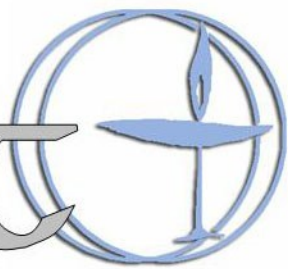


Oscailt



August 2025

IRELANDS UNITARIAN MAGAZINE

Vol.21 Nº 8



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.

Contact : - e-mail: revbspain@gmail.com Vestry 01 - 4780638

Sunday Club - Childrens Programme Take place on the 2nd Sunday of each month

For any queries about Sunday Club, or to volunteer as a leader, please email Denise at sundayclub@dublinunitarianchurch.org

Childrens Educational Trust Funds The Damer and Singleton Trusts

Our congregation has two funds dedicated to supporting the educational needs of our voting members' children.

For further information please contact any member of the committee if you want to know more,

or

write to Dennis Aylmer c/o aylmerd@gmail.com

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 complete the Weekly e-mail form available at

[https://dublinunitarianchurch.us9.list-manage.com/subscribe?
u=520442759bc8abadb1b0b3818&id=295c346bce](https://dublinunitarianchurch.us9.list-manage.com/subscribe?u=520442759bc8abadb1b0b3818&id=295c346bce)

or visit <https://www.dublinunitarianchurch.org/>

and follow the link at the top of the screen

– Sign up to Weekly e-mail – to complete your details.

DUBLIN UNITARIAN CHURCH

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



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.

Oscailt is Published by the
St.Stephen's Green Unitarian Church
112 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin D02 YP23.

Rev.Bridget Spain (*Minister Emerita*)
e-mail: revbspain@gmail.com

Rev.Bill Darlison *Minister Emeritus*.

hellounitarianchurch@gmail.com
www.dublinunitarianchurch.org

Editor: Paul Spain

To Subscribe

Annual subscription 12 monthly issues.
€35 Posted for Ireland
£35 Posted for England & Scotland
Cheques and PO should be made payable to: *Dublin Unitarian Church*.

Deadline

The deadline for articles to be included is the 15th day of the month.

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

Advertising

Advertising rates available on request. e-mail: oscailtmagazine@gmail.com

Front Cover:

Moisies tea party. See page 16
(photo P.Spain)

CONTENTS

ST. PATRICK OR A HYMN WRITER FROM OHIO?

Andy Pollak 2

Dubs Win On Back Of Our Dollymount Tidal Wave

Maeve Edwards 8

A late conversion to Pride

Tony Brady 11

Book Club Review

Alison Claffey 13

Income Tax 15



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.

ST. PATRICK OR A HYMN WRITER FROM OHIO?

We are living in difficult times. The United States is moving towards becoming a fascist state, with the public service, universities, the media and the judiciary coming under huge pressure to conform to the far-right, anti-liberal agenda of Donald Trump and his acolytes. Copycat versions of Trump are on the rise in most European democracies. The armies of the warmongers Vladimir Putin and Benjamin Netanyahu are murdering innocent civilians in vicious and genocidal wars in Ukraine and Gaza. The greatest challenge of our times, the threat of climate change and global warming to our planet, is fast slipping off the agenda.

I am a classic late 20th century left-of-centre liberal European. I believe in a strong social democratic state as a corrective to the uncontrolled excesses of international capitalism. I believe in the crucial role of trade unions in fighting for just wages and decent conditions for workers and employees in the face of that powerful capitalism. I believe in the welfare state as a vital means of ensuring that the health, education and well-being of the most vulnerable people in society are cared for. I believe that as a now wealthy nation we have a duty to allow in a reasonable number of people fleeing war, persecution, hunger and poverty in less peaceful and poorer parts of the world. I believe in the European Union as a proven guarantor of peace and prosperity in Europe over the past 80 years.

When it comes to morality and religion, I believe passionately in the words of our vision statement at the end of the hymnbook. That love of our fellow humans is the doctrine we should live by; the quest of truth and service to others are our sacraments; that we should learn to dwell together in peace and seek knowledge in freedom “to the end that all souls shall grow in harmony with the divine” (whatever that divine is, or even if they exist).

As a political liberal and a rational, open-minded Unitarian, I find what is happening in the world today frankly terrifying. And as

I contemplate the state of our world at my relatively advanced age, I find that I am thinking more and more about religion: about Christianity in its broad sense, and about Unitarianism as the brand of liberal Christianity I feel most at home with. And what these faiths have to say to our contemporary predicament.

The novelist Kevin Power wrote in last weekend's Irish Times about Nietzsche's statement 140 years ago that "belief in the Christian God has become unbelievable", or more pithily, "God is dead." But Power asks: "Without God, whither meaning? Whither consolation and community? Whither the significance of the transient individual life? In the third decade of the 21st century (the age of climate change and of the bitter end of the neoliberal experiment) this crisis feels freshly acute. Our sense of the future has collapsed. At such moments secularism's failure to supply people's lives with positive meaning becomes painfully visible. It is not surprising that at a time like this, people should turn to older sources of meaning."

He quotes the celebrated writer on religion, Karen Armstrong, in her book 'A History of God', pointing out that it is not secularism but religious faith that is natural to human beings. She writes: "Men and women started to worship gods as soon as they became recognisably human," She points out that "our current secularism is an entirely new experiment, unprecedented in human history". (She adds, drily: "We have yet to see how it will work.")

Which brings me to St Patrick and the hymn writer from Ohio. I first got the idea for this address from two hymns we sang around a month ago (and again just now). The first, 'Be Thou My Vision', is often thought of as St.Patrick's hymn, or at least one that is inspired by his teaching. It is one of my favourite hymns and one I want sung at my funeral. Patrick's teaching is in total contradiction to everything that most modern people believe, that God is the absolute power in the world: "I ever with thee and thou with me God; thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tower, raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power." And the final lines: "Thou and thou only, first in my heart, Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art."

The story of St.Patrick is well-known although the sources for it are scanty: how he was raised in a prosperous Roman family in Britain; was seized as a very young man by Irish raiders and spent

eight years as a slave, tending sheep and doing other slavish work, probably somewhere on the west coast, perhaps in Mayo. How during this hard and lonely time he came to believe in the Christian God, saying a hundred prayers every morning and another hundred at night, so that the Irish took to calling him 'holy boy'. How he made a difficult and dangerous escape and arrived back with his family in Britain, transformed from a spoiled teenager into a man who had been through a profound psychological and spiritual transformation. And how he had two dreams in which voices urged him to return to Ireland, then considered (in his own words) "the very edge of the inhabited world", to convert the pagan Irish to Christianity.

Most of what we know about Patrick comes from two letters: one an angry missive to a group of Roman soldiers who had murdered and kidnapped some of his newly baptised converts; and the second (near the end of his life), entitled 'Confession', which explains clearly and precisely his total subjection to God's will: "Whatever happens to me, good or evil, I must accept it and give thanks to God. He has taught me to trust in him without any limits. God heard my prayers so that I, foolish though I am, might dare to undertake such a holy and wonderful mission in these last days – that I, in my own way might be like those God said would come to preach and be witness to the good news to all non-believers before the end of the world. Because the 5th century, with the decline and fall of the Roman empire, was also a time of turmoil and widespread belief that the world would soon end with the second coming of Christ.

Patrick went on: "Every day I keep expecting to be murdered, assaulted, sold back into slavery, or some such thing. But I'm not afraid because I know Heaven waits for me. I throw myself on the mercy of God, who is in charge of everything. As the prophet says: "Turn your thoughts to God and he will take care of you." He doesn't mind if his "body is torn apart piece by piece by dogs or wild animals or that I serve as a meal for the birds of the air. I know if that were to happen, I would gain my soul along with a new body – on that day we will undoubt-

edly rise again like the sun in the morning – like the son Jesus Christ our redeemer.”

Patrick is a heroic figure, prepared, as hundreds of martyrs before and after him, to die for his Christian faith. But his magnificent, muscular Christianity and his huge unshakable confidence in a life after death in God and Christ’s presence sound strange and outdated to many modern ears, including mine (although part of me wishes I had a bit of it). Which is why I turn to my second hymn, number 86, ‘Blessed Spirit of my Life’, which is by a Unitarian hymn-writer and director of church music from Cincinnati, Ohio, Shelley Jackson Denham, who died in 2013. She wrote five hymns that are in our ‘Singing the Living Tradition’ hymnbook.

This is a classic, late 20th century Unitarian hymn, whose sentiments strike an answering chord in me, as I’m sure they will in many people in this church. “Blessed spirit of my life, give me strength through stress and strife; help me live with dignity; let me know serenity. Fill me with a vision, clear my mind of fear and confusion. When my thoughts flow restlessly, let peace find a home in me.” The second verse ends: “Help me live my wordless creed as I comfort those in need. Fill me with compassion, be the source of my intuition. Then when life is done for me, let love be my legacy.” The nearest this hymn comes to mentioning God is ‘Spirit of great mystery’ and to Heaven: “When life is done for me, let love be my legacy.”

A mainstream Christian critic might say the vision in this hymn is vague and self-serving; the Christian God sounds like a pantheistic American Indian deity; and heaven is merely the comfort family members and friends left behind after a person’s death will feel having been close to a good and loving person.

While recognising those criticisms, for better or worse I am far more in tune with Shelly Jackson Denham’s vague spiritualism than I am with St.Patrick’s absolute belief in God. Whether my vague Unitarian beliefs are enough to fortify me through war and suffering and illness and death (as his Chris-

tian beliefs did triumphantly for him) is another matter. When I first went up to Armagh to work in 1999 I was asked to address sixth formers in a local Catholic grammar school (they knew of my previous existence as religious affairs correspondent of the Irish Times) about my Unitarian beliefs. At the end a girl whose mother had just died asked if Unitarianism would be helpful to somebody in her sorrowful position. And I have to say I had no answer for her.

Similarly, when I was at the bedside of my 97-year-old aunt whom I was particularly close to (again in Armagh), I was conscious that her very strong Christianity – and certainty that she was going to a better place – made her very calm and accepting as the end approached. I have a vivid memory of helping her drink a cup of tea – and her humorously upbraiding me for holding the cup the wrong way – four hours before she died. Would I have had that calm spirit of acceptance? I doubt it.

I'm certain I'm not made in the mould of a muscular 5th century Christian saint. I am a modern man, full of searching and self-questioning and self-doubt. To take a simple example: the biographical note about Shelley Jackson Denham on the internet says she died in August 2013 three months after her husband died “very suddenly”. I don't know how I would cope if my beloved wife died very suddenly, as her husband did. I wonder if her Unitarian faith gave her the same strength and consolation during that sad and lonely three months that my Aunt Maud had in Armagh as she approached death.

There is another hymn by Shelley Jackson Denham in our hymnbook which I rather like, number 194, ‘Faith is a Forest’. I came across this reading by her on the internet which echoes the sentiments in this hymn. “Faith is a forest in which doubts play and hide. Here may we welcome the experience of walking with our doubts in an interplay of shadow and light. We enter that forest, and listen for the still small voice deep inside. Here may we welcome these quiet moments of reflection, trusting what wisdom we find. Here, walking in that forest together, we interweave threads of doubt and belief, wonder and inquiry, that we may lace our lives with compassion, strengthen our commit-

Dubs Win On Back Of Our Dollymount Tidal Wave

Imagine, if you will, the following scene; The date is Sunday, August 18, 1963. The time is 2.45 pm. The place is Dollymount Beach on the north side of Dublin.

A car comes to a halt on the soft sand just above the tide line. The sun is high in the sky.

All four doors of the car open simultaneously, and out pour a medley of children, a mother, a father, a baby in a bonnet, and finally a slightly dazed family dog. The mother spreads a red tartan rug on the side of the car facing the sun and settles herself down with the Sunday papers and a few cushions taken from the armchairs at home. The children change into their elasticated swimming togs, blow up their rubber rings, and take off at high speed for the sea, the dog at their heels. They are filled with excitement at the blue sky, the approaching tide, and are oblivious to that touch of autumn in the air that signals a return to school only a few short weeks away.

But it's the father of this family we must watch. He seems beside himself and cannot settle to anything. If truth be told, he has taken no part in the preparations for this day, other than to drive his entire family to Dollymount beach. It was his wife, the mother of all his children, who had packed the picnic, sent the children off to search for their swimming togs, locked up the house, and made sure they had everybody on board before they set off.

Now the father is twiddling with the dial on the car radio and soon – success at last - Micheal O'Hehir's voice can be heard loud and clear. The father sighs with relief and settles himself down in his deckchair as Amhrain na Bhfiann wafts over the sand dunes. Yes! You've guessed it! Dublin are playing Down in the All Ireland Senior Football Semi-Final.

Up and down the beach, other families are setting up camp in a similar way and out of every car door comes the same sound. O'Hehir is in fine voice today. The children return from their swim and wrap themselves in their towels, shivering. They watch their father and recognise his excitement. Sure, isn't he always the same at this time of year? They ask their mother if it's time for the picnic,

but she says “not yet” and sends them off with the baby to make sand castles. Now the father is on his feet, not able to contain himself, and the children know that the early signs are good for Dublin.

The voice from the radio announces: “Another point for Dublin!”

The children play with the baby, burying his feet in the sand. He’s enchanted with the day and bangs his bucket and spade together in delight. The father is on his feet again, shouting, stamping, crying: “Go on, go on!” The voice has reached a new crescendo: “And it’s a goal for Dublin. Dublin has scored a goal!”

“Go easy Eddie,” says the mother, as he lifts the baby up into the air in triumph.

She lays out the plastic beakers on the rug and calls the children to her. She pours the tea and carefully unwraps the pile of sandwiches. The older children had made them that morning, piling slice after slice of buttered fresh pan until there seemed to be a mountain of bread. Another child had chopped the tomatoes and onion, and one by one the bread was filled, sliced in two, and wrapped in grease proof paper. The children settle down on the tartan rug, and reach for a sandwich. They are right in believing that nothing can compare to the taste of a tomato and onion sandwich which has been stored for a couple of hours in the boot of a car on a hot summer’s day.

In years to come, the sound of that commentator’s voice will bring back the memory of those days; sitting on the red tartan rug, their mother’s face upturned to the sun, their father so young and carefree. And always they grow nostalgic and find themselves wondering should they chop up a few tomatoes and make themselves a sandwich.

“Daddy, is Dublin still winning?”

“They sure are. Down can’t catch them now!”

“Have a sandwich, Eddie before they’re all gone!”

“No, Alice, don’t you know I can’t eat when Dublin are playing!”

“Sure Dublin will win, aren’t they miles ahead!”

“It’s not over until it’s over!”

Under the shadow of Croke Park, the father’s brother, the

children's Uncle Jimmy, is in his back garden listening to the game on his transistor radio. He's in the same state of heightened excitement as his brother, three miles away on Dollymount beach.

Uncle Jimmy hears the roar of the crowd coming loud over the rooftops from Croke Park and he knows with absolute certainty that Dublin has scored again. He has a moment of trepidation in case his ears are playing tricks, until Micheál O'Hehir confirms it on the radio: "Yes, it's a second goal for Dublin. Hill 16 is going berserk in a sea of blue!"

The children finish their picnic and ask can they go for another swim, but their mother tells them they must wait half an hour. The father, delirious with joy at Dublin's success, looks around him as if emerging from a dream.

The tide is in, Howth Head is where it always is, the children are freckled with the sun, the baby golden haired.

"Anyone want a game of football," he asks.

The children cheer and jump to their feet.

"Bags be Dublin," they cry.

"No, I'll be Dublin," says the father. "You lot can be Galway. We have five weeks to prepare for the Final!"

Maeve Edwards

St Stephen's Green Unitarian Church, Dublin,

"First published in Grassroots – Stories from the heart of the GAA – Volume 1. Compiled and Edited by P.J. Cunningham."

A late conversion to Pride

When I was growing up in Dublin - in the middle of the last century - I was only aware of three people who were known to be gay (not that such an inoffensive word had yet entered our vocabulary).

Micheál Mac Liammóir and Hilton Edwards, who were instrumental in setting up the Gate Theatre, were an openly gay couple, but the only person to put his head above the parapet of the underground bunker inhabited by gay people was David Norris.

On the night of the 9th of September 1982 we had the dreadful killing of Declan Flynn, a 31 year old gay man, near Fairview Park which is only a short distance from where I live. Declan's murder is seen as the catalyst for the Pride movement in Ireland. His death followed a series of beatings meted out to gay men in Dublin who used Fairview Park as a meeting place at the time.

The following June the first official Pride march took place in Dublin. At an interview in the course of the Pride parade on Saturday 28th June 2025, David Norris described how he was present for that first march which consisted only a handful of people. My wife Fran who is a Quaker tells me a friend of hers is another person who took part in that inaugural march. To my shame I was not one of the group, even though the killing of Declan had caused widespread shock and upset.

Pride events continued each year but they seemed to me to be too flamboyant and in your face. My feelings were "Wouldn't it be better for the cause if gay people were to remain in the background and not be standing out in such an ostentatious way?"

10 years ago Ireland happily became the first country in the world to provide for equal marriage in a public referen-

dum. In my naivety I thought “Great, the time has arrived, what is the need for a Pride event in Ireland anymore?”

How wrong can one be? Here we are, 10 years post referendum, and we still hear stories of LGBTQIA+ people being harassed - and worse - simply by reason of their sexual orientation.

In some situations people find themselves risking their well-being and even their lives, by simply walking down the street holding hands with someone they love.

It’s time to call a halt. People walk in public holding their pets and not a word is said. Clergy of some denominations perform blessings of battleships but do not feel able to bless a couple in love. Politicians call upon God to bless their troops.

I know it is 40 years too late, and it might appear as if I am jumping onto a rolling bandwagon, but on it I will jump, standing up for the right of all people to love whomsoever they wish.

Our world could do with a little more love these days, and the right of a person to love someone of whatever sex must be celebrated and protected. I am so grateful to be a member of a church that celebrates diversity and has love as its doctrine.

Tony Brady

St Stephen’s Green Unitarian Church, Dublin,

29th June 2025

Dublin Unitarian Book Club's choice for June 2025.

Tell Me Everything

by

Elizabeth Strout

This novel is set in the fictional towns of Crosby and Shirley Falls in the State of Maine. Elizabeth Strout has set many of her books in these towns and environs and in this book there is a convergence of some of the stories and characters from previous novels.

We reacquaint ourselves with familiar characters like Olive Kitteridge, Lucy Barton and the Burgess Brothers. This book can stand alone but some of our readers who had not read the previous novels felt a bit lost as to 'who was who' in their complicated relationships.

The central character is Bob Burgess, a 65year old semi-retired lawyer living in Crosby. Bob's second wife Margaret is the Local Unitarian Minister. Bob's friend Lucy Barton moved to Crosby with her ex husband, William to escape the Covid Pandemic in New York. They liked it so much that they stayed. The issue of people moving from city to country and buying up property and the knock on effects of locals not being able to buy a home was touched on as was the changing face of familiar communities and the connectedness that people once had within those communities. The connectedness of people and the intricacies of friendships and relationships are main themes in Elizabeth Strout's books. She manages to describe the interior worlds of her characters so the reader gets to know them well .

One of the main friendships is that between Bob Burgess and Lucy Barton who is a famous novelist. They are both lonely despite having family and friends ,but as they meet for walks and talks they both feel they are being heard by the other. They develop conflicting feelings for each other and struggle throughout the novel with those feelings.

Meanwhile Bob's old friend Olive Kitteridge, who is now ninety, is living in a nursing home gets Bob to introduce her to Lucy as she has stories to tell her and reckons as a writer she would be interested in them .They meet and after a shaky start they continue to meet telling each other the stories of the 'unrecorded lives' of ordinary people.

There is a parallel plot in the book as Bob is contacted by an old school friend, Diane Beach whose brother Matt is under suspicion for the murder of his mother Gloria. She had gone missing the previous year and now her body was found submerged in a car in the local quarry.

Bob takes on the case and is convinced Matt is innocent. Bob befriends Matt who became very isolated due to the long term care of his mother whom he loved. He is also perceived as a bit 'odd' by the townsfolk as he likes to paint naked pregnant women. Bob sees some of his paintings which turn out to be wonderful as Matt is a very talented self taught artist. The story of Matt, Diane and Gloria unfolds as the novel progresses and in typical Strout style nothing is as it seems. There is always a backstory as to why people take the actions, good and bad ,due to events that predominantly happened in childhood. This deterministic viewpoint is mirrored throughout the novel as we hear the many stories in the book.

It is in the telling of these stories that Strout manages to describe with great skill the human condition with all it's complexities. Her characters are very real and relatable and you do have empathy for them despite their faults. She shows that no matter what stage we are in life we are still finding out who we are. Some of her characters have AHA moments in a sort of coming of age way.

The murder mystery is solved in a sad but satisfactory way (no spoilers). Suffice to say Matt did'nt do it and is free to continue his life, which turns out to be a bit unbelievable and too 'neat' in some readers opinions.

Bob and Lucy remain friends but it is a little more strained. They both make the right decisions regarding their lives and relationships as they both weighed up the 'what if's'. Again, Strout's examination of our decisions and actions having consequences to our and our loved one's lives.

Life goes on in Crosby and Shirley Falls , there is no major finale. Everyone is just trying their best in Strout's world.

The book club enjoyed this book but would reckon it would make more sense if you had read some of the previous novels such as Olive Kitteridge, My name is Lucy Barton , and The Burgess Boys.

Alison Claffey

St Stephen's Green Unitarian Church, Dublin,

Income Tax some - Good News

When a tax payer makes a donation to charity in excess of €250, the charity can claim the tax paid by the doner on the donation. The donation does not have to be one single amount, it is the total donated in that tax year. This reclaim can be worth several hundred Euro for the Charity.

The charity makes the reclaim, there is no cost to the doner. To reclaim the tax the church simply needs the Name, Address and Tax number of the doner together with the amount of the donation.

If you are one of the many generous individuals who donate regularly to the Church, thank you for your support and perhaps you would consider providing the information necessary to allow the Treasurer to make a reclaim.

The Treasurer can be contacted at :
treasurerunitarianchurch@gmail.com

July. Dublin.

Leaves falling
Climate change
Drought

Or, more succinctly:

July:

leaf falls. Dry

July . Gaza.

Children falling
Hatred fuelled
Drought

Gaza:

humans fall. It's thirst.
Water: war weapon

Tea Party

Moisie invited Church Members to visit her lovely garden on Saturday the 19th July. She even arranged a beautiful sunny day for the gathering! Visitors were invited to make a contribution in aid of Christian Aid which raised €530.

Thank you, Moisie for a lovely afternoon and thank you to all who supported Christian Aid.



Dublin Unitarian Church

112 St. Stephens Green Dublin 2.

Service 11.00a.m.

Sunday Rota for August 2025

3 rd August	<i>Lessons from Ozymandias</i>
Service	Tony Brady
Reader	Tony Roche
Flowers	Emer O'Reilly
Welcomer	Emer O'Reilly - Gráinne Carty
Coffee	Mary O'Brien, Sheila Hanley
<hr/>	
10 th August	<i>So, are you Protestant Atheist or Catholic Atheist?</i>
Service	Terry Dixon
Reader	Emily Ellis-Neenan
Flowers	Alison Claffey
Welcomer	Alison Claffey - Andrew Connolly-Crangle
Coffee	Emer O'Reilly, Gráinne Carty, Trish Webb-Duffy
<hr/>	
17 th August	<i>Business and Religion</i>
Service	Rev. Bridget Spain
Reader	Paul Murray
Flowers	Paul Murray
Welcomer	Janet Mulroy - Emer O'Reilly
Coffee	Maeve Edwards, Therese Fontana, Peter Fontana
<hr/>	
24 th August	<i>Anniversary Service, The Great Ejection</i>
Service	Gavin Byrne/ Rory Delany
Reader	Andrew Connolly-Crangle
Flowers	Paula Mills
Welcomer	Paula Mills - Charlie Kinch
Coffee	Maeve Edwards, Gráinne Carty, Jennifer Buller
<hr/>	
31 st August	<i>Building Beloved Community 12.05pm Communion Service</i>
Service	Shari McDaid
Reader	Jennifer Buller
Flowers	Trish Webb-Duffy
Welcomer	Trish Webb-Duffy - Gráinne Carty
Coffee	Paula Mills, Janet Mulroy, Andrew Connolly-Crangle

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.



Before and After



Trish Webb-Duffy Plants from the plant sale have grown on very well



Cosmia in Elaine Sissons garden.