

CLONGUISH PARISH NEWSLETTER

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A Corrective. Food for thought

Columnist **Mary Kenny** wrote the following recently:

“Is the virus ‘God’s judgement’ to punish humanity for the errors of its ways? Surely not, and **Bishop Brendan Leahy** of Limerick is quite right to describe such ideas as a form of blasphemy. **Pope Francis** had previously given the lead in dismissing any such notion that the virus is some kind of Old Testament plague.

However, on a secular level, perhaps we shouldn’t dismiss the notion of the ‘corrective’ element in this pandemic. As **Pope Francis** himself has indicated, that it’s a chance for us to judge what is most important to us.

Yes, we must have development, and positive progress: but many catastrophes are caused by the human race abusing or wrongly using nature’s resources. Houses are built on flood plains for profit; seas are over fished; deserts are created by bad husbandry of land. AIDS, though an utter tragedy and affliction for many innocent victims, was undoubtedly spread by sexual promiscuity.

Perhaps the virus is telling us that we need to check our way of living. I dislike the current restrictions which have been imposed- who wouldn’t ?- but the experience has certainly made me reassess my values. Too much of my life has been spent “**getting and spending**”, and this, as the poet wrote, lays waste our powers.

The virus is not a punishment: but it is one heck of a corrective. Especially in the matter of the treatment of the old, whether in a care home, or being “cacooned” away from those they love.

Lead Kindly Light

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not wish to see the distant scene

One step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou should’st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,

Lead thou me on.

I love the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will.

Remember not past years

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still will lead me on

O’re moor and fen, O’re crag and torrent, till the night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since,

And lost a while.

Check Point

An elderly man is stopped by Gardai around 2.00am and asked where he is going at this hour of the night.

The man replies: “***I’m going to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body, as well as smoking and staying out late***”

The Garda officer asks: “*Really? And who might I ask is giving that lecture at this hour of the night?*”

The old man replied “***That would be my wife***”

