

**Aine Murphy RIP**  
**Funeral Mass**  
**Durrow Church**  
**Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> of September 2023**

*Peacefully in her 94th year surrounded by her loving family at Midlands Regional Hospital, Portlaoise. Predeceased by her loving husband Dermot. Deeply regretted by her family Jim, Seán, Anne Marie, Gerri and Barry, daughters in law Betty, Mary and Emer, sons in law Paul and Gabby and sister in law Kathleen. Cherished Nanny to her 17 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren Eleana, Tommy, Áine, Barry and Ada, nieces, nephews, extended family and a large circle of friends.*

*Greet Bonnie (Kenna) in England*

**Readers: 1<sup>ST</sup> READING: PAUL MONNELLY**

A reading from the prophet Isaiah (No 7)

**RESPONSORIAL PSALM WILL BE SUNG**

**2<sup>nd</sup> READING SEAN MURPHY**

A reading from the second letter of St to Timothy (No 9)

**PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL**

JJ MURPHY

NESSA MURPHY

JANE MURPHY

DIARMUID IRWIN

PETER MONNELLY

**OFFERTORY PROCESSION**

BETTY MURPHY, MARY MURPHY, EMER MURPHY

**COMMUNION REFLECTION**

CATHAL MURPHY

From everything I have learned about Aine I suspect she was not a woman given to using bad language. However, as I listened to you her family speak of her and all the other things, I have heard it strikes me that the priorities and preferences of Aine's life could be best summed up in a series of 'F' words. FAMILY, FAITH, FRIENDSHIP, FARMING, FIANNA FAIL and of course one very important word that sounds like it begins with an F but doesn't; PHELAN,

I think it is fair to say that all of us are very much defined, shaped and influenced by the family we are born into, the people we meet on the journey of life and the place where we live particularly if we have lived there all of our lives. Apart from the last year of her life in Mountmellick Aine Murphy has lived all of her almost 94 years of life on the soil and headland of Dunmore.

Aine Phelan was born on the 21<sup>st</sup> of November 1929. She was one of three sisters the others being Ellie and May. Her Primary school days were here in Durrow and I understand she walked to school every day through Dunmore Woods. For Secondary school she headed to Abbeyleix a longer journey but still on foot a route which brought her through the DeVesci estate. Following her school days Aine opted to stay at home and work on the Phelan Family Farm. On one occasion when she was on holiday visiting her sister Ellie down in Co. Cork Aine would meet the love of her life, her future husband, Dermot Murphy. They were married in Abbeyleix Church in 1959. The fruit of their love would be their five children and for the rest of her life her primary vocation was to be your mother.

I was reading again recently some words written by President John F Kennedy's daughter Caroline, on her experience of being a mother:

*"But I can certainly say, like everyone does, that becoming a mother is the best thing that ever happened to me. Having a child defines us for the rest of our lives. No matter what else we do, we will always be that person's mother. We give our children the gift of ourselves, and they give us so much in return....Each mother-child relationship teaches us our limitations and our strengths. It changes us in constantly unfolding ways and entwines us in the unpredictable mystery of another life"*

Even though Aine was a woman who valued simplicity and humility the one area where she allowed herself to take pride was in you her family. Beyond her family Aine maintained a lively interest in current affairs reading the newspaper from cover to cover everyday including completing the crossword. She also I gather had a keen interest in politics and as in the landscape around Dunmore she preferred her politics to be a particular shade of green.

As I listened to you speak of your mam the one thing I heard so clearly was how absolutely important and central her faith was in her life. I was struck by how Aine's day was punctuated by prayer, The Angelus at twelve and six, driving in here to daily Mass, leading the rosary here before Mass. Candles were constantly lighting but always with a purpose and a prayer intention. The great Irish poet Patrick Kavanagh wrote a wonderful line which I love about *finding God in the bits and pieces of everyday life*. I suspect Aine understood that concept very well

Aine has died in these September early autumn days. Dead leaves are beginning to fall to the ground but they are not alone. The seeds of new life are also falling. As someone who has lived all of her life close to the soil I'm sure that Aine would have understood well when Jesus talked in today's gospel of the grain of wheat falling on the ground, the seed being sown in the soil. Aine was very attuned to this mystery of nature, the seed falls to the ground; it seems to die but in the act of dying and being received into the earth it gives birth to the green sprout, beautiful and bountiful. In the winds and storms of autumn the seeds are shaken from the branches. Sometimes they are caught by a gentle breeze, other times it is a violent storm that snatches them. In the end they fall to the

welcoming earth which is ready to receive them and is life giving. Dying is part of living and a step along the road of on-going life. A time for giving birth, a time for dying. We are here today because it is Aine's time to die. In the late autumn of her life, she released her spirit to God; was received by his welcoming love and made ready for a new spring in God's life-filled presence forever. Aine can certainly borrow those words from St. Paul's letter to Timothy today; *the time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I have kept the faith.*

I want to leave you with a little reflection which I think might very well be words Aine could use to say goodbye today.

*I have got my leave.*

*Bid me farewell, my friends!*

*I bow to you all and take my departure.*

*Here I give back the keys of my door*

*---and I give up all claims to my house.*

*I only ask for last kind words from you.*

*We were neighbours for long,*

*but I received more than I could give.*

*Now the day has dawned*

*and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out.*

*A summons has come and I am ready for my journey*

Aine, may your gentle soul rest in peace.

