, its history, its values."



do not want to leave home could constitute a solution. As long as the life of the citizen in his own country is worse than the life of an illegal immigrant exploited by the slave drivers of the sweatshops, then the tide will continue to rise: no one is going to choose to die of hunger in his own country when he knows that he can live, however badly, in another country. As a politician openly fighting against immigration in France (and who is persecuted for it) said, "You cannot build walls to the sky." The target country of immigration must act at the source to remove the desire to leave. This used to be called cooperation; now it is called co-development. It is better to invest in helping a country attain prosperity and retain its people than to spend billions trying to

keep unfortunate people from trying to enter our country, which they will always succeed in doing because misery engenders energy, patience, and cunning.

There is a lot of talk about cooperation or co-development, but nothing seems to be happening.

First of all, there is a problem here. Political and journalistic habits have gradually imposed a very short-term horizon on political discussion, gestures preferred to long-term actions, the only kind that can be effective. Some publicise "charters" to show that they are fighting against illegals; others subscribe to "regularisation" to show that they are treating the problem humanely. Some call for "abolishing the debt" of

poor countries, etc. These measures do not constitute a policy any more than painkillers can cure sickness. Expulsions are necessary; regularisations are necessary; forgiveness of debt is necessary; but only as nuances in a long-term policy, the only kind that can be effective.

The countries of emigration are not necessarily very "cooperative" in accelerating their development.

That is a problem. The decolonisation in the post-war period did not go very well. It took place at a time when the European peoples were demoralised. As a result, we left without provision, with a parting "Now get along without us!" That said, some people with the same level of resources and education

as others at the start, took charge of their future and succeeded in rising from misery or in avoiding it, while others gradually sank into "underdevelopment." When I was young, we had to make sacrifices during Lent for "the poor little Indians." Now this country has undergone its green revolution, and now we are told that it will be one of the economic giants of the 21st century. The same was never said of black, sub-Saharan Africa, a continent that contains, nonetheless, immense resources. Yet today, it is a locus of misery and the source of a continuous stream of immigration.

But these countries' misery is caused first of all by their own widespread corruption, the negligence of leaders, inter-tribal strife, and, lastly, by power struggles.

That's true. In that regard, co-development is not easy. And the time lost in vain talk over the last 40 years has not helped anything. But France still possesses a certain moral authority, an administration, an economy, an army. By really applying ourselves with a political vision, in the long run it would really be possible to help the populations stay home, because they would be happier there than in a foreign land. After that, it would be necessary to address wisely and humanely the residual immigration, which would not represent the grave

problems posed by massive immigration today.

However, even with co-development, it could happen that the population of one country in a state of misery might invade another country en masse.

That's what former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing called "invasion immigration," when he declared on September 21, 1991: "The kind of problem we are facing has shifted from immigration to invasion." The author Jean Raspail imagined such a scenario in his 1973 novel *The Camp of the Saints*. In the novel, the target country is also in a state of extreme necessity. It obviously cannot suddenly take in millions of foreigners. It has no lodging, food, or employment for them.

In such an event, the target country has a real right to legitimate defense, even against people who are objectively in misery and suffering. The images of an army preventing by force hordes of unfortunates from entering a country in danger of their ruining it would be very unpleasant, but weakness in this case would endanger the inhabitants without saving the would-be immigrants. We are considering a rather unusual case, undoubtedly, but which in part is the reality, even today.

You are preaching a right to self-defense?

A people has an incontestable right to protect

itself against an immigrant influx that turns into an invasion. We have said along with the popes: the welcome in principle must be generous, because the earth was created in the beginning for all of humanity, and a majority of the immigrants knock at the door in order to escape their wretched condition. On the other hand, the territory belongs to the nation that inhabits it as its property, and it can receive whom it likes. It is incumbent on the political authority to defend the common good of the nation itself before the good of other men or of the world. This public authority must put in place a humane, just, and generous immigration policy, but it must also be prudent, reasonable, and wise. Now, it would be neither reasonable nor wise nor just to let entire peoples flood into the nation out of sheer laxity to the grave detriment of the country of origin, of the host country and nation of which the leaders are only the representatives.



Has an illegal immigrant any rights?

That's the way the subject is framed nowadays, but this question is skewed from the start. For the term used (illegal) in itself excludes any right; but the illegal is not only an illegal, he is, for example, a human being. So if I answer that he has no rights, then I am inhumane; if I answer that he possesses certain rights,

they are applied to his illegal status. I think that it is necessary to invert the question, and to ask what are a country's duties towards the illegal alien. We have the duty to make him return to his own country, but in a just and humane way.

If the illegal alien has been there for 10 or 20 years, is it still just to deport him?

"...This public authority must put in place a humane, just, and generous immigration policy, but it must also be prudent, reasonable, and wise..."

You are bringing up a question of juridical status. Everyone knows the maxim: "Supreme justice becomes supreme injustice." For example, it is good to punish a malefactor. But if he is not caught, after a certain lapse of time, to punish him (which would be just per se) risks causing even greater injustices. That is why the law posits a limitation: for example, in France, there is a statute of limitation of 30 years for murder. It may be wise to establish a statute of limitation for immigration violations. The law could stipulate that an immigrant having remained undetected in the country for 20 years, for example, could be regularised. But let's be clear: this has nothing to do with the illegal alien's right; it involves, rather, a rule set for the sake of the common good. That is why statutes of limitation vary from country to country.

Why are the current European governments so ineffectual against the phenomenon of immigration?

Each one is the guardian of its laws. Despite the moralising proclamations, a people that has lost the will to live will necessarily be submerged by young, courageous, prolific peoples. The rest is nothing but fiction and warm feelings. A people that no longer wants to do hard work will be invaded by the immigrants who come to do them. A people

that no longer wants to have any children will be invaded by more prolific immigrants. A people that no longer wants to defend itself will have an army of immigrants. Such is the hard law of life: there is no place at the banquet of humanity for old peoples.

Is there a solution?

There are palliatives, of course. The slower the rate of immigration, the better the chance of assimilating the immigrants without altering the personality of the host country. Slowing down immigration is a way of gaining time. But the solution is the renaissance of our peoples: by demographic growth, by the taste for work, by the love of one's own values, by fidelity towards our history. And also by an effective political policy of co-development to enable the poor populations to stay at home in peace. But for such a renaissance, it would be necessary to reverse the direction of the infernal machine put in place some 130 years ago.

An infernal machine?

The one the "Republicans" of 1875 devised. They wanted France to cut her ties to the Church while at the same time keeping her Christian morals. They wanted the French to stop being Catholics but remain decent, hard-working, patriotic, polite, and obedient. Only, when you cut the tree at its roots, you mustn't be surprised to see it die. Undoubtedly,

"...The slower the rate of immigration, the better the chance of assimilating the immigrants without altering the personality of the host country..."

a little time will pass before it weakens and breaks. But one stormy day, this tree will fall on its owner's house. The French who were taught that there is no God finally drew the conclusions: "No God, no master." Why be honest if there is no Divine sanction? Why work if one can live without working?

Only a restoration of Christianity could give our people back a taste for eter-

nal life, and before that for life on earth. The question of immigration is certainly a political question. But it is pre-eminently a more serious, pre-political question. Does our people still have a zest for life and to be itself, and to make proportional efforts to that end? If it surrenders to the gentle sleep of decline, it will ineluctably end by disappearing, submerged by young peoples demanding their piece of the cake of life.



National Rosary Crusade

On Saturday
13th October 2007,
at 3.00pm

on the
Hill of Slane
Off the M2, Dublin-Derry road

PRAY FOR IRELAND!



OCTOBER Reminder

What can I do?

- ♦ On the 13th of October meet on the Hill of Slane

Purpose of the National Rosary Crusade:

- ♦ To ask for Our Lady's intercession on behalf of Ireland in these perilous times for our Nation.

- ♦ Specifically, we request that the One, True, Holy and Apostolic Catholic Faith be restored across Ireland.

- ♦ That God raise up leaders to defend the Faith, the Family and Nationhood of Ireland.

- ♦ Finally, we pray that the adversary and his servants be exposed and that their intrigues against Ireland and the Catholic Faith be crushed.

The Hibernian encourages people to begin praying as individuals for these matters as soon as possible. May God Bless all involved.

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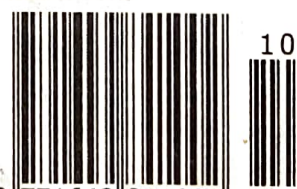
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