

PLATEA

Herne Bay's Catholic Parish Magazine
Lent/Easter 2019 (issue 6)



Bible Weekend ♦ Terri Hancock
The Tyburn Nuns ♦ Helen Grizzell
World Meeting of Families 2018 in Dublin





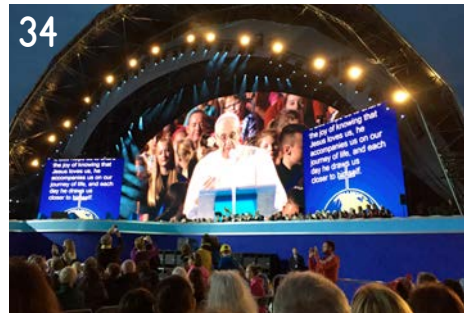
The Anniversary Triptych of the Passionist Order by
Loukas Seroglou [2018]

2020 will be the 300th anniversary of the founding of the Passionist Order by St Paul of the Cross. To commemorate this anniversary, the Order has commissioned Loukas Seroglou, a Greek-born iconographer now living in Vienna, to paint, or ‘write’ this splendid triptych (painting on 3 panels) of Passionist saints.

The central figure, along with Our Lady, contemplating the passion and death of Jesus Christ is St Paul of the Cross, who founded the Passionists in 1720. In the left panel are St Gemma Galgani, a young woman who desired to join the contemplative Passionist nuns, but the need to care for elderly parents meant that she stayed with them, was a mystic who received the stigmata (the wounds of Christ). Her spiritual director was a Passionist priest. She died in 1903, aged 25. In the panel below St Gemma is Blessed Isidore de Loor (1881-1916), a Belgian Passionist lay-brother who led an exemplary, if not dramatic, life of holiness. The two panels on the right are of St Gabriel, patron of youth in Italy, whose statue is in our church near the lady altar; and below him is Blessed Dominic Barberi, who founded the Passionists in England. The icon is making a tour of all the countries where Passionists are present, 66 at the last count – most recently in Burma.

In this Issue of **PLATEA**

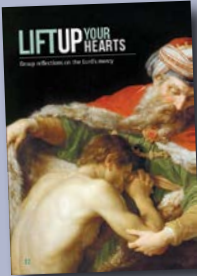
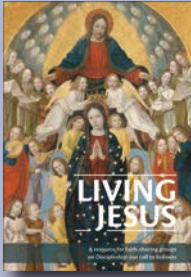
Highlights



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PLATEA

Herne Bay's Catholic Parish Magazine

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PLATEA features original stories and other articles, ideas and creative content intended to inspire the Catholic parish in Herne Bay to ever deeper discipleship of Jesus Christ.

PLATEA includes contributions that we believe are worthy of our readers' consideration, whether or not we fully agree with them. Views expressed by our contributors are their own and do not necessarily reflect the editorial position of **PLATEA** or of the parish community. Adverts are not necessarily endorsements of the businesses featured.

Editorial team: Annette Ballard, Connie Caira, Richard Carr, Gabrielle Davis, Marian Green, Mark Nash, Rachel Nash, Deacon Barry Walker and Fr Mark White (if you would like join in, get in touch)
Contributions to be sent to: plateamag@gmail.com or by post: The Retreat, 3 Sea St, Herne Bay, CT6 8SP

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Cover: Central panel, of the Anniversary Triptych of the Passionist Order by Loukas Seroglou (2018)

Welcome to **PLATEA**

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the sixth edition of **PLATEA**, the parish magazine of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Herne Bay. The editorial team wish for me to convey their thanks for your patience with this issue.

Once more we see a great variety of articles but there are a couple of themes. Firstly, in 2018 we marked, along with the rest of the country, the 100th anniversary of the end of the First World War. To commemorate this the poetry comes from David Jones, a Catholic war poet who is little known and an article on the grotto built as a memorial in the 1950's. The second theme is that of the Word of God, following on from the excellent Bible Weekend in June - we have a look back at its benefits as well as a story on the effect of the Gospels on those 'who have ears'.

On the front cover and the inside front cover, we feature the splendid Passionist Jubilee Icon written by Loukas Seroglou. This was commissioned to help the Order celebrate 300 years since our founding by St Paul of the Cross in 1720. Other articles include the Nash Family's participation at the World Meeting of Families in Dublin last year, a look back at a recent Day with Mary and a story about a Tyburn Nun whose faith life was nurtured in our parish.

We feature the second *My Faith Journey* submitted by Linda Thompson. Testimonies of faith, as I mentioned in the Pentecost 2018 edition, help us to see the stories within our community and encourage each of us to continue on the path to which we are called. We aim to have a different person's story in each future edition. If you want to submit yours, get in touch.

I hope that you enjoy all of the articles in this edition of **PLATEA**. Thanks to all who contributed. We look forward to receiving your contributions for future editions, in the form of letters, questions, articles, photos and, of course, your stories of faith.

With an assurance of my prayers and best wishes,

Fr Mark White CP
Parish Priest

A Very Parish Celebration!



Fr Mark's & Fr Patrick's milestone celebration on 7th April was enjoyed by many Parishioners of all ages. There were so many Parishioners involved, to mention by name, but again sincere appreciation to those who helped organise, prepared the venue, provided delicious foods including our Indian community, and helped clear up late that night.

The special Celebration Mass was concelebrated by Fr Mark & Fr Patrick. The Church was packed and Tony

and the Choir turned out especially to enhance this wonderful spiritual start to our celebration of our two special Priest.

After Mass, the "birthday boys" were welcomed into a packed Hall with spontaneous clapping and a boisterous rendition of Happy Birthday. Julian Jennings formally welcomed all present estimated 200 plus.

The wonderful selection of food provided by Parishioners including with liquid refreshment including wine was



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donated by our Catholic Club set us all up for an evening of entertainment by “Our Church Has Got Talent “ Parishioners.

Deacon Barry introduced the various acts, interspersed with a variety of jokes. Two rather dubious characters (kept locked in the toilets while we ate) – sang “We’re a Couple of Swells”, followed by traditional Indian Dance by Evelyn, Biju



and Sreya Sriju, Ella Tucker, accompanied by Dad Kevin, sang an Oasis song, Harry, Paddy & Pete guitars & drums played & then accompanied “Elvis Rino (Elvis had not left the building), Tony Maderia sang with a happy Smile, Grace sang Amazing Grace followed by Thelma. The evening acts continued with members of the Choir led by Roger & Tony on keyboard singing “When the Boats Come In” Danny Boy” and finally the “Gaelic Blessing”.



After these wonderful performances Julian introduced the Presentation part of the evening, and Gerry & David presented Fr Mark & Fr Patrick with special Papal blessings . We then shared the specially made cakes- one with Irish colours & shamrock & the other with Newcastle colours & football alongside a lovely joint cake.

The evening was completed by Fr Mark inviting us all to join with him singing a North East Song. Parishioners at times struggled but with great enthusiasm sang along in what seemed to be a different language!

The wonderful pictures taken by Hannah Maple reflect the flavour of what was a memorable occasion.

Article by Frank Gormley,
pictures by Hannah Maple

If you wish to share a short reflection on something that has happened in the parish or have a photo of a recent event please either email: plateamag@gmail.com or write to Platea, 3 Sea Street, Herne Bay.



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- 2 Thou hast made the land to tremble; thou hast rent it: Heal the breaches thereof; for it shaketh.
- 3 Thou hast showed thy people hard things: Thou hast made us to drink the wine of staggering.
- 4 Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, That it may be displayed because of the truth. ¹Sē'lāh
- 5 That thy beloved may be delivered, Save with thy right hand, and answer us.
- 6 God hath spoken in his holiness: I will exult; I will divide Shē'chēm, and mete out the valley of Sūc'cōth.
- 7 Gīl'ē-ād is mine, and Mā-nās'sēh is mine; E'phrā-im also is the defence of my head; Jū'dāh is my sceptre.
- 8 Mō'āb is my washpot; ¹Upon E'dōm will I cast my shoe: Phi-lis'ti-ā, shout thou because of me.
- 9 Who will bring me into the strong city? Who hath led me unto E'dōm? ¹Hast not thou, O God, cast us off? And thou goest not forth, O God, with our hosts.
- 11 Give us help against the adversary; For vain is the help of man.
- 12 Through God we shall do valiantly; For he it is that will tread down our adversaries.

Confidence in God's Protection.

For the Chief Musician: on a stringed instrument. A Psalm of David.

- 61 Hear my cry, O God; Attend unto my prayer. 2 From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

¹ Another reading is, me. ² Or, *lawgiver*
¹ Or, *Unto*. ⁴ Or, *Who will lead me &c.*
³ Or, *Will not thou, O God, who hast cast us off, and goest . . . hosts?* ⁶ Heb. *salvation*
⁷ Or, *fainteth*

- Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
- 3 For thou hast been a refuge for me, A strong tower from the enemy.
- 4 I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever: I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings. ¹Sē'lāh
- 5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: Thou hast ¹⁹given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
- 6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life; His years shall be as many generations.
- 7 He shall abide before God for ever: Oh prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.
- 8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, That I may daily perform my vows.

God alone a Refuge from Treachery and Oppression.

For the Chief Musician: after the manner of Jeduthun. A Psalm of David.

- 62 My soul ¹waiteth in silence for God only: From him cometh my salvation.
- 2 He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.
- 3 How long will ye set upon a man, ¹²That ye may slay him, all of you, Like a leaning wall, like a tottering fence?
- 4 They only consult to thrust him down from his dignity; They delight in lies; They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly. ¹Sē'lāh
- 5 My soul, ¹⁸wait thou in silence for God only; For my expectation is from him.
- 6 He only is my rock and my salvation:

⁸ Or, *a rock that is too high for me* ⁹ Heb. *tent* ¹⁹ Or, *given a heritage unto those &c.*
¹¹ Heb. *is silent unto God* ¹² Or, *as otherwise read, Ye shall be slain &c.* ¹³ Heb. *be thou silent unto God*

Bible Weekend

22nd – 24th June 2018

'I'd like to say how wonderful I thought the weekend went. Lots of different people came together and were fed in body and soul. I know I came away with a few nuggets of information and with a little more thought for the words we hear, not necessarily the words we read. And for how I show and live my faith in the life that I lead.'

This is a quote from a parishioner who was involved and attended the Bible weekend. Not knowing how it would all go, the parishioners attending were given a lot to think about when it came to understanding the Scriptures. We went from a whistle stop tour of the Old Testament on the Friday night to Jesus walking on the water on Sunday afternoon. The Catholic Bible School delivered the whole programme with animation and interaction with a spot of amateur dramatics. This really brought the Bible to life. We all know Moses was found in the bulrushes but what do we know of his role as judge, patriarch and prophet while remaining obedient in his role of Giver of the Law. We do now and much more about the Old Testament prophets.

In the Story of our Salvation, we were able to follow the Bible timeline

and understand the number of years involved including 70 years in Babylon.

You could not fail to be moved by the personal testimonies on the Friday and Saturday nights from Linda Thompson and Marian Green (Marian, p.10, and Linda, p.30, have kindly agreed to share their stories in **PLATEA**).

The weekend introduced parishioners to Lectio Divina - praying with the Bible - introducing how this works and reflecting on the word of God. There was quiet time too with adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the church and prayer tables around the room. The prayer tables were interactive and thought provoking.

The workshop that was most attended was the Saturday afternoon one on Gospel parables. Again, this was not just listening to one of the 37 parables in the New Testament but getting into groups and discussing 'Who is Jesus telling the story to and what is he actually saying?' We all had Bibles for reading the text. This was new to some who have not been on weekly or day retreats but very encouraging in helping parishioners feel less fearful of attending such events. Nobody wants to admit they don't know it all. None of us do. We are on this journey together.



Marian Green reflects on sharing her Faith Story at Bible Weekend

When Fr Mark asked me if I'd share my Faith Story at the Bible Weekend I initially thought, what on earth would I have to say that anyone would want to hear. I've not had a very interesting life, right? Not done anything grand, me. But it didn't take me long to warm to the idea, becoming quite positive and concluding that, well, we all have a story to tell. So, I convinced myself that yes, I've got this, I can do this. I spent the next many days pondering on my past and looking back over my life in a way I'd not done before. It wasn't easy as there have been difficult moments that still cause some pain. But as I reflected, I began to see how God had been there at every moment, from the influence of my devout grandmother, to schools, friends and coincidences (or God-incidences) I'd encountered on my journey. It became clear, also that Our Lady played a major role in my pilgrimage with God.

Being honoured to share all this with my fellow parishioners at the Bible Weekend was both terrifying and Grace filled. But it was also a great joy and I'm glad that I did it. I was overwhelmed by the response of people who are still, after weeks have gone by, coming up to me and telling me how much my testimony meant to them, often pinpointing a particular part of my story. It was something I hadn't expected and which has made me feel rather humbled by the way our God works. The Bible Weekend was amazing and I hope and pray that others in the parish will be encouraged to tell their own story, knowing that it's the little things that help so much.

The children also benefited from an interactive session with Sarah at the 9.30 Mass on the Sunday which they enjoyed. As did the ones that attended the workshop for children on the Saturday morning as well as some of the adults. There were some useful tips on Bible books for children and a primary school teacher managed to get enough information for her religious classes for the next year.

The handouts given out were very beneficial to follow up on after the weekend to keep the momentum going. There was a letter with an intimate message from God starting with My Child and signed off Love, your Dad, Almighty God:

I am also the Father who comforts you in all your troubles 2 Corinthians 1:3-4 When you are broken hearted, I am close to you. Psalms 34:18. As a shepherd carries a lamb, I have carried you close to my heart. Isaiah 40:11. One day I will wipe away every tear from your eyes. Revelation 21:3-4





The evening meal on the Saturday and bar-b-que on the Sunday were good social events. People introduced themselves and chatted and laughed together. It ended with an animated production of Jesus walking on the water and Peter losing faith and almost sinking. One could not fail to enjoy the way this was performed and come to understand more of Peter's character. It was in modern day language with dialogue with Peter and the other disciples on the boat. Finally, there was a test of faith in standing on a dozen eggs without breaking them. Fr Mark, Deacon Barry and Peter Green all successfully accomplished this and the children all leapt up to have a go.

The benefits of the weekend were in faith formation through the talks and workshops, a retreat experience through services and times of prayer and an experience to be re-evangelised. It didn't fail on all these accounts.

If you receive the gift of my son Jesus, you receive me (1 John 2:23) and nothing will ever separate you from my love again (Romans 8:38-39). Come home

and I'll throw the biggest party heaven has ever seen (Luke 15:7). I have always been Father and will always be Father. Ephesians (3:14-15). My question is Will you be my child? (John 1:12-13). I am waiting for you (Luke 15:11-32). So, start reading the greatest book in the world.

Terri Hancock





Trish Lunn shares her appreciation of the Catholic Bible Weekend

The thing that really stuck out for me was the children's session on the Saturday morning. What they did was very visual, very active when it came to explaining Scripture, at the Mass on Sunday, those who came got a snippet after the Gospel. Being a teacher, I thought the way that they displayed the Trinity would be perfect for school and resolved to offer it in assembly. A chat about it, with a colleague on the way to school, unfortunately led them to using it that very morning!

They also brought a lovely variety of Bibles. You kind of think that you have to have the nice, blue Jerusalem translation and that's what you hand on to your children because that's what you had. However, you know the author Tom Gates? It's the kind of book kids are reading today and they had a Bible in his style, which was fantastic.

In this day and age we are supposed to evangelise. You often have visions of knocking on doors; though it can be effective, it's not for me! The Catholic Bible Weekend showed how you can simply pass on faith to children and to others.

We often hear Scripture in pieces, but this was about putting across the Big Story. I really enjoyed one of the adult sessions where they went through the Bible in 10 minutes! They had you learning it as you went through, I thought that was very clever. You can think that all of this happened two thousand years ago, what does it have to do with me? Is it still relevant today?

I wouldn't be here today if I didn't think it was! Though, sometimes you need reminding!



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ALL IS REVEALED

Imagine worshipping something that you know nothing about. Crazy! That's what was going on in Athens many, many years ago. The star of our story (Paul) had done a runner from a place called Berea where he'd stirred up a near riot. All had been going well until a bunch of Jews who didn't like what Paul had to say about Jesus, showed up. Having said that, there were heaps of Jews who did like what Paul had to say about Jesus.

The Bereans (yep, that's what you call people from Berea) were keen to hear what Paul had to say about Jesus being God's Son who had come to this world to get us back to being friends with God. Loads of the Bereans became Christians, which really narked those jaded Jews. Fearing that Paul might get mauled by the mob his mates whisked him away to safety in Athens.

While Paul waited for his best buddies, Silas and Timothy, to join him, he did a spot of sight-seeing around the famous city. He was more than a little concerned to notice that the place was choc-a-bloc full of idols.

Paul set up shop in Athens and began to talk to anybody who would listen about Jesus. He tried to persuade them that the idols that they worshipped were nothing more than lumps of metal or stone. He spoke in the Jewish synagogues (which were like their churches) and he spoke in the marketplace.

The Athenians had a bit of a reputation for discussing new ideas and what Paul had to say certainly got their attention. To be honest most of them thought he was talking a load of nonsense but they still wanted to hear more. So Paul got invited to speak at the Areopagus, a rocky hill where important business was done.

Paul told them that when he'd been looking round Athens he'd seen an altar with the inscription: 'TO AN UNKNOWN GOD'. Fortunately for the jummy Athenians Paul knew precisely who this God was and he was now about to tell 'em.



aDAY with Mary

On Saturday 4 August 2018, Althea took Linda, Mary and myself to Cliftonville for a day with Our Lady. We were all very excited and happy to be going and the weather was beautiful. For Linda and myself it was our first time so we were not too sure what to expect but Mary and Althea assured us that we would love the day and feel blessed. Indeed they were right. St Anne's Church in Cliftonville was a beautiful building and you could feel the peace as you entered and the years of prayer that were embedded in the building. The plan for the day looked busy but interesting.

Having only recently returned from both Lourdes and Fatima it felt amazing doing an outside procession with Our Lady adorned with flowers and being carried along the coastline of Kent. Plus we got to process twice. I, personally felt uplifted processing with a group of

like minded people along our beautiful coastline, uniting in our faith and love. Linda reflected that the day, for her, 'was a real deepening of [her] relationship with Our Blessed Mary'.

The three speakers were very engaging and I love to listen and learn more about my faith. Unfortunately I am not very good at retaining the information that I learn! Having the opportunity to go to Mass and confession was lovely also. A day of peace, healing and love.

Tea, coffee and biscuits were provided as well as the opportunity to purchase books and religious items. We were able to sit outside and share our lunch. There were several young sisters who had beautiful voices who certainly added to the day. Thank you Althea for organizing this memorable day.

Annette Ballard





A DAY WITH MARY (DWM) is a day of instruction, devotion and intercession based on the message given by Our Lady at Fatima in 1917. It is a day of prayer held in a Catholic church or shrine, and open to all. It emphasizes worship of the Blessed Sacrament and devotion to Our Lady.

A DAY WITH MARY includes Holy Mass, the Rosary, meditations on the Passion, Eucharistic adoration and benediction, processions of the Blessed Sacrament and of Our Lady, an act of consecration to Our Lady, catechetical instruction, liturgical and popular hymns, and periods of rest with refreshments.

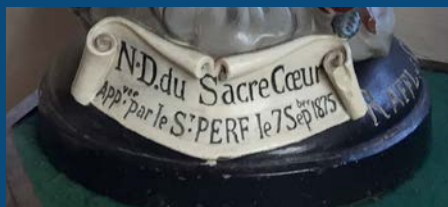
The **DAY WITH MARY** apostolate began in England in 1986 and is now active in various parts of the world.



In the last edition of **PLATEA**, Fr Mark wrote of the beginnings of our parish and the way that the dedication curiously came about (issue 5, pp.8-10).

Some of the eagle-eyed among you may have noticed a new addition to our church's furnishings over the past few months. This statue, rescued from the closure of the Franciscan International Study Centre in Canterbury, amazingly bears the name of Notre Dame de Sacré Coeur - Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

It was made by the famous and prolific 'Maison Raffl' in what is sometimes known as the 'Sulpicienne style,' a term used to describe figures which are appealing, easily comprehended and finely modelled. Have a look!



Living in the Heart of Jesus

by Helen Grizzell

(Mother Mary Josephine of the Immaculate Heart)

I HAVE MANY HAPPY memories of my time as a member of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Parish, Herne Bay. I was a parishioner from the age of seven until my entry into religious life. I found in this parish such warmth and kindness, and also real holiness. In a way, it always felt like one big family. Herne Bay is also blessed to have a very beautiful church building, with a holy, spiritual atmosphere. I remember the church always felt like “home”. I consider it a great grace to have grown up in this parish, and will always remember the wonderful clergy, religious and lay parishioners, and the good influence they had over me.

In May, 2009, I entered the religious life, joining the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of Montmartre, O.S.B., also known as the “Tyburn Nuns”. We are an order of Benedictine contemplative nuns, with eleven houses in different countries around the world. Our vocation is essentially one of prayer, and our life is centred on the Eucharist. The Mother House is in London, very close to the site where a hundred and five martyrs were executed for the Catholic Faith from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century. The shrine of the martyrs is in the crypt at Tyburn Convent, and contains many precious relics, and also a

series of beautiful stained glass windows depicting scenes in the lives of the martyrs. There is perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at Tyburn, which is the perfect expression of our Eucharistic vocation. I do hope you are able to visit Tyburn Convent some time if you happen to be in London. It is a site rich in holiness, and is also the resting place of the saintly foundress of our congregation, the Frenchwoman Marie-Adèle Garnier.

I made my Final Profession of religious vows in January 2015, at the Mother House, and two years ago I was sent to our monastery in France in the beautiful Haute Marne region. The community arrived here in 2013. This monastery is very special to our congregation because it is not far from the village of Grancey-le-Chateau, the birthplace of Marie Adèle Garnier. And now I would like to tell you something of the story.

Marie Adèle was born on 15th August, Feast of the Assumption, 1838. She was the daughter of an architect, and lost her mother while still only a child. After receiving her First Holy Communion at the age of eleven, God’s graces increased in her life. She became a governess, but her true vocation was intimately connected with the life of the Church. Following the disastrous



Franco-Prussian War of 1870, there was a desire in France to make reparation for the sins of that nation, and to respond to the revelations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque two centuries earlier. As a result, the magnificent basilica of the Sacré Coeur was constructed at Montmartre, Paris. This had great significance for Adèle Garnier, and Our Lord revealed to her that He wanted her to be at Montmartre, and that He desired perpetual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament there night and day. It was her mission to explain this to the Cardinal, and she heard these words for Jesus: “Go speak to the Archbishop of Paris”. The Cardinal later fulfilled this request, and perpetual adoration has been interrupted, night and day, since the year 1885.

Adèle offered herself as a victim in union with Jesus and tried out her vocation on the hill of Montmartre as a hermit, living a life of prayer alone in a little apartment. However, her health failed her and she had to abandon this way of life. She also suffered many interior trials.

Throughout her life, Adèle had many remarkable mystical experiences, one of

which occurred in 1887. While receiving Holy Communion, Jesus spoke these words to her “This is the wedding!” She felt herself stretched out on the Cross with Jesus, united to Him. Adèle had great devotion to the Holy Mass, which she described as “the Sun of my life”. She had great theological insights, and entered into the universal, interior priesthood spoken of the document *Lumen Gentium* of the Second Vatican Council. She said, ‘Jesus made me understand that there is a universal priesthood, absolutely and necessarily united with His... that this priesthood is completely interior, and that it only exists when the soul has desired it and has consented in its will to be sacrificed at all times with Jesus.’ The Second Vatican Council tells us, ‘the baptised, by regeneration and the union of the Holy Spirit, are consecrated to be a spiritual house and a holy priesthood, to offer...spiritual sacrifices.’ This teaching can be found in Scripture, where the Christian people are described as ‘a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation’ (1 Peter 2:9).

In spite of the great graces given her, Marie-Adèle remained always humble. Between 1896 and 1897 she established a little community at Montmartre was officially founded under the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard. At this time, the focus of the congregation was directed towards France, and the sisters had a great love for the holy site of Montmartre. However, in time they were to realize that God was calling them to a life of prayer and adoration for all the nations of the earth.

In 1901, the French government passed the anti-clerical Law of Associations, which forced many religious to leave the

continued on page 20



country. Our sisters, too, had to leave their beloved Montmartre, and started a new life in London. Tyburn Convent was founded close to the site of the Tyburn martyrs who gave their lives for their faith throughout the persecution of Catholics in England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The community had been at the site of the French martyrs at Montmartre, and now they found themselves at the place where the English martyr offered themselves at the place where the English martyrs had made their final sacrifice at Tyburn. Martyrdom is closely connected with our Eucharistic vocation; the martyr offered themselves in sacrifice just as Jesus offered Himself in sacrifice in the Holy Mass. The sisters themselves were to suffer many trials, but their confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus was always rewarded.

The Congregation adopted the Rule of St. Benedict and our Mother Foundress even received a vision of St. Benedict himself. Mother Marie Adèle suffered greatly in soul and body throughout her life, but offered her sufferings for the Church and all humanity, and in reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She grew in sanctity, and reached the heights of holiness and union with God. She had total abandonment to the Divine Will, and her entire life was centred on Jesus in the Eucharist.

The cause for Mother's canonization was officially opened in 2016 (above), and she is now Servant of God. I recommend that you pray to her with any needs that you may have, as her intercession is very powerful. Many people have received special favours by praying to her. You may wish to recite this beautiful prayer for her canonization:

*“O Father, all powerful and ever-living God,
in your mercy, hear our prayer:
Glorify your Servant, Mother Marie-Adèle Garnier,
That your Servant may glorify you.”*

It was a great privilege and a great grace to be called to this holy congregation, with its saintly Foundress. I am so grateful to my dear parish at Herne Bay, as it was here that my vocation was fostered and grew. I will close with the motto of the Congregation of the Adorers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of Montmartre: **“Gloria Dei par Sacratissimum Cor Jesu”** – Glory to God through the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

If you receive any favours through the intercession of Marie Adèle Garnier, we would be very grateful if you would kindly inform the Mother General at the following address: Tyburn Convent, 8, Hyde Park Place, LONDON, W2 2LJ

THE EASTER SEQUENCE

Christians, to the Paschal Victim
offer sacrifice and praise.

The sheep are ransomed by the Lamb;
and Christ, the undefiled,
hath sinners to his Father reconciled.

Death with life contended:
combat strangely ended!

Life's own Champion, slain,
yet lives to reign.

Tell us, Mary: say

what thou didst see upon the way.

The tomb the Living did enclose;

I saw Christ's glory as He rose!

The angels there attesting;
shroud with grave-clothes resting.

Christ, my hope, has risen:

He goes before you into Galilee.

That Christ is truly risen
from the dead we know.

Victorious King, Thy mercy show!

Amen. Alleluia.



Image: Resurrection Window, St George's Cathedral, London by ChurchCrawler

Fr Mark recounts *the*
remarkable story of
ANTHONY BLOOM

WHEN THE RUSSIAN Revolution of 1917 occurred many people left the country because they were so worried about what might happen to them. People involved with the worlds of classical music and literature feared that they would not have the freedom to express themselves as they wished. Philosophers who wanted to explore the world of the intellect and who needed the freedom to pursue their researches without the state looking over their shoulder all the time felt increasingly that they could not function under the new regime. Religious people were aware that the new regime was extremely critical of religious faith and many left their homeland, of whom a large number emigrated to Paris, building up a remarkable Russian Orthodox Church in exile.

One of the families who left Russia for Paris was the family of Anthony Bloom. They weren't at all religious. They were, however, well connected with the world of classical music through Anthony's mother whose sister was married to the renowned composer, Alexander Scriabin. His early life in the new country was quite difficult at times but eventually he felt more at home and was reasonably content. He thought deeply about life however and seriously searched for a meaning in his existence. He doubted that life had real meaning and he resolved while still in his twenties that he would 'give it a year' and if at the end of that year

he had not discovered life's meaning he would not live beyond that year.

Months passed and no meaning appeared on the horizon. One day one of the youth leaders of the young Russian group he belonged to invited him to come and listen to a priest who was to give a talk about Christianity. Young Anthony reacted angrily, saying on no account would he go. He had no use for the Church and he certainly did not believe in God. Why should he waste his time on something in which he had no interest at all? However he was persuaded to go along, just to keep the numbers up out of politeness to the visiting priest. The youth leader said that he did not need to listen but just occupy a seat.

So he went to the talk but became increasingly angry with the priest. The vision of Christ and Christianity that was being presented to him he actually found repulsive. When the talk was over he hurried home to check out the truth of what he had been hearing. He asked his mother for a copy of the Gospels because he wanted to know whether the Gospels would confirm the awful impression the talk had made on him. He expected nothing good from this reading and so he worked out which was the shortest of the four Gospels so as not to waste too much of his precious time. And the shortest of the Gospels is Mark.

Let us continue in his own words: 'I do not know how to tell you of what

SOME OF METROPOLITAN ANTHONY'S WISDOM

happened. I will put it quite simply... while I was reading the beginning of Mark's Gospel, before I reached the third Chapter I became aware of a presence. I saw nothing. I heard nothing. It was no hallucination. It was a simple certainty that the Lord was standing there and that I was in the presence of him whose life I had begun to read with such revulsion and ill-will. This was my basic and essential meeting with the Lord. From then on I knew that Christ did exist.'

He later became a monk, moved to London, and was eventually elected as Archbishop of the Russian Orthodox Church in England. Looking back he summed up this immense experience in the following words: 'I met Christ as a Person at a moment when I needed him in order to live and at a moment when I was not in search of him. I was found. I did not find Him.'

For the story in his own words, visit: <https://throughthegraceofgod.wordpress.com/metropolitan-anthony-bloom-why-i-believe-in-god/>

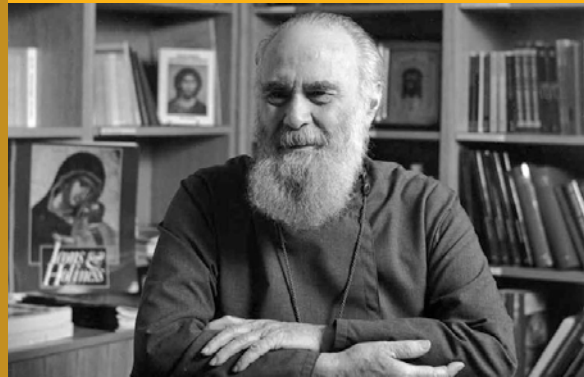
WE SHOULD TRY TO LIVE in such a way that if the Gospels were lost, they could be rewritten by looking at us.

THE REALM OF GOD is dangerous. You must enter into it and not just seek information about it.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE between saying 'I know that God exists' and saying 'I know that love exists'?

UNLESS WE LOOK at a person and see the beauty there, we can contribute nothing to him. One does not help a person by discerning what is wrong, what is ugly, what is distorted. Christ looked at everyone he met, at the prostitute, at the thief, and saw the beauty hidden there. Perhaps it was distorted, perhaps damaged, but it was beauty none the less, and what he did was to call this out.

THE GOSPEL IS A HARSH DOCUMENT; the Gospel is ruthless and specific; the Gospel is not meant to be re-worded, watered down and brought to the level of either our understanding or our taste. The Gospel is proclaiming something which is beyond us and which is there to stretch our mind, to widen our heart beyond the bearable at times, to recondition all our life, to give us a world view which is simply the world upside-down and this we are not keen to accept. (Anthony Bloom, 1914-2003)





The Story of the **Three Trees**

WRITTEN BY AN AUTHOR UNKNOWN this traditional folktale contains the powerful message that God has a special plan for our lives. As each tree dreams of what they want to be when they grow up, each finds itself in a place they never desired to be, yet in the end - 'God's love changes everything.'

Once upon a mountain top, three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up.

The first little tree looked up at the stars and said: "I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I'll be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world!"

The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean. "I want to be traveling mighty waters and carrying powerful kings. I'll be the strongest ship in the world!"

The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and women worked in a busy town. "I don't

want to leave the mountain top at all. I want to grow so tall that when people stop to look at me, they'll raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world."

Years passed. The rain came, the sun shone, and the little trees grew tall.

One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain.

The first woodcutter looked at the first tree and said, "This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell.

"Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest. I shall hold wonderful treasure!" the first tree said.

The second woodcutter looked at the second tree and said, "This tree is strong. It is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe, the second tree fell.

"Now I shall sail mighty waters!" thought the second tree. "I shall be a strong ship for mighty kings!"

The third tree felt her heart sink when the last woodcutter looked her way. She stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven.

But the woodcutter never even looked up. "Any kind of tree will do for me," he muttered. With a swoop of his shining axe, the third tree fell.

The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought her to a carpenter's shop. But the carpenter fashioned the tree into a feedbox for animals.

The once beautiful tree was not covered with gold, nor with treasure. She was coated with sawdust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals.

The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took her to a shipyard, but no mighty sailing ship was made that day. Instead, the once strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple fishing boat. She was too small and too weak to sail on an ocean, or even a river; instead, she was taken to a little lake.

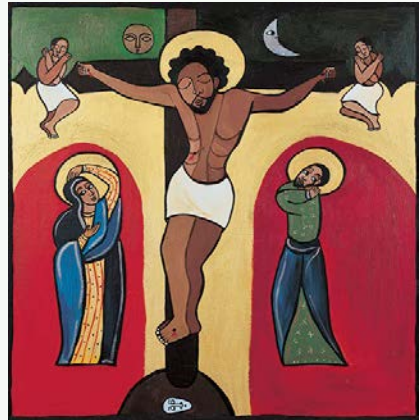
The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut her into strong beams and left her in a lumberyard.

"What happened?" the once tall tree wondered. "All I ever wanted was to stay on the mountain top and point to God..."

Many, many days and night passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams.

But one night, golden starlight poured over the first tree as a young woman placed her newborn baby in the feedbox.

"I wish I could make a cradle for him," her



husband whispered.

The mother squeezed his hand and smiled as the starlight shone on the smooth and the sturdy wood. “This manger is beautiful,” she said.

And suddenly the first tree knew he was holding the greatest treasure in the world.

One evening a tired traveller and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveller fell asleep as the second tree quietly sailed out into the lake.

Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered. She knew she did not have the strength to carry so many passengers safely through with the wind and the rain.

The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand, and said, “Peace.” The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun.

Suddenly the second tree knew he was carrying the king of heaven and earth.

One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when her beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile. She flinched as she was carried through an angry jeering crowd. She shuddered when soldiers nailed a man’s hands to her.

She felt ugly and harsh and cruel.

But on Sunday morning, when the sun rose and the earth tremble with joy beneath her, the third tree knew that God’s love had changed everything.

It had made the third tree strong.

And every time people thought of the third tree, they would think of God.

That was better than being the tallest tree in the world.

The next time you feel down because you didn’t get what you want, sit tight and be happy because God is thinking of something better to give you.

An animated version of this story, created by XT3 can be found at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z5qRzTOpOnk>



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THE GROTTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

THE FIFTIES, the decade of recovery after World War Two, was a time for celebration marked, in 1951, by the Festival of Britain. In London there was the Dome of Discovery, the Skylon, and a spectacular fountain in a new material, perspex, to attract thousands of sightseers to the South Bank Exhibition.

And to Herne Bay came Fr Clement O'Shea, an army chaplain who had served in the Western Desert and was one of the last to leave the beaches of Dunkirk. It was his idea to build a replica of the grotto at Lourdes as a memorial to the dead of the two World

Wars. A team of volunteers soon got to work with rocks of Kentish Ragstone, earth and mortar to construct a 25-foot high replica. There would be a six-foot-high statue of the Virgin Mary in the niche high in the rocks surrounded by trees, shrubs and flowering plants, and there would be water too, trickling like a mountain stream down to a pool close to the kneeling figure of Saint Bernadette.

From the Fifties, the grotto was enclosed by black wrought-iron gates which are now part of the entrance to the church. And ground in front of the grotto has since been paved - one of the



stones has the badge of La Sainte Union Convent School, another the badge of St Philip Howard Catholic Primary School.

On the 1951 day of opening, caskets containing the names of the dead of both World Wars, as well as the Korean war and many American servicemen who had been based at Manston airfield, were carried by teenagers Tony Pozzetti and Michael Baker, to be sealed at Our Lady's feet. They are remembered every year on Remembrance Sunday when the last post is sounded and poppy wreaths are laid on the altar.

By contrast, there is the joy of Easter night - when the fire is lit in front of the grotto - the flame burns bright. The clergy, altar servers, choir, parishioners - all are gathered there. Prayers, incense, 'The Light of Christ/Lumen Christi' we sing as we process into church. The First Mass of Easter has begun.

History and reflection shared
by Gabrielle Davis



MY FAITH JOURNEY

Linda Thomson

Each one of us is on a faith journey - sometimes moving towards God, sometimes backing away. Ordinary people, people like you and me, sharing their stories of encounter with Jesus; this Good News speaks to the heart and can change lives. Talking about Jesus's love for us and our love for him is the essence of the New Evangelisation. In each future issue we will aim to include one such story. If you want to share yours, email: plateamag@gmail.com with it already written or ask for a chat and we'll write it up.

I became a Catholic at eight years old; my Parents had looked at two schools and chose the Convent of The Handmaids of The Sacred Heart in Beckenham, mainly because my Mother thought the girls had very good manners! It was a Spanish order. We thought the nuns very exotic, speaking fast to each other in Spanish. Many girls came from abroad; Africa, Greece, Italy, Japan and Spain and my sisters and I grew up amongst all these different cultures brought together by our Faith... our religion was the centre of our lives.

I was part of the school and local Church choirs. My Mother converted to Catholicism while my Father remained non-Catholic, although was active in School and Church life and started the first School magazine. My school was the beginning and the bedrock of my Faith and I loved almost every aspect of it, except perhaps the Litanies which I remember went on and on! (I love them now!).



After leaving school, working and living in London was exciting and practising my Faith gradually faded and eventually in my early twenties I stopped going to Mass altogether and didn't return until 2015 when I came to the Good Friday service at this Church. What I didn't know then, but I do now, was that The Holy Spirit had been working hard at trying to get me to listen to him, to bring me back; the first time was when my dear husband

became terminally ill and I went to the Catholic shop in Canterbury and bought a Rosary, this was major! I hadn't really prayed or thought about My God (except on Good Fridays) for many years. Praying the Rosary at that time reminded me of not only of the power of Prayer, but also the solace and inner strength I received during that time.

You would think that that prompting from the Holy Spirit would have been enough to bring me back to my Faith, oh no! BUT, then the calling from Him, which I heard loud and clear happened in India... I have taught and studied the art of Yoga for the past thirty years and in 2014 I finally got to visit its birth place, living in an Ashram in the North of India (a very poor and deprived part of India), the local children are clothed, educated (speaking perfect English) and fed by the Swamis at the Ashram. My jobs included preparing food to be cooked, a lot of chopping and peeling!, serving food, cleaning the Ashram including the lavatories and doing whatever I could to help - this kind of helping in Yoga is known as selfless service without thought of reward. There are many feast days in India, so many Hindu gods! On one of these feast days, Diwali, festival of light, we decorated the large hall with garlands of flowers and much incense. In attendance were Pandits from Calcutta honouring the festival; during the ritual we were called up one by one and whispered in my ear was my personal mantra. At that very moment

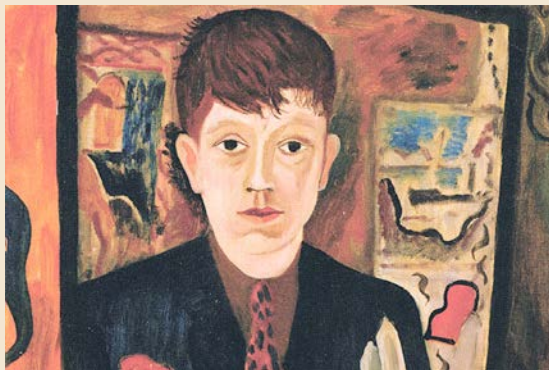
the following words literally shot into my head and heart, "Where is MY GOD"?! And that was the beginning of really finding my own Faith again.

I had to come back to my God, I didn't know where to start, who to go to, what to do, but I had an overwhelming desire to attend Mass again and, so I was visiting my friends Patrick and Amelia Mulvey who were going to the Good Friday service here at our church and I asked if I could join them. I heard Father Mark speak his homily and I went up for a blessing and I knew immediately that I was Home and I kept coming back, as often as I could.

There was no plan. Our Lord drew me back. Every homily spoke to me, every reading (epistle and gospel) was a revelation to me and then I met Father Charles who gave me great encouragement; while in the hospice he phoned me and just said "keep up the prayers". Finally, after many months, I made my confession and afterwards joyously received Holy Communion.

The Herne Bay Parish has been magnificently welcoming, warm and embracing. This journey of Faith would be really difficult to do alone and it is the constant encouragement from The Fathers and all in the Parish which helps to keep me on this path full of joys and fears and struggles. I rejoice in God's Mercy, in His Forgiveness when I fail Him and I Know that although I abandoned him he never abandoned me and I thank Him.

David Jones (1895-1974)



When Stravinsky visited David Jones in his cold Harrow bedsit, he came away saying, 'I have been in the presence of a holy man.' Other admirers included TS Eliot (his publisher) and the Queen Mother (who wrote asking if she could buy some of his work). Kenneth Clark and WH Auden were not merely admirers, but passionate in their admiration. Auden thought Jones's long Eucharistic poem *The Anathemata* the 'finest long poem written in English this century'.

While the 'first world war poets' we study at school tend to be Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon and Rupert Brooke, Jones's *In Parenthesis* - considered the greatest war poem in the English language - remains relatively unknown.

Unlike Waugh, Greene, and Tolkien, David Jones is not a name cited by many Catholics interested in the Catholic literary renaissance of the twentieth century. It is a pity, not only because of Jones's literary and artistic triumphs of the middle part of the century but also because this multi-talented polymath (a painter, sculptor, poet) was a devout Catholic convert who understood his art in the light of the Incarnation and wrote about art as if it were a sacrament.

Here is a small section of his war epic (from part 7) to mark the recent conclusion our centennial commemoration of the First World War. The pictures above, a self-portrait, and to the right, a pair of soldiers, are both by Jones.

If, you would like your poetry or art featured in a future edition of **PLATEA** please email: plateamag@gmail.com or post your submission to: Platea, The Retreat, 3 Sea Street, Herne Bay, CT6 8SP.

IN PARENTHESIS

Part 7, pages 183-186

It's difficult with the weight of the rifle.
 Leave it—under the oak.
 Leave it for a salvage-bloke, let it lie bruised for a monument
 dispense the authenticated fragments to the faithful.
 It's the thunder-besom for us, it's the bright bough borne
 it's the tensioned yew for a Genoese jammed arbalest and a
 scarlet square for a mounted mareschal, it's that county-mob
 back to back. Majuba mountain and Mons Cherubim and
 spreaded mats for Sydney Street East, and come to Bisley
 for a Silver Dish. It's R.S.M. O'Grady says, it's the soldier's
 best friend if you care for the working parts and let us be 'av-
 ing those springs released smartly in Company billets on wet
 forenoons and clickerty-click and one up the spout and you
 men must really cultivate the habit of treating this weapon with
 the very greatest care and there should be a healthy rivalry
 among you—it should be a matter of very proper pride and
 Marry it man! Marry it! Cherish her, she's your very own.
 Coax it man coax it—it's delicately and ingeniously made
 —it's an instrument of precision—it costs us tax-payers,
 money—I want you men to remember that.
 Fondle it like a granny—talk to it—consider it as you would
 a friend—and when you ground these arms she's not a rooky's
 gas-pipe for greenhorns to tarnish.
 You've known her hot and cold.
 You would choose her from among many.
 You know her by her bias, and by her exact error at 300, and
 by the deep scar at the small, by the fair flaw in the grain,
 above the lower sling-swivel— but leave it under the oak.
 Slung so, it swings its full weight. With you going blindly on
 all paws, it slews its whole length, to hang at your bowed neck
 like the Mariner's white oblation.
 You drag past the four bright stones at the turn of Wood Support.
 It is not to be broken on the brown stone under the gracious tree.
 It is not to be hidden under your failing body.
 Slung so, it troubles your painful crawling like a fugitive's irons.

JOY FOR THE WORLD

In August 2018, the ninth World Meeting of Families was hosted in Dublin. This event, which takes place in a different country every three years, had as its theme **The Gospel of the Family: Joy for the World**. The Nash Family were there for the World Meeting and share something of their experience here.



From 21-26 August 2018, the Holy See's Dicastery (department) for Laity, Family and Life, convened the ninth World Meeting of Families in Dublin. Guided by the theme 'The Gospel of the Family: Joy for the World' participants from across the world came to celebrate, pray and reflect upon the central importance of marriage and the family as the cornerstone of our lives, of society and of the Church.

We travelled as part of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales' delegation as we had helped their Marriage and Family Life department in

the production of a new book 'Seeking God Together'. One of the highlights of the trip was the launch event for this book, hosted by Bishop Peter Doyle from Northampton. Also on the coach which ferried us from the Dublin city University, Glasnevin campus to the RDS showground, were marriage and family life representatives from various dioceses and a handful of bishops, all of whom seemed to enjoy having a young family as part of the group!

The three-day congress took place between 22-24 August, the day after a simultaneous national opening in all the different dioceses of Ireland. The main events of the WMOF2018 took place in the Royal Dublin Society (RDS), a large conference and horseshow venue which was largely open-air (perilous for an Irish event even in August), as well as in other venues in and around the city. Indeed, there were various pilgrimage churches which you could visit in the manner of the Camino but escaping the main Congress was tough with so much going on. We did get to meet up





with the children's great aunty who was volunteering with her friend that week.

Each day included an enriching programme for adults of keynote speakers, workshops, talks, testimonies and discussions; an engaging and exciting programme for young people as well as fun activities for children. The Congress will also featured a daily celebration of the Eucharist, prayerful activities, exhibitions (which we helped with on behalf of the Bishops' Conference) and musical performances. It was fascinating to see more and more groups of dancers and musicians being bussed in each day to entertain the

participants and enliven the event.

On the Saturday, a Festival of Families, took place in Croke Park Stadium which comprised a reflective concert in which personal stories of faith were shared by families from all continents. Testimonies from around the world highlighted the joys and challenges of the family. One young Irish girl was delighted when, after her family had offered their reflection, she got a selfie with the Holy Father. The music and dancing at this event, including Andrea Bocelli, Daniel O'Donnell, the Riverdance cast and others contributed to a really special atmosphere.





What was the best bit about the World Meeting of Families?

Al: I really liked the Teen Village. It was thrilling to meet people from all over the world; there was lots of singing and workshops.

Jo: One of the workshops was Youth Alpha where we played games and talked about the Big Questions

Al: Yes, like 'if you could ask God one question, what would you ask?'

Jo: ...were dragons real in the past?

Ma: Did you really ask that?

Al: We thought about asking it but... Also, do you want to get a coffee so that we can talk a bit more?

An: Spending time with each other...

Lu: I said that

Ma: You can both say it, if you want!

Unfortunately, we had to fly home on the Sunday as the World Meeting closed with a solemn Eucharistic Celebration, in Phoenix Park, which gathered thousands of people from Ireland and all over the world.

The next WMOF will take place in 2021 in Rome - we've already talked about trying to go and perhaps others in the parish might consider doing the same?

On our return home to Herne Bay, we recorded a conversation about WMOF2018. Here is a slightly abridged transcript along with some of the photos that we took on our trip (apologies for the rather random nature of dinner-table conversation!):





What about the people we went with, what were they like?

Al: The people were all very nice

Jo, An, Al, Lu: especially Nina! (Nina was one of the Bishop's Conference staff who travelled with us).



What did you think about the Festival of Families?

Jo: It was long.

Ma: Any acts that stood out for you?

Al: The Pope and Riverdance.

Ra: The Deaf Choir was very moving, the Deaf Tones I think they were called.

An, Jo, Lu: The lady who sang Freedom (a song by Pharrell Williams) - singing...

Ra: The Irish influences were good throughout, also in the Masses during the days of the Congress (Irish language permeated the prayers).

Do you remember anything from any of the talks that you attended?

Al: Fr Leo asked us to say something in our best English accent (a priest who hosts cooking demonstrations while talking about God - picture top right.)



Ma: What about Cardinal Tagle?

Al: He talked about how he became a Cardinal and how he was encouraged to become a priest by his school teacher.

Ma: Listen to the wisdom of others?

Al, Jo: Yup

Ra: The Masses had a great atmosphere despite the rain and the singing was brilliant.

Ma: There was a real sense of solidarity when the heavens opened and we all made a dash for the plastic ponchos.

Ra: Seeing the bishops and priests in the ponchos over their vestments was fun.

An: I liked the high-five with Bishop Richard and dancing in the rain.



PLATEA RECALLS FEB 2018-AUG 2018

BAPTISMS

By one Spirit are we all baptised into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether slave or free; and have all been made to drink of the one Spirit [1 Corinthians 12:13].

Mia Joy Macey	22 April
Mia Doreen Marley	3 June
Lorenzo Valentino Barnett	1 July
Louise Abrahart	1 July
Autumn Josephine Lawless	14 July
Daisy Abigail Bullen	22 July
Jackson James Roy	5 August
Oliver William Adcock	19 August

DEATHS

We are the Lord's. Christ died and lived again, that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living [Romans 14:7-9].

Timothy Patrick O'Mahoney	27 February
Brian Gilday	7 April
Jessie Knight	8 April
Tony Pozzetti	14 April
William Kirkpatrick	19 April
Gordon Bounds	8 May
Mary Agnes Dooley	9 May
Muriel Baker	23 May
Ben Gaskin	23 May
Christopher Innes	25 May
June Belchem	2 June
Audrey Birtle	8 June
Norman Irvine	7 July
Kurt von Fragstein	30 July
John Rodwell	9 August
Frederick O'Brien	22 August

FIRST HOLY COMMUNIONS

Liam Di Lernia; Giulia Di Lernia; Keir McVey; Orran McVey; Grace Manville; Caitlyn Stevens; Sophie Stevens; Jacob Stevens; Esme Wright; Lauren Wright

Jesus said: I am the living bread that came down out of heaven; if anyone eats of this bread, he or she will live forever (John 6:51).



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The Supper at Emmaus by Caravaggio [1602-3] - National Gallery, London

You are warmly invited to Our Lady's this Easter
(and, of course, at any other time of year)

Easter Triduum Services

Maundy Thursday, 18 Apr	Mass of the Lord's Supper (8pm)
Good Friday, 19 Apr	Walk of witness (leaving church at 9.45am) Solemn Liturgy of the Lord's Passion (3pm) Seven Last Words from the Cross (7pm)
Holy Saturday, 20 Apr	Mass of the Easter Vigil (9pm)
Easter Sunday, 21 Apr	Masses (9.30am and 11.15am)



**Our Lady of the
Sacred Heart**

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