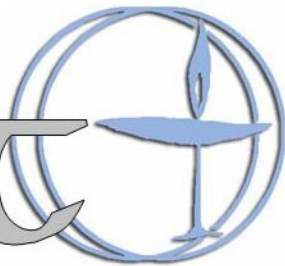


Oscailt



November 2024

IRELANDS UNITARIAN MAGAZINE

Vol.20 Nº 11



Please Note

If you are aware of any member of our community who is unwell, or who has suffered a bereavement, and who would welcome contact from others in the church, please e-mail Rev.Bridget Spain.

Vestry 01 - 4780638

e-mail: revbspain@gmail.com

Childrens Programme - Sunday Club

Takes place on the 2nd Sunday of each month

For any queries about Sunday Club, or to volunteer as a leader, please email Denise at sundayclubunitarianchurch@gmail.com

DUBLIN UNITARIAN CHURCH

Lunch-time service every Wednesday from 1.10 to 1.40 p.m.

Each week Eileen Delaney sends an e-mail circular as to what is happening in the church and the other activities associated with the church.

If you would like to receive this information you should send your details requesting your name be added to the list to:-
eileendelaney76@gmail.com



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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Unsolicited articles, news items, letters, poems, etc are always welcome, however there can be no guarantee of publication. Copy should be sent by e-mail or at least typed, photographs should be 300dpi.

e-mail: oscailtmagazine@gmail.com

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Front Cover: On the left the five memorials in our church, the head stone marks the unknown soldier. (photo P.Spain)

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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 mans ears to open up with 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.

Update on the Ministerial Recruitment Process

Dear Friends,

As you know, the process to seek a new Minister for our congregation has been operating over the summer months. The closing date for applications was the end of September, and at that date we had three candidates who met the criteria for consideration. The three candidates have been invited to deliver a service and meet the congregation before Christmas. The dates for each of these services is:

17 November - **Gavin Byrne.**

Gavin is a Ministry Student with the Unitarian College in the UK.

24 November - **Rev.Maud Robinson.**

Maud is Minister with Underbank Unitarians in Sheffield, UK.

1 December - **Rev.Mark Hutchinson.**

Mark is a Unitarian Community Minister with Evesham Unitarian Community and Unitarian Transformers in the UK.

Each of the candidates will take a Sunday service which will be followed by informal conversations and a more formal questions and answers opportunity.

We ask all who are interested in the future of our congregation to attend these services to gain a better understanding of the candidates, their Ministry and ideas.

Best wishes,

Denise Dunne on behalf of the committee,

Elaine Sisson, Rory Delany, Sheila Hanley, Will O'Connell

How and What we remember

Once again we laid a poppy wreath at the plaque in the hallway that commemorates five young men from this congregation who died during the First World War. They died over an eight month period from July 1917 - March 1918. At the time of death their average age was 23 years. Two of the boys were brothers who died just five days apart. A third was an only son. We lay the wreath in remembrance and in sadness at the loss of young lives and in protest against war as a solution to disputes.

Two buzz phrases were popular at that time “The war to end all wars” – “it will be over before Christmas” Both were lies. Some clichés are true. For example “History keeps repeating itself” “History is written by the victors”, “The first casualty in war is truth” Israeli leaders say that “when Israel utterly destroys HAMAS Israel will have peace”. I hear in that the echo “the war to end wars”. War never creates peace only peace can replace war. Hatred is never conquered by hating in return. Only light can replace darkness. Only love can replace hatred.

“History is written by the victors” and “history keeps repeating itself” are two clichés I experienced while researching the address.

A few months ago I was looking for children’s stories I came across an account of the life of Irena Sendler. I thought great something for Remembrance Sunday. Her life story says a great deal about those clichés.

Irena Sendler was born in Poland 1910 she died in 2008. Her father was a doctor who treated the poor and marginalised; he died from Typhus he contracted from a patient in 1917 when Irena was seven. Irena inherited her father’s liberal humanitarian qualities. One of the **marginalised** groups her father treated was the local **Jewish** population.

I grew up with the version of history that said Adolf Hitler was the instigator and driving force behind the Holocaust. I believed

that Nazism enforced Hitler's poisonous policies throughout the conquered countries of Europe. I was aware that from time to time there had been pogroms against the Jews. I thought these were intermittent, isolated and historic. Researching the story of Irena Sendler made me realise that Hitler's plan for the destruction of Jews; was pushing on an open door.

Anti-Semitism was not the preserve of the Nazis regime during World War II. Jews were expelled by Edward I from England in 1290, in 1492 they were expelled from Spain, 1493 saw them expelled from Sicily. In 1561 Venice created the first Jewish Ghetto. European history is a chronicle of anti-Semitism.

Irena Sendler's social activism began when she was at University in Warsaw 1927 -1929 when she protested against the proposed introduction of "Ghetto benches" and "Quotas" to limit the numbers of Jewish students in Polish Universities. **1927 - 1929** this was before Hitler came to power.

In 1931 a Student group called Green Ribbon began to agitate for segregated seats for Jewish students- Jewishness would be marked on student cards. The Nuremburg laws of 1935 were an inspiration for existing Anti-Semitism in Poland. As early as 1936 the Polish Government was in talks with Zionist groups in Palestine with a view to the enforced migration of about three million Polish Jews to Palestine.

The Warsaw Ghetto was established in Dec. 1940. About 460,000 Jews were sealed into an area 1.3 square miles. Each room had an average occupancy of 9.20 persons barely subsisting on meagre food rations.

2 million plus Palestinians corralled into approximately 72sq miles is marginally less crowded than the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto. Last week a Palestinian woman said she is sharing a house with 45 relatives. Like the Warsaw Ghetto, in Gaza, food supplies are being withheld as is water and medical supplies.

History repeats itself.

Some Polish people risked not only their lives but the lives of family members to help Jews. Irena Sendler was one such individual. Using

her social work as a cover Irena had access to the Ghetto. She and her fellow conspirators smuggled out almost 2,500 children.

They were smuggled out in cases and boxes. They placed them with sympathetic Christian families, in orphanages and particularly in convents. The children were given Christian identities and names, they were even taught some Christian prayers in case they were interrogated. Irena kept careful note of the Jewish identity, the new Christian Identity and where they were placed – this was to enable the family to reunite after the war. She recorded details of each child placed, on slips of paper kept in a jar. Sadly, few if any of the children were reunited with their family as the majority of the parents were sent to the Gas chambers.

On the 13th October 1943 Irena was arrested by the Gestapo, she managed to put the jar into the safekeeping of her friend. Had the jar been found the children and their protectors would have faced execution. Although Jailed and tortured she never betrayed any member in her group. She was sentenced to death her execution set for the 13th November 1943. This was exactly eighty years ago to-morrow. (2023) While being transported for execution by firing squad the underground rescued her. Her guards were bribed to release her, her execution was publicly reported. She remained in hiding until the war ended.

After the war, she received many awards for her work. She is named among the “Righteous among the Nations” in Israel. Irena had a colourful personal life. She married before the war - her husband was captured in 1939 he too survived in a German Prisoner of War Camp. They were reunited after the war but they divorced two years later. In 1947 she married a Jewish man she had met in the Warsaw Ghetto they had two surviving children. It was only as adults that the children accidentally learned their father was Jewish.

Her second husband left her in 1957 and when he died in 1961 she remarried her first husband. She re-divorced him ten years later. Irena continued to work with children until her retirement. She died in 2008 ages 98.

Since the creation of the State of Israel in 1948 Jews from all parts of the world have settled in Palestine. It is obvious why Jews want the security of their own state. But this is at a huge cost to the

indigenous citizens of Palestine. Their land has been stolen. The State of Israel ignores international law that prohibits the creation of settlements in occupied territory.

The mass killing of European Jews galvanised Jewish resolve to protect its people. In October the seething anger of Palestinians boiled over with horrendous murders. Naturally the killings have struck at the heart of Israeli fears; fears generated from centuries of persecution. However, the mass killing of Palestinians will not create peace it will increase hatred.

Israel rightly condemns the world for remaining silent while millions of their people were annihilated. The world must not repeat that mistake; we must speak out. Right now, Israel is in too much pain to consider peace it is up to the world to insist on peace and humanitarian aid.

We need to be careful of how we internalise accounts of the war. Grief is the same for Israelis and Palestinians. Film footage of a funeral service - showing photos of the deceased in happier times - makes an emotional connection with us. We must remember that a hurried burial during a lull in fighting is just as important.

Hatred will not return a single victim of an atrocity to a grieving family. Hatred will only create more grieving families. "Only love can replace hatred".

Let us speak out for peace and reconciliation in the world.

Rev. Bridget Spain

Minister Emerita, St. Stephens Green Unitarian Church.

Dublin 12th November 2023

Stepping Over Our Boundaries

Austin Clarke's evocative poem *The Planter's Daughter* is one of the great depictions of boundaries between people, people who are legally of the same citizenship, and village, and who if nothing else share the same sky.

There is no physical barrier between them, except in the sense of property rights, but there is a massive cultural and religious one, fueled by ancient myths, and perhaps sexual speculation. A planter, of course, in simple terms, was someone whose ancestors had been given land by an English monarch hundreds of years ago during the Plantations.

You know how the poem goes:

*When night stirred at sea
And the fire brought a crowd in,
They say that her beauty
Was music in mouth
And few in the candlelight
Thought her too proud,
For the house of the planter
Is known by the trees.*

*Men that had seen her
Drank deep and were silent,
The women were speaking
Wherever she went—
As a bell that is rung
Or a wonder told shyly,
And O she was the Sunday
In every week.*

In sixteen wonderful lines Clarke portrays how the men in deep thought as they drank, and the gossiping women, regarded the planter's daughter who was protected from local curiosity by the trees. No one seemed to communicate with her even though 'she was not too proud'.

The poem, of course, does not describe what the planter's daughter herself was thinking about the men and women outside the trees. But you can almost feel her sense of longing for a casting off from the restrictions in her life, restrictions which curtailed her to her own tribe.

In the early decades of this State, many Protestants were encouraged to keep a low, even cringing, profile (Protestant and Irish, editors, Ian D'Alton and Ida Milne). This was in the context of public comments like that of J.P. Ryan, secretary of Maria Duce, who said that all non-Catholic sects were false and evil.

Protestants, it was said, could keep themselves warm by "huddling together in their own social, economic and cultural redoubts" and there was an underlying sense of otherness and isolation often characterizing the Protestant psyche.

A parallel universe, a Protestant Free State, existed within the emerging country, a country which happily handed over medicine and education to the Catholic and Protestant churches. Just as in Belfast a Catholic would not buy a Protestant loaf of bread (from the Ormeau Bakery), in Dublin's cattle market, Protestants sold Protestant cattle and the Catholics sold practically all Catholic cattle. (Privileged Lives, a social history of middle-class Ireland 1882-1989, Tony Farnar)

It was a feature of Irish life until the 1960s that nearly every organisation, business, or club was clearly defined in people's minds as either Catholic or Protestant. Although social class was often a key issue where families "in trade", (as well as Catholics and Jews) could be barred from golf clubs.

We mention these vignettes from our past to illustrate, if nothing else, how any group, we in this church perhaps, can become a club, how we can create our own boundaries, boundaries which prevent us engaging with the outside, or which, however subtle, discourage outsiders engaging with us.

Bill Darlison once posed the question: are we not overwhelmingly middle-class and white? Nothing wrong, of course, with being either but maybe his comment is a nudge for us to shake our boundaries, those we decline to climb over, and those which discourage others to climb over to us.

Let's just look at two historical figures who did just that. Anyone's hero has to be Kathleen Lynn, the founder with her partner

Madeleine ffrench-Mullen of St Ultan's Hospital for poor mothers and children, just a seven-minute walk from here. She was the daughter of a Church of Ireland clergyman and throughout her life was a devout member of that church.

Lynn, who was born in 1874, had a comfortable upbringing and aristocratic relations. She was educated abroad, and Alexandra and what became the UCD Medical School in Dublin.

She became the first female doctor in the Royal Eye and Ear but also met gender discrimination until St. Ultan's was set up in 1919, a hospital which was set up with less than 100 pounds and two cots.

Then there was her Sinn Fein activism, she was chief medical officer with the Irish Citizen Army during the 1916 Rising. She campaigned for women's suffrage and later became a TD.

If there is one lesson to be taken from Kathleen Lynn's life, a woman who assuredly climbed over her barriers, it is that sometimes we need a nudge to do that. One nudge for Lynn emerged through her work with militant suffragettes and in the Liberty Hall soup kitchens during the 1913 lockout. Indeed, sometimes, if we are to be true to ourselves, like Dr Lynn, we may also suffer estrangement for years from our families, in her case because of her nationalism. It is not clear, either, how her relationship with Irene ffrench-Mullen was regarded all those decades ago.

It is said, and this is another nudge, that Lynn became a doctor because she was greatly upset at the poverty and disease among the poor in the west of Ireland and her setting up, with others of St Ultan's arose from her horror that the Dublin infant mortality rate was much higher than in any other city in Ireland or Britain.

She broke social, political, gender, and traditional gender preference barriers, losing perhaps some public historical recognition because she was a woman and a protestant.

An equally remarkable person who broke the boundaries was Roger Casement who during his service with the British Crown unearthed Belgian atrocities in the Congo and the cruelties against indigenous Indians in the Amazon Basin.

Here was a contradictory figure, described (Broken Archangel, *The Tempestuous Lives of Roger Casement*, Roland Phillips) as neither fully Irish nor English, baptized as a Catholic and a protestant, betrayed by his only significant relationship, desperate for

love but forbidden intimacy, an English establishment diplomat, yet an outsider who fought for Irish nationhood. And, of course, as we all know he was hanged and had to suffer the humiliation of his homoerotic diaries being publicised.

But, of course, we don't have to be heroic leaders to be breakers of boundaries.

As Unitarians, perhaps, we have an additional impetus/obligation maybe to climb over and encourage outsiders over our boundaries. Having no creed, and being freethinkers of liberal intent, we should be able to go the road least travelled.

Gerry Hussey, a performance psychologist, in a piece on the beliefs of our tribes (*The Freedom Within*), writes about how we have a deep need to feel included and accepted. And we will do anything and everything to stay in our tribe. This is why we begin to replicate the accents, habits and mannerisms of those around us. We need them to know we are one of them. Most people, he says, when exposed to a different set of beliefs or norms can quickly reject new ideas as a way staying affiliated to their original tribe.

As the beliefs we hold go on to shape so much of our lives it is vitally important, says Hussey, that we not only examine our strong beliefs regularly but that “we are always willing to accept that even our most deeply-held beliefs—about ourselves and the world, may not be true”.

Ralph N. Helverson (*Living in the Questions*) tells us that the “abiding thing we know is that what we hold as truth will change with time”. So, accepting that beliefs change, accepting that there are other worlds besides our own, which for whatever reason we have not encountered, our task is perhaps to engage with those who come upon us, or seek out those on the other side of the boundary.

And this opportunity, of course, arises in many arenas of our lives. Let's look at moral and ethical issues. How many times have we allowed our ethical stances to remain stagnant (we can use other words, loyal, traditional, authority based, even lazy) when challenged by new ideas or evidence?

How often have we been tempted to ridicule, and decline to engage with the deeply held views of fundamentalist participants, many millions of them, who we can see regularly on God TV (814/815 on Virgin)?

What barrier has stopped us, lack of courage maybe, from seeking forgiveness for hurts we have inflicted. I think particularly (with some admiration) of the teaching nun who profusely apologised, 40 years later for harassing a child because of her illegitimacy (as we once termed it).

How many of us have had ethical challenges when considering how to vote in referendums? Have we been prepared to make a moral leap, or indeed have we leapt over the boundaries of our upbringing and culture?

And, of course, culture, how intolerant can we be of other cultures, cultures which at first glance might appear odd, even cruel and life-denying? And, aligned to that, we could ask ourselves are we unthinkingly accepting a “Western” view of conflicts, even those involving what have been termed “rogue states”.

We mustn’t forget that those most closely aligned with us... culturally, socially, geographically...do propaganda too. Are we prepared to look through what in another context was called the “paper wall” (one of the reasons for founding the Irish Press was to counter-act an Anglocentric media).

Do we ask ourselves questions, those which might go against the grain of perceived wisdom, and indeed might offend some people. For example:

Is the expectation of life-long marriage unrealistic?

Is all human life equally sacred?

It is said officially that Travellers are an ethnic group, is that so?

With the world as it is, is there a right to conceive a child (without that child’s consent)?

What is so good about a united Ireland?

And social class! Do we engage comfortably with people of all social classes? We’ve moved on from the days when the Protestant committee of the Bull Island Golf Club had to make delicate calculations on who could become a member. “Other things being equal, families in trade, Roman Catholics and Jews were excluded.” (Tony Farmar) But then on RCs there was some flexibility, as there were many “good” families, it was said, who “dug with the wrong foot”.

And, of course, we now rarely have the boundaries that sometimes had to be negotiated between prospective husbands and wives often in the farming community. A farmer's son or daughter would never marry "beneath them", although the child of a wealthy farmer might marry the son or daughter of a "poor struggling farmer" if the economic gap could be bridged.

And the landless labourer was the untouchable of Irish rural society, and this "gulf between the farmer and the labourer was by far the greatest class distinction in rural Ireland". (Marriage in Ireland, Ed. Art Cosgrove).

We are now, thankfully, no longer in a world where sexuality was said to be always saturated with original sin. Ferdinand Mount (Full Circle, How the Classical World Came Back to Us). According to Augustine, the Christian married couple ought to "descend with a certain sadness" to the task of begetting children. And another doctor of the church, Ambrose, said the loss of virginity was an "irremediable pollution" and the perpetual virginity of Mary was essential if our human bodies, 'scarred' by sexuality were to be redeemed by Christ.

Our society has moved on in this area but there are still boundaries to be crossed, or at least tolerances to be hoped for, in regard to sex: some might include acceptance of all gender preferences, different modes of sexual practice, and indeed concepts of coupledness and relationships, all of course within expectations of consent and safety.

And to conclude, as Unitarians, believers in reason, in the need to examine the received wisdom on that which is said to be true, it is perhaps time to examine the isolation of the planter's daughter. Why if she was "the Sunday in every month", and was "not too proud" did the drinkers and the gossiping women not engage with her, and she with them.

We perhaps think we know the answer, of course: religion, history, class, culture, suspicion. It might seem strange in today's terms but knowing that might remind us to be aware of the boundaries facing us, and how we deal with them.

We've outlined the records of Kathleen Lynn and Roger Casement and their heroism is, of course, not for everyone, but it is a

nudge to encourage us to question our tribe, to engage with those of startling contrasting views, different social and economic class, or culture.

And we can be helped to do this by, as Montaigne says, waking up from the sleep of habit. “This great world”, he wrote, “is the mirror in which we must look at ourselves to recognize ourselves from the proper angle.” For him, jumping to a different perspective was a way of waking oneself up again. (How to Live, A Life of Montaigne, Sarah Bakewell).

His favourite device was to run through a list of wildly divergent customs from around the world, marveling at their randomness and strangeness.

In such a way we might, by understanding the other, be more likely to reach over barriers or encourage others to come over to us.

In such way might we engage with those in the house enclosed by the trees, or if living within that house engage with the outer world, however strange it might be at first.

Paul Murray
St. Stephens Green Unitarian Church.

June 2, 2024

**Dublin Unitarian Book Club's choice
for September 2024.**

NO and ME

by

Delphine De Vigan

Lou Bertingnac is 13 years old and lives in Paris with her mother and father. Lou is no ordinary girl, she has an IQ of 160 and has jumped up two classes in school. This does not help with her feelings of being different as she struggles to mix with fellow pupils who are two years older physically and also in maturity. She does however form a bond with another classmate, Lucas who is 17 and has been held back by two years, he is Mr. Cool in the classroom and has a devil may care attitude. Lou is the narrator in this story so we get her perspective on her life at home and at school. She is the ME in the title.

Lou travels to school by train and she likes to observe passengers coming and going, especially if they are meeting others as they often display their emotions as they greet. Emotions are repressed in Lou's home as her family are gripped by a family tragedy, five years ago Lou's baby sister Chloe died in a cot death. Her mother Anouka is severely depressed and withdrawn. She is distant and no longer touches Lou and is like an automaton. Her father tries to hold everything together with great difficulty and he comes across as a very kind and compassionate yet astute person. Lou would like to fix the world for everyone and tries to understand how it works. She develops her own theories based on her own scientific experiments. She cuts out labels from food packages and items to do comparative tests like, which toilet roll is the longest. There must be an order to the universe? Something to explain it all. That's why she likes grammar, there's logic and rules to follow.

One day at the train station Lou meets an 18 year old homeless girl. This is NO, short for Nolwenn. Lou can't stop thinking about NO and they form a very tenuous friendship. This 'friendship'

grows as Lou persuades NO to become the subject of a presentation she has to do for school on homelessness. But NO becomes more than the subject of a project and Lou tries to save her.

Lou asks her parents if NO can move in with them and they agree. This is fraught with difficulties as NO struggles to adjust to normal life. She settles in, finds work in a hotel as a chambermaid, which she hates, as it is very dubious and exploitative. She tries to cope but continues to have bouts of drinking and is also helping herself to Anouka's medication. She forms a bond with Anouka who is now getting better. She reveals part of her story to Anouka as one adult to another over cups of coffee, much to the annoyance and jealousy of Lou. However this does not stop the girls friendship growing but in a co-dependent way. NO has a big effect on the family but as her destructive behaviour increases she is asked to leave. Lou's parents have not totally abandoned her though as they have put her directly in touch with a social worker.

All this while Lou's friendship with Lucas has grown. His parents are divorced and his mother now lives with another man, leaving Lucas to his own devices. He lives in the family apartment and is provided for materially with food, clothing, money. Despite this he too is another neglected child in this story.

Lucas also makes friends with NO and when she leaves Lou's home she takes refuge in Lucas's apartment. The three form a 'resistance' to the world by hiding NO from the authorities, Lou's parents, and Lucas' mother who calls over at random times. But NO's life descends rapidly into alcohol and drug addiction as her work in the hotel is obviously not all it seems to be but she perseveres because she needs the money to join up with her boyfriend in Ireland. (this turns out to be a fictional story) She is out of control and Lou and Lucas can no longer manage her.

One day Lucas's mother tells him that she is on her way over. Lou packs her own bag, collects NO and all her belongings and they go to the train station to run away together to Ireland. At the station NO goes to get the tickets but doesn't come back. Lou realises she has been deserted and walks home. Her mother greets her with a hug. Life has moved forward for them all. Lou

has grown up too and says ‘I now know that life just lurches between stability and instability and does’nt obey any law’. Quite a statement for an almost 14 year old!

This Young Adult coming of age novel is full of timeless themes such as identity, parent/child relationships, sorrow, grief, addiction, isolation and homelessness. It is because Lou is only 13 that the author can ask difficult questions and challenge the adult reader too. The book club readers found this a challenging book as it was uncomfortable at times but also touching, compassionate and even funny . It is a worthwhile read for all ages.

Alison Claffey

St.Stephens Green Unitarian Church.

Managing Committee Notice

Annual Registration of Voting Members (2025)

For the Attention of Members

If you are a Member of the congregation (*that is, if you signed the Membership Book during any year up to and including 2023*) and you wish to have your name included as a **Voting Member** on the **Register of Voting Members** for **2025**, you should complete and return a **Voting Registration Form** by not later than **31st December 2024**.

Voting Registration Forms are now available for collection in the church. If you are a Member who can't attend church often, or who usually listens in online, a form can be sent to you on request by post or email.

Requests **Voting Registration Forms** should be sent to

(by post)

The Membership Secretary

Unitarian Church, 112 St.Stephen's Green, Dublin D02 YP23

(by email) membershipunitarianchurch@gmail.com



Dublin Unitarian Church

112 St. Stephens Green Dublin 2.

Service 11.00a.m.

Sunday Rota for November 2024

3rd November *Another Day in Paradise*
Service **Tony Brady**
Reader **Trish Webb Duffy**
Flowers **Alison Claffy**
Welcomer **Alison Claffy, Lorraine Doyle**
Coffee **Trish Webb-Duffy, Daniela Cooney, Therese Fontana**

10th November *The Garden (Remembrance Sunday)*
Service **Elaine Sisson**
Reader **Tony Roche**
Flowers **Janet Mulroy**
Welcomer **Janet Mulroy - Janet Mulroy**
Coffee **Dorene Groocock, David O'Dowd, Sean Fontana**

17th November *Beloved Community (Ministerial Candidate)*
Service **Gavin Byrne**
Reader **Paul Murray**
Flowers **Paula Mills**
Welcomer **Paula Mills - Paul Murray**
Coffee **Maeve Edwards, Gráinne Carty, Catharine Cook**

24th November *As Swimmers Dare . . . Learning to Trust*
Service **Rev.Maud Robinson (Ministerial Candidate)**
Reader **Alison Claffey**
Flowers **Emer O'Reilly**
Welcomer **Gráinne Carty**
Coffee **Paula Mills, Emer O'Reilly, Paul Murray**

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

Recordings of previous services are also available on the website.

LOVE IS THE DOCTRINE OF THIS CHURCH
THE QUEST OF TRUTH IS ITS SACRAMENT
AND SERVICE IS ITS PRAYER.

TO DWELL TOGETHER IN PEACE
TO SEEK KNOWLEDGE IN FREEDOM
TO SERVE MANKIND IN FELLOWSHIP
TO THE END THAT ALL SOULS SHALL GROW IN HARMONY
WITH THE DIVINE
THIS DO WE COVENANT WITH EACH OTHER AND WITH GOD.

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:- Madam Chairperson: Denise Dunne;
Vice Chairman: Dennis Aylmer; Secretary: Trish Webb-Duffy; Treasurer: Rory Delany;
Andy Pollak; Peter White; Will O'Connell; Collette Douglas;
Malachy Hevehan; Paul Murray; Madeline Stringer; Gavin Byrne.

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Treasurer: Rory Delany: 087-2217414, e-mail: roryjdelany@hotmail.com

Musical Director: Josh Johnston :- 086 892 0602

Recordings of the church services are available on the church website.