

Every Parish Has Them

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By

Daniel
A.
Lord,
S.J.



SUNDAY STAMPEDERS

Mass over, in panic they run
Like racers at crack of a gun.
On itchingest feet
They break for the street
And then loaf about in the sun.



THE QUEEN'S WORK

*Every Parish
Has Them*

LIMERICKS

by

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.



THE QUEEN'S WORK

3115 South Grand Boulevard

St. Louis 18, Missouri

Says Father Tom

Their praises, they freely allot 'em.
But foibles . . . to church they will trot 'em,
 Make ev'ryone nervous
 And break up the service.
These pests! And each parish has got 'em.



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THE QUEEN'S WORK

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FOREWORD

AN ETIQUETTE COLUMN in one of the New York dailies once defined fine manners as "nothing more than the outward expression of a gracious spirit, a sensitive kindness of heart which shrinks from distressing anybody, from the highest to the lowliest." This clear definition of polite behavior gets down to essentials.

The definition applies very well to our conduct in church, especially during the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For there, we, the invited guests of the divine host, deal with the very highest, Our Lord and Savior, really present upon the altar. We come in close contact too with the lowliest of our fellow parishioners. Our deportment at this time is then a fair indication of our interior reverence for God and consideration for our neighbor.

The canons of etiquette in church are few and simple. In fact there are only two—interior devotion and external respect. Deliberate breaches of the former are best known and judged by God and our own consciences. Shortcomings with regard to the latter however are all too often annoyingly obvious to others. It is with the thoughtless, unintentional infractions of this rule of outward respect that this pamphlet concerns itself.

A hearty laugh at one's own expense frequently proves a more effective cure than scolding and faultfinding . . . or may it be that the reader will find in these pages no cap to fit himself?

The able and discerning cartoonist whose apt caricatures appear here prefers, with a modesty that becomes him, to remain anonymous. The drawings were published originally in series form in *Stray Notes From the Shrine of the Little Flower*; the monthly magazine of St. Peter Claver's Church in Brooklyn, New York.

Periscope Pete



Through Mass all around him he'll stare
To see who have come . . . what they wear.
His glance will not falter . . .
Except at the altar:
He acts as if no one were there.

Complacent Conrad



With sermons he'll always agree.

The lessons he'll rapidly see:

"There's some I could mention
Who should pay attention.

Of course it was not meant for me."

Empty-Handed Edgar



He comes without prayer book or beads,
And never his missal he reads.

For golf... only dubs

Come out without clubs.

For Mass... oh there's nothing he needs.

Latecoming Louie



He's there for the start of a game.
At the movies Pat Prompt is his name.
Into church he will walk
Just too late for the talk.
All sermons, says he, are the same.

Catch-a- Drag Claudie



At Mass without cigs . . . it's too tough;
He slips out to drag at the stuff.

He'll soon have a spot
That's smoky and hot.
For a long purgatorial puff.

Gum-Chewing Gertie



Symphonic are Gert and her maw,
Who wag a devotional jaw.

Like cows without halter,
Their gaze on the altar,

They chew and they chew and they chew.

Rear-View Ralph



The altar he never comes near.
In front pews he shudders with fear.
He huddles from view
Behind the last pew.
Perhaps he's just guarding the rear.

Barking Barts



They never catch cold in the park.
At picnics they sing like the lark.
But once the priest's vested,
Their throats are congested.
They cough and go rrrumph—and they
bark.

Lyrical Lilly



She sings only slightly off-key
And smiles at her own harmony.

For others who'd choke her,
She sniffs, "Mediocre!
I'm sure God's delighted with me."

Gossipy Gladys



Behold the church gossip! A Matron
Whose scandalous tongue is a great one.
Her buzzing would tease
A swarm of queen bees.
Is Saint Swalter Swinchell her patron?

Collapsing Colin



An athlete, a golfer, a sport,
In church he's the languorous sort.

He clings to the pew
Like the dampness and dew,
With plenty of means of support.

Tight-Lipped Jimmy



At parties he sings like a skylark
And leads the quartet in their high lark.
But hymns in the church
He leaves in the lurch
And buttons his lips like a shy lark.

Somnolent Sammys



They sink to one knee, do these chaps,
And follow the Mass through their naps.

They squat on one heel,
So weary they feel.

They don't seem to kneel—they collapse.

Muttering Mose



He prays with the purr of a kitty,
A town crier rousing the city.
He mutters and moans,
He gurgles and groans
With piety loud but not pretty.

Watch - Watching Willie



When into his pew he has dropped,
His forehead is nervously mopped.
He glares at his ticker
With gloom growing thicker,
As if he were sure it had stopped.

Rodeo Ray



A juggler is Rodeo Ray.

With beads like a rope he will play.

He whirls 'em and twirls 'em.

He clatters and hurls 'em...

Most every use but to pray.

Rusty-Gate Roy



He's young, but his knees must be sore.
He ducks without touching the floor.

His hinges are rusty.

His pants don't get dusty.

He's set for a sprint to the door.

Pete Pusher



Pete Pusher will anger and bore you.
Look sharp or he'll probably floor you.

You stand for confession.

He cuts the procession.

"I'm rushed; let me go in before you."

Larry the Lay Curate



He knows that if he were the pastor,
The church would grow better and faster.

He lists ev'ry lack...

But on his own back

The sheriff is stuck like a plaster.

End-Seat Eddie



He squats at the end of the pew
And glares if you ask to pass through.
He blocks like a hurdle
And scowls till you curdle.
I dread mountain climbing, don't you?

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