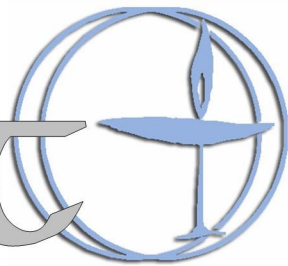


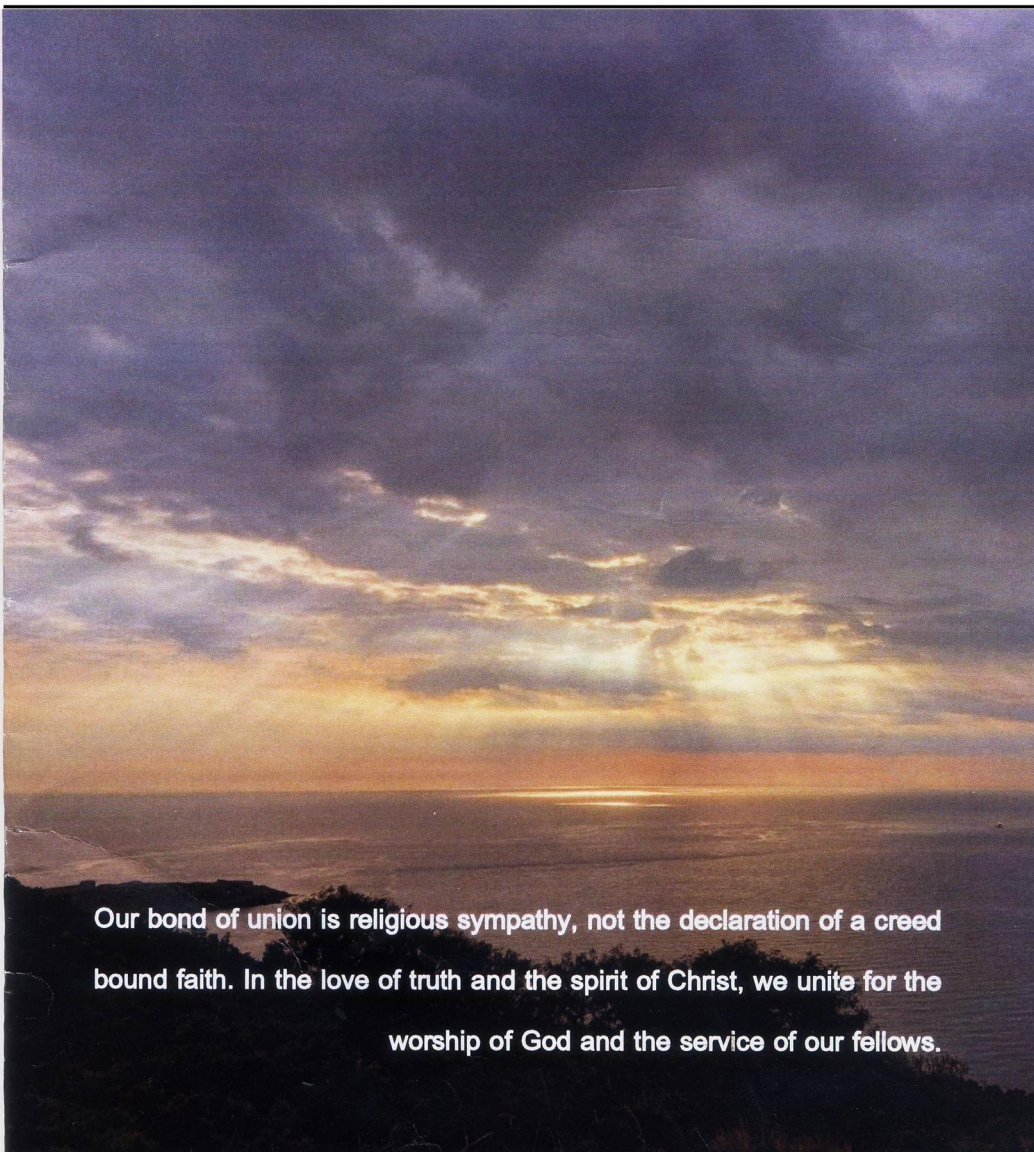
Oscailt



October 2022

IRELANDS UNITARIAN MAGAZINE

Vol.18 Nº 10



Our bond of union is religious sympathy, not the declaration of a creed
bound faith. In the love of truth and the spirit of Christ, we unite for the
worship of God and the service of our fellows.



Oscailt since January 2005 has become the monthly magazine for Irish Unitarians. Originally it was the calendar for Dublin but due to popular demand by non members this new format was born and continues to grow and flourish.

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Our magazine title, ***Oscailt***, is inspired by the account of the **Healing of the Deaf and Mute Man** in St. Mark's Gospel, Chapter 7. Jesus commands the man's ears to open up with the Aramic word "Ephphatha" - open ! The Irish word *oscailt*, (from the verb *oscail*, to open), means an opening, or, metaphorically, it could mean a revelation or a beginning.

Help Thanks Wow

The title for this address, Help Thanks Wow, is taken from a book written by Anne Lamott, an American writer living in San Francisco. Its full title is *Help, Thanks, Wow, the Three Essential Prayers* and Lamott introduces the book by saying, "I don't know much about God and Prayer but I have come to believe over the past 25 years that there's something to be said about keeping prayer Simple. Help. Thanks. Wow."

The book is a slim volume and while of course we shouldn't judge a book by its cover, contemplating the title, it seems to me as though we can almost intuit what Lamott is saying; they are not unfamiliar concepts, we know them on some deep level even if we haven't heard them expressed as simply as Lamott presents them. Lamott's title seems to suggest that when we communicate with God, when we pray, we are essentially either asking for Help, giving Thanks or expressing awe.

On the nature of prayer, Lamott writes:

Prayer is us - humans - merely being; Reaching out to something having to do with the eternal, with vitality, intelligence, kindness, even when we are at our most utterly doomed and sceptical. God can handle honesty, and prayer begins an honest conversation. My belief is that when you're telling the truth, you're close to God. If you say to God, "I am exhausted and depressed beyond words, and I don't like You at all right now, and I recoil from most people who believe in You." that might be the most honest thing you've ever said. If you told me you had said to God, "It is all hopeless, and I don't have a clue if You exist, but I could use a hand," it would almost bring tears to my eyes, tears of pride in you, for the courage it takes to get real - really real.

Reading Anne Lamott's words is comforting. She takes the mystery and the solemnity out of prayer. Often when we are feeling down and in need of help, we can compound those feelings of inadequacy by berating ourselves for feeling that way, telling ourselves that we should be doing better, that we are failures and Lamott's book offers us a more for-giving and understanding attitude.

Lamott explains:

When [we] have run out of good ideas on how to fix the unfixable, when we finally stop trying to heal our own sick, stressed minds with our sick, stressed minds, when we are truly at the end of our rope and just done, we say the same prayer. We say, "Help."

Like everyone, there have been periods of my life when I have felt helpless or hopeless. When I have been overwhelmed by a task or a situation and I was full of fear and anxiety. I've woken many times in the last year and the first waking thoughts were, "God Help Me", a repeated pleading from somewhere

within. Help me. Help me. I don't really know why.

I grew up in a family of worriers. I'm sorry to say it but I think it's true that I come from a long line of negative thinkers, people whose first response to good news can often be, "but what if...?" We are not optimists in my family.

I recall a conversation with a teacher at school, when I was in my teens, where I was telling the teacher that my mother had told me she was concerned that I would never be, never amount to, or never get anything - that I would never make it. The teacher burst into spontaneous laughter. The laughter was so immediate that its impact was actually comforting to me. To this teacher, the scenario I had presented was preposterous. And in the teacher's humorous response, I was shown the absurdity of such negative thinking.

My parents, worriers and negative thinkers, were raised themselves by worriers and negative thinkers - but nothing very, very bad has ever happened to me or to anyone in my immediate family and yet we often seem to be focused on the catastrophic. If I were to set about compiling a list of all the concerns and worries about all the bad things that might happen, that me and my family have worried about over the years it would be a very thick volume and yet I don't think the list of actual bad things that happened would amount to half a page within that volume. What a waste of time, energy and perhaps most tragically, peace of mind.

So I feel like I was primed from childhood to be a negative thinker. I am negatively calibrated. And I have heard it explained that to think negatively is often to invite negative situations into our lives.

So how do I counteract it? Well, I think my teacher had one of the best solutions. I need to laugh at it. I need to laugh at myself and wake up to how ridiculous these thoughts are. But I also need to ask for help to direct my thinking.

Most religions prescribe a regular practise of prayer or meditation and I am beginning to see why. I believe that I would feel better if I made more time in my life for prayer and meditation. I have a friend who is much more disciplined than I am when it comes to the practise of prayer and meditation and when we are in touch, he will ask me how I am. If I respond by saying, "not so well at the moment", his follow-up question will always be, "how is your morning routine?" By that he means am I putting aside the time for prayer and meditation and of course, always, the answer is no, I am not making the time. So could there be a connection with my not making the time for prayer and meditation and my not feeling great? Quite possibly.

You've probably heard the saying, "If you have the time in the morning, do ten minutes of meditation. If you don't have the time, do twenty." I was taught to make my bed in the morning. Why is that important? Well, It's not the making of the bed that's so important but the attitude to making it. If I catch myself saying, "I don't want to make my bed now, I'll make it later" well maybe I can catch myself and correct my attitude before I go out into the world and do too much damage. Prayer is a bit like that for me. If I find myself refus-

ing to pray in the morning, god doesn't mind (I believe) but it's a demonstration to me that I am choosing to run on self-will and my experience of running on self-will in the past is that doesn't always work out for the best.

Any time I catch myself being hasty or rushing or being impatient, I try to remind myself that I have taken back control. That I am running on self-will. If I am stuck in traffic and find myself getting irritated I try to pause and say a prayer of thanks. Thank you God for this opportunity to practise patience. I am coming to see that I need prayer and meditation much more in my life in order to counteract my propensity for negativity. So I pray, when I can, and I ask for help to direct my thinking and free me from fear, anxiety, worry, indecision and negative thoughts.

I remember a good few years ago, I was telling a friend how I felt very lost, lost in life that is, that I wasn't sure where I was going, didn't know what I was doing. Whether he meant to or not, this friend ended up saying something very helpful to me. He said that although feeling lost was very uncomfortable, that there was a positive slant to it because there was possibility -I could now start the task of discovery, of finding out where I needed to be. Even in being lost, there is potential, there is opportunity; there is hope. If I had arrived, if I knew where I was going then I wouldn't have the possibility of adventure. I thought it was a lovely way of looking at being lost. Maybe he was raised by optimists?

And as Anne Lamott reminds us in her book, it is when I am at my most helpless, my most lost that I am at my most teachable. Something very profound can happen when we let go and say, "God, Please Help Me!" This is the paradox of surrender. Surrender to win - a phrase some of us have often heard. By saying, Help me, I can't do this anymore, we are inviting a power outside of ourselves (not me) to come into our lives... preparing the ground for the arrival of Grace.

Scientific studies have shown that practising smiling, even fake smiling, just exercising the smiling muscles in our face can trick the brain, releasing dopamine and serotonin and bringing about feelings of wellbeing; reducing stress, boosting the immune system and prolonging our lives. By the same token, I've come to believe that saying thanks repeatedly, even if we are not sure we mean it, saying thanks can shift our mood from one of despair to one of hope. So when I find myself in bed saying "help me help me help me", I will acknowledge that feeling for I believe it is important to be truthful about what is going on but instead of dwelling on it, instead of help me help me help me, I will start to say thank you thank you thank you and I bring my mind to the things that I can be thankful for in that moment. Thank you for my lack of physical pain, thank you for my breath,

thank you for all my senses, thank you for shelter and food and companionship and all the things I take for granted so often. Thank you thank you thank you.

The other very useful and practical thing that I can do to counteract negativity is to develop a practise of gratitude. To aid this I try and write a gratitude list daily, 10 things that I am grateful for in my life. Some days are easier than others but the very useful part of this exercise, like making the bed, is noticing when it's a struggle. I mean, right now, it is ridiculous to me to think that there are some days when I struggle to find 10 things in my life to be grateful for. Thinking of the people less fortunate, remembering that phrase, "the things you take for granted other people are praying for." There is so much in my life that I ought to be grateful for.

When we are grateful, we are also likely to be more generous to others and practising generosity fosters more feelings of wellbeing and connectedness. I also believe it that we can accomplish things when we pray and ask for help that we couldn't have accomplished on our own. This idea seems to be proven to me in some of the great works of art that are created in praise of god. One of the finest examples for me is Gaudi's famous cathedral, Sagrada Familia in Barcelona - I've only seen it once but I have never forgotten that moment of "Wow!" If you've seen it, maybe you agree with me but I have never seen anything quite like it. It is a building obviously but it also appears to be a living thing, perhaps from the energy of its still being under construction but the magnificence of the building seems to suggest to me that once the final brick is put in place, the whole building will arise and walk away. It is breath-taking and awe-inspiring.

Anne Lamott writes:

Gorgeous, amazing things come into our lives when we are paying attention: mangoes, grandnieces, Bach, ponds. Astonishing material and revelation appear in our lives all the time. Let it be. Unto us, so much is given. We just have to be open for business.

Of course I don't know whether there is a god, but one thing I do know is that I experience a better life when I act as if there is one.

I am sure that I will continue for the time being at least, when I pray, of being more of a Help person than a Thanks person or a Wow person. But maybe with more practise, I can shift a little more from the Help to the Thanks to the Wow.

I want to close with some words from Dr Martin Shaw, the acclaimed teacher of myth. I'm very grateful to Rev Jane Blackall of the Kensington Unitarians for bringing his words to my attention.

Become a prayer-maker. Why? Because what you face in your life is bigger than you can handle. It is. Go to a place with shadows and privacy, and just start talking. There is some ancient Friend that wants to hear from you. No more dogma than that. Use your simple, holy, words. Then sit. Listen. Go for a walk. Let in. Then you fight like a lion for what you can affect, and you surrender the rest.

Anne Lamott closes her book with these paragraphs:

C. S. Lewis wrote: "I pray because I can't help myself. I pray because I'm helpless. I pray because the need flows out of me all the time, waking and sleeping. It doesn't change God. It changes me." More than anything, prayer helps me get my sense of humour back. It brings me back to my heart, from the treacherous swamp of my mind. It brings me back to the now, to the holy moment.

So I pray constantly between bouts of trying to live life on life's terms. Help. Thanks. Wow. I end most prayers with Amen, before my inevitable re-entry into regular old so-called real life, because for thousands of years believers and prophets have said to. So I do. It's that simple.

You've heard it said that when all else fails, follow instructions. So we breathe, try to slow down and pay attention, try to love and help God's other children, and - hardest of all, at least to me - learn to love our depressing, hilarious, mostly decent selves. We get thirsty people water, read to the very young and old, and listen to the sad. We pick up litter and try to leave the world a slightly better place for our stay here.

Those are the basic instructions, to which I can add only: Amen.

Will O'Connell,
Dublin Unitarian Church,

11 August 2022

Book Club Book Review

A TOWN CALLED SOLACE

by
MARY LAWSON

This story is set in a fictitious town called Solace in Northern Ontario, Canada, in the early 1970's.

There are three main characters in the book, firstly there is Clara who is a smart and astute eight year old child. Her friend and neighbour Mrs. Orchard goes into hospital and asks Clara to feed and mind her cat, Moses. Clara is given a key to Mrs. Orchard's house and she takes this responsibility very seriously. Meanwhile, during Mrs. Orchard's hospital stay Clara's sixteen year old sister, Rose, runs away from home after another argument with their mother. Rose tells Clara that she will send her a message when she reaches Toronto. As the weeks go by there is no word from Rose or sign of Mrs. Orchard's return. Clara takes up a vigil at the window every day after school looking out for Rose's message and Mrs. Orchard's return. She develops certain OCD behaviours in response to these two coinciding events and as her family is in turmoil over Rose's disappearance Clara retreats into her own world. This is not helped when Mrs. Orchard dies in hospital and her parent's decide not to tell Clara as they think it would be too much for her.

When a strange man appears in Mrs. Orchard's house Clara becomes alarmed fearing he is a robber and she is very anxious about Moses the cat, as he does not like strangers! There is much humour in this part of the book as Clara tries to negotiate feeding Moses undetected and the author portrays this little girl's fears and anxieties with great insight. Clara and the stranger collide one day and Clara finds out about Mrs. Orchard's death. She feels betrayed by her parents as they lied to her and she now fears that they are not telling her the truth about Rose.

The stranger who moved in next door is Liam Kane. Mrs. Orchard has left him her house and money and he doesn't fully understand why. He has vague memories from when he was a very young boy of about three years old and the Orchards lived next door in a different town. Liam has always felt disconnected from his family of four sisters, two sets of twins, and especially his mother. He is at a crossroads in his life when he inherits Mrs. Orchard's house ,he's recently divorced and disillusioned so he quits his job and moves up north to Solace with the intention of selling the house and deciding his future. Liam comes across some memorabilia in the house triggering some fond and happy memories of his time with the Orchards. As Liam becomes embedded in the community of Solace you see a transformation taking place, his sense of belonging and a place in the world. Mary Lawson adds humour and interest to the story as we encounter some of the townsfolk of Solace. The grumpy store owner, the waitress at the diner who ignores you until she is ready, the librarian who makes great icecream, the all round good guy police-man, the contractor whom Liam hires and works with

to fix his roof. Liam also befriends Clara and they work out how and when she will feed Moses. This tentative friendship helps in the recovery of Rose from Toronto.

Finally we meet Mrs. Elizabeth Orchard as she lies in her hospital bed reminiscing about her life with her beloved husband , Charles.

They are childless and Elizabeth had suffered many miscarriages, the most recent one in the late 1930's coinciding with a new family moving in next door. There are the pareits, twin girls, and a young boy of three. The mother Annette is pregnant and struggling with her life and especially with the boisterous boy Liam. Elizabeth offers to help her neigh-bour by minding Liam and a special friendship develops between them. Liam spends more time at the Orchard's where he gets special attention which he especially enjoys now with the arrival of another set of twins who are also girls. There is much to read between the lines about this time in both families lives, there's unresolved trauma aid grief for Elizabeth and Charles regarding the miscarriages, there's hints at post natal depression for Liam's mother, there's miscommunication between parents who are try-ing their best. Mary Lawson just tells the story and allows the reader to make up ther own minds.

A misunderstanding and altercation takes place between Elizabeth and Liam's mother resulting in Elizabeth being banished from Liam's life. She cannot contemplate this so misguidedly takes Liam from his house. She is caught the next morning and after a ccurt hearing the Orchard's leave town and move to Solace. The time Elizabeth spent with Liam is the most precious and pivotal to her life so she wants to make amends by leading everything to him.

Elizabeth can come across as aloof and judgemental but her humorous and poignant interactions with her fellow patients reveal a very kind and compassionate woman, cer-tainly one you can empathise with.

All of the book club readers enjoyed the book, the writing is unassuming, the dialogic is believable and the characters are well developed. Some of us would have liked to ha»e more said about Rose and her time in Toronto (not good) and how she recovered from it's trauma. Liam's mother too is an interesting character and we would have liked more from her perspective.

We all agreed that despite the struggles and hardships faced by the very believable people portrayed in the book there came across a sense of their humanity, kindness and compassion.

A book to be recommended and an author to look out for.

Alison Claffey

Dublin Unitarian Church,

The Treasury

Recently I bought the 'Concise ENGLISH-IRISH Dictionary' the latest addition to the small but important list of dictionaries dealing with the Irish language. The book weighs in at a mighty 3kg and has nearly 2000 pages and is a wonderful source to explore the riches of our native language. So impressed was I that I began to wonder if there was a collective noun to describe a collection of dictionaries, as in 'a flamboyance of flamingos' or a 'drift of swans', as the collective noun can often be as beautiful as the articles they describe, but I failed to find one. So I decided that a 'Treasury' of dictionaries seemed appropriate. When I looked up 'Treasury' in my thesaurus to find a synonym I found 'thesaurus', I had come full circle.

I have print dictionaries covering six languages: Modern Irish, Old Irish, (I count both as a single language), English, French, Russian, Latin, Welsh, and sundry phrase books, all bought when I found myself interested in a particular language. My interest in Welsh began when I was 75 but foundered after a short period of study as I found that the ability to retain new spelling systems decreases alarmingly as one's age increases, but if a language has been learnt earlier in life the brain finds it easier to recall the correct sequence of letters in a word. For instance, I find that I have retained a reassuring amount of Russian vocabulary and spelling, probably because I started learning the language when I was still only in my forties. But I find I have to rely more and more on the Donnell Irish dictionary when writing in Irish, partly I suppose because, although I had a fairly good basic familiarity with the language from my days with the Christian Brothers in Primary school, the orthography (spelling) and script have changed since then, and I didn't really start to study Irish seriously until I was in my mid-sixties., after I had retired from the Abbey Theatre.

One of the treasures on my bookshelf is my copy of Dinneen's Irish-English dictionary; 'Being a thesaurus of the words, phrases and idioms of the modern Irish language', which dates back to 1927, being an enlarged version of the book first printed in 1904. It is printed in the old Cl6 Gaelach, with lenition indicated by a dot, the 'seimhiu', rather than the letter h and employs the lovely old lettering as opposed to the Roman type. As this was the type in use when I was going to school in the forties and fifties it presents no problems at all for me, although younger people may struggle with the lower case's' and 'r' letters.

Dinneen also shows the breadth of possible meanings contained in Irish words. For instance, the word 'gaoth' can mean: subtle, wise, prudent; a dart, a shooting pain; an inlet of the sea, a strand stream left at low water; wind, air, a draught of air or wind; a whizz, vanity, idle talk; a glimpse, a hint, a suggestion; nothing. He also of course gives examples of expressions which give a context to the various meanings which can be constructed using the word.

I think Treasury is a very accurate description of any dictionary worthy of the name.

Clive Geraghty,
Dublin Unitarian Church

From the Archives

The social media pages of our sister congregations in Northern Ireland and in Great Britain carried many reports of how they mourned the recent death of Queen Elizabeth II.

When the Queen's Grandfather, King George V, died in January 1936, Cathedral and Church Services were held in Dublin to coincide with his Funeral Service in Windsor on 28th January. The Saturday edition of *The Irish Times* on 1st February carried reports of many of these Services and included a report of the Service held in St. Stephen's Green Unitarian Church.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

The relay of the Royal Funeral Service from Windsor was heard in the Unitarian Church, St Stephen's Green, Dublin, yesterday, by a very large congregation.

"We meet this morning on an occasion of great national sorrow - international sorrow, I may say - as we mourn the passing of a great King," said the Rev. E. Saved Hicks, M.A., the minister of the church in introduction.

"One more epoch in the history of Empire closes, and as the mortal remains of King George V. are placed in their last resting place we feel a sense of personal loss; for he has become a familiar figure and a familiar voice in many of our homes".

The Service in the church opened with the hymn "God Bless Our Native Land" and during the broadcast the large congregation joined with the congregation at the Chapel Royal in the singing of "Abide With Me" which was one of the late King's favourite hymns. Mr A.J. Thornton, the organist of the church, synchronised the organ with the choir at Windsor and led the singing.

The Service closed with prayer, and the singing of the "Sevenfold Amen" by the choir.

Rory Delany,
Dublin Unitarian Church,

24 September 2022

Music Making in Ilkley and Hucklow in memory of David Dawson

Over the weekend of 12th-15th August, I joined with other members of the Unitarian Music Society who congregated for our annual meetings and Music Weekend. This was our first in-person summer conference since 2019.

Whenever our society meets up, there is sure to be fun, music, food, walks, education and camaraderie. Our summer conference is generally centred around a "major work" with all attendees contributing by singing solo, as a chorus, or playing in the orchestra. In previous years, composers performed have included Vivaldi, Gilbert & Sullivan, Purcell and Samuel Coleridge-Taylor. As well as this, breakout sessions would educate and encourage involvement as well, sometimes complementary to the major work, sometimes independent of it.

Because of the pandemic, we haven't had a formal opportunity to mark the life and death of David Dawson, a leading light in the UK Unitarian movement - particularly amongst church musicians - who died in 2020. At the last UMS weekend in 2019, we were introduced to a new work being written by him with words by regular conference organiser Nick Morrice. Entitled "Oliver's Journey Home", it is a short operetta about a young lad who goes for a cycle and gets involved with several adventures before coming home a changed man. It was an intriguing glimpse into a work-in-progress and it was decided that it would be great to perform it the following year as our major work. As we have not been able to meet up, as well as with the passing of David Dawson, this plan had been put on hold but with a great deal of exertion by Nick, Christine Dawson and Marcie McGaughey, the score was completed and orchestrated so it was decided in 2021 that the major work for this summer should be Oliver's Journey Home. Further-more, it was decided that, as a tribute to David, we should perform it in David's hometown of Ilkley, the first time that our major work has been performed away from the Nightingale Centre.

On top of the major work, we also had extra breakout sessions, our AGM, our church service (on a Monday instead of a Sunday) and an informal concert. It was a busy and industrious weekend. The madrigals and recorders groups that rehearsed in breakout sessions entertained us at the informal concert on Saturday night as well as most of the attendees performing specially rehearsed items and party pieces.

Other breakout sessions were less performance-based. Richard

Merritt presented a charming illustrated lecture on venues around the world and I was also pleased to introduce a group to Mind Travels, a programme of improvised guided musical reflections I have created with Rev. Mark Hutchinson. There was also a church service with Rev. Ed Fordham and our AGM - as well as the fun, the business still needs to be taken care of but this is always done efficiently and with good humour. The lovely thing about UMS is that there is plenty of fun but there is also plenty to learn - what you choose to attend is down to how you're feeling. The upshot of this is that everyone comes away with a slightly different experience from the weekend.

The rehearsal and performance of Oliver's Journey Home was a little bit fraught but ultimately very satisfying. Music is not about flawless performance although our group did work hard and manage to keep standards very high. It's also about community and I know I felt a great sense of kinship working with our star Hugh Ameigh and our new friends in the New Horizons Chamber Orchestra of Ilkley, an orchestra that David set up. Hugh and the orchestra joined us for the performance and both sides enjoyed the comradeship of the process. Marcie, who had completed a lot of the orchestration, conducted choir, orchestra and soloists with great grace and solid footing.

There is a feeling of grief in our movement and our society for the passing of David Dawson. I don't believe this is what he would have wanted. He has guided us well for many years. It is time for younger people to take the baton. With our tribute performance and the expert organisation by Elizabeth Rosenberg (and her team), I feel certain that a new generation of Unitarian musicians and leaders are ready to take this movement's music and music worship down a new and revitalised road. That should be welcomed and will happen if they are met by an enthusiasm and support from the older generations. Musical Unitarians have a lot to be excited by in the coming years on the evidence of this hugely enjoyable weekend.

Josh Johnson,
Director of Music, Dublin Unitarian Church

My version of the Lord's Prayer

Eternal spirit, wellspring of the divine in us all, whose presence brings heaven within us and around us, you are known by many names of holiness.
That I would become a place ordered and ruled by your creative spirit.
May the bounty of the Earth generously and fairly fill the needs of all creatures.

May we have the humility and strength to forgive those who have wronged us, without rancour, that we may become worthy of forgiveness. Give us understanding of the anguish and desperation behind the worst offences of our time.

Give us the discipline and strength to resist evil influences, to avoid cruelty and malice and order our lives with kindness

For all things, all power, and all glory ultimately belong to you forever.

Dorene Groocock,
Dublin Unitarian Church

Sunday Club

The Manging Committee is delighted to announce that our Sunday Club will resume on ***Sunday 9th October 2022.***

Sunday Club will be an opportunity for our younger members (from 4 years up) to meet in the vestry and take part in activities related to the service and the Unitarian Church. Our Sunday Club is supported by volunteer leaders from our congregation.

The Club will return monthly, on the second Sunday of each month. If you have any queries about Sunday Club or would like to volunteer as a leader, please contact sundayclubunitarianchurch@gmail.com.



Dublin Unitarian Church

112 St. Stephens Green Dublin 2.

Service 11.00a.m.

Sunday Services and Rota October 2022

2nd Oct Bridget Spain—God's Circles

Reader Denise Dunne

Welcomer Janet Mulroy

Flowers Janet Mulroy

Coffee Dorene Grocock, Patrick Rogers,
Janet Mulroy

9th Oct Rory Delany

Reader Dorene Grocock

Welcomer Andrew Connolly Crangle

Flowers Denise Dunne

Coffee Maeve Edwards, Gráinne Carty,
Paula Mills

16th Oct Pamela McCarthy

Reader Madeline Stringer

Welcomer Katy Goulding

Flowers Mary O'Brien

Coffee Gavin Byrne, Doireann Ní Bhriain,
Paula Mills

23rd Oct Coming of Age Celebration

Reader Katy Goulding

Welcomer Monica Cremins

Flowers Monica Cremins

Coffee Andrew Connolly Crangle, Kevin
O'Hara +

30th Oct TBC

Reader Jennifer Buller

Welcomer Gavin Byrne

Flowers Trish Webb Duffy

Coffee Michael Robinson, Katy Goulding,
Kevin O'Hara

Please contact us at

hellounitarianchurch@gmail.com

*if you would like to volunteer for any
of our rotas.*

Services are broadcast live from the church each Sunday at 11a.m on our
WebCam, click and connect at

www.dublinunitarianchurch.org

Lunch-time meditation service every Wednesday from

1.10 to 1.40 p.m.

DUBLIN UNITARIAN CHURCH

112 St.Stephen's Green, Dublin D02 YP23, Ireland.

Unitarian Church - Dublin Registered Charity Number 20000622

Service: Sunday at 11a.m. Phone: Vestry 01-4780638

Managing committee:

Chairperson: Denise Dunne; Vice Chairperson: Dennis Aylmer; Secretary: Trish Webb-Duffy; Treasurer: Rory Delany;

Tony Shine; Andy Pollak; Peter White; Will O'Connell;

Paul Murray; Madeline Stringer; Gavin Byrne

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Minister: **Rev.Bridget Spain:**

Rev.Bill Darlison (*Minister Emeritus*)

Organist: Josh Johnston Pianist 086 892 0602

Caretaker: Kevin Robinson Telephone: 4752781



UNITARIAN CHURCH

Prince's Street, Cork.

Registered Charity Number 0000246

Service: Sundays at 11a.m.

Minister: Rev.Mike O'Sullivan Telephone:023-8842800

e-mail: osullmike@gmail.com Mobile 087-9539998