

Man found at Baby Maria site was stabbed to death

A HOMELESS man found in the laneway where a newborn baby was abandoned died of multiple stab wounds, an inquest has heard.

Andrew Guerrine, 37, of no fixed address, was a father of one and a known drug addict.

His body was found at Steeles-town Lane near Rathcoole in Dublin on May 23 last, the same stretch of quiet country road where Baby Maria was found two weeks earlier.

Mr Guerrine suffered multiple stab wounds, according to a post-mortem carried out by assistant State pathologist Dr Margaret Bolster.

Inspector Colm O'Malley applied for an adjournment of the inquest proceedings as a criminal investigation into the death is ongoing.

By Louise Roseingrave

Inspector O'Malley said at the inquest yesterday that Mr Guerrine was homeless at the time of his death.

Mr Guerrine's mother lived on New Street in Dublin 8.

Edel Guerrine, a sister of the deceased, said she received a call at 2pm on May 23 telling her that one of her brothers was dead.

Their mother Delores was at the shops but returned promptly, Ms Guerrine said in her deposition.

They were driven to Blanchardstown Hospital where Edel identified her brother's body.

Mr Guerrine's body had been found in a gateway on the country laneway, off junction five on the N7 motorway, in the early hours of May 23. Gardaí received

a call about the body at 2.50am and at first it was believed that the man may have been the victim of a hit-and-run.

However, preliminary examination of the body showed he had suffered multiple stab wounds.

More than a hundred mourners gathered to play their respects at Mr Guerrine's funeral following his violent death.

He was laid to rest at the Church of Our Lady in Mount Carmel in Dublin two weeks after his body was found at Steelestown Lane.

Mr Guerrine was understood to be a known criminal associate with one of Ireland's most dangerous crime gangs.

Extending his condolences to the family, Coroner Dr Brian Farrell adjourned the inquest until December 18, 2015.

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

How the song from Babe has lit up my life

GOLDEN moments don't happen often, but when they do our lives are redeemed. In the midst of all our problems, in the course of the daily flow, they remind you that human life is something sacred. The lining of our world is pierced by a ray of light and you connect with something deep and lasting.

Recently, I experienced a moment like that. My boys and I were watching that sweet movie about a talking pig named Babe.

We have seen it a hundred times, but each time is like the first.

Set in a quaint pastoral landscape, the pig touches the lives of all around him, including his owner Farmer Hoggett. However, it is the music which runs through the film that makes it so moving. Drawn from Camille Saint-Saëns's Symphony No.3, the tune was set to words by songwriter Jonathan Hodge and released as a single in 1978 by pop duo Scott Fitzgerald and Yvonne Keeley.

If I Had Words shot up the charts and sold over a million copies. It entered the public imagination again with the release of Babe in 1995. It is an inspiring anthem that could revive any drooping spirit.

As we sat watching the movie, I glanced at our middle son.

If I Had Words was softly playing in the background. He was smiling, tears in his eyes and a look of serene satisfaction written all over his tender little face.

It was as if time had paused and we were suspended in an everlasting instant. This little boy, who will celebrate his seventh birthday on Saturday, was experiencing the full power of a golden moment.

The film had spoken to him, Babe had touched his heart and the music had raised him high.

Something of the redeeming spirit of life had enraptured a child's soul. He had seen beyond the surface of things to their sacred silhouette.

As a father, it was a moment of grace, one when I realised that my son had seen the best of life.

The film ended as it always does with a chorus of mice singing If I Had Words. I put the boys to bed and went away happy that I had been blessed with such a golden moment.

The thing about such moments is that they have a lasting effect.

Early the following day, from the depths of a sleeping house, I heard a pure voice sing these words: 'If I had words to make a day for you, I'd give you a morning golden and true.' Again, through the fabric of time a beam of sunshine lit up my life.

Not only had he made my day, he had indeed given me a morning so

golden and true. He sang it repeatedly but it never seemed to grow old. Inside, I sang the rest of that verse: 'I would make this day last for all time, and give you a night deep in moon shine.'

It was true because, in listening to that little voice, I wanted the day to last forever.

As the hours passed, I would occasionally hear him hum the tune, sing it opera style or simply with the joyful innocence of a darling child.

Babe had given him a golden moment and now he was sharing that joy with everyone who would care to listen: 'If I had words to make a garden green, for you I'd grow flowers graceful and free. There would be trees to shade you always, and blue skies above shining brighter days.'

For three days he sang that song and for three days he glowed from within. The highlight, however, was when we went for a walk one afternoon. As we made for home, he suddenly burst into song and I found myself singing with him.

WE held hands and, impervious to the fact that the whole world was listening, we sang out loud: 'If

I had words to make a moonlit night, the night sky I'd fill with stars so bright. I'd hold your hand and make a wish or two, that all of your dreams will someday come true.' It was only when I noticed people smiling in our direction that I thought we'd better lower the volume.

From one small golden moment unforgettable memories flowed. And it is to those memories that I shall turn when skies are grey and I seem to be on the wrong side of life.

Thinking of that walk, and of the simple yet glorious melody that filled my little boy's soul, I will always feel grateful. Golden moments are few and far between.

Yet when they come, they prove beyond doubt that we can always rise higher than our trials.

In filling our lives with a sacred light, they show us that in beauty and simplicity we can discover something that never dies.

'If I had words to make a day for you, I'd give you a morning golden and true. I would make this day last for all time, and give you a night deep in moon shine.'

My son made my week in singing that, and in my fondest memories it will last eternally.

If I had words to thank that little boy, I'd write a piece about his love and joy.

Now that you have read it to the end, a golden moment to you I send.

■ *Mark Dooley's new book, Moral Matters: A Philosophy of Homecoming, is published tomorrow by Bloomsbury.*

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WOW!

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