

Memories of Fr. Patrick Kenny C.Ss.R

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Fr. Patrick Kenny or Pat Kenny who died in Sunderland in 1984.

He was sent to Rome after ordination in the '30s to study theology, and he returned from Rome with STD – Doctor of Sacred Theology and taught “*Dogmatic Theology*” for many, many years. I think he probably has the record for the length of time of any lecturer at Hawkstone. He was there for about 38 years, getting on for 40 years. While at Hawkstone teaching was virtually always in the morning. He was free in the afternoons on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday when we would all go out for walk or recreation, he would get on his bicycle and cycle to Shrewsbury. No one ever had any idea what he did in visiting Shrewsbury three times a week but he would cycle there visit one or two briefly and then cycle back.

Later on he was asked to be chaplain, the Catholic chaplain at Shawbury RAF camp and that would involve saying Sunday morning Mass and a pastoral visit Thursday afternoon, Thursday evening which would involve visiting some of the people and having Benediction, Devotions and Benediction in the chaplaincy. This reduced his cycling to Shrewsbury to Sunday afternoon and Tuesday afternoon.

Later he helped in the community in Machynlleth and Birmingham and moved to Sunderland when he was getting old and there he had a stroke. And unfortunately he proved to be a rather poor patient, bad patient and Fr. Dickenson deserves great merit for the patience that he showed and the endurance that he showed in looking after him.

One other thing that Fr. Kenny, Pat was known for at Hawkstone was his clockwork life. I have mentioned his cycling to Shrewsbury on every free possible occasion but then every day he would come up from breakfast and he would say the Office, the Divine Office as it was then from Prime to Compline before going down to lecture. He 'd be back in his room and dead on the stroke of 12 o'clock even though he was talking to someone he would pick up his breviary and open it and anticipate the office of Matins and Lauds for the next day. It was very much part of his clockwork life. And every morning we didn't have showers in those days we just had baths, but every morning he would run a cold bath and get into that at 6 o'clock when the bell first went for rising.