

Pilgrimage to Knock.

In July a group of pilgrims left Preston on Pilgrimage to Our Lady's Shrine, Knock Co. Mayo, Eire. It proved to be a very spiritual, uplifting occasion. It was the Carmelite Pilgrimage Weekend so we met up with Fr Ambrose, who dearly misses all his friends in St. Ignatius' and wishes to be remembered to everyone. We celebrated Mass with him in The Abbey, Loughrea, Galway.

On the Sunday of our visit the relics of St. Camillus were venerated in The Basilica at Knock drawing a larger number of people than usual to The Shrine. Camillus is the patron saint of the sick, of hospitals and of all places of care. The religious order founded by him in the 16th century, The Order of Ministers of the Sick still exists today, its members working in 30 countries.

During our stay in Knock we were privileged to take part in the Torchlight Procession, Blessing of The Sick and daily Masses in The Apparition Chapel. We also visited Fr. Peyton's birthplace at Attymas. He is popularly known as "The Rosary Priest" and led world-wide campaigns promoting family prayer in the fifties.

Stations of the Cross were celebrated at Tobernault in Co. Sligo. This is the site of a Mass Rock, a monument from Penal Times when Mass was celebrated in secret for fear of persecution. Co. Sligo is the birthplace of the poet W.B. Yeats and our visit there included a tour of Lough Gill on which The Isle of Innisfree, immortalised in Yeat's poem is situated. Drumcliffe Church where he is buried proved to be a very popular attraction.

Also on Pilgrimage, at same time, was the singer Susan Boyle. I met her in the foyer of Knock House Hotel where she was staying with a small group of friends and found her to be a very down-to-earth, chatty lady. She told me she was on a private Pilgrimage and visits Knock regularly. On Sunday it

was a blessing to hear her singing solo at the 10-30 Mass in The Basilica. Her beautiful rendition of Ave Maria filled the huge building and brought a lump in my throat.

Ring **01772 795283** for details of next year's Pilgrimage.

Anne Oastler



September 2010 no 15. News and views from & for our community

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Email enigmaarticles@hotmail.co.uk or give articles to Lesley, Geoff, Margaret or hand in at either office.

We decided to wait till after the Pope's visit to produce September's edition. Not much happens in August as everyone is busy enjoying the sunshine! Fr Tom enjoyed the delights of Scotland and Ireland—climbing the 12 Bens in Galway reaching 730 metres. Some people travelled far away. Geoff returned to the Holy Land, as a guide, and managed to see the children in the Bethlehem home we have been supporting. Thanks to the many donors who support this fantastic work. Geoff will be leading another group on October 22nd and so if you would like to send a contribution he will happily deliver it. We were left in the capable hands of Fr. Frank who charmed us all.

The first few days of Fr Tom's return were hectic, planning the visits to the Papal venues, holding meetings and catching up on all the paper work. The high light of the week was a visit by 32 parishioners from St Igs to the Minster for a delicious dinner and for those fit enough a climb up the steeple to see the bell ringers in action. It was lovely to share food and conversation with another Christian group.

Three of us took up the challenge of the Ride and Slide (felt more like hobble) and managed to raise a magnificent £300 ~ thanks to all our sponsors and Kath, Viv and Pat who welcomed the travellers. I am especially grateful to Alice and June who accompanied me and my walking stick.

Quote of the month (seen on a bus)

One day your whole life will flash before you ...

Make sure it's worth watching!

Saint of the month Maximilian Kolbe 14th August

“Greater love hath no man than this
that a man lay down his life for his friends”

These words of St John sum up the uplifting and humbling story of Maximilian Kolbe, a Polish Friar who truly lived out his Christian principles - and died for them.

During World War II, he provided shelter for refugees in his friary near Warsaw and helped around two thousand Jews, an act which saw him arrested by the Gestapo and, after much harsh treatment being sent to Auschwitz, a notorious prison camp.

In July 1941, a prisoner was thought to have escaped and the camp commander was swift with his reprisal. Ten prisoners were to be starved to death to pay for the missing man. The men were named and one, Franciszek Gajownicsek cried out “what will happen to my wife and children” Moved by these words, Maximilian stepped forward and said “Take me, I’m a Catholic priest and I’m old”

He was led away with the others and for the next three weeks, he sustained their spirits by saying Mass and leading them in prayer and song. He was the last survivor, was given a lethal injection of carbolic acid and was cremated on 15th August, the feast of the Assumption.



The escaped prisoner was found “drowned” in the latrines!

He was canonized in 1982 by Pope John Paul in the presence of the man he saved and declared the patron saint of “Our

Difficult Century” as well as of drug addicts, journalists political prisoners and the pro-life movements.

His statue stands above the Great West Door of Westminster Abbey — a lasting reminder of how good overcomes evil!

Lesley Maloney



~ I just sat in the wrong place! The river, which goes through the first national park in Europe, crosses into Slovenia so at



least for an hour we took a trip into another country.

Then on the Friday we went to Chestahova to see a famous icon of Our Lady and join a large procession. Many parishes from around Poland had walked to it for over a week. The parade was

really lively with lots of singing and dancing with much participation from the priests and nuns and monks - at one point the priest was being thrown in the air!!!

On the Saturday we went down the Wiesliczca salt mine which was a great experience. The walls didn't look very much like salt so some of us decided to test it with our tongues and it was most defiantly salt! There was an amazing chapel with salt chandeliers



After Mass in Polish on Sunday we had some much needed rest as we had some relaxation time There was an amazing storm.

On Monday we went to Zapopane, a lovely place in the Tatra Mountains where I found

many bargains, especially hats, to spend the rest of my (and my grandmas!!!) money.

On the Tuesday we bid a fond farewell to Poland but I hope to return soon.

Amelia Thompson

N.B. Fr Alex will probably run another pilgrimage next August.

Pilgrimage to Poland

A large group of people from Lancashire, Cumbria and Lincoln travelled to Krakow with Fr Alex. It was a wonderful experience, very hot , over 40°C and remarkably cheap!

My 14 year old granddaughter Amelia accompanied me and was persuaded to write an account.

At ten o'clock on the 9th of August I set off from Preston bus station. We were last to get on the bus that would take us to Liverpool airport where we would catch our plane to Krakow, Poland.

As we were about to land we caught our first glimpse of Poland and the patchwork of fields below. As we walked off the plane we were hit by the heat (which was lovely compared to cold wet England!). On the way we met our first hiccup when Fr. Alex directed the bus the wrong way and we took a scenic route to the hotel!

Our hotel was next to at a big church and we had Mass with Fr Alex every morning in a little chapel.

On the first day we had a tour around Krakow and saw what the city had to offer. We visited the castle, which had too many tapestries., the river and the dragon. In the largest square in Europe there is a Basilica and every hour a local fireman blows a trumpet. It commemorates a 13th century player who was shot in the throat while sounding an alarm as the Mongols attacked the city.

On Wednesday we went to Auschwitz Birkenau concentration camp which, for me brought home the true horrors of the war. We saw the cell where Fr Maximillian Kolbe was murdered and the crematoria where millions died. Grandma bought some flowers and left them on a wall where thousands were shot.

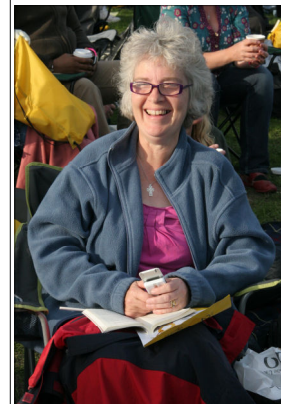
The following day was very pleasant. We went down the river Dunajec on rafts which was for me, and only me a very wet ride

Special supplement Pope's Visit to the United Kingdom



I, like many others, approached the Pope's visit with some trepidation. The papers and news programmes where so negative talking continually about protests, poor turnout and a cold, aloof pope. Initially I had no intention of travelling anywhere but after discussion with a few members of the parish I decided to go to the Prayer Service in Hyde Park. What a fantastic event and how glad I was that I went!

As soon as Pope Benedict set foot on Scottish soil the nation were glued to following in his footsteps. Many may not agree with all his ideas but he came across as a gentle, shy man, as one commentator said he was like a kind granddad. Moreover he had a lot of good interesting things to say and many people really listened



and took them to heart.

Prayer Service at Hyde Park

At 6am on Saturday a double decker coach carried about 45 people from the Preston area to Wembley Stadium. Our little group included Fr Tom, Geoff, David, Martin with a Caritas banner that his mum had made, Gerard, Sheila, Helena, Christine Stephen Maureen, Eva and Ryszard from the Polish community and two ladies we adopted from St Walburges We then travelled by tube to our destination arriving about 1.15pm with our passes and wristbands. It was a glorious, sunny day and we settled behind one of the many paths with rugs, seats and picnics. At two o'clock the entertainment began. Carol Vorderman and Frank Cotterall Boyce were the compères. The warm-up acts included Liam McNally from Britain's Got Talent, A Polish dance troop with Eva's cousin, numerous choirs and exciting African and Roma dancers and entertainers. However the main entertainment was the vast colourful crowd whose origins were world wide ~ You really understood the universality of the church. There were flags and banners galore. We were lucky as the long banner procession representing all the dioceses, youth from all areas, many parishes and numerous organizations passed just in front of us.

We bought souvenirs, took photos, sang hymns and chatted to other pilgrims—it was a joyful occasion. There were a moving interviews with a Malawian asylum seeker, saved from deportation by the community from St Mary's Leyland, someone who works for justice in Burma, an ex drug addict and finally the parents of Jimmy Mizen, a 16 year old who was murdered in a bakery two years ago. The 80,000 people listened in silence and then gave a standing ovation.

Then an excitement took over as 6 o'clock came The choirs sang the Alleluia chorus, 'The Priests' performed, the Pope Mobile was on the big screens surrounded by those 150,000 who lined the streets and then he arrived to a tumultuous welcome. He was a dot on the stage but we followed everything on the big screens. A homily and Benediction followed. At the Blessing there was complete silence and people fell to their knees. We sang Newman's hymn 'Lead Kindly Light'. Then as the gloom descended it was all over and vast crowds spilled out into the surrounding streets and brought central London to a complete standstill ~ very impressive. We managed against the odds to keep together and find our coach and journeyed home . At 4am my head hit the pillow. I spent several sleepy days but I'd do it again—it was such an amazing day!

Margaret Nelson

Beatification Mass at Cofton Park After a 2am start at English Martyrs 3 coach loads of pilgrims slept on route to Birmingham. At 5am we trudged for half an hour passing the old Longbridge plant home of the original mini. Security was tight, cans of beer and coca cola confiscated and handbags searched . Everyone wanted to have a good view of the altar but this was hampered by trees, tall men and of course umbrellas. However the proceedings could be seen on large screens. Music was provided by orchestras and choirs but the whole thing came to life when Radio 4 began their Sunday morning service at 8.10. We sat on folding chairs with a picnic rug and then the rain stopped.

As we sang "Church of God Elect and Glorious" we were united in spirit and anticipating this wonderful , never to be forgotten event. Helicopters zoomed overhead ~ each one greeted with waving flags and loud cheers .

A special cheer began and yes! It was the 'Popecopter' and then the Pope mobile which drove about the park stopping for a baby (or two). Hymns included Newman's hymn 'Praise to the Holiest in the Height' sung alternately by the choir And congregation ~ wonderful! Archbishop Longley welcomed the Pope and then Mass proceeded but included the Rite of Beatification of Cardinal John Henry Newman.His cause for



Canonization, read by the Postulator, was supported by the miraculous cure of Bostonian, Jack Sullivan who was a deacon at Sunday's Mass. A biography of Newman was read out and then the Pope made a declaration of Beatification. A new portrait of Newman was revealed at the side of the altar. There was a procession of the Reliquary including members of Newman's family and priests from the Oratory which he founded. The priests, wearing transparent plastic raincoats over their robes, distributed Holy Communion from under large coloured umbrellas. The final procession took place to the singing of 'For All the Saints'

We returned to our coaches , noting that the musicians played (after the pope left) 'mod' songs much to the delight of the many young people.

We arrived back in a rainy Preston at 5pm

Finally we must say that the Holy Father's homily was inspiring and joyful ~ we felt he must be exhausted since it was the last event of a gruelling 4 days, especially for a man of 83. We were privileged indeed to have witnessed this wonderful visit. It reminded us of the feeding of the five thousand. Indeed we were glad.

Viv Callaghan & Philip Wrigley