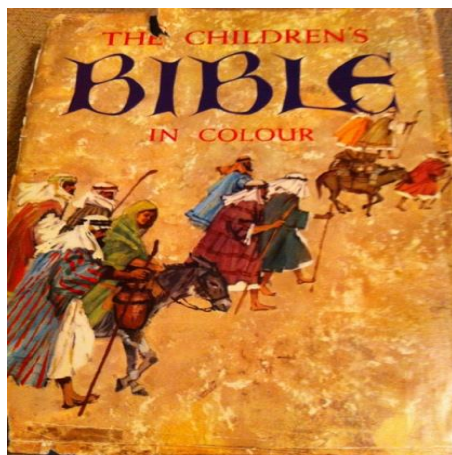


NEWS — from the — PEWS

Jonah

When I was a little girl my Great Aunt Susie presented me with an illustrated bible. I'm sure many of you are familiar with this particular version, bursting full of colour and stories, it provided an abbreviated account of the books of the Old Testament through to the New Testament. It still sits on the bookshelves in my office and is occasionally used when presenting an assembly to the school.

Of all the coloured images within its pages, one in particular filled me with both fascination and horror in equal measure. It was the picture of Jonah, shiny moist and only seconds after the whale had 'deposited' him on the beach having held Jonah for three whole days within its stomach. The notion of the darkness inside the creature, (never mind the harrowing experience of being swallowed in the first place!) filled my young mind with awe, to say the least. I was unsure as to whether it was the concept of the whole 'big fish' encounter or the image of the giant wide back disappearing into the depth of the ocean that sent dread coursing through my young veins, but this particular story and image was my favourite in the book.



Jonah had been chosen by God to put to rights one of the most dangerous regions – Nineveh – a city that had followed its own course and rules and

had fallen short of God's expectations. Jonah obliged by running in the opposite direction, clearly under the delusion that it was possible to outrun God! He boarded a ship and buried himself in its bowels only to experience a crisis of conscience when the ship encountered a storm and request that he be thrown into the depth of the ocean in order to save the ship's innocent crew! There then occurs the encounter from the depths of the sea as Jonah is swallowed whole (thankfully) by a great fish to be thrown back up on land three days later by a God who wasn't taking no for an answer. The Book of the Prophet Jonah is short and easily read. It brings me joy as an adult to experience the human frailties we all experience through a rather courageous soul. No doubt it's Jonah's resilience in the first place that God chooses to set right the people of Nineveh, but what a journey Jonah encounters and of his own doing. The bible is very honest in its portrayal of humanity's mistakes. In this instance God is presented to be the exasperated yet patient father whose unruly child takes some convincing. The story ends with Jonah bringing all in Nineveh to God. The book is worth a read. Perhaps read it with a smile and recognise within it our own doubts and responses; our own fears and lessons learned through and with a Father who is ever-patient and ever willing us on in a multitude of different ways.

Vivid Blue

Within the hedge beneath the ivy green
I watch him hunting little things unseen;
each tiny detail – beak and claw and wing
- a testimony to a greater thing.
How can I doubt your presence here with me
Creator of the beauty that I see
when I'm reminded constantly of you
within each fleeting flash of vivid blue?!

Cathy Hallissey



God's Word for this Week

The Second Sunday before Lent

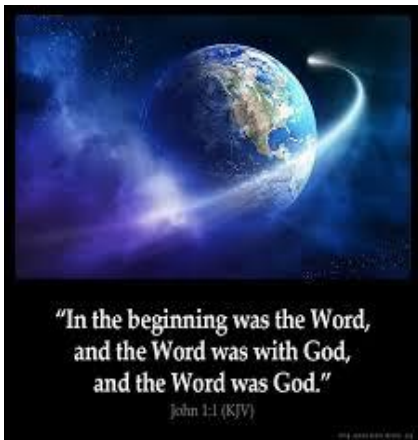
THE GOSPEL READING

John 1: 1-14

Commentary:

The prologue to John's gospel begins with the Word – or Logos – as an expression for God, and by extension Jesus. The Word was a concept that was understood by both Jews and Greeks - and we need to remember that John was writing in Ephesus about AD 90 to a church that was predominantly Greek, although grounded in Judaism. In Judaism, the Word was a name for God: in Greek philosophy the Logos was the controlling power of the universe. John addressed both cultures and told them that they only had to look at Jesus to see God in the flesh.

The Gospel commentary submitted by Robert Neil

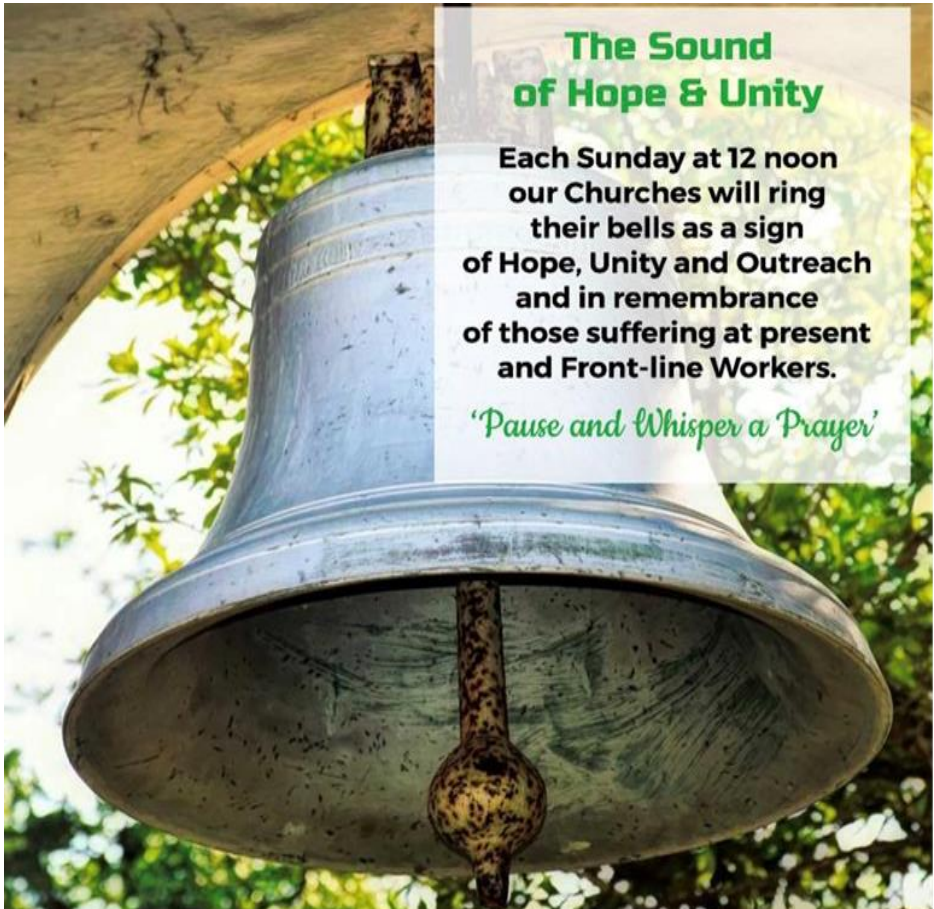


In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.²He was in the beginning with God.³All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being⁴ in him was life,* and the life was the light of all people.⁵The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

⁶There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.⁷He came as a witness to testify to the light, so that all might believe through him.⁸He himself was not the light, but he came to testify to the light.⁹The true light, which enlightens everyone, was coming into the world.*

10 He was in the world, and the world came into being through him; yet the world did not know him. ¹¹He came to what was his own,* and his own people did not accept him. ¹²But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God, ¹⁵who were born, not of blood or of the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father's only son,* full of grace and truth.



The Sound of Hope & Unity

**Each Sunday at 12 noon
our Churches will ring
their bells as a sign
of Hope, Unity and Outreach
and in remembrance
of those suffering at present
and Front-line Workers.**

'Pause and Whisper a Prayer'



Elizabeth Fisher. 1939 - 2021

This lovely lady left us, all too soon, when she slipped away in her sleep on 21st January

Everybody shares fond memories of Elizabeth and the recurring sentiment is always 'she was such a lady' or 'so lovely' or 'so kind'. Elizabeth grew up in Bray. Her Father's hardware and seed shop, on the Main Street was very well known and her Mother was a much loved teacher in the National School. She met Cedric in the Guild of Youth, a Parish organisation for young people in Christ Church Bray and they were married there on a very cold but sunny day in February 1963. They began their married life in Noel Browns house in Ballyorney which had been the school and schoolhouse for that area in previous times. Cedric and Elizabeth shared many interests like sailing, beagling and entertaining. They were Founding members of Bray Sailing Club and indeed Cedric built three boats in what was the old schoolroom before it morphed into their very elegant drawing room with beautiful full-length velvet curtains and a grand piano. One of the boats was named Leticia, which was Elizabeth's second name.

Juliette and SallyAnne came along in due course. They were particularly beautiful children and they were requested to do some modelling for the

Donald Davies tweed factory and Fashion Outlet which was nearby in Charleville

Elizabeth had a great interest in the Girl Guides, and she devoted a huge amount of her time to its success. She particularly shone at the annual sports Day at Kilruddery when with her hand-held loudspeaker, she kept everything running like clockwork while she also managed to look completely unruffled and neat in her Area District Commissioner's uniform.

The Soroptimists in Bray was another of her interests. Likewise, she was involved in Powerscourt Parish, with Church Flower arranging and helping in every way at all the Fork Suppers and always ready to produce beautiful food for the Bring and Buy Sales

In more recent years Elizabeth began to suffer from a great many serious ailments. She never complained or expressed frustration. Never gave in. If she was well enough, she dressed in her usual very stylish way, applied her makeup with flair and set out to enjoy yourself and contribute to whatever the occasion was with interest and generosity. On bad days, she stayed quietly at home

All her friends remember her with great affection. We miss her very much but feel honoured and thankful to have known her so well and for so long.

Lovingly submitted by Ruth Sutton



Spring

Leaving the winter season behind will be a relief for many of us, indeed if not for all of us... The Global Pandemic has challenged our resilience levels relentlessly. The dark days have seemed darker, the cold has seemed colder, and the evenings so much longer. The door to Christmas time opened for a short while and then banged firmly shut. But thankfully the cycle of the seasons continue...



As we ease into springtime, I sense we are heading into a festival of light and life. It is lovely to see and feel however tenuous, the subtle lengthening of the days. The light seems brighter in spite of the sometimes dull dreary damp days. There is a sense of hope in the air as the buds become visible on the trees and flowers slowly begin to emerge up and out into the world of nature.

As I read the lovely piece ‘Spring has arrived in Ballybrew’ it transported me back to memories of my childhood visits to my uncle’s farm. There was a lot of excitement around lambing time, though by the time I arrived the hard work was done and there were adorable little lambs

around the place under their mothers' watchful eye. I remember becoming attached to a particular lamb and not really understanding why he had to 'go to another place'....but farm life and nature teaches much about the cycle of life.

When I see snowdrops I'm reminded of the freedom of playing with my cousins for hours among the trees in the woods, and those fragile 'drops' were just an ordinary part of our landscape. Cowslips, bluebells, primroses were the flowers growing happily in our garden of play and magical happenings. We bent our heads to smell their fragrance but somehow, we never picked them...we left them to adorn the landscape in their natural habitat.



*Come with me into the Woods,
Where spring is advancing, as it does no matter what,
Not being singular or particular but one of the forever gifts, and
certainly visible. (Mary Oliver).*

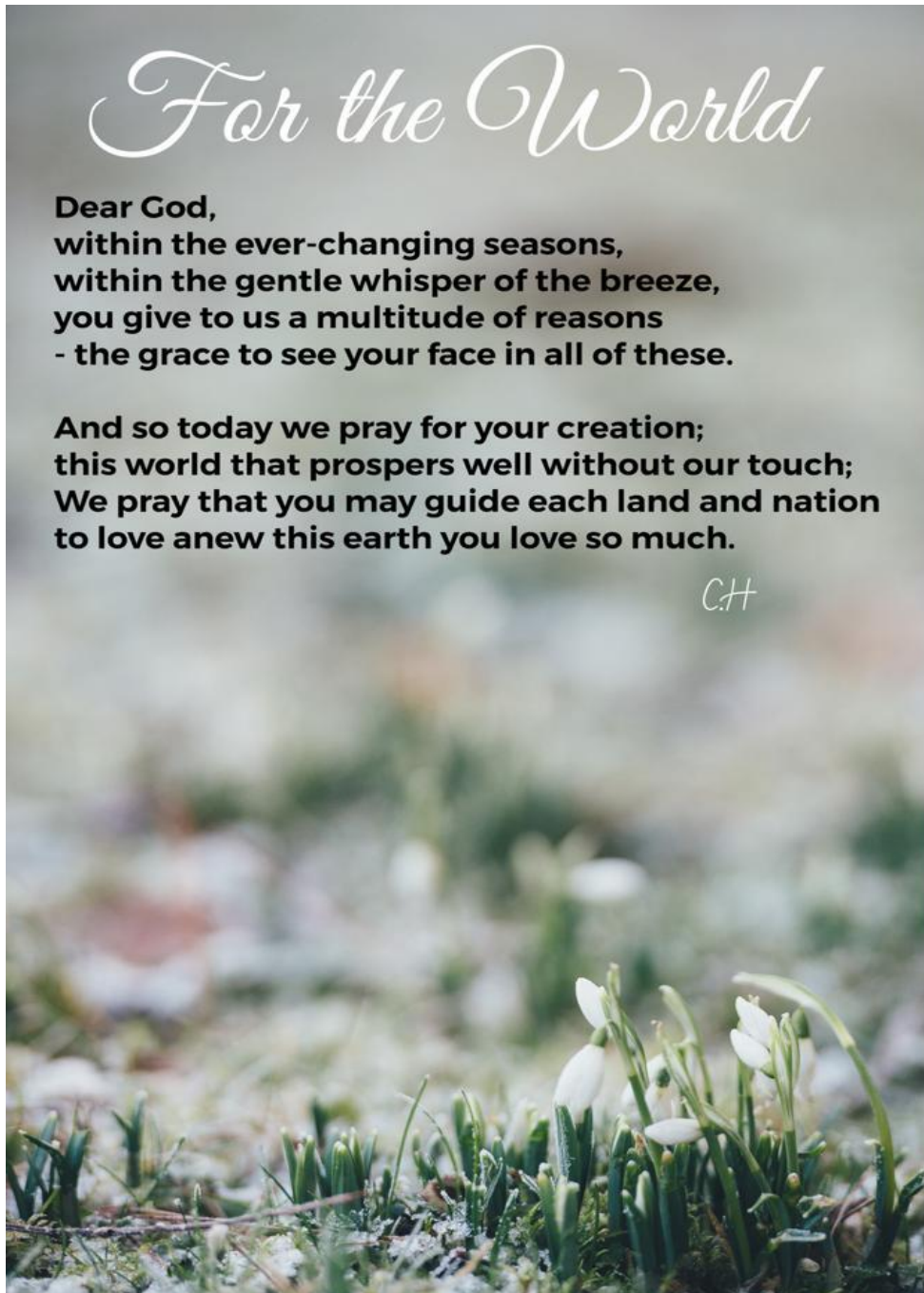
'Spring', submitted by Sheila Lindsay

For the World

**Dear God,
within the ever-changing seasons,
within the gentle whisper of the breeze,
you give to us a multitude of reasons
- the grace to see your face in all of these.**

**And so today we pray for your creation;
this world that prospers well without our touch;
We pray that you may guide each land and nation
to love anew this earth you love so much.**

C.H



St. Brigid's blessing

May Brigid bless the house wherein you dwell
Bless every fireside, every wall and door
Bless every heart that beats beneath it's roof
Bless every hand that toils to bring it joy
Bless every foot that walks it's portals through
May Brigid bless the house that shelters you.

'St. Brigid's Blessing', Submitted by Georgina Masterson

St. Brigid's Well Statue, Brallistown Little, Co. Kildare

As Monday was St. Brigid's day this blessing was received from the Mother's Union.

Are you in need help with your Garden?

This time of year can be overwhelming with the late winter clean up. However, we have received a wonderful gift of help to any parishioner who might be struggling to get garden jobs done. Whether it is chopping wood, clearing leaves, weeding, branch trimming or whatever is needed. This



really is a very kind offer from an experienced professional who is very generously donating time to the parish.

If you would like to take up the offer, please give me a call in the office on 2863862. Office hours are 8.15 -12.15 daily, otherwise you could send me an email on Powerscourtparish@gmail.com.



A letter to the Irish Times this week reminds us of Geoffrey Molyneux Palmer, a composer who is known for setting the poems of James Joyce to music. Joyce favoured these settings over many others, but the composer for a long time was reluctant to have them performed.

The reason for this seemed obscure but was probably because Geoffrey's sisters ran Hillcourt School in Glenageary, and they were anxious that a connection to James Joyce might damage the reputation of a school for respectable young ladies, in the eyes of the parents.



Phyllis and Gladys Palmer had been teaching in Cheltenham Ladies College in England when they were head hunted in 1919 to take charge of this new school. A third sister Eileen was later employed there also, though latterly she took care of Geoffrey,

who had for many years been suffering from Multiple Sclerosis. The father of this family died in England in 1917, and his widow returned to take up residence in Ireland.

Though Geoffrey and his sisters were all born and reared in England, they were very much Irish. Their father was the Reverend Abram Smythe Palmer, who was curate of Powerscourt church from 1868 to 74. This was around the time of the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, when one of the major concerns for parishioners was how they were going to be able to pay their clergy. ASP had words with the vestry, and when they refused to increase his salary, he decamped to a parish in England where he built a reputation as a distinguished writer of academic books. We can be sympathetic, as the poor man had to pay rent to the Powerscourt estate for his little house in Silverdale, and maintained he had hardly enough left over to feed himself, far less marry and set up a household.

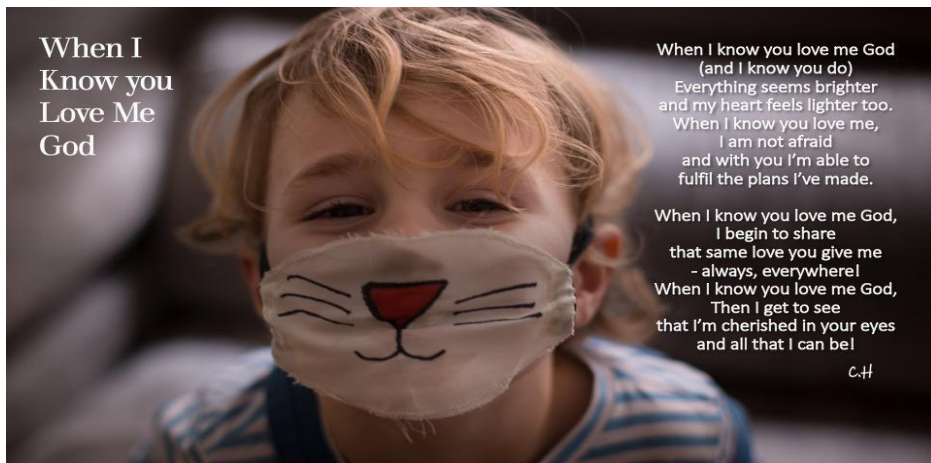
He did marry, however, Sarah Frances Molyneux, daughter of Lord Powerscourt's Agent, Echlin Molyneux, a barrister and QC. Sarah was a published writer of books for children, as well as the mother of five.

The head stones for this family are two handsome Celtic crosses, with inscriptions almost hidden with algae. Geoffrey, his mother, and three of his four sisters are all buried here. Sarah died in 1924, Eileen in 1949, Geoffrey in 1957, Phyllis in 1961 and Gladys in 1970. Their father's name is recorded on the side of one stone, though he is buried in England.

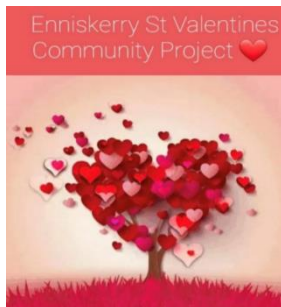
The Times letter was about a plan by the Friends of the Joyce Tower Society, to put on a concert devoted to Joyce's poems with Palmer's settings, whenever concerts are once more allowed. That will be a good chance to hear Palmer's work, which has been too long neglected.

'Headstone of the Week', submitted by Judy Cameron

Children's Corner



Love is in the air in Enniskerry this February ❤️❤️❤️



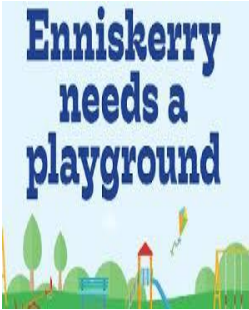
We would like to invite everyone to get involved in creating a heart made out of recycled materials. Write a name or names of a loved one near or far away. We will display them in the Village & run a competition for 1st, 2nd & 3rd most creative entry ❤️.

You can leave your hearts at the clock tower on Saturday 6th February @ 11am or Saturday 13th February @ 11am and don't forget to leave your details so we can enter you for the competition. Best of luck everyone ❤️

Sometimes it's hard to find things to do with children to fill the days at home. Why not visit our Dioceses Facebook Page for ideas!



<https://www.facebook.com/Dublin-Glendalough-Kids-107738287592834>



The Enniskerry Playground Committee are at the planning stage and would be delighted for the children of the parish to have the opportunity to have their say on the playground.

Drawings can be sent to our email enniskerryplayground@gmail.com before Friday the 19th.



All videos can be found on our Facebook Page
<https://www.facebook.com/The-Grouped-Parishes-of-Powerscourt-with-Kilbride-1514315732033467>

or on our Parishes YouTube Channel

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOXYER9cLb4mj3tuNcYdExQ>