

NCI

Memorial Service



7/12/2022

NCI Memorial Service 7th December 2022

Welcome by **Gina Quin** (President, NCI)

Good afternoon everyone.

It is my privilege as President of NCI to open this all-faith service to remember those we have lost in the past year.

NCI is a community and I hope this short service will help you to feel the genuine support and closeness of everyone here in the College.

Led by the Chair of our Governing Body, Fr. Leonard Moloney SJ, this service will allow us all to have a moment of reflection, and to feel the comfort of others, as we share in remembering those who have left us in the past year.

I would like to thank everyone for Joining us and all involved in the making of this service of memorial.



Gina Quin,
NCI President

Introduction by **Fr Leonard Moloney SJ** (Chair of NCI Governing Body, NCI)

Fr Leonard Moloney SJ introduces the Memorial Service,

“May this Advent season, leading to Christmas, be for all of us, especially for those who grieve, be a time for recognising Him at the breaking of the Bread.”

Fr Moloney also introduces the Scripture reading from Luke’s Gospel, where two disciples on the road to Emmaus meet the Risen Lord. The two disciples were dejected and confused. We can be downcast, disappointed, pre-occupied with our own personal struggles, while also contending with global issues. Something extraordinary happens to these two disciples at the breaking of the bread. We can have Emmaus moments of our own, when we feel God’s actual presence.

Fr Moloney concludes by quoting Brendan Kennelly’s poem “No Image Fits”:

*I have never seen him and I have never seen
Anyone but him. He is older than the world and he
Is always young.*

The Gospel of Luke: The Road to Emmaus (Luke 24: 13-16, 28-35)

On the first day of the week, two of the disciples of Jesus were on their way to a village called Emmaus, seven miles from Jerusalem, and they were talking together about all that had happened. Now as they talked this over, Jesus himself came up and walked by their side; but something prevented them from recognising him.

When they drew near to the village to which they were going, he made as if to go on; but they pressed him to stay with them. ‘It is nearly evening’ they said ‘and the day is almost over.’ So he went in to stay with them. Now while he was with them at table, he took the bread and said the blessing; then he broke it and handed it to them. And their eyes were opened and they recognised him; but he had vanished from their sight. Then they said to each other, ‘Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the road and explained the scriptures to us?’

They set out that instant and returned to Jerusalem. There they found the Eleven assembled together with their companions, who said to them, ‘Yes, it is true. The Lord has risen and has appeared to Simon.’ Then they told their story of what had happened on the road and how they had recognised him at the breaking of bread.

Desmond Gibney (Assistant Professor, School of Business, NCI)

“In Blackwater Woods” by Mary Oliver

<i>Look, the trees are turning their own bodies into pillars of light, are giving off the rich fragrance of cinnamon and fulfillment,</i>	<i>no matter what its name is, is nameless now. Every year everything I have ever learned in my lifetime leads back to this: the fires and the black river of loss whose other side is salvation, whose meaning none of us will ever know. To live in this world</i>	<i>you must be able to do three things: to love what is mortal; to hold it against your bones knowing your own life depends on it; and, when the time comes to let it go, to let it go.</i>
<i>the long tapers of cattails are bursting and floating away over the blue shoulders of the ponds, and every pond,</i>		



Cristian Balint (Vice President for Welfare and Equality, NCI Students Union)

“The Dead” by Billy Collins

*The dead are always looking down on us, they say,
while we are putting on our shoes or making a sandwich,
they are looking down through the glass-bottom boats of heaven
as they row themselves slowly through eternity.*

*They watch the tops of our heads moving below on earth,
and when we lie down in a field or on a couch,
drugged perhaps by the hum of a warm afternoon,
they think we are looking back at them,*

*which makes them lift their oars and fall silent
and wait, like parents, for us to close our eyes.*

Mo Akinyemi (NCI Student)

“The Window” by Rumi

*Your body is away from me
but there is a window open
from my heart to yours.*

*From this window, like the moon
I keep sending news secretly.*





National
College of
Ireland



Remembrance Tree with the names of those remembered
in this afternoon's Memorial Service

