



UNA VOCE SCOTLAND

NEWSLETTER



Una Voce Scotland – A Charity Registered in Scotland No: SC008300

May 2017

Una Voce Scotland was founded in 1965 for the preservation and restoration of Holy Mass in the Traditional Roman Rite, for the fostering of Gregorian Chant, and for the defence of the sanctuaries of Catholic Churches.



www.unavoce-scotland.uk

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

This is yet another Report written in the Pilgerheim in Wigratzbad, Bavaria where I attended Sunday Mass this morning in the chapel of our partners and associates, the Fraternity of St. Peter.

The first matter which I would like to discuss is a change in the matter of Masses in historic sites. For almost ten years, we have had Masses in historic sites and these have been much appreciated. These have been celebrated in ancient churches from which the Mass was thought to have been expunged. We have, however, now reached the stage where, with weekly Masses in Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish and regular High Masses in St Robert's Parish, in Glasgow, and the Two Shrines Pilgrimage and associated events in the East, that it is difficult to arrange other events without having a clash. The Masses in historic sites did serve a useful purpose in that they allowed of more Masses to be celebrated. Now, however, it seems more sensible to arrange Masses in churches of the priests who want to be involved in the Masses and to encourage the dynamism associated with the Two Shrines pilgrimage. An additional consideration is that for the last two years, Historic Scotland have insisted that Una Voce should take out a Public Indemnity Insurance Policy. Last year, this cost £187. This is an expense we could well do without. If any members have strong feelings about this change, please contact me to discuss the situation. Perhaps some members would like these Masses to continue. If so, I would give them all the encouragement and assistance possible, for example, in having dealings with Historic Scotland (no easy task) or in the supplying of necessary equipment (a portable altar, altar stone, altar missal etc). I recognise that this is a major change in policy for our group, but I do believe that it is the best way forward for Una Voce.

I am happy to report to members that Una Voce Scotland has a new Director of Music, Fraser Pearce, ably assisted by his wife, Jane. Both are professional musicians. In addition, Fraser is one of the team of organists who play at the organ recitals in Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum in Glasgow. Fraser and Jane have contributed much to the liturgical life of Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish, Glasgow and have been responsible for the very high standard of music at Masses organised by Una Voce, in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, and in various historic site Masses.

Developments in the Dioceses

Archdiocese of Glasgow

Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish

Old Rite Masses are now celebrated every day except Monday in Immaculate Heart church. Times are as follows:-

Sunday 6.00pm

Tuesday and Thursday 6.15pm

Wednesday and Friday 12.30pm

Saturday 9.30am

Numbers have grown steadily at the Sunday Mass, peaking at seventy on Palm Sunday. The Mass on the first Saturday of the month is a Sung Mass. On the last Sunday of the month, there is Old Rite Vespers at 5.00pm followed by Benediction. During Lent, the St. Alphonsus Liguori Stations of the Cross were conducted twice a week, using congregational booklets provided by Una Voce Scotland.

Two events in Immaculate Heart Parish are worthy of special mention. The first was the Carol Service and Midnight Mass. Carols were sung (in parts) for thirty minutes followed by the blessing of the crib and Midnight Mass. For the blessing of the crib, Fr. Morris used the Ritual which Una Voce presented to him and the youngest member of the congregation carried the statue of the Child Jesus in the procession. The size of the congregation was amazing and the music was magnificent. Fr. Morris wore the beautiful cloth-of-gold cope for the blessing of the crib and matching chasuble for the Mass supplied by Una Voce. The Mass was followed by a parish reception in the hall afterwards. A big thanks to all involved!

The second outstanding event was on Palm Sunday. As stated earlier, about seventy people attended the Mass which was followed by the blessing of a replica of the Shroud of Turin made by Henry Creechan. During this moving event, the choir sang Pergolesi's Stabat Mater (Part 1) and Palestrina's Adoramus Te, Christe. Some people were moved to tears by the profound beauty of the event. This was followed by a buffet supper in the hall and a meeting addressed by Henry Creechan on the Shroud of Turin.

The talk was absolutely fascinating and Henry would be delighted to repeat this address in any other parish or to any other group interested in encouraging devotion to or interest in the Shroud. The evening was brought to an end by Old Rite Compline sung in the church which was lit by candlelight. Like the Mass and the blessing of the replica of the Shroud, the Compline was very beautiful and was a very fitting end to a very devotional evening. Una Voce's Tenebrae hearse for candles was used and this added to the atmosphere of the event. Fraser received a message that the Compline was "stunning" from someone who teaches in the Royal Conservatoire and who had seen the event online. Again, thanks to all involved!

Another major development in Glasgow has been the regular celebration of High Masses in St. Robert Bellarmine Parish at the request of the Parish Priest, Fr. Neil McGarrity. The first Mass was in Advent and the new purple High Mass set of vestments purchased by Una Voce with money from the American bequest were used. The music consisted of chant for the Proper of the Mass and polyphony. After this Mass Fr. McGarrity received requests from parishioners, in particular, young parishioners, to have more Masses, and this we have happily provided. The second Mass was again very beautiful. The attendance was over sixty people and the music was again chant for the Proper of the Mass, the Byrd Mass for Three Voices, Arcadelt Ave Maria and Byrd Ave Verum. Fr. McGarrity informed Archbishop Tartaglia of this development, and the Archbishop wished him well. The clergy involved have included Fr. McGarrity PP, Fr. Morris, Fr. Dunn and Fr. Mann, who are, as we all know, very dedicated to the Old Rite. They are indeed, "extraordinary" priests! The next Mass is scheduled for Saturday, 20th of May at 12 noon.

Archdiocese of Edinburgh and St. Andrews

Daily Mass, celebrated by Fr. Emerson FSSP, continues in St. Andrew's Church, Ravelston and in St. Cuthbert's Oratory in Fr. Emerson's house. A major new development in the Archdiocese is the Two Shrines Pilgrimage. In 2016, the Pilgrimage began in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, home to the Archdiocesan shrine to St. Andrew, with a Traditional Mass celebrated by one of the two members of the Papa Stronsay Community who accompanied the Pilgrimage, The Sons of the Most Holy Redeemer. The pilgrims then walked in stages to St Andrews in Fife, with stops at Dunfermline, where Mass was celebrated in the local Catholic parish, St. Margaret's and Falkland Palace, where a Holy Hour was given by Bishop Robson of Dunkeld Diocese. In 2017, the Pilgrimage is developing to include a Pilgrimage from the church of The Holy Spirit, Stirling (where Fr. Emerson celebrates the Traditional Mass on the first Sunday of the month at 5.00pm) to St. Ninian's church, Bannockburn, where a Traditional Mass will be celebrated. After Mass, a meeting will be held to inaugurate a guild associated with the pilgrimages. This event is due to take place on Saturday, 13th of May and notice was sent out to Una Voce Scotland's email list. The main Pilgrimage will take place later this year. More information can be found online. If members would like to contact Mark Hamid who organises this growing new development, then they can do this by contacting me and I will gladly pass on any enquiries. Information also appears in the Catholic Press.

Diocese of Argyll

A priest, newly ordained to celebrate exclusively the Old Rite, has taken up residence in a former parish house on the island of Barra. Fr. Etienne will live the life of prayer of a hermit. Catholics can send Father both Mass and prayer requests but are asked to respect his vocation to live as a hermit. Father was ordained by the bishop of Frejus-Toulon in the south of France, Bishop Dominique Rey who is well known for his support of Tradition, and in common with other bishops who show similar leanings, he has many vocations. Indeed, he has 10% of all French vocations. Fr. Etienne studied here at Wigratzbad with the Fraternity. I saw him here last year when I attended Fr. James Mawdsley's ordination. The postal address to which communication should be sent to Father is:-

St. Barr's,
Bayherivagh,
Northbay,
Isle of Barra,
HS9 5YQ

Fr. Ross Crichton has moved from Benbecula to Eriskay. The church needs renovation work, so Father's celebration of the Old Rite has had to be suspended for about six months and then he expects it to resume. When Father Crichton resumes saying the Old Rite, I will send him a stipend for Masses to be celebrated for John Lorne Campbell and his wife, Margaret RIP.

Aberdeen Diocese

Una Voce Scotland was contacted by a new group which has established itself on the island of Westray in the Orkney Islands. They are a group of hermits led by Fr. Stephen de Kerdrel. They were originally in Argyll Diocese

and went to the Orkneys via an English diocese. They requested a set of purple Roman vestments which we were able to send to them. I have an email address for Fr. de Kerdrel should anyone wish to contact him.

Dunkeld Diocese

The presence of Fr. Ninian Doohan has very much raised the profile of the Old Mass in Dundee. Father assists Fr. Emerson in saying Masses on Sundays and has regular Friday evenings where there is Exposition of The Blessed Sacrament, confessions, a Low Mass and catechesis. About fifty people attend the Sunday Masses. With a bishop as sympathetic and encouraging as Bishop Robson is to the cause of Tradition, the work of Fr. Doohan in celebrating the Old Mass should develop and grow well in the coming years.

Future Developments

Una Voce Scotland plans to send delegates to two events taking place later in the year. First of all, there will be Una Voce Scotland representation at the ordinations due to be held in Warrington in June. Archbishop McMahon of Liverpool will ordain two priests for the Fraternity of St. Peter at St. Mary's Shrine, Warrington. These will be the first Traditional priestly ordinations done by a British bishop in his own diocese since 1970. Our delegation will meet with Mr. Leo Darroch, a member of Una Voce Scotland and a former President of the International Federation of Una Voce.

The second event will be to both the International Federation meeting in Rome and the International Summorum Pontificum Pilgrimage held to coincide with the International Federation meeting and to observe the tenth anniversary of Pope Benedict's Motu Proprio Summorum Pontificum which confirmed, beyond all doubt, the legitimacy of the place of the Old Rite in the liturgical life of the church. Fr. Glover wrote an excellent booklet entitled 'The Legal Status Of The Tridentine Mass'. I do not know if it is still available to buy. His conclusion, namely that the Old Rite had never been abrogated, was confirmed by Pope Benedict in the Motu Proprio.

Members will remember that Una Voce Scotland sent much equipment required to celebrate the Old Rite to the fledgling Una Voce group in Hsinchu City in Taiwan. Some of these items can be seen on the website New Liturgical Movement where they have photographs of the group's Mass for Palm Sunday, using the altar missal and altar cards which we sent out. The Mass was offered at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Shrine, Hsinchu.

Our Seminarian Fund began well and members can continue to support this venture by sending a cheque to me, with a clear indication that the donation is for this fund. Donations should be sent to:-

118, Birkhall Av.,
Glasgow G52 2EP

A very generous donation was made in memory of our deceased member, Charles Kennedy from Milton of Campsie which is in Edinburgh Archdiocese and we would like to thank the donors for this.

Membership renewals are now due and are as follows:-

Ordinary Member £25

Husband and Wife Joint Members £35

Student, Retired, Unemployed Members £10

Newsletter Only £10

Would members please remember Una Voce Scotland in their wills. Our sister organisation, The Latin Mass Society of England and Wales finds this to be a valuable source of revenue and, as we discovered last year, so has Una Voce Scotland. Please send cheques to:-

Frederick Stone

118, Birkhall Avenue

Glasgow G52 2PS

Addendum

Recently, there was a Churching and a Baptism from the 1962 Ritual in Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish, Glasgow. Fr. Morris baptised Edward Joseph Aloysius Watt, the son of Ian and Kristiina Watt and this was preceded by the Churching of Kristiina. Fr. Morris used the very beautiful baptism stole presented to him by Una Voce Scotland.

Also at Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish, there took place the twelfth May Crowning Ceremony. The weather was good and so the event was able to be begun outside and involved two First Communicant children and others in the ceremony of crowning of the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. This was followed by a procession into the church during were sung the Litany of Loreto and various Marian anthems. This event took place the day after the public recitation of the Rosary in George Square, Glasgow, held to observe the centenary of Our Lady's first appearance at Fatima and was a very fitting end to a successful Marian weekend!

Also, Una Voce was recently given about thirty albs by a priest friend. These are variously cotton or linen to the base, some of which have liturgically appropriate coloured crosses round the base i.e. Purple or green or gold, some have lace or crochet work from the waist down. They are all very beautiful. If any of our priest friends would like some of these, please let us know and we will be happy to pass them on.



**Father Willie Doyle – Ireland’s Forgotten Saint?
Died 16th August 1917, 100 years ago**



That was a strange scene! A group of men lying on their faces, waiting for certain death to come to some of them, whispering a fervent act of contrition, and God’s priest, feeling mighty uncomfortable and wishing he were safely in bed a thousand miles away, raising his hand in Absolution over the prostrate figures. One boy, some little distance off, thinking the Absolution had not reached him, knelt bolt upright, and made an act of contrition you could have heard in Berlin, nearly giving the whole show away and drawing the enemy’s fire.

William Joseph Gabriel Doyle was born on 3rd March 1873 and was brought up in the affluent Dublin suburb of Dalkey. His father, Hugh, was Registrar of the Dublin Bankruptcy Court, part of the growing Catholic middle class in Dublin. Willie was the youngest of seven children, four boys and three girls, out of which two boys became Jesuits (including his much-loved older brother Charlie) another died a few days before his priestly ordination and one of the three girls became a Sister of Mercy.

After an education in Ratcliffe College in Leicestershire - where he was much more sporty than academic - Willie entered the Jesuit Novitiate in 1891 at the age of 18.

He was ordained a priest at Milltown Park in 1907 and then appointed to the mission staff. From 1908 to 1915, he gave no less than 152 missions and retreats during which he maintained a fervent personal spiritual life. His fame as preacher, confessor and spiritual director spread far and wide.

When war broke out in 1914, Father Doyle volunteered immediately to serve as a Military Chaplain at the Front. He was appointed to the 8th Battalion

Royal Irish Fusiliers, 49th Brigade, 16th (Irish) Division, in November 1915. Fr. Willie Doyle celebrated his first Holy Mass in the trenches on 23rd April 1916, Easter Sunday.

'My church was a bit of a trench, the altar a pile of sandbags. Though we had to stand deep in mud, not knowing the moment a sudden call to arms would come, many a fervent prayer went up to Heaven that morning'. On another occasion, he described his tiny altar, 'a biscuit tin supported by two German bayonets' and his fear that the shell-fire might overturn the chalice.

After this Mass he spent the day hearing confessions 'and giving batch after batch of Holy Communion...I know that for many of them it is the last Absolution they will ever receive'.

During their postings to the Front Line, Father Doyle lived with the men in the trenches, he witnessed the horror of death and the mutilation of the men he called his boys, he went into No Man's Land to give the Last Rites and to bury the dead, he worked tirelessly to give comfort to the injured and dying.

His first experience of a major battle was at Loos where he was caught in the German poison gas attack on 26 April. He ministered to the soldiers in the midst of the battle, displaying a total disregard for his own safety. He was mentioned in dispatches but his Colonel's recommendation for the Military Cross was not accepted because he had not been long enough at the Front. He was presented with the parchment of merit of the 49th Brigade.

Willie Doyle was like many other Irishmen in volunteering to serve in the Great War. Indeed the first VC winner of the war was an Irish Catholic, Lt. Maurice James Dease, who died at Mons in 1914.

In total 210,000 Irishmen served from a male population of 2,192,000. The majority of these had volunteered after war was declared in 1914 (there was no Conscription in Ireland):

1914 – 1915: 75,350

1915 – 1916: 29,200

1916 – 1917: 13,700

1917 – 1918: 12,150

1918 (3mo): 9,840

Of these 49,000 were killed.

Most had volunteered for their local regiments and their sacrifice has been largely ignored in Ireland until recently.

This is in stark contrast to one of the Divisions recruited as part of the political recruitment from the Protestant or Catholic armed groups.

In Northern Ireland and in parts of Scotland, much is made of the sacrifice of 36th Ulster Division on the Somme in July (2,000 killed). These men had been recruited from the Protestant Ulster Volunteer Force.

Yet little is heard of the 16th Irish Division, initially formed from the Catholic 'Irish Volunteers' in which Fr. Willie Doyle served. This formation lost 1,170 killed later in the same battle.

During the later months of the Somme battle Father Doyle took part in the fighting at Ginchy and Guillemont. His description of Leuze Wood is striking: 'The first part of our journey lay through a narrow trench, the floor of which consisted of deep thick mud, and the bodies of dead men trodden under foot. It was horrible beyond description, but there was no help for it, and on the half-rotten corpses of our own brave men we marched in silence, everyone busy with his own thoughts..... Half an hour of this brought us out on the open into the middle of the battlefield of some days previous. The wounded, at least I hope so, had all been removed, but the dead lay there stiff and stark with open staring eyes, just as they had fallen. Good God, such a sight! I had tried to prepare myself for this, but all I had read or pictured gave me little idea of the reality'. He also wrote that these conditions and his suffering caused 'a strange purifying process going on in my soul...doing much for my sanctification'.

In December, 1916, he met his fellow Jesuit Father Frank Browne who was attached to the 2nd and 9th Dublins. Fr. Browne was transferred to the Irish Guards at the start of August which left Fr. Doyle to service the four battalions of 49th Brigade by himself (over 4,000 men). His concern for his men shines through his letters and diaries. This extract describes an event in January 1917 when he was woken in the middle of the night:

'Two men badly wounded in the firing line, Sir.' I was fast asleep, snugly tucked up in my blankets, dreaming a pleasant dream of something 'hot.' One always dreams of lovely hot things at night in the trenches, sitting at a warm fire at home, or of huge piles of food and drink, but always steaming hot.

'You will need to be quick, Father, to find them alive.' By this time I had grasped the fact that someone was calling me, that some poor dying man needed help, that perhaps a soul was in danger. In a few seconds I had pulled on my big boots, I know I should want them in the mud and wet, jumped into my waterproof and darted down the trench.

It was just 2 a.m., bitterly cold and snowing hard. God help the poor fellows holding the tumbled in ditch which is called the Front Line, standing there wet and more than frozen, hour after hour; but more than all God help and strengthen the victims of this war, the wounded soldier with his torn and bleeding body lying out in this awful biting cold, praying for the help that seems so slow in coming.

The first part of my journey was easy enough, except that the snow made it difficult to keep one's feet, and I began to realise that one cannot run as easily at 44 as one could at 24.

All went well till I reached a certain part of the trench, which rejoices in the attractive name of 'Suicide Corner,' from the fact that the Germans have a machine gun trained on it and at intervals during the night pump a shower of lead on that spot in the hope of knocking out some chance passer-by.

It was just my luck that as I came near this place I heard the 'Rat-tat-tat' of the beastly gun and the whiz of the passing bullets. It was not a pleasant prospect to run the gauntlet and skip through the bullets 'made in Germany' but what priest would hesitate for a second with two dying men at the end of the trench? I ducked my head and 'chivvied' down that trench. (I do not know what this word means, but I believe it implies terrific speed and breathless excitement.)

In the dark and at that distance I was quite invisible to the German gunner, but I think the Old Boy himself was turning the handle that night, but luckily for me was out of practice; the cold I expect upset his aim. Away on my left as I ran I could hear in the stillness of the night the grinding 'Rat-tat-tat' of the machine gun, for all the world as if a hundred German carpenters were driving nails into my coffin, while overhead 'crack, crack, whiz, whiz' went the bullets tearing one after another for fear they would be too late.

It was a novel experience to have a whole machine gun all to yourself, but it is a pleasure I am not particularly anxious to repeat. At the same time I do not think I was really in any great danger as judging by the sound the leaden shower was going too high.

The guns make all movement by night very unpleasant. Both sides have any number of them firing all night, from time to time at fixed points, for example cross-roads, 'dumps,' light railways etc., everywhere in fact where men are likely to be. Yet in spite of the fact that each fires about 10,000 rounds each night and bullets are flying about like mosquitoes, it is very rare indeed that anyone is hit, weeks at a time without a casualty and scarcely ever if one takes the ordinary precautions.

The first man was 'in extremis' when I reached him. I did all I could for him, commended his soul to the merciful God as he had only a few minutes to live, and hurried on to find the other wounded boy.

A journey along the Firing Line in the day time is not an easy matter, but in the darkness of the night it baffles description. A star shell from time to time gave me light and I made good progress, only to end in blackness and a pool or a shell hole full of mud and water.

I found the dying lad, he was not much more, so tightly jammed into a corner of the trench it was almost impossible to get him out. Both legs were smashed, one in two or three places, so his chances of life were small as there were other injuries as well. What a harrowing picture that scene would have made. A splendid young soldier, married only a month they told me, lying there pale and motionless in the mud and water with the life crushed out of him by a cruel shell. The stretcher bearers hard at work binding up as well as they may his broken limbs; round about a group of silent Tommies looking on and wondering when will their turn come. Peace for a moment seems to have taken possession of the battlefield; not a sound save the deep boom of some far off gun and the stifled moans of the dying boy, while as if anxious to hide the scene, nature drops her soft mantle of snow on the living and dead

alike. Then while every head is bared come the solemn words of absolution, 'Ego te absolvo,' I absolve thee from thy sins. Depart Christian soul and may the Lord Jesus Christ receive thee with a smiling and benign countenance. Amen.

Oh! surely the gentle Saviour did receive with open arms the brave lad who had laid down his life for Him, and as I turned away I felt happy in the thought that his soul was already safe in that land where 'God will wipe away all sorrow from our eyes, for weeping and mourning shall be no more'.

He was awarded the Military Cross in January, 1917 though many believed that he deserved the Victoria Cross for his bravery under fire.

He had a number of close calls before he was killed by a shell along with three officers on 17 August, on Frezenberg Ridge. He had been recommended for the DSO at Wytschaete and the VC at Frezenberg. His biographer comments: 'However the triple disqualification of being an Irishman, a Catholic and a Jesuit, proved insuperable.' It mattered little to him since his focus was on the sanctity and the salvation of those placed in his care.

As if the dangers and privations of the Front were not enough, whenever possible, in those flooded and disgusting trenches with the sounds of hellish explosions all around, the priest, with a pyx containing the Eucharist around his neck, spent hours on his knees adoring the Prince of Peace.

Father Willie Doyle, 'Ireland's Forgotten Saint' died 100 years ago this year on 16th August 1917.

Fr Willie Doyle's last letter home follows:

July 30th, 1917 For the past week we have been moving steadily up to the Front. It was half-past one a.m. when our first halting-place was reached, and we marched again at three. It was the morning of July 31st, the Feast of St. Ignatius, a day dear to every Jesuit, but doubly so to the soldier sons of the soldier Saint. Was it to be Mass or sleep? Nature said 'sleep' but grace won the day; and while the weary soldiers slumbered the Adorable Sacrifice was offered for them. As we fall into the line once more the dark clouds are lit up with red and golden flashes of light, the earth quivers with the simultaneous crash of thousands of guns - the Fourth Battle of Ypres has begun. . . .

The road was a sight never to be forgotten. On one side marched our columns in close formation. On the other galloped by an endless line of ammunition wagons, extra guns hurrying up to the Front, and motor-lorries packed with stores of all kinds ; while between the two flowed back the stream of empties and ambulance after ambulance filled with wounded and dying. We marched on through the City of the Dead - Ypres, out again by the opposite gate. A welcome halt at last, with perhaps an hour or more of delay. At that moment the place for sleep did not matter two straws—a thorn-bush, the bed of a stream, anywhere would do to satisfy the longing for even a few moments

of slumber after nearly two days and nights of marching without sleep. I picked out a soft spot on the ruins of a home, laid me down with a sigh of relief.

August 1st Morning brought a leaden sky, more rain, and no breakfast. Our cook, with the rations, had got lost during the night, so there was nothing for it but to tighten one's belt.

Sunday, August 12th We have just got back to camp, after (for me at least) six days and seven continuous nights on the battle-field. I shall give you the principal events of these exciting days, as I jotted them down in my notebook. All day I have been busy hearing the men's confessions, and giving batch after batch Holy Communion. My poor, brave boys – they are lying on the battle-field, some in a little grave dug and blessed by their chaplain, who loves them all as if they were his own children. Do you wonder that, in spite of the joy that fills my heart, many a time tears gather in my eyes as I think of those who are gone? As the men stand lined up on parade I go from Company to Company giving a General Absolution, which I know is a big comfort to them. Then I shoulder my pack and make for the train which, this time, is to carry us part of our journey. "Top-end for Blighty, boys; bottom-end for Berlin!" I tell them as they clamber in, for they like a cheery word. "If you're in Jerryland, Father, we're with you too," shouted one big giant, and is greeted with a roar of approval.

As I marched through Ypres at the head of the column, an officer ran across the road and stopped me. "Are you a Catholic priest? I should like to go to Confession."

There and then, by the side of the road, while the men marched by, he made his peace with God, and went away, let us hope, as happy as I felt at that moment. It was a trivial incident; but it brought home vividly to me what a priest is, and the wondrous power given him by God.

All the time we were pushing on steadily. Suddenly the storm burst. The enemy's guns had opened fire with a crash. I can but describe the din by asking you to start together fifty first-class thunder-storms. On we hurried, when right before us the Hun started to put down a heavy barrage, literally a curtain of shells. In the darkness I stumbled across a huge shell-hole crater. Into it we rolled and lay on our faces while shells burst on every side. We reached Headquarters, a strong blockhouse made of concrete and iron rails, a masterpiece of German cleverness. From time to time, all during the night, the enemy gunners kept firing at our shelter, having the range to a nicety. Scores exploded within a few feet of it, shaking us till our bones rattled, and one burst near the entrance, nearly blowing us over, but doing no harm, thanks to the scientific construction of the passage.

The following morning, though the Colonel and other officers pressed me very much to remain with them, on the ground that I would be more comfortable, I felt I could do better work at the advanced dressing-station, or rather aid-post, and went and joined the doctor. The following night a shell again burst at the entrance to the block-house, but this time exploded several boxes of rockets

which had been left at the door. A mass of flame and smoke rushed into the dug-out, severely burning some, and almost suffocating all, fifteen in number.

You can imagine what I felt as I saw all my friends carried off to hospital, possibly to suffer ill-effects for life. I was delighted to find a tiny ammunition store which I speedily converted into a chapel, building an altar with the boxes. I had to be both priest and acolyte, and, in a way, I was not sorry. I could not stand up, so I was able for once to offer the Holy Sacrifice on my knees. It is strange that out here a desire I have long cherished should be gratified – namely, to be able to celebrate alone, taking as much time as I wished, and not inconveniencing anyone.

I spent a good part of the day, when not occupied with the wounded, wandering round the battle-field with a spade to bury stray dead. Though there was not very much infantry-fighting, owing to the state of the ground, not for a moment during the week did the artillery duel cease, reaching at times a pitch of unimaginable intensity. We counted once fifty shells, big chaps too, whizzing over our little nest in sixty seconds, not counting those which burst close by. I have walked about for hours at a time getting through my work with "crumps" of all sizes bursting in dozens on every side.

August 7th Word reached me about midnight that a party of men had been caught by shell-fire nearly a mile away. I dashed off in the darkness, this time hugging my (gas) helmet as the Boche was firing gas-shells. A moment's pause to absolve a couple of dying men, and then I reached the group of smashed and bleeding bodies, most of them still breathing. The first thing I saw almost unnerved me—a young soldier lying on his back, his hands and face a mass of blue phosphorus flame. He was the first victim I had seen of the new gas the Germans are using, a fresh horror in this awful war. The poor lad recognized me. I anointed him on a little spot of unburnt flesh, gave him a drink which he begged for, and then hastened to the others. Back again to the aid-post for stretchers and help to carry in the wounded, while all the time the shells are coming down like hail. Good God, how can any human being live in this!

As I hurry back I hear that two men have been hit twenty yards away. I am with them in a moment, splashing through mud and water—a quick absolution, the last Rites of the Church, and a flash from a gun shows me that the poor boy in my arms is my own servant, a wonderfully good and pious lad.

August 8th There is little to record during the next couple of days except the discovery of a new Cathedral and the happiness of daily Mass. This time I was not quite so well off, as I could not kneel upright, and my feet were in the water, which helped to keep the fires of devotion from growing too warm. When night fell I made my way to a new part of the line, which could not be approached in daylight, to bury an officer and some men.

August 10th A sad morning, as many men came in dreadfully wounded. One man was the bravest I ever met. He was in dreadful agony, for both legs had been blown off at the knee; but never a complaint fell from his lips, even while they dressed his wounds, and he tried to make light of his injuries. "Thank

God, Father," he said, "I am able to stick it out to the end. Is it not all for little Belgium?" The Extreme Unction, as I have noticed time and again, eased even his bodily pain: "I am much better now and easier—God bless you!" as I left him to attend a dying man. He opened his eyes as I knelt beside him: "Ah, Father Doyle, Father Doyle," he whispered faintly, and then motioned me to bend lower as if he had some message to give. As I did so, he put two arms round my neck and kissed me. . . . Sitting a little way off I saw a man with his face smashed by a shell. He raised his head as I spoke: "Is that the priest of God? Thank God, I am all right now." I took his blood-covered hands in mine.

In the afternoon, while going my rounds, I was forced to take shelter in the dug-out of a young officer belonging to another regiment. I found that he was a Catholic, came from Dublin, and had been married just a month. Was this a chance visit? I had not long left the spot when a shell burst and killed him. I carried his body out the next day and buried him in a shell-hole.

August 11th I had ventured a bit down the trench to find a spot to bury some bodies left lying there. I had reached a sheltered corner when I heard the scream of a shell coming straight for the spot where I stood. Instinctively I crouched down, the shell whizzed past my head—I felt my hair blown about by the hot air—and burst in front of me with a deafening crash. It seemed to me as if a heavy wooden hammer had hit me on the top of my head. I hardly knew how I reached the dug-out.

That night we were relieved, or, rather, it was early morning, 4.30 a.m., when the last Company marched out. We hurried over the open, floundering in the thick mud, tripping over wire in the darkness. We had nearly reached the road when, like a hurricane, a shower of shells came smashing down upon us. We could not stop to shelter.

I have told you all my escapes, dearest Father, because I think what I have written will give you the same confidence that I feel, and I do not want you to be uneasy about me. Heaps of love to every dear one.
As ever, dearest Father, your loving son,
Willie.

Comments from Comrades:

An Officer of the Dublin Fusiliers: 'Father Doyle did not know what fear was, and everybody in the Battalion, Protestant and Catholic alike, idolized him. He loved the men, and spent every hour of his time looking after them. He was asked not to go into action with the Battalion, but he would not stop behind.'

The C.O. 8th Royal Dublin Fusiliers: "He was genuinely loved by everyone, and deserved the unstinted praise he got from all ranks for his rare pluck and devotion to duty."

Another brother officer: 'God bless Father Doyle, is the heartfelt wish of all the men of the Irish Division today. Well do we remember how our beloved padre did the long three days' march with the A Company. Then who of the men do not recall with a tear and a smile how he went 'over the top' at Wytschaete. Ypres sounded the knell. Many a dying soldier on that bloody field has flashed a last look of loving recognition as our brave padre rushed to his aid.'

An Ulsterman: 'If he risked his life in looking after Ulster Protestant soldiers once, he did it a hundred times in the last few days. They told him he was wanted in a more exposed part of the field to administer the Last Rites of his Church to a Fusilier. While he was doing what he could to comfort the poor chap, the priest was struck down. He and the man he was ministering to passed out of life together.'

Another Ulsterman in The Morning Post: 'The Orangemen will not forget a certain Catholic Chaplain who lies in a soldier's grave in that sinister plain beyond Ypres. He went forward and back over the battle-field with bullets whistling about him, seeking out the dying and kneeling in the mud beside them to give them absolution; walking with Death with a smile on his face, watched by his men with a reverence and a kind of awe. His familiar figure was seen and welcomed by hundreds of Irishmen who lay in that bloody place. Each time he came back across the field he was begged to remain in comparative safety. Smilingly he shook his head, and went out again into the storm. He would not desert his boys in their agony. They remember him as a saint—they speak his name with tears.'

An Ulster Presbyterian written in The Weekly News, 'God never made a nobler soul. Fr. Doyle was a good deal among us. We could not possibly agree with his religious opinions, but we simply worshipped him for other things. He didn't know the meaning of fear and he did not know what bigotry was. He was as ready to risk his life and take a drop of water to a wounded Ulsterman as to assist men of his own faith and regiment. If he risked his life looking after Ulster Protestant Soldiers once, he did it a hundred times in the last few days. The Ulstermen felt his loss more keenly than anybody, and none were readier to show their marks of respect to the dead hero priest than were our Ulster Presbyterians.'

Sgt. T. Flynn wrote to the Irish News, 'He did not know what fear was and everybody in the battalion, Catholic and Protestant alike idolized him ... Everybody says that he has earned the VC many times over, and I can vouch for it myself from what I have seen him do many a time.'

Capt. Healy of the 8th Dublins, who remembered Doyle arriving regularly with sweets and cigarettes for the men, wrote 'If I had gone through the thousandth part of what Fr. Doyle did, or if I had run a hundredth part of the risks he ran, I would have been dead long ago.'

Quoted extensively from:

<http://www.dublin-fusiliers.com/officers/doyle-father.html>

<http://www.wartimememoriesproject.com/greatwar/view.php?uid=222901>

http://www.catholicworldreport.com/Blog/3752/fr_willie_doyle_sj_irelands_for_often_saint.aspx

<https://fatherdoyle.com/>

<http://goodjesuitbadjesuit.blogspot.co.uk/2014/05/fr-william-doyle-sj-chaplain-of-battle.html>

<https://fatherdoyle.com/testimonies/>

CTS booklet 'Fr Willie Doyle & World War I' B759 by KV Turley

Other Images

New Zealand troops receiving Holy Communion



The general absolution given to the Royal Munster Fusiliers by Father Francis Gleeson on the eve of the Battle of Aubers Ridge.



Cardinal Francis Bourne, leader of the Catholic Church in England and Wales, and Major-General William Hickie, General Officer Commanding 16th (Irish) Division, inspecting troops of the 8/9th Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers at Ervillers, 27 October 1917.



Sgt Bernard Joseph Brookes



Diary of a young catholic soldier in the First World War

Below is a short extract of his personal experience of the Christmas Truce.

Towards evening the Germs became very hilarious, singing and shouting out to us. They said in English that if we did not fire they would not, and eventually it was arranged that shots should not be exchanged. With this they lit fires outside their trench, and sat round and commenced a concert, incidentally singing some English songs to the accompaniment of a bugle band. A German officer carrying a lantern came slightly forward and asked to see one of our officers to arrange a truce for tomorrow (Xmas day). An officer went out (after we had stood at our posts with rifles loaded in case of treachery) and arrangements were made that between 10 am and 12 noon, and from 2.00 pm to 4.00 pm tomorrow, intercourse between the Germs and ourselves should take place. It was a beautiful night and a sharp frost set in, and when we awoke in the morning the ground was covered with a white raiment. It was indeed an ideal Christmas, and the spirit of peace and goodwill was very striking in comparison with the hatred and death-dealing of the past few months. One appreciated in a new light the meaning of Christianity, for it certainly was marvellous that such a change in the attitude of the opposing armies could be wrought by an Event which happened nigh on 2000 years ago.

25.12.1914 (Xmas day)

During the night two men were reported to be missing and I had to go out early in the morning on my cycle to try to find them. I went to the Dressing Station in Chappelle d'Armentieres a mile or so away, but they had not been there. Later in the day the Bosches told us that two men the night before had

walked into their trench in a state which proved that they had "drunk of the loving cup, not wisely, but too well". We asked that they should be returned to us, but they refused on account of the fact that these men had seen the position of their machine guns. They promised, however, to wire to their headquarters, and see what could be done in the matter. Later we were informed that it had been decided to intern them in a Civilian Camp, and not treat them as prisoners of war, so as this seemed fair and the only course open we left it at that.

At 9 am as I was off duty I received permission to go to Mass at a Church which I had discovered whilst hunting for the missing men. This Church was terribly shelled, and was within the range of rifle fire, as was clearly proved by the condition of the wall facing the trenches, and no effort had been made to clear the wreckage, as to attempt this would have been fraught with danger. A priest, however, had come in from Armentieres to minister to the few people who were still living in the district. In this Church which would hold about 300, there were some 30 people, and I was the only soldier. It was indeed a unique service, and during a short address which the priest gave I was about the only one who was not crying, and that because I did not understand much of what was being said.

I returned to headquarters and went on duty from noon to 2 PM, during which time I partook of my Christmas Fair which consisted of "Bully", "Spuds", Xmas pudding, and vin rouge, which latter we found in one of the cellars on the farm.

In the afternoon I went out and had a chat with "our friends the enemy". Many of the Germs had costumes on which had been taken from the houses nearby, and one facetious fellow had a blouse, skirt, top hat, and umbrella, which grotesque figure caused much merriment. Various souvenirs were exchanged which I managed to send home. We also had an opportunity of seeing the famous Iron Cross which some of the men wore attached to a black and white riband. These crosses are very well made and have an edging of silver. The man's name is engraved on one side, and the reason of the award briefly stated on the other. I have also a number of Germ signatures and addresses on a fly leaf of my "Active Service Pay Book" and it was arranged that at the end of the war we would write one to the other if we came through safely.

The Germs wanted to continue a partial truce until the New Year, for as some of them said, they were heartily sick of the war, and did not want to fight, but as we were leaving the trenches early next morning, and naturally did not want them to know, we insisted on the truce ending at midnight, at which time our artillery sent over to them four shells of small calibre to let them know that the truce, at which the whole World would wonder, was ended, and in its place, death and bloodshed would once more reign supreme.

His complete diary can be read at
www.bobbrookes.co.uk

Traditional Mass in Scotland

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF ST ANDREWS AND EDINBURGH



St Andrew's Church

Belford Road
Ravelston
Edinburgh EH4 3DS
Celebrant: Fr John Emerson, FSSP

Every Sunday at 12:00 midday;

Every Holy Day of Obligation 6.00 pm;

St Cuthbert's Oratory

6 Belford Park
Edinburgh EH4 3DP
Celebrant: Fr John Emerson, FSSP

Every Monday and Friday at 6:00 p.m.;

Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8:00 a.m.:

The Church of the Holy Spirit

1 McGrigor Road
Stirling FK7 9BL
Celebrant: Fr John Emerson, FSSP

The first Sunday of the month at 5:00 p.m.:



THE PERSONAL ORDINARIATE OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM

St Columba's Church

9 Upper Gray Street
Edinburgh EH9 1SN
Celebrant: Fr Len Black

The third Sunday of the month at 11:30 a.m. :(Roman Rite, Anglican Use)

St Mary's Church

15 Upper Bridge Street
Stirling FK8 1ES
Celebrant: Fr Len Black

The third Sunday of the month at 4:00 p.m.:

THE DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN



The Church of the Sacred Heart

Grampian Road
Aberdeen AB11 8DY

THE SECOND WEEKEND OF THE MONTH:

Saturday at 5.00 p.m.:

Low Mass preceded by Rosary

Sunday at 11:15 a.m.:

Sung Mass preceded by Rosary

Confessions available before and after both Masses

Celebrant: A priest of the Sons of the Most Holy Redeemer (FSSR), Papa Stronsay,
Orkney

[Our Lady's Chapel](#)

Whitehall Village
Stronsay
Orkney KW17 2AR

Every Sunday and Holy Day at 9:00 a.m.:

Weekdays at 7:30 a.m.:

Celebrant: A priest of the Sons of the Most Holy Redeemer

[The Sons of the Most Holy Redeemer](#)

Golgotha Monastery Island
Papa Stronsay
Orkney Islands KW17 2AR

Mass daily – Retreats and visits can be organised with the Community



[THE PERSONAL ORDINARIATE OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM](#)

[Royal Northern Infirmary Chapel](#)

Ness Walk
Inverness IV3 5SF

The second, fourth and fifth Sundays of the month at 11:00 a.m.:
(Roman Rite, Anglican Use)

Celebrant: Fr Len Black

[THE DIOCESE OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES](#)



[St Mary's Church](#)

Griminish

Benbecula

Outer Hebrides HS7 5QA

Fr Ross Crichton has now moved.

[THE DIOCESE OF DUNKELD](#)



[St Joseph's Convent](#)

Lawsie Road

Dundee DD3 6XY

The second and fourth Sundays of the month at 4:00 p.m.:

Celebrant: Fr John Emerson FSSP or Fr Ninian Doohan

[THE ARCHDIOCESE OF GLASGOW](#)



[Church of the Sacred Heart](#)

50 Old Dalmarnock Rd

Glasgow G40 4AU

Every Sunday at 9:45 a.m.:

Celebrant: Very Rev Monsignor Paul Conroy, VG

[Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary](#)

162 Broomfield Road
Glasgow G21 3UE

Every Sunday at 6.00 pm Preceded by Novus Ordo Vespers (**Sung Traditional Vespers** on Last Sunday of the month at 4.45 pm) and **Traditional Benediction** at 5.00 pm.

Every Tuesday and Thursday at 6:15 p.m.;

Every Wednesday at 12:30 p.m.(followed by lunch):

Every Friday at 12.30 pm; Also Rosary at 6.30 pm followed by **Confessions (Traditional Rite)** until 7.30 pm.

Every Saturday at 9.30am (Missa Cantata on First Saturdays)

Celebrant: Fr Mark Morris, Parish Priest

N.B. Fr Morris celebrates the Traditional Latin Mass also on all Holy Days of Obligation, as well as offering a monthly High Mass / Missa Cantata, and other occasional Masses.

[St Brigid's](#)

12 Prospecthill Crescent,
Glasgow G42 0JN

The first SATURDAY of every month:

9:30 a.m. Fatima Devotions

10:00 a.m. Mass, followed by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament with prayers

for vocations, then **Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.**

Celebrant: Fr Gerard Byrne, Parish Priest

[THE DIOCESE OF MOTHERWELL](#)



[St. Mary's](#)

78 Main Street
Cleland ML1 5QR

Every Thursday at 7.00pm;

Celebrant Fr. Liam O'Connor

DIOCESE OF GALLOWAY



The Sacred Heart Fathers

Smithstone House
Dalry Road
Kilwinning KA13 6PL

Every Sunday at 12.00 Noon
Celebrant Fr Mann SJC

THE DIOCESE OF HEXHAM AND NEWCASTLE (Just over the border)



Our Lady and St. Cuthbert

64 Ravensdowne
Berwick-upon-Tweed
Northumberland
TD15 1DQ

Every THURSDAY at 10:00 a.m.
Celebrant: Fr David Phillips, Parish Priest

THE DIOCESE OF LANCASTER (Also just over the border)



Christ the King

Winton Crescent
Harraby
Carlisle
CA1 2JX

First Sunday of the Month at 6:00 pm