



FRIENDS

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST JAMES THE APOSTLE

November 2022



Sheltered Under the Holy Cross...

Dear Friends,

Recently the St. James Society mourned the loss of one of our alumni: Fr. Patrick McIntyre RIP. Fr. Paddy died at the Foyle Hospice in Derry, Northern Ireland August 28th. His funeral Mass was celebrated August 30th at St. Eugene's Cathedral Derry, his home parish. The chief celebrant was Most Rev. Donal McKeown D.D. Bishop of Derry. Fr. Paul Farren, administrator of the cathedral was the homilist, and Fr. John Molloy,

Diocesan priests serving the poorest of the poor in Latin America since 1958.



a dear friend of Fr. Paddy, was there to represent the St. James Society. Fr. Paddy spent almost thirty years ministering with the St. James Society in Ecuador. He will be remembered as a great priest, who gave of himself tirelessly and unselfishly to the people to whom he was called to serve. He was a great host, and his door was always open to visitors at his home in Quito. Perhaps most of all, he will be remembered as a dedicated priest with an incredible sense of humor.

In May of 2021 Fr. Paddy gave an interview to the Derry diocesan magazine 'The Net' in which he recalled his priestly journey, spanning over six decades:

One of nine children born to Anne (née Doherty) and Charlie McIntyre, he spoke of having four sisters and one brother, with his mother losing three children 'because of the poverty of the people'. Though born and bred in Derry, where his father was from, Fr. Paddy's roots are firmly planted in Inishowen, Co. Donegal, with his mother having come from Buncrana and his father's parents both born on Inch Island. "I was baptized the day I was born", he noted, remarking: "The maximum you would have waited back then was three days, and you could get baptized any day of the week". Crediting his parents with being the most influential in nurturing his faith, he also spoke of the impact of priests in his parish in his youth. Describing himself as growing up in a "very ordinary family", he recalled: "My parents would have gone to Mass every Sunday without fail and we had the practice of saying the Rosary every night in the family home".

Fr. Paddy entered St. Kieran's college Kilkenny in Sept 1954, and was ordained priest there on June 5, 1960, for the diocese of Salford, UK. His first assignment was to St. Mary's in Stockport, and later to Holy Cross parish, Patricroft. Fr. Paddy was to spend twenty-four very happy years ministering in Salford diocese before volunteering to go on mission in 1984. "I volunteered to go to South America", he said, adding: I was about 47 years old at the time.

My mother had died that year, and my father had died previously, and when a priest's parents die, he is like an orphan. I also felt it was time to move on from the parish I was in. I requested and was granted permission from my bishop to go to South America. It was meant to be for five years, but I stayed for thirty years as a member of the St. James Society. Fr. Paddy recalled: I went to Bolivia for a six-month language course to learn Spanish, and at the end the director asked me where I would like to go - Ecuador, Peru or Bolivia. I said Bolivia because I knew Fr. Phil McKenna and Sr. Maureen Coyle, who were both from St. Eugene's parish like me, were already working in Bolivia and I had met them during my time there.

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However, he then told me I was being assigned to Ecuador, which is the one place I didn't want to go to because of the heat. So, I was sent from language school to Ecuador. It was very hot on the coast, where I stayed for a few weeks before being sent to the Andes, to a height of 10,000 feet above sea level, where it was cool and springlike all year round and the area was surrounded by snow clad mountains. He went on to speak of the struggle of that first year: "It was very difficult, but I had a very good Bishop. At that time, there was no heat, no water, no sewerage, no church, no house for me to live in, and the roads were desperate. That didn't matter so much to me as my mother's people had come from a rural area

where there were no toilets. It wasn't the poverty; it was the culture and the language that was tough. Our Society's motto was to seek out *the poorest of the poor*.

I rented a couple of rooms when I first arrived, which didn't have a bed or a lock on the door. I later discovered that it was a dangerous place to be staying in." He continued: "Initially, I was sent to work with another priest, who was from Scotland and his first language was Gaelic. After three years, I moved across to the other side of the mountain to La Santa Cruz...another Holy Cross Parish. You could say that all my priestly life I sheltered under the Holy Cross. "I had a CB radio to communicate with," said Fr Paddy, "and had arranged to contact my Scottish priest friend at 8 am every morning and again at 8 pm in the evening, but he was never there when I called, morning or night!! I was the only priest in La Santa Cruz, which served around 30,000 people, and I had to begin the whole process of beginning a new parish. "Before I arrived, a priest would have come every few months to visit or say a Mass there. I started a building plan from the day I arrived there, and, within the first two years, I had a house and a church, and eventually built about six other smaller chapels in other parts of the mountain". Learning very quickly that financial help was necessary, he said:



"You just began your begging to get money for the building of the house, chapel, school, college, nursery etc. The people in the parish could see what I was doing and were open to helping, but they had no money. They were living in very difficult situations. I got in contact with engineers in the capital city, Quito, to help with the development, and there was a Jesuit priest from Spain who was a wonderful help to me." For the first two years," he continued, "we said Mass outside, with the mid-day sun beaming down on us..



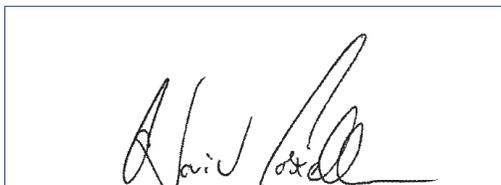
It was a very colorful existence. We lived at 10,000 feet and rising, higher and higher into the Andes, and two or three times a year I went up the mountain; it was quite a climb! Thousands of people came in from everywhere and were squatting on the land of the rich. When I built a parish church, it became the center and so the people came there. There were weddings every week and I had baptisms every Saturday of the year. On Holy Saturday, there could have been 40-50 baptisms, but on average there were about six baptisms every week. The mortality rate was very high. I will never forget one particular occasion, I wasn't there too long when one night, while celebrating Mass, a family arrived out of nowhere with a cardboard box and inside was a new-born baby that had died. Mortality rate among children was high.



He continued: "We were really building practically from nothing. There was a skeleton presence of a religion. The people had been baptized and knew that they were Catholics, but that was about it. "Their children went to school, but extremely few were going to university. However, it was a growing experience. Everything was changing from day-today; the water came, then the electricity, and then the roads began to improve".

Aged 77, Fr Paddy retired in October 2013 and returned home to live in Derry, Northern Ireland. Speaking at his funeral Mass in Derry, Fr. Paul Farren recalled how Fr. Paddy choose the readings for his funeral Mass and in particular he requested the reading from the prophet Isaiah(61:1): *He has sent me to bring Good News to the poor*. Fr. Paul spoke of Fr. Paddy being sent out to preach the Good News first in Salford, then Ecuador, finally returning home to Derry in retirement to continue sharing the Good News of Jesus Christ. We thank God for the gift of Fr. Patrick McIntyre, may his gentle soul rest in peace.

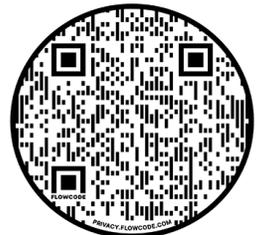
*With Every Good Wish in Christ,
Rev. David Costello, Superior General*



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