FR. MICHAEL CARNEY

By BREANDAN O'CEALLAIGH

FR. MICHAEL CARNEY left Gort recently at the beginning of his thirteenth year in Our Lady’s College, and took up his appointment as first Parish Priest of the new Parish of the Sacred Heart, in the town of Galway. Fr. Carney is a native of Co. Mayo, born in the town of Killimagh in 1910, the ninth and youngest of seven children of the late Michael Carney and Catherine O’Connor. He was educated in the nearby national school and in general drapery business in the town.

In 1941, he went to boarding school in St. Mary’s College, and ended up in his appointment as first Parish Priest of Killimagh in the Diocese of Achonry and in those years, there was quite a tradition of boys from that town going to secondary school in St. Mary’s College. No. 3. The principal of the school, the present Manager of the Bank of Ireland here in Gort, is another Killimagh man who followed in that tradition some years after Fr. Carney.

After leaving Coll., in 1946, Fr. Carney went on to Maynooth College to study for the priesthood for the Diocese of Achonry and spent the next seven years in that famous Seminary. He was accompanied there from St. Mary’s by Fr. Tom Kinne, the present parish priest of St. Patrick’s Parish of Spiddal. Being a Mayoman, Fr. Carney’s first sport was football, but in St. Mary’s, and later in Maynooth, as part of the process of becoming a true Gowerman, he had no other option: he took up hurling with great enthusiasm, and became quite an effective and speedy full-forward in the game, which has remained his first love.

After Ordination in 1953, Fr. Carney was appointed to St. Mary’s College. He remained there on the teaching staff until 1957, when he was appointed to assist Mr. Christy Burke, who had founded Our Lady’s College the previous year. Here he remained for 25 years, the last twenty of which he spent as the college’s principal. One of the reasons for the success of Our Lady’s College is the high level of education that he has provided.

On the morning of Thursday, February 25 last at 11.10 a.m. and 11.10 a.m. after the announcement had been made very simply to the staff of Our Lady’s College that Fr. Carney had slipped quietly away from Our Lady’s College. A couple of weeks later, everybody knew he had gone to the Sacred Heart in the town of Galway. It is a very big change, and a big challenge — but Fr. Carney has taken up with it a certain excitement which he could not always hide. An new and different career has begun for him. The debt of gratitude owed to me by Our Lady’s College and all who have been associated with with it is not easily expressed in words. We remember his dedication, his friendship, his boundless and quiet and kind, but most of all we remember his deep faith in God and in man, a faith expressed in action more than word. Because of this faith, we trust and know he will be happy and successful in his new work.

Our grateful prayers go with him. Ad Mufflos Annois.

ALL-IRELAND HURLING FINAL OF 1886

By FR. MARTIN COEN

THIS year we celebrate the centenary of the All-Ireland hurling competition of 1886. The final was played in February 1886 in the Phoenix Park. When the two teams met in the final it was the first meeting of the Galway Representative, and second meeting of the Tipperary Representative. The Galway representatives were captained by Ned Treston, the Gort saller, and the Tipperary representatives were captained by John Treston, the Galway saller. The final was played in February 1886 in the Phoenix Park. When the two teams met in the final it was the first meeting of the Galway Representative, and second meeting of the Tipperary Representative. The Galway representatives were captained by Ned Treston, the Gort saller, and the Tipperary representatives were captained by John Treston, the Galway saller.

The Galway team wore corduroy knee-breeches. The jersey was blue and white. Ned who died in October 1949 was the last survivor of the team. On their return to Gort they were met by the local brass band. Only some of them arrived, the rest lost by taking the wrong train home. Tipperary won the match but the Galway team received fine All-Ireland medals.


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EDITORIAL — 22nd ISSUE

Guare is a community-based magazine and depends on community support and involvement.

Editing: Pius Murray, Mossy Clabby, Colm Ward
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Letters and comments will be greatly appreciated. We thank all our advertisers for their support, without this help Guare would not exist.

Another issue of Guare has been produced. However, it is becoming increasingly difficult to bring out each new issue. It will be necessary to increase the involvement of the community in the magazine, if it is to continue to appear in future.

When you see the notice in the Parish Newsletter, announcing the next Guare meeting, please come along. Everybody is welcome! You will have an opportunity to air your constructive criticisms of the magazine or put forward new ideas and suggestions for future issues.

We urge you — write the article you have been thinking about; interview an interesting person in your locality; sort through your photographs, old and new; write a poem or a short story.

If writing is not your forte, come and help out with all the tasks that have to be done, in putting together each issue of Guare.

We wish all our readers a Joyful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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That Special Link

By SEAN LEAHY

LIVING in Ireland, we seem to take for granted, the beauty that surrounds us. Beautiful scenery, lively conversation, historical buildings, even the bad weather. Suppose on the other hand, we had great weather, earthquakes, tropical diseases, hurricanes, volcano eruptions, etc., etc., which country would you prefer?

I know we all love to go overseas for our holidays, to places where you are shunted from one good spot to the next, beaches where the locals tend on you, as if you were the King of Sam, food served to perfection, sunshine, night clubs, etc. They never show you the backstreets, the beggars, places where people barely make a parlty living, where slavery still exists, along with misfortunes, and filth. You, the tourist are their bread and butter, well, bread anyway.

If ever you were away from home, in one of those far-away countries, (I mean away for years), how would you yearn for news of home, news of your County, or news of Ireland, it's then and only then you would appreciate your land.

I remember once in Singapore, we had just come back after a three month tour of duty in the Malayian jungle, protecting the Dutch and English plantation owners and tin mine millions from the terrorists. I was in a Singapore hospital, which was routine, to be de-scoured, de-breached and built up again for another spell in that hell house. My mail had been delivered to me from the Straits of Malacca. I had fifteen letters from Ireland and England and one copy (three months old) of "The Clare Champion", how eagerly I read through those letters, over and over again, then that glorious feeling of unwrapping that newspaper. Page after page I read, letting every word of every sentence sink in, and having read it, I read it all over, again. How glad I was, how happy I felt, how pride swelled up inside me!

That "Clare Champion" was my one link with home, and all that I felt and longed for. When I was discharged, and was enjoying myself for two weeks in Singapore, I still carried my newspaper. Just think how happy you could make someone abroad by sending them a copy of "Guare", wrapped up in the "Connacht Tribune". They may be overseas for different reasons than I was, but they are still our emigrants, and are lonely, especially at Christmas time.