

Grim search for rapist's body part after torso find

THE search for parts of a murdered rapist's body was being carried out yesterday after his torso was discovered on Monday.

James Nolan's murder first came to light when his arm was washed up on Dollymount Strand in 2011.

His torso was found during the search at an embankment in Tolka Valley Park in Finglas, and while gardai cannot unequivocally say it is Nolan's, they are confident it is because of a detailed note left by his killer stating where his remains were buried.

His killer, who was well known to him, then committed suicide. Superintendent William

By **Ali Bracken**
Crime Correspondent

Carolán said yesterday that they are focusing the search on particular 'areas of interest' based on information provided but they cannot comment any further because the 'investigation is live'.

He said Nolan's family have been notified of the discovery.

The torso was 'mostly intact' and was found about one foot deep in the ground. Around half of the site has so far been searched and specialist cadaver dogs have been brought in from England for the search.

Gardai have been searching the Finglas park since the

beginning of this month. The rapist's killer left a 21-page suicide letter which he sent to family members of Nolan.

In it, his killer says that he strangled him at Glasnevin Cemetery, and his body was then brought to a house in north Dublin where he dismembered it. The killer said he disposed of most of Nolan's body parts in Co. Monaghan and at Tolka Valley Park.

It is believed that Nolan's severed arm, which was found washed up at Dollymount Strand, had been originally thrown into the Tolka River.

His inquest heard it was found by a man walking his dog on February 8, 2011.

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

Easter shows us sacrifice is intrinsic to life

SACRIFICE: what can we know of it, in an egotistical age? What can we ever know of that noble act when one person abandons himself for others? When the self reigns supreme, the very idea of sacrifice seems absurd.

And yet, what is Easter if not a tribute to sacrifice, a tribute to the heroism of laying down one's life so that others may live more abundantly?

That, however, seems to have been forgotten in an ocean of chocolate eggs and bouncing bunnies. New life, yes, but let's bypass the sacrifice bit.

When you cut through the layers of history and go straight to the core, what you find is a beautiful story of sacrifice. Of course, there is nothing beautiful about Golgotha or the torment of the Cross. The beauty resides in the fact that, at the very centre of our civilisation, is a story of how one individual lay down His life for others.

Our civilisation came to life on a hill outside Jerusalem one Friday afternoon. And on that hill, a young man showed the world what true morality consists of.

It means dying to yourself so that you can serve family and friends, neighbours and strangers.

Our biggest battles in life are with ourselves: self-pity, self-obsession, self-indulgence. Paradoxically, it is only in sacrifice that we find a lasting cure. We die to self and rise to life.

Hard to fathom in our era of the 'selfie'. Hard to understand why the egg is a symbol of Easter when we see the world through a self-reflecting lens. Forget Friday, let's go straight to Sunday.

But to forget Friday is to forget love. Love breaks the spell of selfishness by living for another. You fall in love and, without that person, life is meaningless.

You say: 'I would give my life for my children.' Through your love, you already have. For what is giving new life except a supreme act of sacrifice?

You see someone in distress and you respond with compassion. In love, you give your time, your help, your care. Nothing to be gained except the joy of a stranger.

You have things to do, but she needs to talk. You listen even though time is of the essence. She doesn't want you to solve her

problems.

All she wants is your attention, and, in giving that, you have given everything. Love is sacrifice because it always sees things through the eyes of others. That means asking: what can I do to help them? It means redirecting the spotlight from oneself to those in need.

To forget Friday is to forget love, forgiveness and compassion. In the midst of horror, there was forgiveness for those who mocked and scorned.

There was compassion for the condemned who repented and sought the peace of paradise.

BETRAYAL, denial, a show trial, mock justice and execution - it's all there in the drama of that first Friday. The governor struggling with his weak conscience, the baying mob, the prisoner who refuses to defend Himself, the traitor dangling from a tree. Even as a thriller, it is compelling.

But deeper than all of this is the meaning of what initially appears as a terrible tragedy.

This meaning, which we need now more than ever, is that we can only find true happiness when we stop self-seeking. Ironically, the key to a life of joy is simply to let go.

Let go of what? The ego, the self - call it what you will. It is anything that prevents us from reaching out to heal another's pain.

Sacrifice: a word synonymous with slaughter and surrender. However, isn't it true that every time we do something out of love, we cast that word in a very different light?

Isn't it true that each time we open our arms to embrace, hold or hug, we sacrifice in a way that leads to new life?

In such tenderness, children are conceived, enemies are reconciled and all hurt is healed. In such sweet tenderness, individuals abandon everything so as to journey with each other forever. We give away, we abandon, we sacrifice and, yes, we live.

The egg is a symbol of new life born of love and surrender.

As it slowly hatches, we see why sacrifice is so beautiful, why it is the key to all that is truly wonderful.

We see why it is, that in losing our lives, we gain the whole world.

We see why they call it 'Good' Friday.

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