

NEWS — from the — PEWS

We Remember

Every passing year Remembrance Day draws up deep emotion in people the world over. Not only are we aghast at what has occurred in the past with regard to the loss of lives in war and conflict of any kind, but somewhere in our past, our families and friends have been directly affected by war and loss.

Although the world moves on at a seemingly rapid pace, the two World Wars are not that long ago in the grand scale of things; close enough to exact a deep response in many of us. My Great Uncle Fred – ‘Young Freddie Carter’ as he was fondly known to my family and friends, joined the Royal Irish Fusiliers and went to fight in the First World War. He left Dunlaoighre at the age of 18 with two close friends who were to return home from war without him. The story goes that the three were taken hostage by the Germany Army. Freddie was a feisty character who, on one occasion, stood up to a German officer and was asked to leave the room. His friends never saw him again.

Sometime later, in a letter to our family from the War Office, Fred’s Mother and Father were informed that he had been working in a mine and had fallen down a mine shaft to his death. For the rest of his life, Fred’s father sought to find out the truth of what had happened to his son. As I write this nothing short of grief rises up in considering the young face in the picture, handsome and full of life and hope. Like so many others, Fred’s life was cut short in the name of glory. But where is the glory in



the loss of young lives? As the words of the Gospel Reading for Remembrance Sunday ring in my head *‘Greater love has no one than this: to lay down one’s life for one’s friends.’* (John 15:13) I continue this year to struggle with the understanding of them. Surely Christ speaks of a depth of love, not an encouragement of the taking of that life nor the glorification of war. As we *Remember* this week, please let us do three things; REMEMBER the loss; COMMEND these souls again to the joy and peace of God’s presence and PROMISE with all that you have that you will do all you can to ensure that this doesn’t happen again.

Cornflakes anyone?



I can’t look out of the Rectory window these days, but I’m reminded of the Kelloggs’ ad for Cornflakes. I was warned this might happen and right enough I find myself in the possession of three fine young roosters from our first Summer brood who are just



beginning to stretch their necks and puff out their chests. These cockerels are smaller than the ‘Reds’ they house with and are truly beautiful birds with not only black chests and white necks but bottle-green under-wings and tail tips and a golden strip across their backs. I would like to retain one of the three (if I’m not extricated from the neighbourhood) but offer the other two to good homes that seek to add to their flock. They have been bred by a poultry breeder who specialises in combining different breeds as you can see. If you are interested do give the office a call (01 2863862).

Autumn Glory



Beautiful Beech Trees in Knocksink woods



Autum Glory in Powerscourt.

Photo Credit: Helen Beardsley-O'Toole



The Church Review for November 2020 is now available to view and download online using the below link:

https://issuu.com/rossprintdesign/docs/church_review_-_november_2020_v5c_fa_hq

Evacuation from DUNKIRK - June 1940

a first-hand account from Rev. Ivan Neill



The final days seemed unreal. We had to dump our kit and destroy our vehicles without use of fire lest we disclosed our intentions. Water and oil were let out of the radiators and sumps of all vehicles and the engines were allowed to run at high speed until they seized up. As for ourselves,



we retained personal arms where applicable, many officers changed into their best uniforms, breeches and field boots, and as for me I wore my Service Dress, Sam Browne and breeches and only carried my Bible, my HC set and toilet equipment.

Colonel Dan Perrott devised the scheme of temporary ‘piers’ stretching out into the water and facilitating the embarkation of retreating troops.

Lorries were driven as far out in the sea as possible and lashed end to end, boarding was lashed to the canopy frames and each person as he embarked was required to carry a sand



bag and to drop it into the body of one of the lorries thereby giving it added stability.



We approached the beach at its northern end in small parties – usually one officer with each and walked towards Dunkirk via Bray Dunes along the foreshore. Above high-water mark casualties of bombing and shelling lay unavoidably unburied. My group or party took advantage of low water and darkness on the last full day of evacuation. The sand was moist, but hard, and each of us left fluorescent footmarks as we walked along. The bombing had been stilled since nightfall and, mercifully, the enemy had not correlated his range of fire with the rise and fall of the tide. Shells fell in the soft sand reasonably well to our left.

Small boats were coming inshore, and all ranks were making their way to and along the improvised piers. This was the first time it occurred to us that we might reach home safely. We were pulled off these jetties on to the small craft and taken off to the nearest ship.

The calm and purposeful firmness of all on HM Destroyer Vivacious was almost as good as ultimately landing in Dover. They were totally exhausted plying to and fro between Dover and the beaches non-stop. They had lost their disguising (anti mine) protection through enemy action, but they were unperturbed. One soldier had been killed on board just before they picked us up and they said, “You chaps



have been through it; it should have been one of us". I found No.1 was burning his fingers with a lighted cigarette to keep himself awake.

It was broad daylight as we zigzagged across the channel. The ship moved off with the thrust of a sports car as it left Dunkirk and we only 'heaved to' when the kindly sailors allowed me to bury at sea in a sail cloth the soldier whose death, we all deeply regretted. He represented to us the loss of comrades and friends during the past grim days.

Submitted by Mr. Robert Neill

MyMind is a government-funded on-line counselling service for people experiencing poor mental health during this Pandemic. This service is free of charge and can be accessed using www.mymind.ie (Covid 19 Project)



MyMind is very aware that the Covid19 pandemic has had a devastating effect on many individuals and families, and there has been increased pressure on people's ability to cope with additional challenges posed by the virus. From bereavement and job losses to the fear and anxiety caused by the need to socially distance, and trying to deal with loneliness and isolation, many people are finding it hard to cope at the moment. Getting help and staying connected are very important factors in maintaining good mental health. Talking to a qualified professional is a proven and effective way of dealing with problems of stress or anxiety. MyMind is now delivering FREE online counselling appointments for people all over Ireland. If you have been directly affected by Covid-19 you may be eligible. All counselling and psychotherapy sessions delivered through this project will be provided by MyMind and will be carried out online via video call or phone calls.

To learn more please visit: <https://mymind.org/online>
I: hq@mymind.org or phone call +353 76 6801060

There is a season for everything....



November has never been my favourite month of the year. It is the start of moving from the light into the darkness of the shorter days. Autumn majestically gives way to winter; the harvest has been gathered and as the last leaves cling to the tree's nature folds back in on itself during the following months of inactivity. It is a time where we are challenged to slow down and rest also, though many would say we have been dealing with this particular challenge since the arrival of Covid-19 into our daily lives! It is a time of trust and even though it seems like nothing is happening and everything has stopped, deep in the earth there is quiet growth taking place and the heart of mother earth beats strongly.

November is also the time of the year when we remember our dead. For many this has been a year of great loss in so many ways and sadly there have been limited ways of accompanying loved ones on their end of life journey. I am also very aware that this year because of the closure of our places of worship we have not been able to gather in community to remember our





loved ones who have passed. I have a beautiful memory from last November where we gathered in St Patrick's Church for an enriching service of Remembrance. As the name of our deceased loved one was called out, we were invited to approach the altar to light a candle and remember.... We are still remembering, just in a different way.

When great souls die, after a period peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly.

*Spaces fill with a kind soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they
existed. (Maya Angelou)*

Submitted by Sheila Lindsay.



These little 3-minute prayer pockets can be found on our YouTube channel. The aim is to encourage some quiet time to spend with God.



This stone attracted attention because of the nickname. Not being a film buff, I had never heard of Bronco McLoughlin, but a quick search on the Internet revealed that he was an internationally renowned stunt man ,appearing as proxy heroes in more than 40 films and several times in the Television series, Father Ted. When he died in 2019, obituaries appeared in all the Irish newspapers, in the Guardian and in America. In a career spanning almost 50 years, he had become a legend. One example: in the famous scene in " The Mission", where the priest is sent to his death over the waterfall, it is Bronco who is strapped to the crucifix.

Do read about him on the Internet. Briefly.....

Anthony Gerard McLoughlin was born in the Curragh in 1938, son of an army officer. He went to Australia at 16, to be a cowboy, and there learned to break horses and herd cattle. His nickname originated there. After 12 years he returned to Ireland and began a career in films looking after and training horses and was soon in demand in Britain and Hollywood. The British Stunt Register awarded him their Lifetime Award. He died in Ashford where he lived with his second wife, Karen Bennett. They ran Broom Lodge, a riding stable.

It seemed only right to do a little research on the man also commemorated on this headstone. He is Captain William Bennett, and

he is Karen's father. Karen very kindly filled in the missing information. He was a family Vet, always known as Bill. He trained with Trevor Scott, and ran several small animal practices in Kilternan, Shankill and Dun Laoghaire. He ran a boarding kennels, showed Bull terriers, his home was always full of dogs, and he never made his fortune because he cared more for the animal than the fees. He died very young, at 49. The inscription at the foot of the stone, are lines from The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, often chosen to commemorate a Vet. There are several such in this churchyard. Very appropriate.

Judy Cameron



Our Living Room concept began by embracing the Wednesday Fellowship Group and encouraging it to expand. Now, under present restrictions, this little group has expanded even further as it is now held as a zoom meeting and possible for people to attend who may not be from the locality. With this in mind we encourage you to join us on Wednesday Mornings at 10am on Zoom. If you would like to take part in

this group please contact the Rector at cathyhallsisey@hotmail.com.

Helping Hands!



Please don't forget we have had several offers of help from among our Parishioners to those who may be struggling a little at this time. We have some very willing volunteers to help with whatever is needed within these restricted times. Please let the office or the Rector know if you are in need of assistance.



Dear Parishioners,

I have been in a place of frustration for the past four days now. I write to offer an apology first and foremost to those of you who may have seen the messages on my Facebook page and on the Parishes Facebook Page appealing for donations for a very sick child. If you read the wording, as many of my friends and colleagues did, you may very well get a good idea that this message did not come from myself. Many have lifted the phone to inform me that this is going on and others have been directly involved with the hacker who has been more than ready to respond to messages regarding everything and anything that might occur including the death of a close friend's partner!!

There are several levels to the frustration surrounding this as all attempts to rectify the situation with Facebook have been unsuccessful with an account set up so long ago the phone number and email address are long since gone from me. I have been locked out of my account by someone who continues to be 'live' and Facebook seem unable to close the account down.

I find it hard to conceive how some people can deliberately prey upon others through these circumstances and given my profession. As I still await assistance from Facebook whose security is so tight (ironically) that I can't move. I strongly urge you to not only avoid all Facebook contact with me but please do not open anything remotely suspicious that might appear on your phone or computer. It seems that this problem has accelerated during this past year as people are more often on their screens. My apologies again. I would welcome any advice regarding a solution, and you might offer up a pray for safe resolution to the closing of this account without any more hurt associated.

Cathy

It's been difficult for our children over this past year with the changes that have occurred. Plans are now afoot for an online weekly series for children in keeping with the Sunday Advent Scriptures heralding the coming of the baby Jesus in Bethlehem.

All information on children's activities can be found on the Dublin and Glendalough Kids Facebook page.



<http://www.powerscourt.glendalough.anglican.org/test/>

<https://www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=the%20grouped%20parishes%20of%20powerscourt%20with%20kilbride>

