

WELCOME

A very warm welcome to anyone who has ventured back to the church for the first time this weekend since the restrictions on our gatherings were introduced. We hope you find the church both prayerful and safe. Please let us know if you have any concerns.

WE ARE BACK FOR PUBLIC MASS!!!

A big thank you to everyone following the guidance. So just a few reminders: Please notice the **signs**, the seats apart, two metres social distance, the **hand sanitisers**, stay in your seats for communion, **entrance/exit doors**, no choir, a safe for the collections, stewards to help, the **toilets not** available. The church is thoroughly sprayed to keep it disinfected. High touch points are cleaned daily. **Sunday obligation is still suspended. Feel free to come to mass during the weekdays instead of Sunday; to stay at home and ask us to bring communion to you; to stay at home if you are in anyway vulnerable due to medical condition, age or symptoms.**

FIRST HOLY COMMUNIONS: Two groups of eight children have now celebrated their First Holy Communion and the third group will celebrate on Saturday next 25th July @ 12pm. Because of the restriction in numbers, attendance is reserved to their family and invited guests and not to the general congregation.

MASS INTENTIONS: By way of precaution around the restrictions on numbers allowed inside the church, we are limiting each mass to only one intention for the moment.

STEWARDS, CLEANERS, COLLECTORS

We thank the stewards and cleaners helping us with the new arrangements. Also the street-collectors for the weekly envelopes are back to knock on your door again.

WEBCAM As mentioned by parishioners and after the lockdown experience, thanks to a generous donation from a family, we are preparing to have a webcam installed. It is hoped to be installed in the next week or two.

OPEN CHURCH: The church is open every day for mass and private prayer until 1pm.

BAPTISMS: Possible on the 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month at 2pm.

WEDDINGS Those can still take place, but for now with smaller numbers. Many couples have had to re-arrange their wedding plans.

FUNERALS: Attendance is now widened to up to 50 members of close family. People standing outside the church before and after funerals honouring the deceased are asked to keep the social distance of two metres between each other.

Pat Boran and Gerard Smyth (eds.), *If Ever You Go*. A Map of Dublin in Poetry & Song, Dublin, Dedalus Press, 2014, p. 257-258.

Little Back Streets of Dublin

The little houses near Greenville Avenue huddle
Together in the stillness of the evening.
Sunday evening hangs somewhere far up
On a huge guilt of calmness trailing long
Plumes of smoke into the hearths of the houses.
My lanky figure runs ahead disfiguring
Itself in the windows where I peer
Into kitchens knotted with neatness.
Carpets with prams and coffee tables,
Sit around coal fires watching
Television sets dreaming in the corners:
Black and white cowboys staging a siege;
Red and green jerseys thumping sweat
After a brown ball to coloured cheers.

Behind a red door buckets of music
Rattling like mad, pop music falling
Down a stairs with furious kicks and screams,
A mother waits in her apron at a door
Her voice rocking along the gobbles of her accent
As she ushers her two dufflecoated
Little boys into their warm kitchen, leaving
The streets as empty as a Christmas morning.
A few steel-blue clouds huddle together
Smothering their huge binge of light
Drunk on the thick taste of coal smoke.

Further down past the dour face
Of the boys' and girls' National Schools,
Past the back of the big coal yard,
Two young men with moustaches
Sitting back in a car bursting with music,
Chatting up two girls standing by the wall,
Their cigarettes glowing red as the car
Moves off and they stroll home,
Their heels clattering up along the street.
Trees would listen, if there were any here.
A song whispering across a pile of scrap
Cars overflowing onto the street.

Crazy... crazy for your love... for your love.
A man with a cap pulled across his head
And a woman with a dirty blanket around her
Should sit in the shadow of the cars,
Staring at their one solitary bottle;
It stands there, listening to the few scraps
Of words they might throw at each other.
The church on Donore Avenue clamps down
On aisles and pews of light, squirting it out
Through the windows into the face of the evening.
A Sunday evening that hangs around outside
Listening to the hushed cloud of calmness flooding
Through the little back streets of Dublin.

Liam Ryn (b. 1955)