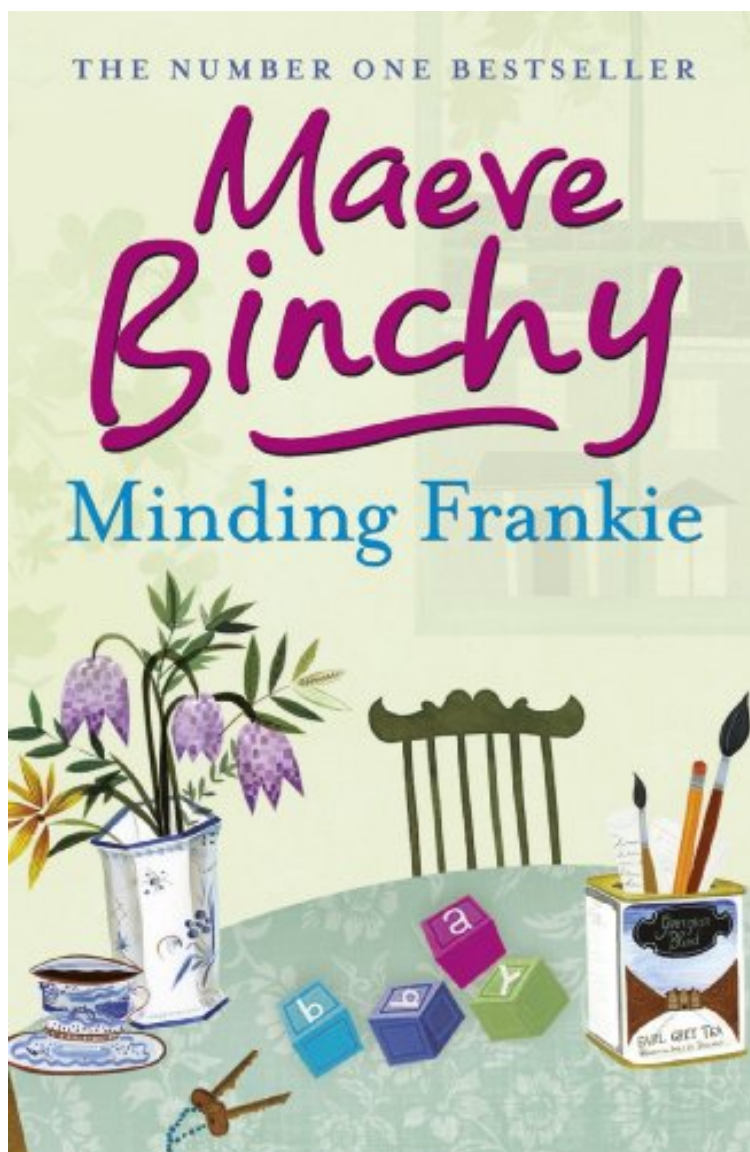


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# Minding Frankie (English Edition)



*Par Maeve Binchy*  
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**Par Maeve Binchy : Minding Frankie (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Minding Frankie (English Edition):

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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurA superb novel from No. 1 bestselling author Maeve Binchy: 'She is the Queen of Fiction...Once you read Maeve you are hooked for life' Irish TimesBaby Frankie is born into an unusual family. Her mother is desperate to find someone to take care of her child and she doesn't have much time.Noel doesn't seem to be the most promising of fathers but despite everything, he could well be Frankie's best hope. As for Lisa, she is prepared to give up everything for the man she loves; surely he's going to love her back?And Moira is having none of it. She knows what's right, and has the power to change the course of Frankie's life...but Moira is hiding secrets of her own.MINDING FRANKIE is a story about unconventional families, relationships which aren't quite what they seem, and the child at the heart of everyone's

lives...ExtraitBinchy: MINDING FRANKIEChapter OneKatie Finglas was coming to the end of a tiring day in the salon. Anything bad that could happen had happened. A woman had not told them about an allergy and had come out with lumps and a rash on her forehead. A brides mother had thrown a tantrum and said that she looked like a laughingstock. A man who had wanted streaks of blond in his hair became apoplectic when, halfway through the process, he had inquired what they would cost. Katies husband, Garry, had placed both his hands innocently on the shoulders of a sixty-year-old female client, who had then told him that she was going to sue him for sexual harassment and assault.Katie looked now at the man standing opposite her, a big priest with sandy hair mixed with gray.Youre Katie Finglas and I gather you run this establishment, the priest said, looking around the innocent salon nervously as if it were a high-class brothel.Thats right, Father, Katie said with a sigh. What could be happening now?Its just that I was talking to some of the girls who work here, down at the center on the quays, you know, and they were telling me . . .Katie felt very tired. She employed a couple of high school dropouts: she paid them properly, trained them. What could they have been complaining about to a priest?Yes, Father, what exactly is the problem? she asked.Well, it is a bit of a problem. I thought I should come to you directly, as it were. He seemed a little awkward.Very right, Father, Katie said. So tell me what it is.Its this woman, Stella Dixon. Shes in hospital, you see . . .Hospital? Katies head reeled. What could this involve? Someone who had inhaled the peroxide?Im sorry to hear that. She tried for a level voice.Yes, but she wants a hairdo.You mean she trusts us again? Sometimes life was extraordinary.No, I dont think she was ever here before. . . . He looked bewildered.And your interest in all this, Father?I am Brian Flynn and I am acting chaplain at St. Brigids Hospital at the moment, while the real chaplain is in Rome on a pilgrimage. Apart from being asked to bring in cigarettes and drink for the patients, this is the only serious request Ive had.You want me to go and do someones hair in hospital?Shes seriously ill. Shes dying. I thought she needed a senior person to talk to. Not, of course, that you look very senior. Youre only a girl yourself, the priest said.God, werent you a sad loss to the women of Ireland when you went for the priesthood, Katie said. Give me her details and Ill bring my magic bag of tricks in to see her.Thank you so much. I have it all written out here. Father Flynn handed her a note.A middle-aged woman approached the desk. She had glasses on the tip of her nose and an anxious expression.I gather you teach people the tricks of hairdressing, she said.Yes, or more the art of hairdressing, as we like to call it, Katie said.I have a cousin coming home from America for a few weeks. She mentioned that in America there are places where you could get your hair done for near to nothing cost if you were letting people practice on you.Well, we do have a students night on Tuesdays; people bring in their own towels and we give them a style. They usually contribute five euros to a charity.Tonight is Tuesday! the woman cried triumphantly.So it is, Katie said through gritted teeth.So, could I book myself in? Im Josie Lynch.Great, Mrs. Lynchsee you after seven oclock, Katie said, writing down the name. Her eyes met the priests. There was sympathy and understanding there.It wasnt all champagne and glitter running your own hairdressing salon.Josie and Charles Lynch had lived in 23 St. Jarlaths Crescent since they were married thirty-two years ago. They had seen many changes in the area. The corner shop had become a mini-supermarket; the old laundry, where sheets had been ironed and folded, was now a Laundromat, where people left big bags bulky with mixed clothes and asked for a service wash. There was now a proper medical practice with four doctors where once there had been just old Dr. Gillespie, who had brought everyone into the world and seen them out of it.During the height of the economic boom, houses in St. Jarlaths Crescent had changed hands for amazing sums of money. Small houses with gardens near the city center had been much in demand. Not anymore, of coursethe recession had been a great equalizer, but it was still a much more substantial area than it had been three decades ago.After all, just look at Molly and Paddy Carroll, with their son Declana doctora real, qualified doctor! And just look at Muttie and Lizzie Scarlets daughter Cathy. She ran a catering company that was hired for top events.But a lot of things had changed for the worse. There was no community spirit anymore. No church processions went up and down the Crescent on the feast of Corpus Christi, as they used to three decades ago. Josie and Charles Lynch felt that they were alone in the world, and certainly in St. Jarlaths Crescent, in that they knelt down at night and said the Rosary.That had always been the way.When they married they planned a life based on the maxim that the family that prays together stays together. They had assumed they would have eight or nine children, because God never put a mouth into this world that He didnt feed. But that wasnt to happen. After Noel, Josie had been told there would be no more children. It was hard to accept. They both came from big families; their brothers and sisters had produced big families. But then, perhaps, it was all meant to be this way.They had always hoped Noel would be a priest. The fund to educate him for the priesthood was started before he was three. Money

was put aside from Josies wages at the biscuit factory. Every week a little more was added to the post office savings account, and when Charles got his envelope on a Friday from the hotel where he was a porter, a sum was also put into the post office. Noel would get the best of priestly educations when the time came. So it was with great surprise and a lot of disappointment that Josie and Charles learned that their quiet son had no interest whatsoever in a religious life. The Brothers said that he showed no sign of a vocation, and when the matter had been presented to Noel as a possibility when he was fourteen, he had said if it was the last job on earth he wouldnt go for it. That had been very definite indeed. Not so definite, however, was what he actually would like to do. Noel was vague about this, except to say he might like to run an office. Not work in an office, but run one. He showed no interest in studying office management or bookkeeping or accounting or in any areas where the careers department tried to direct him. He liked art, he said, but he didnt want to paint. If pushed, he would say that he liked looking at paintings and thinking about them. He was good at drawing; he always had a notebook and a pencil with him and he was often to be found curled up in a corner sketching a face or an animal. This did not, of course, lead to any career path, but Noel had never expected it to. He did his homework at the kitchen table, sighing now and then, but rarely ever excited or enthusiastic. At the parent-teacher meetings Josie and Charles had inquired about this. They wondered, Did anything at school fire him up? Anything at all? The teachers were at a loss. Most boys were unfathomable around fourteen or fifteen but they had usually settled down to do something. Or often to do nothing. Noel Lynch, they said, had just become even more quiet and withdrawn than he already was. Josie and Charles wondered, Could this be right? Noel was quiet, certainly, and it had been a great relief to them that he hadnt filled the house up with loud young lads thumping one another. But they had thought this was part of his spiritual life, a preparation for a future as a priest. Now it appeared that this was certainly not the case. Perhaps, Josie suggested, it was only the Brothers brand of religious life that Noel objected to. In fact, he might have a different kind of vocation and want to become a Jesuit or a missionary? Apparently not. And when he was fifteen he said that he didnt really want to join in the family Rosary anymore; it was only a ritual of meaningless prayers chanted in repetition. He didnt mind doing good for people, trying to make less fortunate people have a better life, but surely no God could want this fifteen minutes of drone drone. By the time he was sixteen they realized that he didnt go to Sunday Mass anymore. Someone had seen him up by the canal when he was meant to have been to the early Mass up in the church on the corner. He told them that there was no point in his staying on at school, as there was nothing more he needed to learn from them. They were hiring office staff up at Halls and they would train him in office routine. He might as well go to work straightaway rather than hang about. The Brothers and the teachers at his school said it was always a pity to see a boy study and leave without a qualification, but still, they said, shrugging, it was very hard trying to interest the l...

Revue de presse One of Binchys best works. She harmoniously handles a diverse group of characters, the good deeds that characterize life in Ireland are believable, and the ending is sweet. One hopes to find Frankie in one of Binchys future novels. Susan Rogers, Newark Star-Ledger Binchys world view is a large, benevolent one, and the reader is happier for it . . . bless her big Irish heart. Laurie Hertz, Minneapolis Star-Tribune Maeve Binchy has done it again [with] yet another warm tale of individual growth and human community, [in which] she assembles a large cast of characters and deploys them with her characteristic playfulness . . . Binchy specializes in exploring human foibles without spelling them out in tiresome detail . . . Theres a good chance that many readers, like this one, will consider Minding Frankie one of Binchys best novels yet. Maude McDaniel, BookPage Joyful, quintessential Binchy. Karen Holt, O, The Oprah Magazine All across America, Maeve Binchy fans will be kicking off their shoes, making a nice cup of tea, and curling up on the couch as they re-enter Binchys cozy world. The Irish author returns here to a charming Dublin milieu of favorite characters from past novels, with some important new ones. Melinda Bargreen, The Seattle Times Binchy is a national treasure in her homeland of Ireland, and her latest novel is a perfect illustration of why. Your heart will have no trouble recognizing the landscape [of this] touching saga. Publishers Weekly Reading a Maeve Binchy novel is like settling in for a cozy visit with an old friend. In vintage Binchy style, a cast of colorfully eccentric characters living in a snug Dublin neighborhood seamlessly weave in and out of each others lives, united by family, faith, friendship and community.... Readers will need a box of tissues handy as the good-hearted residents of St. Jarlaths Crescent prove that it does indeed take a village to raise a child. Margaret Flanagan, Booklist