

A Service to Celebrate the Life

— of —

***Dympna Murray-Fennell***

*3rd March 1935 - 1st December 2017*



*Funeral Mass*

*St. Mary's Church*

*Lucan, Co Dublin*

*Wednesday 6th December 2017*

*10.00 am*

*Celebrant: Father Philip Curran*

*Soloist: Bernie Martin*

## **Entrance Hymn: Be Not Afraid**

You shall cross the barren desert, but you shall not die of thirst.  
You shall wander far in safety though you do not know the way.  
You shall speak your words in foreign lands and all will understand.  
You shall see the face of God and live.

*Be not afraid.  
I go before you always.  
Come follow me,  
and I will give you rest.*

Blessed are your poor, for the kingdom shall be theirs.  
Blest are you that weep and mourn, for one day you shall laugh.  
And if wicked men insult and hate you all because of me,  
blessed, blessed are you!

## **First Reading : A reading from the prophet Isaiah**

On this mountain,  
the Lord of hosts will prepare for all peoples  
a banquet of rich food.

On this mountain he will remove  
the mourning veil covering all peoples,  
and the shroud enwrapping all nations,  
he will destroy Death forever.

The Lord will wipe away  
the tears from every cheek;  
he will take away his people's shame  
everywhere on earth,  
for the Lord has said so.

That day, it will be said: See, this is our God  
in whom we hoped for salvation;  
the Lord is the one in whom we hoped.  
We exult and we rejoice  
that he has saved us.

*This is the Word of the Lord  
Thanks be to God.*

## **Second Reading : A reading from the first letter of St Paul to the Thessalonians**

We want you to be quite certain about those who have died, to make sure that you do not grieve about them, like the other people who have no hope. We believe that Jesus died and rose again, and that it will be the same for those who have died in Jesus: God will bring them with him. We can tell you this from the Lord's own teaching, that any of us who are left alive until the Lord's coming will not have any advantage over those who have died. At the trumpet of God, the voice of the archangel will call out the command and the Lord himself will come down from Heaven; those who have died in Christ will be the first to rise, and then those of us who are still alive will be taken up in the clouds, together with them, to meet the Lord in the air. So we shall stay with the Lord for ever. With such thoughts as these you should comfort one another.

*This is the Word of the Lord  
Thanks be to God.*

## **Responsorial Psalm : The Lord is My Shepherd**

Response:

*The Lord is my shepherd;  
there is nothing I shall want.*

The Lord is my shepherd  
There is nothing I shall want  
Fresh and green are the pastures  
where he gives me repose.  
Near restful waters he leads me, to revive my drooping spirit.  
He guides me along the right path; he is true to his name.

If I should walk in the valley of darkness  
no evil would I fear.  
You are there with your crook and your staff;  
with these you give me comfort.

## **Gospel Acclamation**

*Alleluia*

“I am the resurrection and the life” says the Lord  
“Anyone who believes in me will never die”.

*Alleluia*

## **Gospel:**

### **A reading from the holy Gospel according to Matthew**

Jesus said to his disciples:

“When the Son of Man comes in his glory,  
escorted by all the angels,  
then he will take his seat on his throne of glory,  
and all the nations will be assembled before him.

And he will separate them one from another,  
as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats.

He will place the sheep on his right hand and the goats on his left.

Then the King will say to those on his right hand,  
‘Come, you whom my Father has blessed.

Take for your heritage the kingdom prepared for you  
since the foundation of the world.

For I was hungry and you gave me food,  
I was thirsty and you gave me drink,  
a stranger and you made me welcome,  
naked and you clothed me, sick and you visited me,  
in prison and you came to see me.’

Then the virtuous will say to him in reply,  
‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you,  
or thirsty and give you drink?

When did we see you a stranger and make you welcome,  
naked and clothe you;?  
sick or in prison and go to see you?’

And the King will say to them in reply,

‘I tell you solemnly, in so far as you did this  
to one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did it  
to me.’

*The Gospel of the Lord  
Praise to you Lord Jesus Christ*

### **Prayers of the Faithful**

For those family and friends who cannot be here today,  
especially Dympna’s husband, Joe, and her sisters Marian and  
Pauline: we pray that God may look after them.

*Lord, hear us*

*Lord, graciously hear us.*

We pray for all doctors, nurses and carers, particularly those  
who were so good to Dympna in the last moments of her life.

*Lord, hear us*

*Lord, graciously hear us.*

For Dympna’s deceased relatives and friends, in particular her  
parents, Michael and Katherine, her brothers, Brenda and  
Declan, and her sister, Mona, that they will all be reunited with  
God in the kingdom of heaven.

*Lord, hear us*

*Lord, graciously hear us.*

And for all of Dympna’s friends gathered here, that we may  
remember at all times, but especially at times of trouble and  
anxiety, that we are loved by God and that he will take care of  
us.

*Lord, hear us*

*Lord, graciously hear us.*

## **Offertory**

### **Ag Críost and Siol**

Ag Críost an síol, ag Críost an fómhar;  
in iothlainn Dé go dtugtar sinn.

Ag Críost an mhuir, ag Críost an t-iasc;  
líonta Dé go gcastar sinn.

Ó fhás go haois, 's ó aois go bás,  
do dhá láimh, a Chríost, anall tharainn.

Ó bhás go críoch nach críoch ach athfhás,  
i bParthas na ngrás go rabhaimid.

## **Acclamation of Faith**

Save us Savior of the World  
For by your cross and resurrection  
you have set us free

## **Communion**

### **In the Quiet**

When leaves are fallen,  
and the branch is bare,  
winter is calling and chills the silent air.  
when the moon is covered,  
the shadows of the night,  
Know that I am with you to call you to the quiet.  
*Be still oh be still,  
for I am your God,  
be still now and listen and you will hear my word.  
Be still oh be still, deep within your life,  
for you will find me,  
In the quiet.*

When souls are hurting,  
and they know not why.  
when hearts are broken,  
and children have to cry.  
when prayers are spoken,  
late into the night,  
you will find your answer,  
if you come into the quiet.  
When days grow longer  
And the sun so shines  
When hearts grow stronger  
And hope becomes our sign  
Leave the past behind you  
Walk into the light  
You will know my healing  
when you come into the light

### **On Eagle's Wings**

You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,  
who abide in his shadow for life,  
say to the Lord: "My refuge,  
my rock in whom I trust!"

*And he will raise you up on eagle's wings,  
bear you on the breath of dawn,  
make you to shine like the sun,  
and hold you in the palm of his hand.*

The snare of the fowler will never capture you,  
and famine will bring you no fear:  
under his wings your refuge,  
his faithfulness your shield.

## **An Irish Blessing**

May the road  
Rise up to meet you.  
May the wind  
Be always at your back.  
May the sun shine  
Warm upon your face;  
And the rains fall  
Soft upon your fields.  
And until we meet again,  
May God hold you  
In the palm of His hand.

## **Eulogy**

### **Recessional**

#### **How Great Thou Art**

Oh, Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the world Thy hands have made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.  
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur  
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"



**The Ballad of Father Gilligan**  
**W.B. Yeats**

The old priest, Peter Gilligan,  
Was weary night and day;  
For half his flock were in their beds,  
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,  
At the moth-hour of eve,  
Another poor man sent for him,  
And he began to grieve.

“I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,  
For people die and die”;  
And after cried he, “God forgive!  
My body spake, not I!”

He knelt, and leaning on the chair  
He prayed and fell asleep,  
And the moth-hour went from the fields,  
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,  
And leaves shook in the wind,  
And God covered the world with shade,  
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp  
When the moths come once more,  
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,  
Stood upright on the floor.

“Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,  
While I slept on the chair.”  
He roused his horse out of its sleep,  
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,  
By rocky lane and fen;  
The sick man's wife opened the door:  
"Father! you come again."

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.  
"He died an hour ago."  
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,  
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died  
As merry as a bird."  
The old priest, Peter Gilligan,  
He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars  
For souls who tire and bleed,  
Sent one of His great angels down  
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,  
With planets in His care,  
Had pity on the least of things  
Asleep upon a chair."

## **Classroom Memories**

### **Dympna Murray-Fennell**

The chalk usually broke when I was called up to the blackboard to work out a sum. It was probably because I gripped it so tightly in my hot little fingers as I tried to figure out what to put down next. Most of all I was nervous of Mrs C. standing beside me, tut- tutting about my poor mathematical ability. Her portly figure filled the space between the dusty blackboard and the fireplace; she would poke the fire in exasperation when I was making no progress with the problem on the board. The turf sods responded with a shower of sparks, our milk-bottles circled around the heat almost danced for joy, but no flash of mathematical inspiration would come to me.

The misery usually ended when she dismissed me, and I slunk red-faced back to my seat.

She would call up someone like wee Jack who we all knew was not too bright; she would tell him what to put down on the board. It seemed unfair at the time, but you couldn't begrudge wee Jack a few moments of glory, because school for him was one big struggle...

The 'unitary method' sums were the worst – the three men doing a job in four days, and how long would it take five men to do it. You had to reduce it first to one man doing it, and then bring in the five. Of course my father always said that the more men you had in a field of hay, the less work was done. I couldn't argue that with Mrs C., because she didn't like my father – there was something about a political difference between him and Mr C. Fortunately she did like my mother, so that sometimes helped me to avoid disaster...

English grammar was another minefield, especially 'parsing and analysis'. Words were parsed to within an inch of their lives, and sentences analysed into clauses and sub-clauses. How Mrs C. would have loved the recent best-selling book, *Eats, Shoots & Leaves*, as apostrophes ranked with angels in her hierarchy, and good handwriting was a cardinal virtue. The headline copybook with pink and blue lines called for a delicate hand with the pen, and a deftness in dipping it into the white inkwell on the desk. My hands were neither deft nor delicate; smudges and blots multiplied, and Tippex was unheard of!

It wasn't all misery however. There were great journeys of imagination around the big wall-map of the world; we would follow the Mississippi like Huckleberry Finn, or plot an expedition along the equator, that would tax the travel-plans of Mr Livingstone, not to mention a future Michael Palin. 'Faraway places with strange-sounding names' we vied with each other in locating places from Addis Ababa to Zambesi. We invented rich relatives who promised to take us travelling

with them when we left school; (it later transpired that wee Jack actually had a rich cousin in Australia who adopted him when he left school). Mrs. C. would smile benignly at our fantasies, and then we would return to the dull real world of the towns of Ireland.

Friday afternoon was the best time in the week; she would read to us, stories like *Knocknagow* or *Anne of Green Gables*. The evening sun came in through the long windows, shedding beams of light over the old desks, and across the classroom to the amber-coloured cupboard in the recess on the far wall. There were stored all the school records and rollbooks dating back over the years, with most of the entries in Mrs. C.s firm hand-writing...never a smudge or blot there! The remains of the fire would glow in the grate, as the hands of the clock on the mantelpiece crept towards three o'clock; it was a good way to finish the week.

When the day of her retirement came, she was given a great send-off. Parents and past-pupils came, and there were pots of tea and bottles of red lemonade, thick sandwich cakes oozing jam and cream, lots of fairy buns and apple tarts with sticky juicy edges. She laughed and reminisced with everyone, and past pupils teased her about sums and spellings and even being slapped, but we were too near to that to find it funny. Someone quoted from Goldsmith's 'Village Schoolmaster'... "if severe in aught, the love she bore for learning was at fault". *That* got a great round of applause.

Mr B., who had done well in business, made a presentation, and she said he was always good at percentages, knowing the difference between profit and loss. When the day ended and she went out the school door, there was more applause, and we were shocked to see her cry a little; then we felt like crying without knowing why...