

All Saints' Eglantine

Parish

LIFE

Issue 2 • Spring • 2022

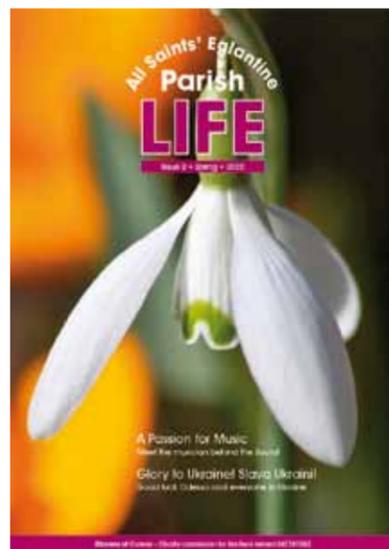
A Passion for Music

Meet the musician behind the Sound

Glory to Ukraine! Slava Ukraini!

Good luck Odessa and everyone in Ukraine

All Saints' Eglantine Parish LIFE



If you have an interesting article and would like to share it in **ParishLIFE** – why not email the The Rector and find out how to present your story for publication following our guidelines.

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ALL SERVICE DATES AND EVENTS WILL BE POSTED ONLINE

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THE RECTOR'S DAY OFF IS A MONDAY

SEASON OF HOPE, NEW LIFE & GROWTH

Spring is in the air, and with Springtime comes hope, new life, and growth. Over the past few months with the easing of restrictions we have seen an increase in the number of people back in church.

We are seeing new life, hope and growth in Eglantine with a number of new families joining us. I am delighted to say that everyone who walks through the door of All Saints' finds a warm and welcoming environment.

All of the parish organisations are now back, and people feel that some kind of normality has returned. Eglantine is a parish that continues to grow in faith, love, and commitment.

We have had many positive comments regarding the 'new look' *ParishLife* magazine, and I want to take this opportunity to thank Rhonda, and everyone who has contributed to this edition.

Inside you will find a wide range of articles and features which give an insight into what is currently happening in the Parish, as well as an introduction to some people that you might not know. I have written a couple of articles and hope you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them! I do stress that this is your magazine, and so if you would like to contribute in some way then please contact me or Rhonda using the contact details found within.

We have been journeying through Lent, and now the Easter



season is approaching. I always look forward to this time of year – the dark days of winter are past and new life is all around us.

As we prepare to celebrate the resurrection of Christ, and the victory that has been won for us, I ask to you be especially faithful in your attendance at

church. Sometimes Holy Week is often forgotten about, but we cannot possibly celebrate Easter Day without having journeyed through the trials and sorrows of Holy Week.

There will be a wide variety of services, all of which are listed at the back of this magazine.

I want to thank you for your faithfulness and patience over the past number of months, and a special thank you to all those who minister alongside me.

The Rector cannot and should not be a 'one man show.' We are all members of the body of Christ, and therefore each one of us has a role to play within that body.

I wish you all a very happy and blessed Easter and pray that God will bless us as we continue to grow and play our part in the building up of his Church here on earth.

Rev. Jason ■



A Passion for Music



It could be said that I am well known to everyone in Eglantine as 'Jonathan that plays the organ', but do you know much about me? Well now is your chance to find out!

I began learning the organ around 2010. Curiously, I was in Hillsborough Parish Church with my grandparents one day and I asked the Sexton if I could 'have a go on the organ'.

The rest is history... I fell in love with the instrument and soon after an audition, I was awarded an organ scholarship through the diocese in 2011. This was a fantastic opportunity



which provided me with 3 years free tuition and allowed me to play the organ competently.

Once I was confident enough I began organ cover in a few churches in order to gain better experience. I played in a variety of places including Belfast, Carryduff, Dromore and Killaney quite regularly, as well as singing part-time in the choir in Hillsborough Parish.

I always had a passion for singing in my childhood, but didn't explore it for a long time until I was about 20 years old. I loved my short time singing in the parish choir in Hillsborough and I am indebted to the church for providing me with an introduction to choral singing. As I started playing more frequently on Sunday mornings, singing in the choir began to phase out. This left a void in my life for a while as I wasn't able to sing as much as I wanted to.

However, soon after I was approached about singing in a large chorus in Belfast. I couldn't pass up on the opportunity. I auditioned and was accepted into the Belfast Philharmonic Choir. I spent 4 years with the 120-strong voice choir, singing most often with the Ulster Orchestra in the Waterfront, St Anne's Cathedral and the Ulster Hall. It was a wonderful experience and almost overwhelming at times to be performing with some of the best musicians and conductors from



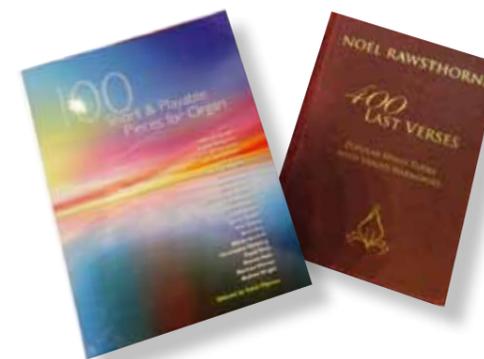
I started playing in Eglantine as a relief organist around 2015. I soon felt very at home here, and when Rev Jason asked me if I would take up the permanent post in 2016, I was absolutely delighted to say yes! Since then I haven't looked back and I have strived every week to be creative with the music I produce, improve my skills and my general musicianship. I am eternally thankful for the steadfast support the choir have given me throughout my time in this church, and we have grown together musically over the many years. The choir have put a lot of faith in me and have had strong will and courage when I present challenging music to learn... I haven't exactly made it easy for them, but it is definitely rewarding!

Looking ahead, I want to continue the strong choral tradition we have here in Eglantine and build upon it further. I'm hopeful in the future the church can invest a little on the pipe organ, improving the general colour, sound and vibrancy of the music.

I am always on the lookout for new choir members (especially men). I know there are many that can sing, the services recorded over lockdown were quite revealing as I could often hear strong voices in the congregation! Any choir member will tell you that it is a wonderful experience and we are constantly learning new repertoire!

If you may be interested, please don't hesitate to approach me before or after the service.

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across the world. I would highly recommend attending one of their concerts in Belfast.

During the week, I work at Autism Initiatives, caring for vulnerable adults with Autism. I love my job - it is fun, enjoyable and rewarding. The general ethos is supported living, essentially helping them to support their needs, wishes and aspirations in order for them to have a better quality of life.

I have learnt a lot of valuable life lessons and made some great relationships with the people there. It keeps me busy outside of church life and I think it makes me a better well-rounded individual.

Some Saints and Luminaries

The second series at the weekly study group recommenced in February following the Christmas and New Year break. The series entitled 'Some Saints and Luminaries', began back in the autumn of 2021.

Our original list of ten saints and luminaries whose biographies were discussed had by now been whittled down to just four remaining, namely, St. Thomas Becket, St. Ite of Killeedy, St. Columba and St Patrick.



The discussion group concluded the series with a visit to a Conference on St Patrick and early Christian Ireland which was held in the St Patrick's Centre, Downpatrick on Saturday 19th March 2022.

Of particular interest to the All Saints' group was the paper given by Brian Sloan (QUB) who recounted how he had recently led a team for Community Archaeology, working with Down County Museum and Newry Mourne and Down District Council. That particular team carried out a series of community-based investigations at Cathedral Hill, Downpatrick. Brian Sloan's presentation presented images of the various artefacts that were discovered during the dig, and he discussed the implications of each object that was unearthed. Afterwards the group enjoyed a tour of Down Cathedral by Dr Finbar McCormick who is an expert on early Medieval Ireland. The tour culminated in a visit to St Patrick's gravestone which was still beautifully adorned with shamrock and floral tributes placed there just two days earlier on St. Patrick's Day.

Of the four saints who were examined in the second tranche, St. Thomas Becket (1118-1170) proved to be the most significant challenge. Thomas' life was complex and I sensed that the filter of a naive saint's life wasn't going to be sufficient to encapsulate or represent such a life. The question that the group considered was whether his motives were wholly religious or whether alternatively, that he was a brave individual who made a stand against unprovoked aggression.

The evidence looked at suggested that he was not totally passive throughout the quarrel with his former friend King Henry II, but rather was one who put his case without fear or favour. In many ways his personal struggle was symptomatic in microcosm of the struggle between Church and State that was a running sore through the Medieval period up to and through Henry VIII's Dissolution of the Monasteries, which took place between 1536 and 1540. Thomas' story proved to be big enough and so very problematic and filled two of our evening discussion sessions.

The next life considered was as straightforward as Thomas' had been complex – St. Ite of Killeedy, who was tutor and foster mother to at least three other saints of Ireland, particularly prominent amongst whom was St Brendan the Navigator.

It is said that Brendan visited Ite between the voyages that he made and always deferred to her counsel. During her lifetime Ite served as an Abbess and interestingly for today's world of green issues and self-sufficiency she is said to have turned down the gift of substantial lands for her religious order's settlement in favour of just four acres on which to live and grow vegetables and



other foodstuffs for the community's own use.

In St Columba we had a life not only of the patron saint of Derry but also that of a member of the extended O'Neill clan and one who has also been labelled as 'one of the twelve apostles of Ireland'. Columba spent a period of reflection and prayer with St Finnian of Moville, just on the edge of the town of Newtownards.

However, the two men quarreled over the copying and ownership of a manuscript and sadly a great battle was fought about this matter out in the west of Ireland. Afterwards Columba felt pity and guilt about the loss of life and vowed to save as many souls as had been lost in the battle.

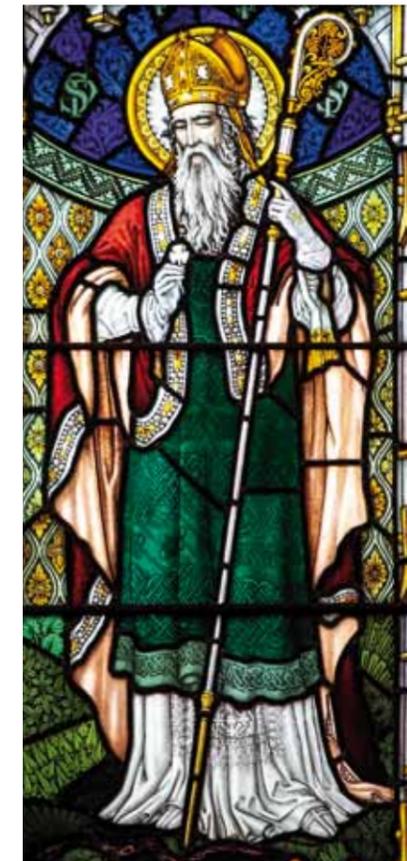
In the year 563 AD he set sail for Scotland accompanied by the probably symbolic number of 12 followers and landed first at Dunaverty at the south end of the Kintyre peninsula before making his way to the island of Iona which has been forever associated with his life and mission.

Using the island as his centre, Columba carried out a great missionary programme and many place names remain as relics today of his work until this day, particularly in the Orkney Isles and throughout the Hebrides. When he died the old saint's bones were separated and divided between Scotland and Ireland.

In Scotland the bones were encased in a reliquary known as the 'Brecbennoch' and it was



Study group visit St Patrick's Grave at Down Cathedral



often carried into battle to rouse the Scottish army, including of course on the famous occasion when Robert Bruce defeated proud Edward's army,

at the Battle of Bannockburn. It is believed that the bones of Columba which were given to Ireland were interred along with those of St Brigid and St Patrick in Down Cathedral graveyard.

Our final session on St Patrick began with a very atmospheric little documentary film about the life of Ireland's patron saint.

Discussion then centred around the place of the saint's birth, including consideration of the case for Brittany as expounded in the books of Marcus Losack and in other writings both contemporaneous and modern.

Just a few days later our series came to an end with the visit to the Conference mentioned at the start of this account.

It is envisaged that All Saints' plans to run another series of Saints and Luminaries, next autumn.

In the meantime the study group continues each Tuesday evening at 7.30pm in the Mitchell Room. ■

All things bright and beautiful



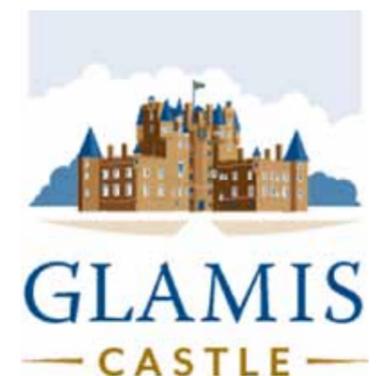
It was with great sadness that the members of the craft class learnt of the death of one of its founder members on 30th January.

Betty Matchett was a regular attendee at the Wednesday afternoon class. Having a genuine love of crafts, she was talented in all aspects of needlework.

Several years ago, on a visit to Glamis Castle in Scotland I purchased an embroidery kit depicting the Glamis Rose which I attempted to embroider but soon abandoned, having neither the expertise nor the patience required for the painstaking work it involved.

Betty came to the rescue and, over a period of weeks, expertly completed the task.

Following her death I decided to use the embroidered rose to form the cover of a cushion and it now serves as a constant reminder of a much loved and dearly missed mother-in-law. ■



Slava Ukraini!



I was sitting in the lobby of the Mozart Hotel in the beautiful Ukrainian city of Odessa on its Black Sea a couple of decades ago, a hundred metres or so from the city's stunning Opera House.

I had only been in Odessa a mere 24 hours, after travelling by the overnight train from Ukraine's golden dome-studded capital Kiev and had headed south almost on a whim, because I had read the Frederick Forsythe novel *The Odessa Files* and enjoyed the thriller film of the same name, starring John Voight (Angelina Jolie's father). I had always wanted to visit Odessa and cut short my time in Kiev to make this possible. Immediately I fell in love with the place, its wide tree-lined avenues reminiscent of the south of France, its people, its crazy pedestrianised Main Street, Deribasovskaya which became an open air circus arena in the evenings.

Although I had been surprised by Ukraine's enthusiastic embrace of its new relationship with Western Europe in the first few years as a democratic sovereign state I was very wary of the widespread corruption I had been warned about, and was waiting every minute for a shakedown by crooked cops or a dropped wallet scam on every corner.

But I didn't experience anything untoward at all in my first five-day visit to Kiev and Odessa, and still haven't in numerous visits since. However an incident in the hotel lobby when the receptionist called a taxi to the airport for my flight back to Dublin via Budapest will live with me forever.

It seemed to take an age for the taxi to arrive, and I was alone in reception, alone that it is until three somewhat shady and serious looking guys came through the revolving doors and sat down facing me across the lobby. Wearing shower-proof raincoats Gestapo-style they were my exact perception of the Ukrainian equivalent of the Stazi or KGB.



They stared and stared at me motionless, giving nothing away, no hint to their next move, or why their intense interest.

Slowly, one I took to be their leader got to his feet and paced slowly across the lobby... my chances of getting that flight to freedom or rather Budapest looked remote, a gulag in Siberia was more likely to be my destination.

A few yards away the Slavic features creased into a warm, welcoming smile.... He honed in on my quizzical look and pointed to the label of my jacket, and said, (I will never forget the words): "Queen Elizabeth, Princess Diana, Winston Churchill, Field Marshall Montgomery, God Save the Queen..." and threw his arms round me and gave me an Odessan bear hug".

I had forgotten I had been wearing my red poppy pin as I often do in the autumn near Remembrance Day - it was October I recall.

Suddenly I didn't want the taxi to arrive, I wanted to share a cappuccino, or an Earl Grey, with my new-found Ukrainian friends, but there wasn't time, in a couple of minutes unfortunately I was out the revolving doors and on the way to the airport.

At the time of writing this, 30 Russian warships bristling with guided missiles, loaded with tanks, and death-dealing military logistics lie ominously just off the coast of Odessa - named Hero City of the Soviet Union because of its resistance to the Nazis in WWII - an army under orders from another Fascist dictator Vladimir Putin is about to unleash death and destruction on Odessa, Ukraine's Black Sea Beauty.



Ukraine is quite a religious country, about 70 per cent of the population are now Christian Orthodox, members of either the Ukrainian or Russian Orthodox Church. A radical split took place in the Orthodox Church in recent years and that split is likely to widen dramatically since Putin's invasion of the country and the fact that the head of Russian Orthodoxy has been towing the Kremlin line of "don't mention the war". Mainstream Protestants and Catholics are small in number in this vast country -

A popular international tourist destination, home to a large Jewish community, film festivals, art exhibitions and many nationalities, the city now waits nervously for the expected onslaught... including my all too brief acquaintances who were so pleased to meet a visitor from their WWII allies those 20 or so years ago.

Tonight and every night I will shed a tear, (more than one actually), and say a prayer or two for my Odessa, the smiling students who served me so many croissants, coffees and ice cream in Kompot, the old man who persuaded me to part with my Hryvnias for Russian war medals on the Potemkin Steps, the weathered seaman whose speciality was persuading me to buy so many sailing ships inside green blue glass bottles for Christmas presents, the owners and staff at the best restaurant in town, Grand Prix, (that always serenaded patrons each evening with Sting's *Fields of Gold*) and for many others including my three new-found friends I encountered in the Mozart Hotel.

Since my first visit to Ukraine, which was four days in Kiev - an amazing city city of golden domes and beautiful buildings - and that solitary day in Odessa, I have been back many times - I had planned to take a day trip to Chernobyl on my next trip, but that is now dependent on the country surviving one of the most brutal and unjustified wars in the last few 100 years or more.



about two per cent each - but a number of fundamentalist protestant groups are also on the ground delivering the Christian message as well as badly needed aid to places like orphanages and people affected by the war in the Donbas, initiated and supported by Russia which has been going on since 2014.

Today as I watch Odessans filling sandbags on the holiday beaches and building fortifications round the beautiful Opera House I hope against hope that the city and its people will not suffer the fate of Kharkiv or indeed as could befall Kiev.... but I fear the worst as Odessa and the whole of Ukraine faces the biggest evil since Adolf Hitler.

Good luck Odessa and everyone in Ukraine, I hope to see you again, DV. Thanks to your courage, the whole world is now Blue and Yellow. Everyone is Ukrainian.

"Glory to Ukraine!" Slava Ukraini! ■

Devoted Companions

My mother often says to me "I'd much rather have dogs than people." In many ways being a dog-lover myself I totally understand what she means. Dogs are always faithful companions, always trusting, always loving, ready to welcome you no matter what, and at the same time totally reliant on their human owner.

Over the past two years I would have been totally lost without my two best friends, Shelly, and Ambrose. At no time during the lockdown was I ever lonely or down-hearted. My two darlings were always by my side whether out in the garden or lying beside me on those dark winter evenings on the sofa. I talk to them both like they are human – of course they don't answer back, but they do give me some indication of how they feel by either wagging their tails or barking.

My love for canines began when I was very young. The first dog I remember in our house was a nasty little Pomeranian called Whiskey. He was devoted to my mum and dad, probably because they had him long before I came along. In some ways I imagine that his nose was put out of joint by my arrival into this world. My earliest memory of Whiskey was him running alongside me when I was on my bicycle, trying to nip my ankles.



Above: Ambrose at work in the study

He lived to the grand old age of eighteen and a half. I didn't ever consider him to be my dog, so when he died I pleaded with mum and dad to get me one of my own, and so came Ambie. Ambie was a black toy poodle, very cute and very pampered. He was born with a wonky leg which didn't become apparent until he was a few years old. People used to think that he had only three legs, but the truth was he had four but only used three. Ambie was an energetic little dog, and his wonky leg didn't stop him from constantly torturing everyone with his favourite red ball which he loved to chase.

Next came Toby, who was supposed to be a Pomeranian Cairn terrier cross, although we were always suspicious that his mother had perhaps a brief encounter with a slightly larger dog. Toby was affectionate and vicious at the same time. He loved those he knew but was extremely suspicious of strangers. He was very photogenic, and I used to dress him up with hats and glasses. He would sit for ages posing while I took his photograph. After Toby died the house was exceptionally strange without a dog, so mum and dad got a beautiful Cairn terrier Schnauzer cross called Millie. Millie arrived just as I was going to train at the theological college in Dublin. When I came home at weekends she was delighted to see me. Mum and dad said she always knew my car pulling up and



Above: Shelly, in her choir robes – time to sing!

was very excited when I walked through the door. I always had a soft spot for Millie. She loved the car and accompanied me when I was looking at curacies. I remember her going down to Wexford in the car and walking around the various churches. The very kind lady Rector offered her a big bowl of water which she point blank refused to drink from!

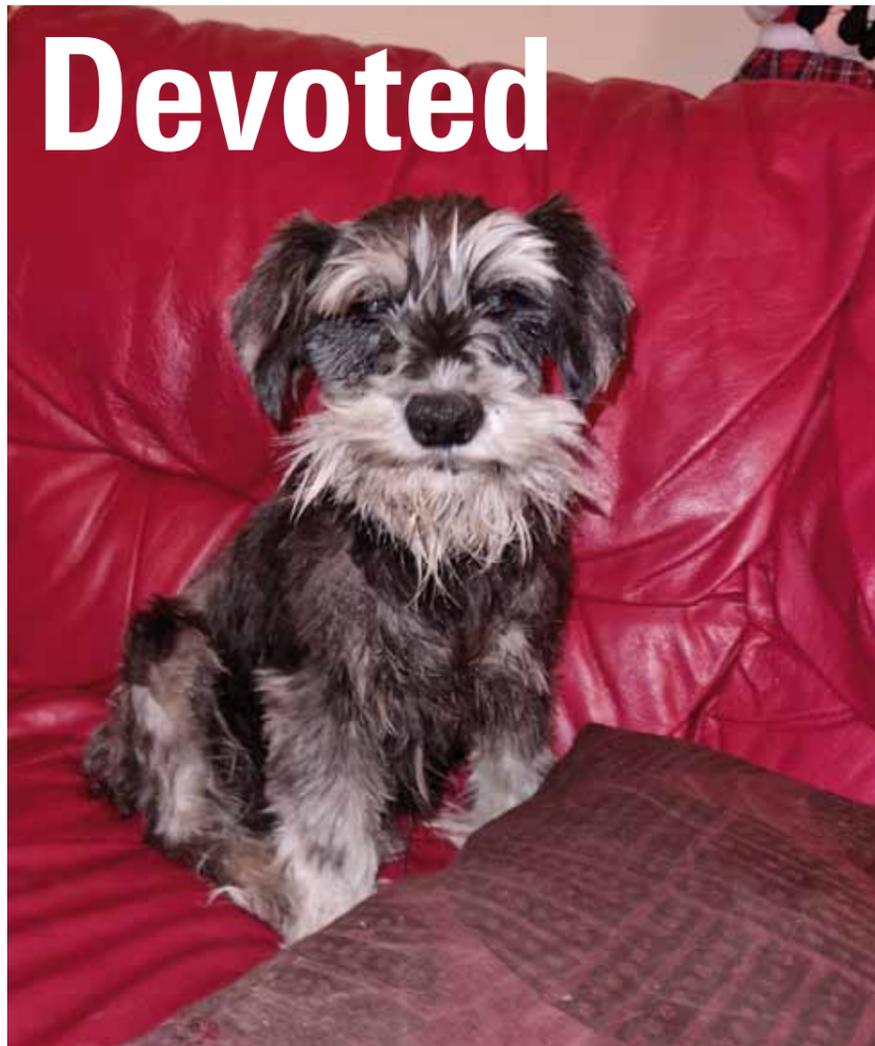
After I was ordained she loved to come to visit me in Limavady and in later years, Eglantine. When I moved into the curate's house in Ballykelly I have to say that I was lost without a doggy companion and so I made a few enquiries about puppies. A breeder outside Limavady in a little townland called Myroe had a litter of Miniature Schnauzers.

► *Continued on page 14 and 15*

► *Continued from page 12 and 13*

Mum and I set off one day to have a look at them, and needless to say one came home with me. Poppy was an excellent puppy – it took me no length of time to house train her and she was always very well behaved. The year after I got her I had booked a holiday abroad and so she also went on her holidays – to Ballymena to stay with mum and dad. From that day on she held a grudge against me and refused to come back to live with me in Ballykelly. However, she made her home with mum and dad, and they were devoted to her up until she died last year.

After Poppy moved to Ballymena, I was once again left without a dog and starting to feel lonely. By chance I heard of a lady who had a Miniature Schnauzer who was looking for a new home. I was at Diocesan Synod in Derry and left early to drive to Armoy to meet the dog and her owners. It was that night that I was introduced to Shelly and instantly fell in love. I put her into the car, and I always remember the last words of her owner who said to me, "Keep her for a couple of weeks and if she doesn't settle bring her back again." That was eight years ago, and from the moment she walked into my house in Ballykelly she made herself at home. Without being biased, I can honestly say that Shelly has been the best dog I have ever had. She was known by all the parishioners in Limavady just in the same way she is known here in Eglantine.



Above: Shelly in Retirement

As you know when she was younger she went everywhere with me – Mothers' Union, nursing homes, concerts and of course church and choir practice. I think Shelly is the only dog in the Church of Ireland to have her own little set of choir robes made especially for her by Kate Graham. Shelly was the centre of attention when she attended a pet service in St Anne's Cathedral decked out in the choir robes of Eglantine! On the 2nd April this year she was 14 and I have been blessed with so many happy years with her.

You will have noticed that she doesn't make so many 'public appearances' anymore, but she is in retirement and very much the old lady of the house. In her old age she is experiencing the same kind of things that elderly people experience. She is arthritic, she needs lifted in and out of my bed, she has lost most of her teeth and she sleeps a lot. Sound familiar?!

There was of course another addition to the family a few years ago, little Buster who unfortunately didn't live very long.

However in the eight short months I had him he left his mark on my life. Buster was an adorable, loving, and mischievous little character who is still very much missed. All eccentric dogs owners have their own way of coping with such loss and for me it means keeping his photo on the sideboard along with his ashes. When I am laid to rest all my companions will be buried with me.

Finally that brings me to the most recent member of the family – the honourable, saintly Ambrose. Ambrose is the only dog I've ever had that seems to be utterly and completely obsessed with me. Perhaps it is because I got him just before the lockdown and so he was used to me being in the house for long periods of time. Ambrose doesn't let me out of his sight while I'm in the house. When he's on the sofa with me he taps me constantly with his paw wanting my attention. If Shelly sneezes he's straight over to see that she's alright. As is the case with all Schnauzers, he is exceptionally intelligent and constantly alert. When I talk to him he turns his head from side to side as if he is discerning what I'm trying to say. I don't think that you will ever see Ambrose in church – he is much too energetic and inquisitive. Ambrose is totally devoted... to me.

Each and every dog I've owned over the years have had their own little personalities and qualities. I have cherished each

one and they have all brought so much joy to my life. The other day I took Ambrose and Shelly out for a walk around the church. Shelly stopped (as she always does) at the Vestry door. I had my keys with me, and I opened up the church. I let go of her lead and watched her walk straight up to the sanctuary where she sat down. I couldn't help but think that she knew exactly where she was. She was in a place that she was comfortable with – a place where she had been so many times before.

This time there was no congregation but just the three of us in the silence of God's house. While many people might think I'm mad, I knelt down beside my two doggie companions and prayed for them. I thanked God for their companionship, their loyalty, and their love. They are part of God's creation, and they are part of my family. They say that a dog is a man's best friend, and how true that is. No human could ever be so truly and deeply 'devoted' to us as our canine companions are. ■



Above: Ambrose – its time for bed!

All Saints' Eglantine – where it all began

Over the next few editions of ParishLife we will take a look at the history of the church, from the beginning of the Eglantine Estate and the Mulholland family to the construction of All Saints' and its early years. In this first article we look at Eglantine House and the Mulholland family.

Eglantine House

The original building on the Eglantine Estate likely dates from the late eighteenth century, but it is not clear exactly when it was constructed; however, it is thought that it was originally intended as a Dower house for the Hill family.

Although it is not named until the first edition of the Ordnance Survey maps in 1834 Eglantine House first appears in 1803 on a survey map of the Kilwarlin estate in the Townland of Carnbane on land which is noted as belonging to Hugh Moore Esq. This map records that Moore's estate covered 70 Acres and one Rood.



Large out-buildings are visible on this grounds plan and in the first Ordnance Survey map three large 'office houses' are named along with up to six smaller out-offices. In 1837 the Ordnance Survey Memoirs record Eglantine House as a 'Gentlemen's residence' and that 'Hugh Moore Esq. of Carnbane has an elegant seat, finely ornamented with plantations of young firs'.

In 1825 Hugh Moore was a Justice of the Peace for Co. Down and in one instance received depositions along with the Marquis of Downshire regarding a murder committed in Hillsborough on the night



Left: Miss Mary Filgate Mulholland 1830–1917

of 8 December 1825. Further, memoirs state that Moore was a subscriber to Blaris school and the local medical dispensary and was a member and contributed funds to the Hillsborough Charitable Society.

Hugh Moore also published a book in 1831 titled 'A dictionary of quotations from various authors in ancient and modern languages' which was dedicated to the Marquis of Downshire.

In 1841 the house passed out of the possession of Hugh Moore to St. Clair Kelburn Mulholland whose family occupied it until 1917 when the last of Mulholland's daughters, Mary Filgate Mulholland died.

Griffith's Valuation records that the buildings, including the out-offices, were valued at £110, and that the total for the estate was £242. During Mulholland's occupancy Eglantine House was extensively altered.

By 1858 the second edition Ordnance Survey shows a considerable extension built to Eglantine House. In c.1841 Charles Lanyon improved the house and refaced it in the neo-classical style adding 'a central projecting open Doric porch, refurbished the interior, and replaced the two old gate lodges.' It is possible that Lanyon may have completely rebuilt the house as the recorder believed the building to date from c.1845 and could find no evidence of an earlier style. Lanyon installed Eglantine House's



most intriguing feature, an elegantly designed curved stone staircase which rose in two flights before meeting in an upper landing.

In 1875 the building was increased in value to £114 but was decreased in value again in 1905 to £104 due to the removal of a gardener's house on the grounds of the estate. St Clair Mulholland was an established Belfast linen merchant, originally encouraged by the success of his brother, Andrew Mulholland, who owned a spinning mill in York Street. St Clair built his first mill in 1833 and later established the Durham Street Weaving Company in Belfast. In 1850 he retired from the Linen industry and lived out the rest of his life in Eglantine before dying in 1872.

The 1901 Census records that Mulholland's youngest daughter Mary Filgate Mulholland, was the last surviving family member still occupying Eglantine House. At that time the Census confirms Miss Mulholland as the landholder and gives an indication of the extent of her estate which included two stables, one coach house, one harness room, three cow houses, two calf houses, one dairy, two piggeries, two fowl houses, one boiling house, a barn, a turf house, a potato house, a workshop and a shed; all in all a considerable farm developed, one can presume, over many years. The Annual

Revisions show that after Mary's death in 1917 the house was occupied by a Joseph Coulter and that the value of the house reduced dramatically from £104 in 1906 to around £85 in c.1915-29. It is not clear what caused this great drop in value.

The next occupant of Eglantine House was E. T. Green, a manufacturer of animal foodstuffs. The house was passed on to his son Professor E.R.R. Green who was the Director of the Institute of Irish Studies at Queens University and who wrote extensively on the history of the Linen industry in Ulster. Anthony Lyle Skyrme and his wife Caro bought Eglantine in 1972 and it remained their family home until c.1979.

In 1979-80 the house was sold to J.K. Falloon & Co. of Lisburn who used the premises as an auction venue for a period in the early 1980s. During the later 1980s it was left vacant and in September 1990 was damaged by fire and reduced to a roofless ruin. It was acquired by the present owner in c.2008 and completely restored in 2012. A number of modern cottages have been built on the site of the old estate office houses.

In the next edition of ParishLife we will look at the church itself and how it came into being, as well as looking at the finer details in terms of its construction and architecture. ■

Meet the new Parish Treasurer

My name is Karen Martin, the wife of Reuben who a lot of you know already.



I have worked within the finance accounting industry for many years. I'm currently working as finance Manager with a local company which I've been with for over 30 years. I am a fellow member of Accounting Technicians Ireland FATI with much experience in different accounting areas.

From my early childhood I have been around Eglantine Parish, through my grandparents Tommy & Sarah (Daisy) McQuaid who moved to the area early 1940s. Much of life revolved around the church then, bringing the community together. I have many interests at different times of the year. Now weekends are spent in the greenhouse potting up hundreds of begonias for summer.

After work, I have a very disciplined fitness programme for 90min per day, all year round. In the winter I tend to be more creative – sewing, embroidery, applique and painting.

I am also a member of Lagan Dragons from its formation in 2015 – Dragonboat racing for breast cancer survivors. We train on the river Lagan around 8.30am on Saturday mornings and are currently training for two up and coming races in Athy and Carlow. It is a very physical team sport and great fun. I'm very proud to say we have held the fastest team in all Ireland for the last two years before Covid. Racing has resumed this year; we are out to hold onto our title!

I'm really looking forward to my role as treasurer with Eglantine Parish in the future. It has been quite a learning curve but an enjoyable one. ■



The Queen's Platinum Jubilee 2022



Credited: Jacob King/PA Wire/PA Images

To celebrate this significant occasion

All Saints' will be holding a special Evensong on

Friday 3rd June at 7.30pm

The choir will be singing the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Stanford and O Thou the Central Orb by Charles Wood.



The Queen has ruled for longer than any other Monarch in British history, becoming a much loved and respected figure across the globe

Her extraordinary reign has seen her travel more widely than any other monarch, undertaking many historic overseas visits. Known for her sense of duty and her devotion to a life of service, she has been an important

figurehead for the UK and the Commonwealth during times of enormous social change.

Throughout her reign Queen Elizabeth has carried out a full programme of engagements, from visits to charities and schools, to hosting visiting Heads of State, to leading the nation in Remembrance and celebratory events - all supported by other members of the Royal Family.

The Queen sees public and voluntary service as one of the most important elements of her work. The Queen has links - as Royal Patron or President - with over 600 charities, military associations, professional bodies and public service organisations. These vary from well-established international charities to smaller bodies working in a specialist area or on a local basis only. ■

Holy Week and Easter Services

Wednesday 13 April	10am Eucharist
Maundy Thursday 14 April	7.30pm Eucharist of the Last Supper with the Washing of Feet
Good Friday 15 April	2 pm– Holy Hour Devotional 7.30pm The Way of the Cross
Holy Saturday 16 April	9pm Easter Vigil
Easter Sunday 17 April	11am – Parish Eucharist 6pm Holy Eucharist



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