

Christmas prayer

Why, I know not, but this has been the fastest school term in my life. All sorts of plans to meet more people -- and they never materialized. I had hoped to haunt Blanchard one night a week, knocking on doors and scaring the hell out of Catholics or whoever might answer. It'll take a New Year's resolution to have me try again come January.

A Protestant Chaplain in the States aptly described the role of a Chaplain. The job description? "Loitering with intent." The "intent", of course, is simply to meet more students. Not with an eye to converting them, counselling them or warning them against their sinful ways but simply to meet them and come to know them on a first name basis. That, and somehow to do one's part in helping skilled loitering, this attempt

to do one's part in building richer community on campus, I cannot claim to have mastered the skill or to have contributed that much to community here.

At my Mass at Christmas (and there was a time when I entertained the foolish hope that this might be offered in a real chapel for students here on campus) I shall be remembering by name as many of the UPEI men and women as I can possibly call to mind, and the rest in a general but very real way too. My

prayer for you will be that you might find peace in your own heart, in your life and in your family. That...and that the coming year will see you blessed with a deeper sense of meaning and purpose to your life.

This I wish with all my middle-aged heart.

Merry Christmas.

Fr. Bren Megannety, O.M.I.
Chaplain, UPEI



Photo by Gordie Coffin

Dear Murna

Do you have problems? Sex?
Booze? Dope? Halitosis?
Write in to me, Murna, and
I will answer all problems.



Dear Murna :

Dear Murna, Dear Murna, my feet are too long,
My hair's falling out and my rights are all wrong,
And all my friends tell me I've no friends at all,
Please answer my letter, please give me a call.

Signed,
Bewildered

Bewildered, bewildered, you have no complaints,
You are what you are, and you ain't what you ain't,
So listen up buster and listen up good,
Stop looking for bad luck and knocking on wood.

Signed, Dear Murna

P.S. Curse you, John Prine.

Dear Murna,

I am an average good-looking well-muscled intelligent modest hockey player. With all this behind me I have this little problem, it might even be considered an enormous one. I am in love. The guy happens to be my Engineering prof. The problem is that he is forty years older than I and another minor point happens to be that he is also in the priesthood. Is this a sin? signed,

resident of
Bernadine Hall

Dear Resident of Bernadine Hall :

Love is never a sin. I believe that you can always love this man but that you must respect his decision to be a priest. However, if you add a little muscle in the right places and do a little reshaping in the others you will have no problem getting over this infatuation.

Dear Murna :

Please advise on my simple problem. Everyone likes to go home for Christmas, right? Well, so do I. But in order to go home, one has to be where home in not. What can I do?

Signed,

Near Tears

Dear Neart,

Easy, stupid, you're home. Must have been a good drunk on the plane.

Here's some advice for all you lucky people who get to go home for X-mas. Let your relatives kiss you, promise to give and you will receive. On a more serious (really!) note, if you're going to do some gift giving, why not make it worthwhile and give a personal touch. Something like love, tolerance, and respect.

SIGNED DEAR MERNA



Photo by Liz Dunn

A time to remember

Christmas, a time for giving,
A time for reviewing;
A time to love;
A time to forget the bad,
And a time to remember the good.
Christmas, the birthday of Jesus;
A loving time of fear.
A forgiving season;
To remember God's love for us;
To remember he sent his only son to die.
Christmas, a beautiful time of year;
When the Christmas tree is decorated,
And mistletoe hung around the house;
A time for holly and ivy;
A time for dumplings and plum pudding.

Christmas, a time to be happy;
A time for families to be together;
A time for everyone — young and old.
A time to be joyful,
A time to remember Christ's coming.

Christmas, the day Christ was born.
He was born for all of us,
He lived for all people;
And He died to save everyone from their sins.
Christmas, —
A time to remember.

Caroline Hill