

# Catherine McAuley: 1778-1841

Catherine McAuley was born Sept. 29, 1778, at Stormanstown House just north of the city of Dublin.

The house was a 17th century tile-covered mansion situated on a corner of the 21 acres of fine grazing land owned by her father, a wealthy Irish craftsman. Catherine was the second of three children.

She began her social service work in Dublin on Sept. 24, 1827, by opening a House of Mercy, a hospice on Baggot Street for women without work or home. The following day she opened a school for poor female children. These two agencies were housed in the dwelling she had built with an inherited fortune. She hoped to attract Dublin socialites to assist her in this work.

Shortly afterwards, she organized a program of visiting the sick, poor and needy in their homes, helping to alleviate their needs.

Helpers were attracted to her work, which increased daily. To her school she added a small orphanage; and many of her assistants took up permanent lodging in her dwelling.

Because of pressure from area clergymen and because her fortune was gradually dwindling, she began to look into the possibility of establishing a religious order to add stability to her work.

She made arrangements through the Archbishop of Dublin to prepare for this step. On Sept. 8, 1830, she and two companions entered the Presentation Convent in Dublin to begin training for the sisterhood. After a year and three months of training, on Dec. 12, 1831, the three pronounced vows as Sisters of Mercy and returned to the Baggot Street convent. This date marks the foundation of the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin.

She died on Nov. 11, 1841.



## Suscipe

My God, I am Thine for time and eternity! Teach me to cast myself entirely into the arms of Thy loving Providence, with the most lively, unlimited confidence in thy compassionate, tender pity. Grant me, O most merciful Redeemer, that whatever Thou dost ordain or permit may be acceptable to me. Take from my heart all painful anxiety; suffer nothing to sadden me but sin; nothing to delight me but the hope of coming to the possession of Thee, my God and my All, in Thine everlasting Kingdom.

AMEN

## On The Right Side

By Father Paul J. Cuddy

### Limerick, Tralee, Killarney

From Dirty Nellie's Pub on Saturday night to the mystic liturgy of the Benedictines at Munroe Abbey, near Limerick, Sunday morning was a bit of a transition. After the Abbey hospitality, a stop at Adare to take pictures of a particular thatched-roof cottage. (For those who equate thatch with poverty: this cottage is worth about \$70,000 and is not for sale.) The church, which seats about 500; is near by. Sunday Mass was being celebrated, so while camera buffs were snapping shots I hurried down to see what Adare devotion was like. The crowd that jammed the church was edifying: seats packed, overflow standees along the sides. It was disappointing, however, to watch about 15 percent of the people leave while Holy Communion was being distributed, legalistically fulfilling the law of attendance, but not of devotion. However, most of the congregation seemed devout.

On to pretty Tralee, memorable for the song, Rose of Tralee, and for the Rose Festival, which is an international beauty contest. We had reservations for lunch at a large hotel. At all stops, first there is a scramble to the

powder rooms, then a survey of the lobby, gift shop, personnel. Just off the lobby was a large room where the bar was open, the room filled with couples in their twenties absorbing the blare of rock music. I inquired of a young man, "Is this the usual substitute for Irish music?" He laughed. "Oh, no, Father. This is just a couple hours around Sunday noon." When we came out from our substantial lunch the din had ceased, the bar had closed, the room was empty. Deo gratias!

After lunch, on to Killarney Ryan Hotel in Killarney. After resting a bit, most went off to ride in the jaunting carts. All returned beaming from ear to ear, partly from the fun of the jaunt and partly from amusement at the "jarveys," i.e., the jaunting cart drivers, who give out a line of chatter and exaggerations to the delight of their patrons. The object, of course, is a generous tip.

Tours are planned to cover the maximum sights and experiences in the minimum time. The first aim the next day was the Lakes of Killarney and Dunloe Gap. We were near the Franciscan Friary and church, so I suggested, "Let's stop at the Franciscans and have our Mass there. Then it will be done." This turned out fine. On the second floor of the Friary, looking into the church sanctuary, is a Chapter Room, which the friars use for spiritual exercises for their community. Father Lane and I always use this little

chapel, which is set up for visiting priests. It seats about 50 people and is a "crying room" for Sunday Mass. All clambered up the stairs, assisted at Mass, admired the old-fashioned church with statues, listened to the friars on retreat chanting the Office in the cadence of well-sung Gregorian chant.

Then on to the Lakes of Killarney and Dunloe Gap, where there is a shop with prices reputed to be better than most places. Here the women seem to go mad as they model sweaters, test cloth textures, measure scarves, fondle souvenirs, and carry a glint in the eye reflecting memories of loved ones at home whom they wish to remember with a gift. The lakes and gap were concluded with a stop at genteel Great Southern Hotel for coffee. Then on to Cashel, 80 miles away, for lunch at "The Bishop's Palace," a guided tour of the famous Rock of Cashel, where St. Patrick baptized King Aengus—and soon all Ireland became a Christian nation. In time, the Rock became a fort, a monastery, a cathedral, and now is a historic ruin.

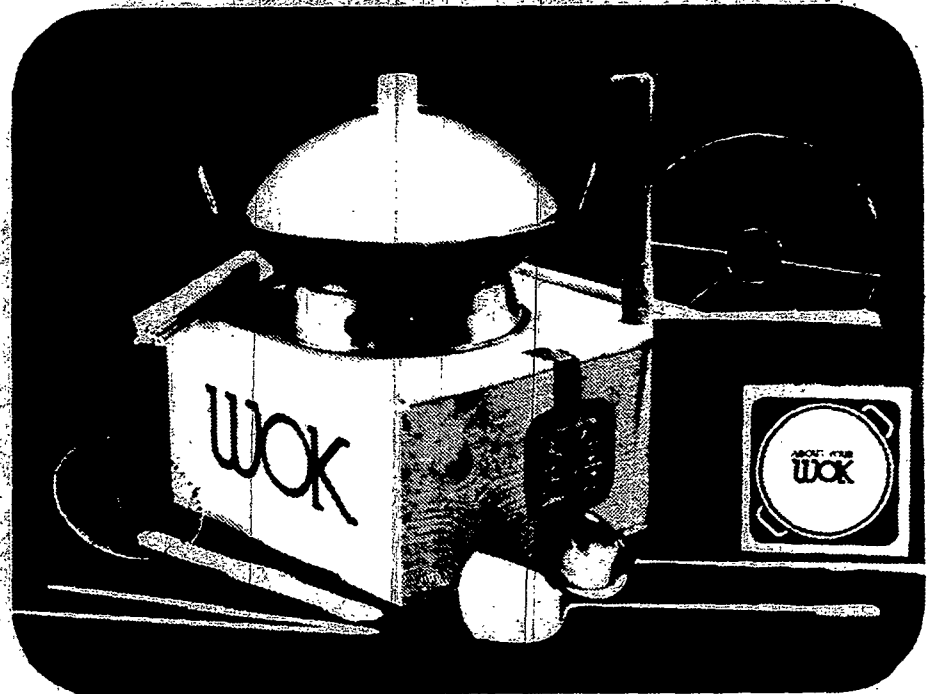
So many of our people had said, "We should like to live with an Irish family to see what their life is like." So we had arranged with the Irish Tourist Board for four farmhouses outside the 3,000 population village of Cashel. Three turned out a great success. The families arranged for their guests to go into Cashel at night for genuine native entertainment. The fourth was less successful, though the meals were elaborate. All in all, we were very satisfied with the experiment.

Next week: Dublin.

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