

### Community Help –Helen Kilfeather0872069310

Hi everyone, hope everybody is minding themselves, I know it's a difficult time we are all going through, but we will get through this. Times like these make us appreciate what we have and who is in our lives and we should be thankful for being here. I have been lucky in what I have and feel I need to do something for those who are struggling so I am putting this out there and if ye can help in any small way thank you. Families are under pressure especially this time of the year and the arrival of Santa in the next few weeks so I'm looking for donations of new toys and new children's clothing any age (not worn), even if you could donate something new for mums and dads (hope you understand they need to be new due to COVID) I will be giving them to local charity in Sligo. Thank you

#### Bloody Sunday

It remains the darkest day in the rich history of the GAA. It colours all the pages of memory. It should have been a battle of skill. It became a battle with bullets. Thirteen people were shot dead by the Black and Tans in Croke Park during a football match between Tipperary and Dublin on November 21, 1920.

#### **Big Mick**

The identity of a people and a nation is determined by a shared recounted story. Bloody Sunday has been central to the 'Irish story'. The enemy of consideration of Bloody Sunday is lack of nuance. Sowing the seed of nuance though, is tough. The first challenge is to dispense with the myth.

For many younger and, indeed older people, their abiding image of that day is that from Neil Jordan's film Michael Collins: armoured cars with machine guns go into Croke Park and open fire. Jordan would explain his deviation from fact on the understandable grounds that he felt the machine-gunned tank captured the faceless callousness of imperialism more strikingly than soldiers shooting, saying "I wanted the scene to last 30 seconds". The film was about Michael Collins, not Bloody Sunday, but Bloody Sunday went on for much longer than 30 seconds. The sad reality is that the film did not do justice to the visceral bloodbath that was Bloody Sunday. There comes a point in every story where different outcomes are possible, where roads are taken or not taken. There is a case for beginning the story of Bloody Sunday years earlier to take account of the tensions in Ireland that had been fermenting.

Myths abound about the Black and Tans. Inevitably, the historical reality was more complex and nuanced. While the popular perception was that English society opened up its prisons to let the 'dregs of humanity' wreak havoc in Ireland, some of the earliest Black and Tans were, in fact, decorated war veterans. They even included Victoria Cross winners. To these men of honour, the atrocities that some of their counterparts inflicted were repugnant militarily and morally and they left and went back home. Thankfully, in seeking some element of objectivity about them, we now have a much greater understanding of post-traumatic stress syndrome. Many of them had seen evil and destruction of the most severe degree on the battlefields of World War One.

#### **Hello Darkness My Old Friend**

The first flinty hint of winter's breath on the breeze fell on a nice November day. The unseasonal weather was completely at odds with the political temperature. After the countryside, the city's waves of noise and movement seem clamorous to the visiting Tipp fans who travelled up by train in the shadow of delight. That morning, like so many Dubs, Jane Boyle walked to Sunday Mass in the chapel where she was due to be married a mere five days later. There was little drama about her, no apparent depths of intensity or unfulfilled longings that were evident on the surface at least. That afternoon, she would travel with her fiancé, with indefatigable enthusiasm to watch Tipperary and Dublin play a Gaelic football match at Croke Park. She had no idea that, at that very moment, nine men lay dead in their beds after a synchronised IRA attack designed to cripple British intelligence services in Ireland. She had no intimations of her own mortality. She had no conception that instead of for her wedding, her next visit to the church would be in her coffin. British intelligence was on a good run and getting closer to nabbing Ireland's answer to the Scarlet Pimpernel, Michael Collins, the mastermind who would win the war for Ireland'. Recognising that the tide was turning firmly against him, Collins decided that desperate measures were called for. A storm was approaching. It could not be any darker than his thoughts. Members of 'the squad', one of Collins' infamous killing machines, were in action. Among their number was 19-year-old Vinny Byrne. He killed two men, Lieutenant Ames and Lieutenant Bennet, with an amalgam of mercy and mayhem. Before he shot his victims, he whispers into their ears: "The Lord have mercy on your soul." However, the autopsies confirm that his victims were riddled with bullets. Standing beside Vinny was Johnny McDonnell. Just a few hours later, Johnny would line out in goal for Dublin in the big game in Croke Park. His presence in both venues is a reminder not to accept that the distance between them is unbridgeable.

Then all changed. Changed utterly. A terrible lack of beauty was born.

**A shadow fell over them, a shadow that would soon lengthen and grow stronger.**

## Parish of Ahamlish and Inishmurray

Grange ♦ Cliffoney ♦ Mullaghmore

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## Feast of Christ The King

*"As long as you did it to one of the least of these ..."*

*Visit us on [ahamlish.com](http://ahamlish.com)*

**&**

*Ahamlish Parish Sligo Facebook Page.*

*Join us every Sunday 12noon for Mass through our FB Page.*

## Carnage

Collins' special units had taken out 14 British intelligence and security servicemen and somebody was going to have to pay a heavy price with their bloodshed. Trucks of police and military sped through the city streets as hundreds of people sought sanctuary in Dublin Castle. Some of the military vehicles were headed for Croke Park. Their mission was supposed to simply be a 'scoping exercise' to gather intelligence but the military leadership was akin to a man wielding someone else's power and as a result being over-generous with it. Seeing the military arrive, the crowd panicked and ran. The British forces opened fire on them. Bullets were flying and people caught up in a tempest were running. The official plan by police was that 15 minutes before the final whistle, there would be an announcement by megaphone. Rather than 'stewards to end-of-match positions', the crowd would hear someone telling them to leave by the official exits, where all men would be searched for weapons. It was a seriously flawed idea, even before it went so badly wrong. Anyone carrying a gun would surely have dumped it on the way out. But in the event, no sooner had police arrived at the ground than some of them started shooting. The consequent panic added to the death toll. The folly of all this was that when the military leadership regained control after a few murderous minutes, the searches yielded nothing.

### How Can You Pray At A Time Like This?

The next morning soft-edge slips of cloud sifted their way through a blue sky like the cigarette smoke that slowly spirals about them. At Masses all over Dublin, priests faced the difficult challenge of finding words of comfort. Some had dark rings under their eyes, those eyes closing as if succumbing to an overwhelming weakness and they were about to fall asleep on their feet. The clergy described the angels ascending and descending as they read from the Book of Revelation: "And God shall wipe away each tear. Death shall no more be, neither mourning, neither crying, neither sorrow." They intoned the words: *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison*. They prayed that the fallen would sleep like the infant Jesus in the arms of Mary and be bathed in some watts purer than the human eye can see. They exhorted the faithful to bear their tribulations with a martyr's grace, assuring them that the dead were not condemned to wander eternity alone; trials they believed were sent by God to test our mettle. Some said that the bereaved families were waiting like Mary at the foot of the cross with the promise of comfort and solace to come.

Unusually, there was no swelling voices spilling out of the churches after Mass. An aura of bewilderment had claimed the worshippers as if they were watching a play being performed in a language they did not understand.

### And One Hundred Years Later

One hundred years on, the best way to remember Bloody Sunday is perhaps to pick a few stories to illustrate the bigger story. William Robinson was the first casualty of the Croke Park massacre, a young boy who was sitting in a tree at the corner of Croke Park to watch the game that changed the course of Irish history. When he heard the rumble of trucks on the bridge behind him, William Robinson turned around from his seat in the crook of the tree. A shot rang out. The bullet whizzed through the air into William's chest and through his right shoulder. He fell from the tree. Then he lay in hospital waiting to go to his God. There was something smouldering in his eyes which there are no words to name. A doctor finally emerged with news. William Robinson had died before noon. A gentle man imbued with diffidence and manners, watching the scene unfold, blessed himself as a mark of respect.

The second victim was ten-year-old Jerome O'Leary, sitting up on a canal wall - an innocent child who came to the greatest harm as he slipped into the great echoing hollow of the night, drifting between worlds, close to home and far away, unsure of how to get there.

So severe was the damage to 14-year-old John William Scott that it was described as if he had been bayoneted to death. In today's parlance, that story went viral. Later, Lady Aston raised the issue of "the bayonet boy" in Westminster.

**John Scally, Trinity College Dublin**

### "Captain Francisco de Cuellar"

The Armada, Ireland and the Wars of the Spanish Monarchy 1578-1606. Francis Kelly. This latest book is now published and online. At [www.fourcourtspress.ie/books/](http://www.fourcourtspress.ie/books/) and at every good bookshop. The untold story of the most famous Spanish Armada Captain.

**Fr. Pierluigi (Gigi) Maccalli**, an Italian SMA missionary in Niger, Africa was released on Oct 8<sup>th</sup> 2020 after 2 years in captivity. His jihadist captors tried to convert him to Islam but he refused. I kept to my simple prayers, made a rosary bead from string and offered prayer every morning and evening even though I had no prayer book, Bible or able to offer Mass. There were times of despair but I always found hope through my faith. "The future will be the way God wants it."

All our Churches are open daily, so your very welcome to come pray. Always sanitise your hands as you enter and exit. Keep your distance and wear a mask.

## Masses Grange

Sun 22 <sup>nd</sup> Nov	12.00	Elizabeth + Patrick Gallagher Sarah + Jim Boyle Rose Ellie + Amanda Evans, Luton Fr. Patrick Healy P.P. Cliffoney (11 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary) Kathleen + Jim Gilmartin + Tom, Jadel Eileen, Mandia, Julianne + Una Patsy + Terry Kilfeather and the deceased of the Kilfeather Family, Kiltykere and the Waters Family, Raughley Peter Oates Danny Warnock (17 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary)
Sun 29 <sup>th</sup> Nov	12.00	First Sunday of Advent Tom Leonard, Augharrow + his parents Paddy + Mary Kate The Kenny Family, Cliffoney John + Brigid Kennedy - Breaghwy
<b>Grange Sunday Collection: € 765    Cliffoney Sunday Collection: €1025    Missions: €70</b>		

### Please remember in your prayers:

**Nora Dawson**, Bundoran (died 11<sup>th</sup> Nov 2020). Funeral took place at Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, Bundoran on Nov 13<sup>th</sup>. Our sympathy to her daughters Ailish Conway + Geraldine Wymbys + Agnes + son Raymond; grandchildren + greatgrandchildren. Remembering her deceased daughter Eileen Gallagher, Chapel Rd., Cliffoney.

Remembering this centenary of Bloody Sunday at Croke Park, Nov 21<sup>st</sup> 1920:

Michéal Ò hOgan (Imreoir), Sineád Ní Bhail, Dònal Ò Cearbhaill, Séamus Ò Martiú, Diarmuid Ò Laoire (10 bhliain), Tòmas Ò Rián, Seán L. Scott (14 bhliain), Seamus de Búrca, Michéal Ò Feinneadhá, Pdraig Ò Dubhda, Liam Ò Ròibín (11 bhliain), Séamus Ò Treacháin, Seosamh Mac Tréinfhir, Tòmas Ò hOgáin.

And also remembering the 15 civilians who were murdered earlier that morning by the IRA in the city of Dublin.

**Prayers at Ahamlish Cemetery on Sun 22<sup>nd</sup> 1pm. If you wish to come, please observe social distancing, and wear a mask.**

### Feast of Christ The King (22 Nov 2020)

**Prayer:** For a greater understanding among those discerning their vocation that the One who calls them is Jesus Christ the King, Lord Hear Us.

**Thought:** We will succeed in discovering and embracing our vocation once we open our hearts in gratitude and perceive the passage of God in our lives – **Pope Francis**

*"Rivers do not drink their own waters; trees do not eat their own fruit; the sun does not shine on itself and flowers do not spread their fragrance for themselves. Living for others is a role of nature. We are all born to help each other. No matter how difficult it is... Life is good when you are happy; but much better when others are happy because of you."*

- **Pope Francis**

### Handing on the faith

It is clear that, in many cases we have not succeeded in handing on a living faith to our young people. But pointing the finger does not actually change anything. It would be far more helpful and constructive if, in each family, in each school and in each parish community, we could ask ourselves what can I do (or what can we do) that will help our children and young adults to know the extent of God's love for them and to hear the invitation of Jesus Christ to be his disciples? It is only against that background that we can realistically invite young people to consider priesthood or religious life or, indeed, the sacrament of Christian marriage.

**Bishop Kevin Doran – Discipleship and Mission In Changing Times (Pastoral Letter 2020)**

**Remembering all those who died during the year at our last Sunday Mass of Nov 29th. If you wish to include anyone, contact Fr Christy at 0877986602.**

**Thanks for your donations which I really appreciate at the difficult time for many people. You can continue to give in the usual way or on at [ahamlish.com](http://ahamlish.com) or by direct debit or by handing it in to through the letter box, parochial house, Grange.**