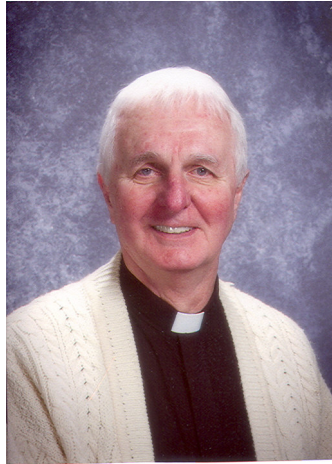


## *Rev. John P. McNamee*



Priest, Pastor, Author and Friend to the Poor, Fr. McNamee wears all these hats. He has performed miracles in educating the young at St. Malachy's, an inner city school. He is being honored here for his dedication and tenacity in keeping a beautiful, old Gothic church prospering. And for his enduring efforts to educate the children of the neighborhood, no matter their religious beliefs.

Fr. Mac has spent the last few summers in Donegal, in the most Northwest area. His love for that area is quite evident in his most recent book of poetry, *Donegal Suite*. I especially love his work called *Donegal Morning*. It is a piece that truly depicts the "Donegal" weather but has undertones of the life he lives in Philadelphia.

Morning recalls what night has whispered  
a rain trying to own the day as well.  
Hope can be small: I imagine some  
Awareness up there that with daylight

I want to be out and about without an umbrella  
Pulling me into the wind without the splash from  
a passing car on a shoulderless road.  
I expect some consideration from Providence.

Room to room window to window of an empty house  
I await a late clearing that will allow my return to the  
Headland where the sun falling into the sea takes me  
beyond my impatience for better weather.

It seems to me that John McNamee's poem has his daily struggles woven into it. The rain trying to own the day symbolizes the daily struggle with raising money to keep his humble parish going. Wanting to be out and about without an umbrella is defining the weight on his shoulders of the physical salvation of the parishioners and their daily hardships. And the awaiting clearing is the knowledge that there is a profusion of people, with many talents, who will come to his aid. He is the Pied Piper.

He is richly loved by so many. Here is how they express it:

"He sees the face of Jesus in everybody who knocks on his door".

"He receives with one hand and gives it all away with the other".

"Father McNamee loves all equally, unconditionally".

(Kathy McGee Burns)

