

Aitheasc an Athar Eiláir, Bliocáine, Provinseach.

but one

but is nevertheless vivid

today

Aitheasc an Athar Eiláir, O.F.M. Cap (ina
scríbhinn féin) ag uaigh na nAthreacha Ailbe agus
Dominic, Baile an Ríostigh, Meitheamh 1958.

Fuarthas ón Athair Neasán, M. Fómhair 1981. POC

These words, long since favourites of mine kept
going thro my mind as we stood on the Lármae
waiting the return of the mortal remains of Father
Albert and Father Dominic. The Gael has a
saying going far into the misty past but a
vivid one ^{every} today. — Bas in Éirinn. It is
not just a faint wish but an eager one
with a note almost of urgency. — that desire for
bas in Éirinn. Surely it is not only the wish
of the Gael to die surrounded by kindly faces,
made strong by the last rites of Mother Church
but with the true Catholic reverence for the
sanctity of the human body ~~with~~ a yearning
to be buried in the sanctified sod of Holy
Ireland ^{amid} ~~with~~ the whispered prayers of a good
people, their many processions and manifesta-
tions of their Faith. And so not only "death in
Ireland, but burial in Irish Ground.

Was it that hunger of the Gael that moved
those two humble friars to express ^{a last, tender} reveal their
last wish of burial in Ireland. In life they
had never sought anything. Being poor they
possessed ^{not only a will of their} owned nothing wanted nothing but to do the

To welcome them home.

Next the Coisearch, head of the Government should be the first still with that innate courtesy and sense of what is fitting he quietly remonstrated remarking ^{most} let their own Brothers in religion

"It is more appropriate becoming that their Brothers in Religion see be the first to receive them. In added act of thoughtfulness, he had ~~as~~ formally received the pilot, Captain Hauptmann and spoke the gratitude of the nation for the task he had performed.

There was a gentleness in the manner the procession formed and to the strain of the Misere slowly wended its way to the Sherport Chapel. There the two bodies were placed ^{respectfully} before the Tabernacle and Fr.

a slight tremor in his voice revealing how deeply moved he was by the occasion spoke the beautiful versers of the Church the responses coming deep and low-toned from the assembled choir. A short delay, and the college ~~march~~ began the journey to back.

There are no words to describe that journey. It was not a sad procession nor was it a triumphant march.

Ractū was it

It was a prayerful
Journey

It was simply two humble trains moving
quietly through the people while the people
trayed and at times gave a wishful
little smile of greeting and farewell.

We, Brothers of Lathū Albert and Lathū Dominic
bowed our heads in awe before such a superb
manifestation of a peoples simple faith and
loyal loyalty. On the hearts and on the lips
of many of us was a Franciscan prayer

"May God reward you for your goodness
to us and ours, both living and dead!"

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Along the way, at each horizon and
cross roads ^{there} stood little groups praying. Young
mothers lifted up their children (little ones
to see the passing leaves. Nor did the little ones
look frightened. They seemed too unconscious ^{of the} ^{menacing}
feeling of happiness. ^{+ joy} It was all so moving,
Tears at times came to our eyes, but
they were tears of gratitude to God for such
a splendid people. It was a prayerful journey
like a round of the beads, the small beads
the scattered groups, the large beads
Limerick, Buller and etc. where the
people gathered in their numbers

Then came Cook, that Queen among Petrus whose
throbbing heart beats with an affection to be
found in no other city. Let me after Brown
now describe that scene.

On the Quay side x x x x

The Church of the ^{most Holy} Trinity was built
by Zachary Mathew - the Apostle of Temperance
on the quay so that the Irish emigrant could leave
Ireland fortified with the Sacrament and the Mass.
The Mass on Saturday morning June 18th was
celebrated for two returning emigrants. The
Gothic Church with its graceful sweeping lines
it was a perfect setting for the Requiem Mass
on that morning. The whole scene was like
a representation of Sir John Lavery's immortal
painting of Lawrence the Seaman's obsequies at
St. Patrick's Cathedral. Again there was a
Franciscan gentleness about the way that
the ^{Sacred} ministers and servers moved around the
Pavement gentle too was the singing of
the student choir their fresh young voices
muted to a tone of reverence, almost of awe.
The final procession down the aisle with
his Lordship, Rev. Lucy, the Lord Bishop