

Mickie Daly's Diary

(Continued.)



Friday.

To-day there was a misterius parcel on my desk. It was addressed to me. I opened it very carefully. I thort something might jump up in my face, or some flower or powder squirt all over me. I expected some trick of this kind. But nothing did. A dilappidated old dickshinery came to light. Printed inside were these words: "Awarded to Michael Joseph Daly for being the worst speller in the world."

I was so engrowsist with the parcel that I forgot to listen to Sister Pawl, or to watch the Bleck Board. Soon I heard her pencil tapping and her voice saying: "Michael Daly, come to me—and bring with you whatever is engaging your attenshin."

I went out.

"This, Sister," I said.

She looked at the dilappidated old book and drew her lips down in disgusst.

"Where did you get it?"

"On my desk, Sister." I did not tell her what was written in it.

"Put it down and return to your place and pay attenshin."

So I put it on Sister's desk and went back to my place. Then she said: "Thomas Dacey, take this book to the insinerater." She wouldn't send me with it. Oh, no. Would not give me that bit of enjoyment.

Dacey took six minutes to do it—I timed him by the clock on Sister's desk. I would not have stretched it that much. Six minutes is a bit too hot. Sister Paul never said a word. Bet if it was me, she'd say, sarkasticilly: "Michael Daly, sinse when has the insinerater been removed? I thort it was in the school playground."

Something like that.

And she'd close her eyes, as if to blot me out of her sight. I bet she would. I wish the Mac Gilla

Padraigs were the hansumest men in Ireland instead of the Dukes of Ormond. Sister Pawl might like to look at me, then—if I were hansum. But I suppose she wouldn't. I suppose she'd make an act of it and not look at me at all. Well—why can't she make acts and look at me, now? Even if I have red hair and freckils? Why can't she? I think it's a terrible thing to go and close your eyes at any one, insinewating that they are so hideis you cannot injure the sight of them. Wouldn't think a nun would do it, even if she is holey and not human.

I can't help it. I didn't make my hair red and put freckils all over my face. Did I? Good looks won't get you to Heaven, either. If you are vain of them, they might get you to Hell.

My father won't let me say a girl or a woman is ugly. Well, I think a nun shouldn't close her eyes at a boy. It's not saying he's ugly, but it's like giving consent—like you can tell a lie without speaking.

I bet when I go to the Brothers they'll look me in the face. They can stand anything. There's some tough guys amongst the brothers—nothing could give them shell-shock.

There's Dickie whissling. Just as well he came to stop my grumblng.

Munday.
The Chinese say: Ting Hao for very good. They say: Sho Tang for school.

I wonder what they say for very bad. Sho tang ort to do. It should be sinonimis with very bad in my estimashin. Of course, we must go. I know. I go, don't I?. Do I ever wag? No. I go off like a poor convict. I know some fellows who get out of school as easily as anything. Their mothers are soft. My mother's heart is very hard about school—as hard as Fair Oh's when he would not let the Israleites go. He wouldn't let them go. My mother won't let me stay. My father would let me stay okayzjinilly. But not my mother.

Chewsday.

That Freddie Croft is ignerint. He thort the Holy Sea was a sea over near the Vatikin, and that holy water came from there.

"It's salt," said the big goat.

"Of course, it's salt—when salt is put in when the priest blesses it—you ideeit!" I said to him.

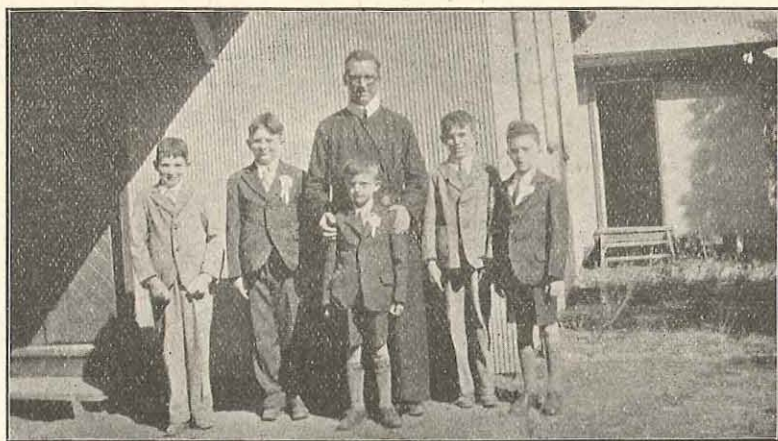
I suppose he thinks a Papil Bull is a prize bull over on the Pope's farm. Suppose he does. That's the result of having passed his first years in a State school, where there is no Catholic atmissfere. Catholics of his kind bring disscredit on the Church. They get us a bad name. It is every boy's duty to learn all he can about his faith. And every man's, too. You can keep on learning and learning, and you'd never know it all. Ignirint Catholics are a menis—that's what they are, a menis to the Church.

Just imagine a boy over ten years of age thinking Holy Water came from a sea over near Rome. My father has a book about Holy Water. It is very interesting, indeed. I'll tell you about it. In very old churches in Europe you see a kind of court; it is called the **Atrium**. In it there is a fountain with a stone basin round it. The early Christians washed their faces and hands before going into the church. (I rubbed this into Freddie. His hands are awful, sometimes.) The people were told

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"OLD-TIMERS." — KATHLEEN AND MARGARET HICKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z., AS GRANDAD AND GRANDMA.



FIRST COMMUNICANTS, NEUREA, N.S.W., WITH FATHER FREYNE, C.S.S.R.

Results of Mickie Daly Diary Competition

(JUNE ISSUE)

First Prize: Marjorie Campbell, St. Joseph's Convent, Bungendore, N.S.W.

Second Prize: Eileen Dunne, Convent of Mercy, Kyneton, Vic.

Third Prize: Mary Dooley, St. Peter's, Stockton, N.S.W.

Fourth Prize: Kevin O'Connor, Oamaru, New Zealand.

Fifth Prize: Margaret Richards, Kilbreda College, Mentone, Vic.

Sixth Prize: Maureen Hill, Rockhampton, Q.

Commended:

Tom Murphy, Kitty Ryan, Agnes McCudden, Chris. Daly, Stanley Daly, Mary Devonport, Bubbles Mole, Breen McKenna, Kathleen McCafferty, Cecily Goulding, Ruby Beagley, Gertie O'Neil, Ida Sharpe, Marjorie Sharpe, Philomena Oakley, Carmel Madden, Kenneth Ryan, Therese Pierce, Douglas Reid, Ellen O'Brien, Ursula Walsh, Kevin Flinn, Winnie Brewer, Nancy Burg, Dorothy Simpson, John Hills, Joseph Foley, Brian Gibson, Eileen Broderick, Harry Jackson, Lucy Mangan, Theresa Kearney, Gwennie Redmond, Dan Lorraine.

The Correct Solution was as follows:—

Friday.

Yesterday was the feast of the Ascension, and Father Dale preached

about the Ascension of Our Lord. He told how Our Lord, during the days after His Resurrection, had appeared many times to the eleven apostles. Then, one day, He appeared to them in the Holy City and took them to Mount Olivet, which is a short distance from the city of Jerusalem. From there He ascended into Heaven, and the apostles returned to the city. Father Dale said that Our Lord was the first Missionary, and that He had told His apostles to go into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. All yesterday afternoon, I was thinking about what Father Dale had said, and then, last night, I dreamt that Mickie Daly was a missionary in China. I thought I was walking along the street, when I saw two men coming towards me, and who were they but Bishop Galvin of Hanyang and Doctor Cleary of Kienchangfu? They were very pleased to meet me and said: "Well, well, if it isn't Michael Joseph Daly himself! He's come to China at last." But while I was racking my brains to think of a reply, who should pop up from behind the fence but Sister Paul? "Michael' Daly," she said, "go home immediately. Didn't I tell you to remain at your desk until you could spell every word in the dictionary?" That woke me up.

MOST of the entries sent in were correct except for one or two lapses. The places where many stumbled were:—"Eleven apostles." Before the Ascension, St. Matthias had not been elected to fill the place of Judas. "He's come to China at last." Some ingenious alternatives were: "He's able to spell at last"; "He's sure to serve at Mass"; "He's come to teach at Amoy." "Michael Joseph Daly himself" troubled many. "Patrick Michael Daly," "Michael

Joseph Daly, Apostle," and the brilliant "Michael Joseph Daly—Carrots" were some of the solutions offered.

For "That woke me up" there were "That shut me up"; "That hurt me so"; and "That kept me in."

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY.

(Continued from page 31.)

to wash their hearts as well as their hands. This means, of course, to have a clean conscience. In the very early days the Blessed Sacrament was placed on the right hand of each person about to receive Holy Communion. Their hands were to be recently washed, you see, out of respect. Their souls had been washed in Confession; and an Act of Contrition would wash away any little dust of venial sin or forlts. The water in the basin was blessed.

In the sixth senshuree the custom of having the Sacred Host placed on the hand and then taken by the person receiving was changed. The Pope can change any rules like this, because they are not what is called docktrin. Docktrin can never change, because it is the truth and truth is the same always. Docktrin is what we beleeve. The Pope can change the way to do things in the Church, but no body can change what we beleeve—like the Commandments and the Apostill's Creed, and the Real Presence, and Our Lady being immaculate and different to everyone else who ever came into existence. All these things are Docktrin. They will be the same until the end of the world. My father explained all this to me.

I had hard work to get this into Crottie's skull—the difference between docktrin and disiplin. It's no harm for him to be stupid about religus things. Perhaps it is what my father calls invinsible ignerinse. Stupid people can get to Heaven just as well as clever people. You see Baptism gives them faith and they accept all the mysteries in some wonderful way thro God's grace. It's a miracle—a mystery—a secret of God. No one can understand how it is that some stupid people can be at the same time so full of Faith, of a nollidge of great mysteries. It's the gift of faith. God gives faith to stupid people and to clever people, to all souls. You don't get a new brain when you are baptized, but you get a new power for your soul—the gift to beleeve the mysteries of faith. Now, poor old Freddie is stupid about understanding things you tell him, but he beleeves. He says the

silliest things, but when you explain them he takes your word for it—like I do with Sister Pawl's way of working out sums. I know she'll get the correct answer all right. But how? Oh. Boy—sums make me feel invisibly ignerint about arithmetic, sometimes. My father said that it doesn't matter how clever you are or how stupid you are, if you have Faith you are set for Heaven—you are one of God's chosin people—but, of course, you have to try to be good. Faith would not get you to Heaven if you disobeyed God and lived a bad life. Oh, no. But faith is the answer to all the trials and troubles and puzzles of this life. It's like having one of those books of answers to the sums in your pocket. Just open the book—there's the answer! No working of the sum—just the answer. How the man who worked the sums out did it, you don't know. You just look for the number of the sum and there's

the fountains and the stone basins were not wanted and the new churches after that time did not have any more. But little basins were kept for people to sprinkle themselves with blessed water. At first, the little basin was built in the wall, outside the church. Later it was put inside.

Now, we have the small receptickles in the church, somewhere near the door. The meaning is the same. Bring a clean heart into the church.

My father read for me all the prayers the priest says when he is blessing the water. They are beautiful prayers. Every time we use Holy Water we get the benefit of those prayers; when we use it, and bless ourselves, we get one hundred days' indulginse.

Friday.

Croftie profitted by my instruck-shin about Holy Water. He took a little bottle home. I told him he should sprinkle his bed every night—to keep the devils and fantoms of the night away. The devil runs from Holy Water, you know. I imprest on him to take Holy Water every time he left the house. (You never know if you'll be carried home dead.)

Well, Croftie, I notice, uses Holy Water very reverintly now. So you see, it does not matter whether he understands about it, after all. He has faith in its power, and faith is the thing. Learning is no good without faith. If you could write a big book about Holy Water and the ainshint customs and the fountains and everything—in Latin and Greek, (There's Latin and Greek in my father's book about it.) and you had no faith in it and did not use it, what would it avale you? Nothing. (Father Dale always asks questions like that in his sermons. I suppose it does not matter to copy him. That's how I'll preach myself, some day. It's like putting it to the con-grigashin. It is very efeektive, I think. It always gets me, I know.)

The point is—Use Holy Water. Use it reverintly. Coming in. Going out. Going to bed. Getting up. If you wake in the night, hop out of bed and sprinkle a few drops for the Poor Souls; or for some mishin priest away over in the lands where it is day, and the mishin priests are toiling while we are sleeping; or sprinkle a drop for a poor lepper; or for some one being tempted to sin; or someone dying.

Keep the devil on the run. He has to run away from you when you use it. But, as I said, use it reverintly, and remember it is the prayer said over it by the church that makes it a help to our souls. It isn't the water;

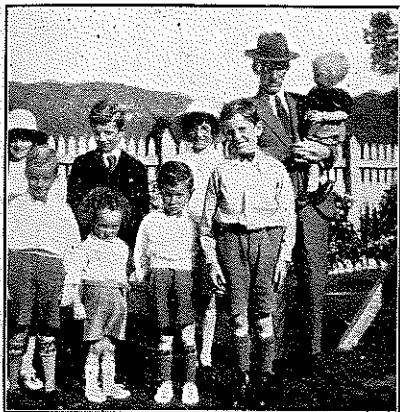
it isn't the salt. It's the prayer, begging God's blessing on it; and God answers and does bless it, and therefore it is for our good. Water means clensing, and salt means keeping from decay. Holy Water helps to cleanse your soul of venial sins and helps to keep you from the decay of sin. You should keep your Holy Water font or your bottle, or whatever receptickle you have, very clean.

Here is something else from my father's book. There's a great church in Constantinopal. It used to be a Catholic Church, and was called Sancta Sophia. The Turks took it and turned it into a Turkish Mosk. It has a holy water basin with these letters carved on it:

NIYON ANOMHMATA
MH MONAN OYIN.

The words mean: "Wash your consciences and not merely your countenances." I think it's Greek. I copied it out of my father's book. Gee! I dropped a bute blot on the page too, trying to get that curly letter. I rubbed it, but the rubber was no good. I only succeeded in rubbing a hole in my father's book. It's a holey page, now! He'll go mad on me. Think books were alive, che way he treats them. Anyhow, it was in a good corze—I wanted to tell you about Holy Water, so that you will make good use of it. Sprinkle the mishin priests often. I hope when I am one, some boys in Australia will sprinkle me, copeeously, every morning and every night. Do you notice anything about that Greek inskrip-shin? Take an eye full of it. Notice anything yet? Read it forwards. Read it backwards. It's the same both ways—like my grandmother's name, Hannah. Isn't it tricky? A sentinse that reads the same backwards as forwards is called—. I don't know what it is called. I forget. I can't remember everything, can I? I'll ask my father—but not just now. I want to keep quiet about that Holey Water book, because I rubbed that little hole in the page. I'll tell my father later on. But not to-day. It's best to own up to everything: I know it is. It's a good motto, but you see I want to have another look at the book to-night; and anytime I put a mark or a tare on any of his books, he roars on me and goes mad and tells me not to put a finger on them again. After awhile he takes this sentence off me and lets me look at his books and magazeens again. I like looking at books and magazeens.

(To be continued.)



EIGHT MAUREENITES AND THEIR DAD.
The O'Shea Family, Reefton, N.Z.

the answer ready for you. I wish I had a book like this for Sister Pawl's problims. But it would not do. She'd say: "Come to the Board, Michael Daly, and work it out for me." Gee! what a goat I'd look, then!

Well, the Book of Faith carried round with you is a great cumfit. God does not ask you to work out mysteries. You get the problim given you and the answer is in the faith. The more faith we have the easier it is to live well. That's why we should keep asking God for more and more, every day. We've got to try to spread the Faith. I'm trying, now, with Croftie, and I'm going to try in China when I am a mishin priest. We should thank God every day for the gift of Faith.

Well, now, this is what my father would call a digreshin. I must go back to the subject.

Well, it was changed about how to receive Holy Communion, and then