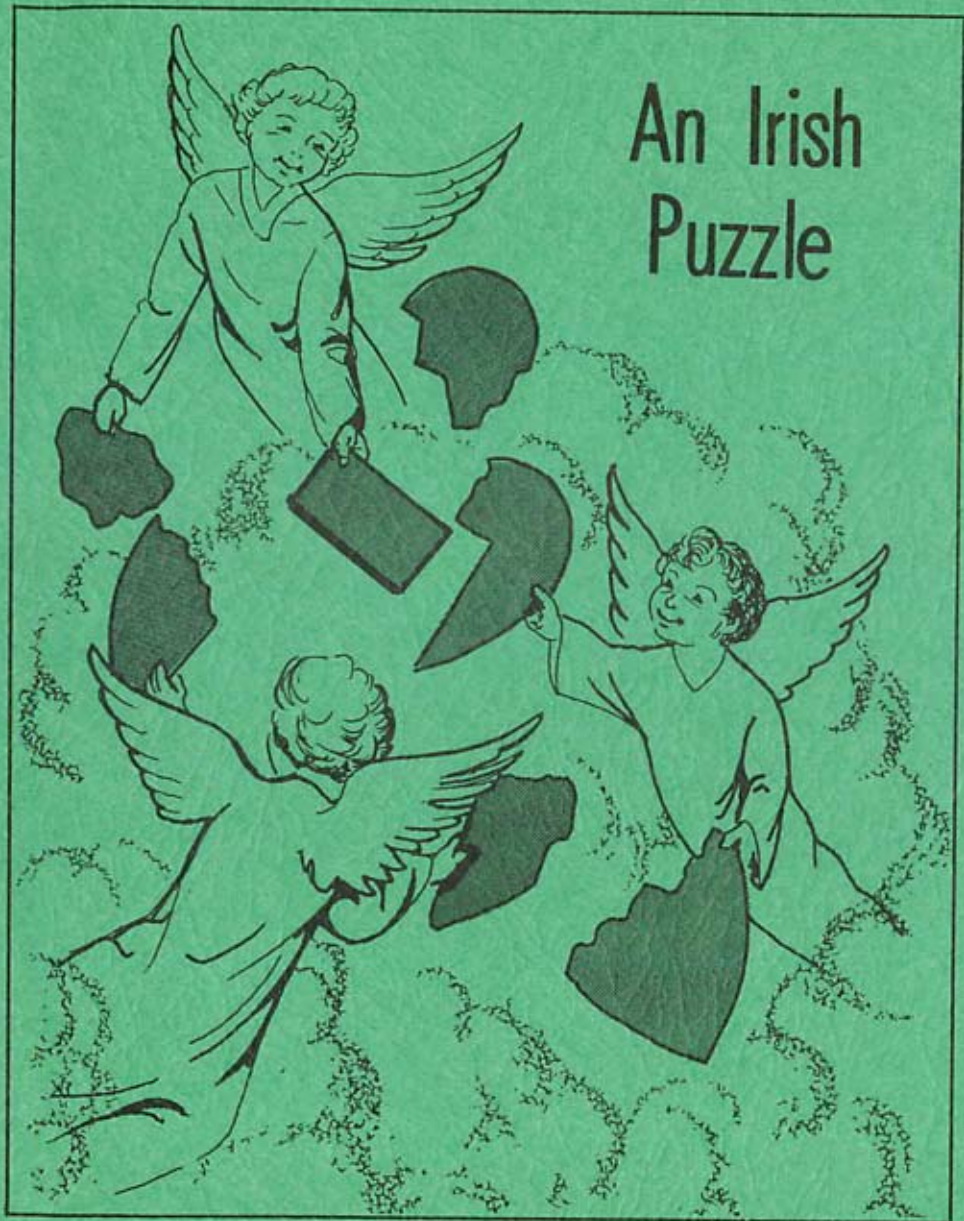


An Irish Puzzle



AN IRISH PUZZLE



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Near you, a blessed event took place, but with all the clamor and uproar how could the sound of trumpets be heard as the angels were rejoicing while taking Mrs. Murphy's heart into Heaven.

Her heart was filled with so much love that it broke into many tiny pieces and now God's messengers have the task of putting this Irish Puzzle together. Many pieces just fell into place showing the great capacity Mrs. Murphy had for kindness.

One particular rectangle piece shows how she attended Mass thanking God for all priests and sisters. She was so proud of those who came from her native Ireland helping to make America strong and all the more beautiful. Her wish was to be able to visit again the Shrine of Our Lady of Knock, remembering her childhood days. The angels now, too, in all their glory pause in reverence for the Mother of God.



MRS. MURPHY LEAVING FOR THE CITY

Another tiny piece shows how Mrs. Murphy worked hours making miniature Irish hats to be given away on St. Patrick's Day.

The angels are laughing as they fit another piece of the Irish Puzzle, showing how at last the day arrived (March 17).

Mrs. Murphy awakened at dawn to get an early start to the city. As she reached for her hat box, she noticed that Matt, her favorite cat, knocked it off the shelf. She stumped her foot and said, "You naughty cat," while she picked up the old green flowers and tried to fix the hat.

She smiled as she looked in the mirror because to her this old green hat was still beautiful. But her smile quickly vanished as she glanced out of the window. It was pouring rain and her first thought was, "St. Patrick who needs all this rain" and picking up her shopping bags filled with the Irish hats she was at last on her way.



"OH NO, MY BEAUTIFUL HAT"

As she was standing on the Chicago River Bridge, a strong, cold wind mixed with rain blew her favorite hat off. She watched as it kept going down until it landed on the upper deck of a small ship. "Oh no, my hat," she cried and looking up she said, "St. Patrick where are you? First it rains and now my hat is gone, but I better not say anymore because it could get worse." Just then a snowflake danced on her tiny nose. The heavens were filled with laughter, and one could almost sense a smile on St. Patrick's face.

As Mrs. Murphy continues to walk, she suddenly stops, rubs her eyes, looks and then rubs them again. She can't believe what is taking place. Cruising down the river are many boats painted green with Irish banners, carrying children from various places who wished to see the parade. Many of the children were dressed as leprechauns sitting on huge shamrocks while others waved green handkerchiefs saluting the great City of Chicago.

Meanwhile, reports reached the Mayor that the children would be late for the parade. With that little twinkle in his eyes he said, "Oh no, they won't," and at once directed the entire parade out to greet the children.

Mrs. Murphy stood in awe as she heard the parade getting closer and saw the Mayor, the Governor, the Bishop, and other dignitaries walking alongside of many Rabbis who were wearing green yarmulkas expressing their love, too, for St. Patrick.

As the children were singing, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," tears welled up in Mrs. Murphy's eyes spilling down her bony little face and falling into the green river. All drenched, thinking this is the best parade of all, she started to give out her little Irish hats while carrying on her great big smile, as she recognized her favorite baseball team. They too, were wearing green caps.

Now the Angels paused to take another look at this almost completed Irish Puzzle except for one last piece.

Mrs. Murphy left for heaven without saying her favorite prayer, "Jesus Christ I adore you," in reverence for all those who take His name in vain.

Let's you and I complete her "heart" by saying the prayer, and always bowing our heads at the mention of Jesus Christ.

Now listen carefully, because the angels have a message for us from Mrs. Murphy. We need not worry about it raining next year on St. Patrick's Day because now she will be able to keep an eye on St. Pat.

If you should find her green hat, please throw it
back into the river so that the love of the Irish
and other ethnic groups may continue to flow through
this great City of Chicago.-----

Happy St. Patrick's Day.

A short story by,

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Special thanks to Mr. James Hayes, 3403 Kemman, Brook-
field, Illinois for the Illustrations and to Mr. Joseph
DeChicio, Oak Park Press, 6334 West Roosevelt Road,
Oak Park, Illinois for the printing.

