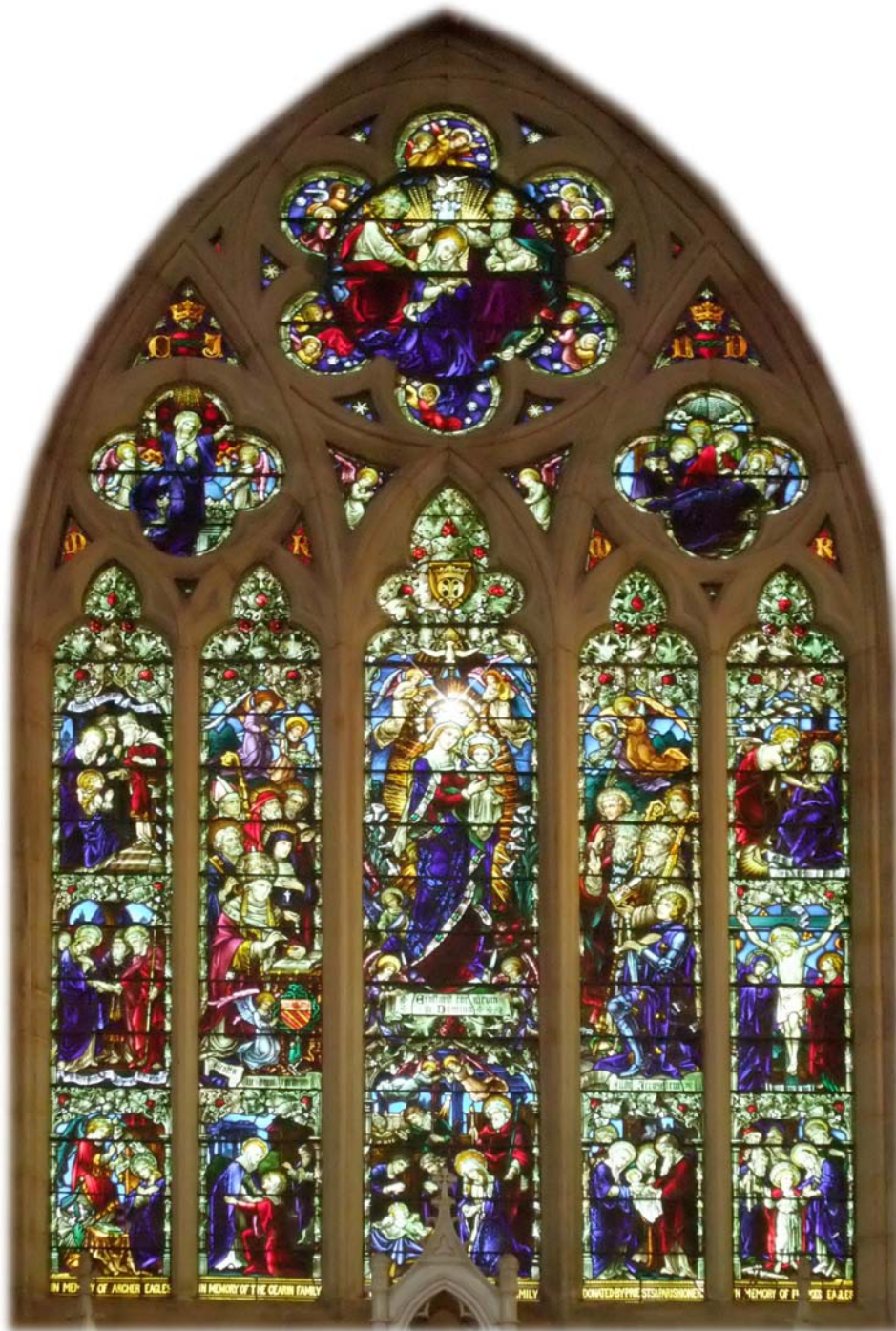


Parish Magazine

NUMBER 21

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ST MARGARET MARY'S RANDWICK NORTH

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART RANDWICK

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Reflection

DIANE GORDON

The image of Mary has largely been shaped by the imaginations of many generations of Christians, and that image has adapted itself to the religious needs of the faithful in various times and places.

The church has constantly turned to Mary to meet the ever-changing aspects of Christian discipleship. Because times and cultures vary, the challenge of Christian discipleship and the demands of the radical living of the gospel also vary and can never be rigidly prescribed. Mary has been its model in re-embodying in particular times, places, and cultures the love and justice of God. Every age therefore has unconsciously formed its image of Mary according to its own ideal of discipleship.

Throughout history theologians have reflected upon and addressed questions of doctrine in the evolution and development of theological thought about Mary. The Council of Ephesus in the year 431 declared Mary to be the Mother of God; two hundred and fifty years later, in 681 her perpetual virginity was declared at the Council of Constantinople; in 1854, the church defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and in 1950 the dogma of the Assumption was promulgated. However, it was in prayer and devotion rather than in doctrinal discussion that the ordinary faithful continued to show an intense reverence towards the Mother of God.

The first-century Jewish woman named Miriam of Nazareth, mother of Jesus, is the most celebrated female religious figure in the Christian tradition.

In Luke's gospel we hear the voice of a courageous girl who agrees to an open-ended commitment, though she has no idea where it will lead. In the short run, it means complications with her betrothed. But first there is the joyous trek to her cousin Elizabeth's where the two women affirm each other and proclaim the Good News for the first time in the gospels.

Have we allowed the strong, clear lines of Mary's Magnificat to reach us? The news of an all powerful God who mites the arrogant and lifts up the poor and hungry? I am blessed by God, she cries out, because God wants to be with the lowly, and I and my son are among the lowly. Dietrich Bonhoeffer called this the most passionate, most revolutionary Advent hymn ever sung.

True devotion to the mother of Jesus calls for attention to the witness of her life in the gospels, the message of her Magnificat, and to the many images and appearances that signify her continuing importance to ordinary people around the world. For she has always been our representative, the believer we are to emulate. Cardinal Newman found in Mary the necessary attitude to faith. He called her the 'great exemplar of prayer.'

As the historical person in whom the sacred and natural have uniquely joined, Mary is our hope for peace on earth and among all humans. ❖

COVER PHOTO: THE GREAT EASTERN WINDOW. OLSH CHURCH

Designed by Alexander Gascoyne, an English glassmaker, the Great Eastern Window is a striking feature of the church. Its centre panel is of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart with the baby Jesus, beneath the depiction of her Coronation in Heaven. Surrounding this main panel are features of significance to the story of faith and spirituality – including the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary and other features of Mary's life. The window was blessed by Archbishop Kelly on 7th June 1928. It was boarded up during World War II and not, according to an on-going myth, removed to Douglas Park.

*Editors welcome feedback on the magazine and its contents.
Email to: olshmagazine@gmail.com or leave in an envelope
marked 'magazine' in the Parish Office.*

The Making of Altar Breads

POOR CLARES

We, the Poor Clares of Bethlehem Monastery, Campbelltown, are the human hands which have been making the altar breads for Randwick Parish for over 50 years. We have been invited to tell you a little about their manufacture.

The only ingredients in the breads are (wheat) flour and water, the flour being a blend of two 'plain' flours - one 'hard' and one 'soft'. After years of experimenting we have found that this blend is best suited to the machinery we use. Many years ago, a professional baker advised that the ideal temperature of the 'paste' for baking should be 16.5C, so we use a dairy thermometer to help achieve that part of the process.

Once the paste is mixed, it is strained to remove any lumps and is then ready for baking. We have three machines, with plates measuring 14" x 20" which use electricity and compressed air in their operation.

Three of our Sisters share the work of baking, each operating two machines simultaneously for about an hour and a quarter. We pour a cupful of the paste onto the lower plate, 'close' the machine, and with the added feature of an automatic timer, after 70 seconds the machine 'opens' and the sheet is taken out and placed in a container for the next step of the process. Each day's baking yields approximately 200 - 250 sheets.



At the completion of the baking, the sheets are placed in a humidifier which is about the size of a commercial refrigerator. At the bottom of the cabinet is a pan of water with an immersion heater to slowly heat the water, while a fan at the top circulates the steam through the cabinet to soften the sheets ready for cutting. When the breads are baked they are very brittle, so the softening is an important but slow process, taking two days to complete.

The next stage is the cutting. This is done with hand machines for the hosts that are used by the priest at Mass. These come in two sizes: large and extra large.

The 'small' which are used for Communion are cut on a 'multiple cutter' which is electric and operated by a pedal action, yielding 60 in one cut and three cuts needed for a whole bread. Each day we cut about 400 large hosts, 80 extra large and 25,000 - 30,000 of the small. After cutting, the breads are sorted to remove any faulty ones, sealed in plastic bags and are then ready for packing and posting. Each fortnight we post approx. 80 boxes of breads. Our smallest order is for 180 small for a country parish - and one of our largest is for 12,000 small, 30 large and 90 extra large. The majority are to parishes, etc. within this State, a few interstate and one to a PNG Mission.

We consider we are very privileged to be able to prepare this bread which, when consecrated at Mass, brings eternal life to so many people. It really is an ideal work for our contemplative community.

On 31st May, 1951, at the invitation of the Provincial of the Franciscan Friars, five Sisters arrived in Waverley from Galway to begin our Poor Clare life in Australia. The Poor Clare Sisters in Carrington Road welcomed our new arrivals into their home, until the Friars had completed the preparation of 280 Bronte Road, to which the new arrivals moved on 17th July, tremendously appreciative of the Sisters' love and kindness for those weeks, love and kindness

that our community has enjoyed ever since! Once they had settled, they were asked to take on the making of altar breads for nearby parishes, Having done that work in Galway, it was a ready choice they made to earn their living, and so it has continued over the years.

How very thankful we are to those first Sisters and all they have meant to us over the years, including their choice of work! As Australians soon joined them, it became necessary to build a larger and more permanent monastery, to accommodate the growing community. In 1968 our community moved to Campbelltown where the present monastery is situated. ❖

*Blessed are you, Lord, God of all creation.
Through your goodness we have this bread to offer,
which earth has given and human hands have made.
It will become for us the bread of life.*

Spirituality and Music

RUTH PATON

What a wonderful gift is music. It is, surely, the universal language. I cannot play an instrument and I don't have a voice for singing. However, I do have an appreciation of music. My musical journey has travelled through a number of genres before arriving at where it is today, definitely liturgical and classical. Although today's liturgical music has much in common with pop music its use of scriptural themes touches us and stays with us. It seems that this is something that I share with many parishioners, judging from the number of people who have expressed their appreciation of the recorded music played at the midday Mass on week days.

It has been brought to my attention that some parishioners may like to know the sources from which the music is drawn, in order to consider buying or borrowing the CD's. Mostly the hymns are taken from a set of nine CD's that are a companion to the One Voice hymn books, found on the pews throughout the church. Unfortunately, these CD's cannot be purchased singly or borrowed from the church. It has been suggested that when the library is up and running someone may donate a set, available from the Pauline Bookshop, Castlereagh St, which could be borrowed. Most of the classical CD's are available from ABC shops. Sometimes religious music is broadcast, especially choral music.

Coming back to the recorded music at mid-day Mass: it is helpful to read and reflect on the Scripture readings the evening before the day. Where possible the hymns and music are chosen in keeping with the theme of the liturgy. The Mass is a sacred drama with the Eucharist at its centre. We expect all the parts and elements to flow in such a way that we feel caught up in it. Music has been part of the Church's worship from the beginning.

It has the power to lift us beyond the mundane touching the emotions and creating a sense of well-being or completion. In his letter to the Ephesians Paul wrote '...be filled with the Spirit as you sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs among yourselves, singing and making music to the Lord in your hearts(Eph 5:19ff)'. I feel sure that there are many parishioners who do that, using hymns and music echoed in the heart to express praise and love for the loving heart of God.

In the Gospels Jesus is recorded as praying with his disciples or alone on a number of occasions, but there is only one recorded incident where he sang and that was the night before his death (Mk 14:26). Jesus was a devout Jew who went to the Temple to celebrate the Feasts and to preach. He surely would have sung the psalms as well. No doubt that is the reason why the Official Prayer of the Church (the Breviary) is made up of psalms, canticles and readings from Scripture. The

Church encourages all of us to pray this prayer, not the four volume clerical version, but just one small volume which has the same structure.

At every Mass we pray a psalm so we are familiar with some of them. When we pray, or sing, the Prayer of the Church we are walking in the footsteps of Jesus, and Mary, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and all those who have gone before us, a great multitude, according to the Book of Revelation (Rev 14:1-5). If you want to express your praise, thanksgiving, joys or sorrows, psalms are the prayer for you. ❖

SOURCES OF THE HYMNS AND MUSIC

A Feather on the Breath of God

(Gothic Voices) Hyperion, CDA66039

Gardens in the Rain

(piano pieces) Phillips 472219-2

Gentle Sounds BMI 5578

Classical Meditations

(James Galway) RCA Victor 74321377312

He Touched Me

(Marilla Ness) Merciful Music

My Dream (Mark Vincent) Sony Music

Perfect Day ABC Classics 472044-2

Songs From the Holy Land

(Songs of Praise) BBC MCCR488

The Best of Swoon

(Classics) ABC472-610-2

The Priests Sony

Voice of an Angel

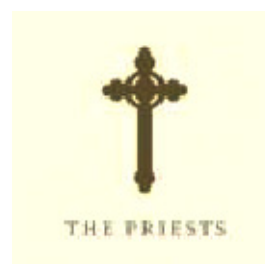
(Charlotte Church) Sony SK60957

Voices From the Valley Home

(Fron Male Voice Choir) UCJ 0302154

Heartvoice

Chevalier Institute



Three Months as a Parish Priest of Kununurra

MARTIN WILSON msc

Earlier in the year I was asked if I would like to 'do a supply' in Kununurra parish, that is, look after the parish as a temporary parish priest. The term suggested was three months, namely June, July, August. The prospect of the cool nights and sunny days of northern Australia during the southern winter months was very enticing, so I signed up.

I decided to drive. In my earlier years I worked in the Northern Territory as a priest-anthropologist during two thirds of a year and as a lecturer at the Yarra Theological Union (Melbourne) during the remaining third. I would drive up and down, and enjoyed doing so. I also realised that there would be some distance driving involved in the Kununurra post, and I doubted (rightly) that the vehicle supplied by the parish would have cruise-control, which my Mitsubishi 380 does have - and that enables me to avoid leg-cramp on long trips.

Somewhere about Cobar I began to have second thoughts about my decision to drive. I used to do the trip in the 70's and 80's, that is, when I was 30 years younger! I suddenly realised that I am now an old man of 79 years. But it was too late to go back, and I didn't really want to.



Kununurra is some 50kms the other side of the NT-WA border. It is the administrative and commercial centre of the East Kimberley. Wyndham, 100 km to the north, used to be, but its place has been taken by Kununurra in recent years because of the Ord River scheme. I asked a resident about the size of Kununurra. He told me '36,000'. However, I think he had one nought too many. More like 3,600. The official Kununurra web-site says 6,000 out of 7,000 for the whole East Kimberley district.

It is a great centre for tourism. I was there at the height of the tourist season. The roads, the caravan parks and the temporary parking places along the road offered by the government were full of 4-wheel drives and big caravans being pulled by the 'grey nomads' - older, retired people, typically grey-headed, who were escaping from the rigours of the southern winters, particularly Victoria, but also Tasmania, and the southern parts of West Australia. There were New South Wales and Queensland number-plates also. Towards the end of August when the Kununurra daily temperatures were climbing into the 38° mark (Wyndham 40°) the free roadside parking areas were empty and the roads pointing south were full of fleeing caravans.

Tourism made quite a difference to Church life, too. In June and July there was sometimes only standing room in the Kununurra church. I found I had to make extra photocopies of the parish bulletin to cope with the demand. The residents told me that once the deluging rains begin later in the year most of the church benches will be empty.

The church is dedicated to St Vincent Pallotti, the founder of the Pallotines. I don't think there are any Pallotines left in the Broome diocese now. They have all either died or retired 'down south', full of years and good works. They and the Sisters, built up a vibrant church community in the diocese, but it is hard to service it now. As is the case throughout Australia, quite a few parish centres have no resident priest. Kununurra 'lost' an Indian priest at the beginning of this year. It has had a number of short-term supply priests before me. I was there for three months only. My replacement is another Indian priest until next Easter. What after that?

I hear talk of rearranging the Mass schedules. In my term I said the 'Sunday' Mass on Saturday morning at a small Aboriginal community, Mirima, just outside of Kununurra. Mass is said in a rotunda called the 'Holy Place' - very nice on a quiet day, but the priest needs to be a juggler if there is a

strong wind blowing. That's apart from the noise of drunken brawls among the young men in nearby houses, and the blare of ghetto blasters on full volume. That evening there is a 100km drive to Wyndham to say Mass for a congregation that varies between two and twelve most days. Then the return drive to Kununurra.

The roads are good but cattle and kangaroos are a hazard. On Sunday morning, Mass is at 8.30am in St Vincent Pallotti church. On Monday one drives 200 km down the road to Warmun Aboriginal community near the Turkey Creek road-house. 'Sunday' Mass in the evening is in another rotunda, also called the 'Holy Place' - but with a much better ambiance. A Josephite Sister (Teresa Morandini), who has been there for some 30 years, actively manages the worshipping community. Next morning (Tuesday), Mass is generally at the Mirilingki Centre - once a vibrant spirituality centre but now mainly an accommodation utility. Then there is a 200 km drive back to Kununurra.

The new schedule might take in Halls Creek, some 163 km further along the way to Broome. But it would only be a placement for an old man who is in pretty good health... ❖

Towards a Healthy Life

Every Sunday at 6pm, just as the parish congregation gathers for Mass, another gathering assembles in Ventnor House, a lovely old building ideally suited to our need for sharing and reflection.

Who are we? What do we do? How can you join us? We are anonymous; we have a strong connection to the fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous, following the same principles, although we identify a different affliction. We are a group of men and women, young and old, fat and thin, who are recovering from overeating, craving and obsessing about food, and ways of eating, and the effects on our minds, spirits and bodies.

As a young girl, and in my thirties, I experienced bulimia, and an obsession with my figure and diets. At times of work or study, stress and relationship break ups, my eating would get out of hand. I could often bounce back with an exercise regime, or a strict diet. I tried many ways to control my weight and eating habits. It seemed I was sensitive to some foods. I tried vegetarianism, full meat diets, juice fasts, no dairy, gluten free, no alcohol, macrobiotic, vitamin supplements, no night-shades, purely yoga diet - to little avail.

Three years ago, after another relationship break-up I became quite



depressed and found myself uncontrollably scoffing excessive amounts of foods. While I tried to stop myself I could not. I sought help and found Overeaters Anonymous. I read the books they suggest and came to meet with other overeaters weekly. Not every one who has a block of chocolate, or a tub of ice cream while watching a DVD, and not everyone who goes back for seconds and thirds of apple pie after dinner whilst full as a goog, has this disease - the World Health Federation recognise this condition as a disease - but shame, guilt and regret, got me here and I have accepted that I have it.

I know now that I cannot change that fact, but I can do something to make my days more useful, to myself and those around me. If you know someone who seems to suffer this similar need to overeat, maybe silently, maybe quite verbally, we welcome you to bring them to our meeting. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop overeating compulsively. There are no dues or fees, we are fully self-supporting through our own contributions. ❖

Enquiries - Joanna 0400 355 308

WHY?

1985 marked the centenary of the foundation of our church with various celebrations, including the Centenary Mass on 17 November 1985. However the plaque on a wall beneath the church has this inscription 'Time capsules were deposited by Bishop John Heaps on 5th June 1987 to coincide with the foundation centenary'.

Why was there a delay and what was placed in these time capsules? Does any reader know?

Details please in an envelope marked Parish Magazine to the Parish office or ring Tony on 9398 3904.

Patron Saints of Countries

A patron saint is one who has been assigned by tradition, or chosen by election, as a special intercessor with God. The title may be applied to a church, a district, or a country and is honoured by clergy and people with a special form of religious observance. Some countries may have no patron saint or have several assigned to them. Ireland for instance has five patron saints apart from Saint Patrick. Our Lady with various titles is a patron saint of many countries including:

AUSTRALIA

Our Lady Help of Christians

BRAZIL

Our Lady of Nazareth

CANADA

Our Lady of the Cape

CHILE

Our Lady of Mount Carmel

COSTA RICA

Our Lady of the Angels

FRANCE

Our Lady of Lourdes

GUATEMALA

Our Lady of the Rosary

ITALY

Our Lady of the Snow

MEXICO

Our Lady of Guadalupe

PHILIPPINES

Our Lady of Safe Travel

SWITZERLAND

Our Lady of the Hermits

URUGUAY

Our Lady of the Thirty-Three

Remembering My Father

CHRIS McIVER

Whilst doing my regular rounds of the bookshops in the city I often would pass a display of watches and one particular watch would always catch my eye – a *Seiko gold analogue*. Not for one moment would I ever contemplate purchasing it for myself as it would be an indulgence that I could ill-afford. My momentary pleasure of admiration was indulgence enough and kept to myself.

I cannot describe the feeling when on Father's Day 2009, my 16-year-old son presented the very same watch to me without any knowledge of the appeal it had for me. My son's thoughtfulness and sacrifice of savings from a part-time job left me overwhelmed. I thought a lot about my own Dad on Father's Day and remembered that I never gave him such a gift but I did lose his *Seiko gold analogue* on a Malaysian beach in 1965!

Dad was a public health officer in the Australian Air Force and had a very fulfilling career where he first spent time in Malta during the Suez crisis returning to Australia (brought Mum back as a souvenir) to work on the nuclear testing programs at the Monte Bello Islands (WA) and Maralinga (SA). We were a military family and regularly moved around Australia and had two postings to Malaysia during the 1960's and early 70's. The constant relocation was tough on friendships but presented Dad with opportunities for adventure to broaden our experiences.

Boats were an essential part of our family. A typical Sunday in Malaysia would be a cruise along the coast to explore islands. The return trips were always dramatic as we would frequently be caught in a changing tide and seas were rough. Mum usually became hysterical starting a chain reaction of panic

amongst my siblings whilst I was fighting with the other brother over who was going to steer the boat! Dad always handled the situation with true military discipline. Amazingly we always made it back to shore and trekked to the evening Sunday Mass.

I could never work out why we had to go to Mass after such an exhausting day. At Dad's insistence and example, our early family life was dominated by Catholicism. We attended Mass as a family every Sunday with regular Saturday confessions, shared long fasts before communion, prayed the rosary on most nights, and Lent was a huge family commitment. However, in the mid-1960's Dad's attitude changed and I suspect it was due to that infamous conference in Rome.

It all started when Mass was being said in English. I was an altar boy at the time and thought it was great as I struggled with the Latin liturgy and our frustrated priest gave up teaching me. Dad complained as the loss of universality of the Latin liturgy prevented him attending Mass in the countries he frequently travelled as a military officer. There were other matters that he deeply resented that I was to only understand later in life. I was confused when Dad would drive us to Mass and wait in the car. However, he always attended midnight Mass at Christmas!

It all started when Mass was being said in English

overseas. Whilst on an exercise at an American Air Force base in Ubon, Thailand, he visited a local orphanage and discovered that it was being run by Maltese nuns (Congregation of St Joseph of the Apparition) one of whom was

related to Mum. This extraordinary coincidence motivated Dad to arrange support for the nuns and I remember him packing this huge trunk with medical supplies courtesy of the RAAF in Butterworth, Malaysia.

Whilst in Vietnam, Dad was invited to accompany the Air Force Chaplain to take medical supplies to a local convent in a so-called 'secured area'. He welcomed the opportunity thinking that this would be a pleasant drive in the country but was somewhat concerned when asked to bring along an M60 machine gun. The benefit of this accessory was realised on the return trip after delivery of the supplies!

Dad was our hero

I was very proud of Dad when he left for Vietnam. We were living in Mel-

bourne at the time during the height of the anti-Vietnam war protests and the 'Moratoriums'. I remember bragging to a friend about Dad's departure for the war. His response was to calmly remind me of the possibility of him being killed! I can honestly say that I never thought about that possibility for one moment and prayed daily for Dad's return. Things did happen in Vietnam and Dad returned changed.

Dad was our hero! He was tough and never emotional – he left that to mum and my sister. He especially would not tolerate this weakness in his sons. I remember when we received news of his father's passing. Dad was ashen with grief. I said to him how sorry I was (probably shook his hand) and went to my room and wept – not for my Grandfather (as I hardly knew him) but for Dad!

Our second trip to Malaysia brought further nautical adventures, this time in a converted Chinese junk. The boat originally had a single sail but Dad modified the rigging with

Continued on page 8

Remembering my Father - *continued from page 7*

additional sails and an in-board motor courtesy of the RAAF. We did many trips in this extraordinary boat. Again, something always went wrong on our trips and I usually got blamed for it! The last voyage was certainly memorable for our family. It was Dad's long ambition to do a trip between Penang and Langkawi Islands on the Thailand-Malaysia border. The trip took months of planning and was to be completed without Mum and whilst I was conveniently located in a boarding school in Australia. The two-day trip to Langkawi Island was unremarkable and they spent an enjoyable week exploring the island. However, on the return trip they sailed into a typhoon and lost the rudder. Things were pretty crook for a while until rescued and towed to a nearby island to shelter. The storm was so severe the boat could not be secured by anchor and the motor had to be kept running. Eventually the boat became swamped and was beached. The wind was unforgiving and they were pelted with debris and coconuts. Somehow they managed to get back to Penang to talk about how wonderful the trip was!

This was our last military posting as Dad retired from the Air Force and it coincided with we siblings going our own way. My sister took up nursing, my two brothers joined the RAAF (sycophants!) whilst I commenced my very brief sojourn with the Redemptorists. Dad was uncomfortable with my choice of a religious life but still supported it. As it turned out, I discovered very quickly that I was not suited and for a while shared Dad's disillusionment with our Catholicism.

Dad had some serious personal problems as a consequence of his military experience and later left home to travel the outback alone and was not contactable for several

years. I was relieved when mum eventually received a letter from him indicating his address. With the help of the police, I tracked him to a community outside of Glen Innes

Dad became a hippie!

where I found him living in an alternate life style community (Dad became a hippie!). He built a house from mud bricks up on a hill with a panoramic view of a valley and river. His water supply was pumped from the river to a dam he built higher up the hill. The water pressure was efficient enough to run an irrigation sprinkler system for his garden. He made his own hot water system from coiled black hosing which was mounted on the roof. Electricity supply for lighting, television and CB radio was supplied by solar panels.

This simplicity was what Dad had sought and was contented. He acquired a peace of mind attributable to a deep spirituality and oneness with the environment. He was respectful of my return to the catholic faith but remarked that his church is now 'the mountains, sea and stars'. Interestingly, he kept the tradition of saying 'grace before meals' in exactly the same way he did when we were kids. A telephone call or correspondence from Dad always ended in 'God bless you'.

Dad later remarried and moved to the Barrier Reef where he lived on the islands before settling in a coal mining town (Collinsville) inland from Bowen. This town became the staging post for further adventures including trips throughout North Queensland, around Australia and a cruise down the length of the Murray River. His last major trip ended within hours of starting when a strong wind caught his caravan and swerving the car into the geography. Dad managed to free himself

despite his two knee replacements but his wife had to be extracted by a rescue team. My wish for Dad to sit in a corner and read a good book was never realised as he very quickly planned the next adventure *albeit* a little shorter.

I received news one night that Dad was dying – something that I thought was impossible. I phoned him in hospital and was told (instructed) 'not to worry' and the usual 'God bless you'! Dad was true to his military style right to the end and with a little reverence to appease the sensitive. We made sure that he had a military funeral service with acknowledgement of his Air Force career whilst I delivered the eulogy. I wept for Dad the second time.

Dad left different legacies to us all. My brothers emulated his grit and were inspired by his insatiable appetite for adventure (one recently walked the Kokoda track). To me it was his simple faith, convictions and strength against adversity. I share Dad's simplicity of faith and pray often when I see something beautiful just as I'm sure he did to his altar of 'mountains, sea and stars'.

Dad left different legacies

Later I took my son to Malaysia to show him where we lived, went to Mass, trained for

swimming competitions, went to school and where we moored the Chinese junk! We also took a ferry to Langkawi Island and saw the small island where the family took refuge during the typhoon. I reminisced about the chain reaction of panic as we sailed and how we ended our Sunday outings at Mass.

Before returning to Australia I visited the stretch of beach where I lost Dad's *Seiko gold analogue* and told him that I will be seeing him later. ❖

My Story

JULIE RIANTO

I have been living in Randwick and attending OLSH Church since 1982. My husband Steve arrived in Sydney from Malang, Indonesia, in March 1979. He was enrolled in a doctoral degree in Bioprocess Engineering at UNSW while I was completing my undergraduate degree in Medicine in Surabaya, Indonesia. Soon after we married he brought me to Sydney in July 1982 as his new bride while he continued with his study, completing his PhD in 1984. As students, we wanted to live in Randwick near UNSW for convenience, and it was a blessing that Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church is in walking distance.

We went to Mass at 7am everyday and coming from a country like Indonesia where daily Masses are only held in major cities at 6am, having the opportunity to attend Mass at three different times in a day (at the time: 7am, noon and 5.40pm), we felt so fortunate. I could not have asked for more. With such generous priests and the abundance of catholic churches everywhere you go, it's truly heaven on earth for us Catholics.

While nestling in, in the heart of Randwick, OLSH church made me feel so at home. As a newcomer, the parishioners were so warm and welcoming. I met some parishioners at a Christmas party that first year and got to know many more parishioners over the next few years. They are mostly wonderful elderly people who go to Mass daily.

Why do I love going to daily Mass? Being a convert at the age of ten, thanks be to God for the missionary sisters and religious society in Indonesia, I believe that to be with Jesus, our God in his real presence in the tabernacle is truly an extraordinary personal encounter. That doctrinal teaching is so profound and has helped me to deepen my faith, and my vocation. I was also taught to ask the protection from Our Lady, our mother in heaven. None other than Randwick has such a beautiful shrine to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. There she is watching over us all.

As a young woman, I was lucky to have the opportunity to continue my education in Sydney. I began studying for my doctoral degree at the UNSW in 1984 and at the same time I started my family with the birth of our first son, Daniel in 1985. I completed my doctoral degree at Sydney University in 1989. By then Laura in 1987 and David in 1989 had been born. I continued working as a Research Fellow at Sydney University for a few more years until the birth of our fourth child, Joseph, in 1997.

During the years 1995 - 1998 I was studying for my registration as an overseas doctor to practice in Australia. I had to wait for a few years before I completed the examination due to my family commitments and work etc. There was a time when I wanted to simply give up



studying. It was hard enough trying to work and raise four children in a new country without support from relatives, let alone to study for the medical examination.

I remember asking everyone to pray for me to pass my exams, but God had a better plan, he wanted me to follow his plan not mine. Those years were the times that I learned to live out what God wanted of me; to be a wife and mother for my young children, to be an ordinary person. But he also trained me to be a better person too, to grow in faith, love, patience, fortitude, perseverance, and many other virtues that I felt might need improving.

Going to Mass daily has an important role in my life. The Gospel readings and reflection from the priest during Mass are like a personal message for me. Meeting with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and talking to Him about all my problems, difficulties, joy, praying for the sick and the dying has given me the courage and strength to live my vocation - being a wife, mother, and a working professional in an ordinary everyday life.

My encounter with the elderly parishioners early on, led me to a new work. I never knew that I would be working with senior citizens until ten years ago when I worked at POW Hospital and met some of the sick parishioners at the hospital. I felt I could do more by giving my personal service to them through my profession. The experience in helping them, talking to them in their hospital beds gave me a tremendous joy to work among the seniors knowing that they had welcomed me when I was alone. I continue my service to the seniors, working in rehabilitation-geriatric medicine. It is always a joy to meet them and help them to see the light at the end of the tunnel after a long sickness or operation. ❖

Some Brigidine Milestones

Sr MARGARET DANIELS csb

During its 108 year history Brigidine College Randwick has undergone a major transformation from a small Private Day and Boarding Secondary School for Girls together with a Coeducational Infants and Girls Primary School administered and fully staffed by the Brigidine Sisters to a medium sized Regional Secondary Day College for Girls administered by the Sydney Catholic Education Office and virtually fully staffed by dedicated lay women and men. This transformation together with changing curriculum requirements over the years has led to new buildings being erected and original ones being rebuilt and/or refurbished. Consequently the scenario now is radically different from what it was when the Brigidine Sisters arrived at the 'Daintry' Estate in 1902.

In the midst of ongoing change, however, there have been some treasured constants which characterise Brigidine: Firstly, the vibrant school spirit and living of the school motto – *Strength and Gentleness*; secondly, the high quality of the religious and spiritual formation of the students which has led to a number of them dedicating their lives to God either as a Brigidine Sister or otherwise; and thirdly, the excellent quality of teaching in all areas of the curriculum. Music teaching and the College's Orchestra and Choirs, have been a specialty and widely held in high esteem.

The history of the College, then, some of the milestones of which are listed below, depicts a rich tapestry of which all who have been part of the weaving can be proud.

- **1901** - School began on 23 September at 'Strathallen', 152 Avoca Street Randwick; 15 girls enrolled; Subjects taught – Religious Education, English, Maths, Music, Painting and Drawing; Founding Principal – Mother M Alacoque Miller
- **1902** - The Sisters purchased 'Aeolia', part of the 'Daintry' Estate, the College's present site
- **1903** - School opened in February on the 'Daintry' Estate for both day pupils and seven boarders; School Motto – *Finis Coronat Opus (The End Crowns the Work)*; the first fete was held with the usual fundraising activities
- **1908** - St Brigid's Centenary Hall built commemorating the Centenary of the founding of the Brigidine Sisters in Tullow, Ireland. In 1988, as part of the College's Australian Bicentennial Project, the Hall was renovated and renamed Synan Hall after Mother M John Synan, Superior of the Sisters and Foundress of Brigidine Randwick



St. Brigid's Centenary Hall

- **1915** - Enrolment was 120 pupils, including 35 boarders



The College in 1914

- **1923** - Chapel built – for use of both Sisters and pupils
- **1929** - Kilbride Wing built

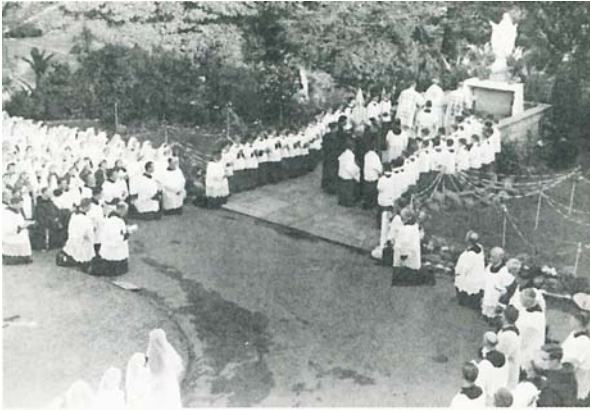


Convent, Chapel and College 1930

- **1935** - First Corpus Christi Procession held at Brigidine Randwick (the last Procession was held in 1981)
- **1940** - Enrolment was 297 girls from Kindergarten to Leaving Certificate and 30 day boys from Kindergarten to Second Class
- **1948** - School Orchestra founded by Mother M Winifred Lee csb in collaboration with Dr Ernest Toy; all Brigidine Schools adopt the Brigidine Sisters' Motto – *Fortiter et Suaviter (Strength and Gentleness)*

Some Brigidine Milestones

- **1950** – Enrolment was 531 pupils; Sacred Heart Shrine was erected – place for Benediction at early Corpus Christi Processions



Corpus Christi Procession at Sacred Heart Shrine

- **1951** – Golden Jubilee Celebrations of the School, Mass at the Convent Chapel followed by a pageant by the pupils and later a Concert at the Conservatorium Hall
- **1957** – Sesquicentenary Celebrations of the Brigidine Sisters – Mass at St Mary's Cathedral followed by an open-air pageant by students of all Brigidine Schools
- **1961** – Declan Wing built on the original site of the 'Daintry' stables – named after Mother M Declan Dee csb, for many years the dedicated, talented and much-loved teacher and Sister-in-Charge of the Infants and Primary School
- **1964** – the Secondary School became a Regional Secondary College for Girls conducted by the Sydney Catholic Education Office to facilitate the implementation of the Wyndham Educational Scheme
- **1966** – the College became a full Six Year Regional Secondary College for Girls
- **1967** – Delany Wing built to provide adequate Science and Design and Technology Facilities
- **1968** – Chapel enlarged for use of both Sisters and School – School Masses and Graduation Ceremonies held there
- **1972-75** – Boarders phased out
- **1987** – Infants and Primary School closed
- **1988** – Connolly-Williams Wing built – Library and Music facilities; major rebuilding by the Convent of all buildings that had been added to the original 'Daintry' Estate to ensure adequate facilities for aged and infirm Sisters
- **1995** – Two blocks of units built by the Sisters on the terraced banks on the right side of the Convent drive - named 'Strathallen' after the original Randwick foundation
- **1996** – First Lay Principal of the College – Mrs Julia O'Connor
- **2000** – Addition of upper floor to Declan Wing for Administration and Staff Rooms
- **2001** – Centenary of College – Celebratory Mass at St Mary's Cathedral – Special Music for the occasion composed and arranged by College Music Coordinator, Mr Allan McFadden
- **2004** – Convent becomes Aged Care Facility conducted by Catholic Healthcare Services
- **2005** – College enrolment reaches 873
- **2006 – 2009** – Landscaping of Coogee Bay Road terraced banks of College
- **2007** – Bi-Centenary of Brigidine Sisters - Celebratory Mass at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church Randwick – College Orchestra and Choir participate
- **2009** – College enrolment 787 pupils - Multipurpose Cullen Centre formally opened and blessed by Bishop Terry Brady; landscaping of surrounding grounds



The College, 2009

Acknowledgments:

- (1) *St Mary's to St Catherine's: Catholic Schools of the Archdiocese of Sydney (Second Edition)*
John Luttrell fms, Marie Lourey
- (2) *Stone Upon Stone: The Centenary of Brigidine Randwick 1901-2001*
Sister Patricia Whitby csb

The Year of The Priests

JOSHUA GOPINI *msc*

This year our beloved Pope Benedict XVI has declared the YEAR OF PRIESTS. It has been warmly received especially by the fraternity of priests all over the world. It provides an occasion for deeper introspection, an intense appreciation of the priestly identity of the theology of catholic priesthood and of the extraordinary meaning of the vocation and mission of priests within the church and in society.

It was a unique experience and a privilege to attend the recent meeting, held at Terrigal, of Archdiocesan priests with Cardinal Pell, bishops and priests, both young and old. In all there were 95 priests with different opinions but all belonging to one family. I was surprised by the multiethnicity of the priests. This awesome gathering has encouraged me to love my priesthood and commit myself with greater determination, sincerity, and fervour.

Terrigal was exotic, with a stunning beachfront, every room facing the ocean, each with a private balcony and spacious accommodation. 'The place is large enough to play soccer', said Fr. Peter.

Talks were brilliant, awe inspiring and thought provoking. Bishop Eugene Hurley of Darwin spoke on 'The lived priesthood' (drawing on his personal experience of 30 years as a priest and bishop in rural Australia). It was an eye opener to me and gave me an impetus to live my priesthood with greater zeal.

I am sorry that I missed hearing Bishop Tim Costello who spoke on 'The priesthood today' due to my prior commitment to offer Mass at OLSH. Bishop Anthony Fisher spoke on the 'Permanent diaconate' talking about the role of deacons, the requirements to be a deacon and finances etc. However I feel this subject has to be discussed in greater detail, clarity and diligence prior to implementing it.

The entire seminar was positive and forward looking. Personally it has helped me to love and appreciate my priesthood and rededicate my life for its cause and in the service of suffering humanity. ❖

The Sacred Vessels

THE CHALICE

The chalice is the cup in which the wine and water at the Mass is contained. It is made either of gold, or of silver with the cup gilt on the inside.



THE PATEN

The paten is a vessel on the altar on which the bread is offered in the Mass. It should be made of the same material as the chalice, and if it is made of anything other than gold it should be gilt on the concave side.

THE CIBORIUM

The ciborium is the altar-vessel in which the consecrated particles for the Communion of the laity are kept. It need not necessarily be made of gold or silver.



THE MONSTRANCE

The monstrance is a glass-framed shrine in which the Blessed Sacrament is publicly exposed. It may be of gold, silver, brass, or copper gilt.



THE CRUET SET

The Cruet Set consists of two vessels used for containing the wine and water required for the Mass. They are normally made of glass.



FAITH

On a long journey of human life faith is the best of companions

GRATITUDE

If the only prayer you ever say in your whole life is THANK YOU, that is enough

On Being a Catechist

DENISE ROYE

My role as a catechist began one Sunday morning about eight years ago when during Mass I heard a Faith Education Officer from the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine (CCD) appeal for volunteers to teach Scripture to Catholic children in the two state primary schools in Randwick at Cowper Street and at Rainbow Street.

I had just begun semi-retirement from my full time job as an Administration Assistant at Prince of Wales Hospital and was looking forward to leaving the 9-5 routine and enjoying the less pressurised life of retirement with some voluntary work to keep me occupied some of the time.

After agreeing to commence as an observer I accompanied one of the catechists and sat in on her lesson each week. The lesson lasted half an hour and after observing for about two months one of our catechists became ill and I was asked to take the Year 2 class at Cowper Street. Feeling that if I did not jump in headlong then I would be likely to remain in the comfortable role of observer or 'helper' for some time I agreed to take the Year 2 class by myself. I was quite nervous at first

but as my confidence slowly built, I learned what to do and what not to do.

The young students are delightful most of the time but on occasions can try your patience. However, I regard this as part of the job and after most lessons come away feeling rewarded by the children's response. The Cowper Street School is extremely well run and the staff there have been most co-operative.

The CCD provides an Orientation Day for new catechists and training in the form of courses entitled Basic, Basic Level 1, Intermediate and Advanced which I have completed. I can now attend Catechist Ministry Certificate Courses on subjects such as: Teaching & Learning Strategies; The Place of Sacred Scripture in the Catholic Tradition; and Catholics in History. These courses consist of one lesson per week over a period of 3-4 weeks for three terms.

My work as a Catechist also enables me to attend ecumenical prayer meetings at Cowper Street School once a quarter where Anglican, Presbyterian and Catholic scripture teachers meet to pray and discuss

mutual aims and problems which may be encountered in the classroom. I am also involved with the other catechists once a year in planning and staging a special service for Randwick State School students at the time of Easter, Education Week or Christmas.

At the moment at OLSH we have eight catechists – six at Cowper Street and two at Rainbow Street. Two of these catechists are recent recruits and are undertaking their training. Under the present arrangement some of our catechists are teaching two classes. Ideally we would like more catechists in order that we could have a back up system to relieve catechists who may want to go on leave or are ill.

If any one reading this article feels that they might be suitable - you may be considering retiring soon or be a young mother whose children are at school - please feel free to contact me on 9399 9581 and I could give you any information you may require about becoming a catechist. It is a rewarding role and I am certainly not sorry that I decided to try it. ❖

Why do we pray with our hands together?

We know from tomb art that the first Christians prayed with their arms raised and the palms of the hands held upwards - a position known as the orant. 'I want men everywhere to lift up holy hands in prayer' wrote the author of the Book of Timothy.



It is not clear when Christians began clasping their hands to pray, but it may derive from the medieval ceremony of 'commendation', in which a vassal pledges allegiance to a king. From a devotional point of view clasping hands and closing eyes are a way of creating stillness for the soul.

Give Peace a hand but a gentle one

A reader writes that *'today my hand was squeezed so much that I yelled in pain. We older persons with arthritic hands need a gentle touch.'*

The Sign of Peace is meant to be a sign of unity and love but it is optional. It was introduced in the 1960s to break the silence before Communion and is determined by the culture and customs of the peoples. Most often worshippers will shake hands and say, 'Peace be with you.' You may also see them kiss, or embrace, or wave.

But, not a bone crushing handshake!

Gleanings from a French Summer!

CARMEL MAGUIRE

Summer in Europe is supposed to be delightful and most of my six weeks spent in France were just that. The days were warm and the evenings long and balmy. Perhaps because flowers bloom here all year long we may not really appreciate them. In France in summer the flowers are everywhere. They overflow from every window box and, in pots small and large, embrace every lamp post and bridge railing.

As well as the beauty of cities and countryside, it is also fascinating to taste some flavour of Catholic worship in another country. My first Sunday was spent in Strasbourg, capital of Alsace Lorraine, a beautiful city notable for its intriguing swaps of German and French sovereignty over time. No wonder the inhabitants tend to think of themselves as Alsatian. At the same time, the author of a brochure on the Cathedral of Notre Dame writes with pride on the reconciliation achieved in Strasbourg between French and German people after World War II, and he views the Cathedral as symbol of that reconciliation.

On my first Sunday in Strasbourg I went to the Cathedral and found High Mass a great occasion. The building is magnificent, with its sumptuous stone-work and sculptures outside and inside, the wonders of the stained glass windows and the very appealing human faces of the multitude of statues.

The Archbishop and three other priests concelebrated. The music was provided by three choirs. There was the Cathedral choir of about fifty mixed voices, and beside them an all-male plainsong group. The rest of us made up the third choir, with our own cantor cum conductor whose confident direction made even the tone-deaf like myself confident enough to join in the responses and hymns. The

Archbishop preached with brevity and wit (I think) on the gospel about Thomas. I longed for SBS subtitles to understand all of it, especially as the appreciation that the sermon evoked was obvious in the people around me. I left with the sound of the great organ soaring from above and filling the Cathedral's vast space with wonderful sound.

The promising start to my religious observance suffered a setback when in the middle of the following week I had to be brought by ambulance from an outlying Alsatian town to the Hôpital civil in Strasbourg. Five days and a \$10k bill later, although having had to abandon my language course, I had learned some medical vocabulary, and it was not an uninteresting experience. The medical care was very good, my friends from the language group were constant in their attention, even the food was mostly edible and occasionally excellent.

On reflection, I value most of all the window into human suffering which was afforded by my companion in the two-bed ward. Remember the old saying: 'I complained that I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet'? It came vividly to mind when I realized that my neighbour had no feet. I gather that she had been brought in from the street, near starvation, and that the damage to her feet had been done by frostbite. Our acquaintance was brief but I will never forget her. She was not kind to the psychiatrist brought in to counsel her but she was very kind to me, often supplying the French word that I was struggling for in trying to communicate with the staff.

My health rapidly improved and, again with much help from friends and especially from an Australian cousin who lives in France, I was able to spend more than one week in a beautiful village in the Northern Auvergne.



One of the first challenges of the area is to find out where Mass will be said the following Sunday and then how to get to the relevant town or village. On previous visits, there was an old priest, whose rapport with the congregation was great to witness. As they left the church, women and children in the congregation

used to be rewarded with a kiss on both cheeks and even foreign visitors got a very warm handshake. Time passes and so do beloved clerics. Masses seem to be much less frequent in the different towns now. On this visit, having tracked Mass to the village of Le Montet we discovered an African priest, no doubt from one of the former French colonies. He had that great asset for any celebrant, namely a very good singing voice and his manner appeared warm and friendly. But is the practice of bringing priests from less-advantaged countries a form of neo-colonialism whereby richer nations continue to take whatever they want from people who have less?

My final week was spent in Normandy and Brittany where memories of two hideous world wars are everywhere and many place names are familiar because of landings and battlefields. Reminders of the sufferings brought by war remain in the Calvaires, the Calvaries, the roadside crosses, often with the figure of Christ. They range in size and simplicity from the smallest to largest, from a rough

Brittany has an abundance
of cathedrals

Gleanings from a French Summer! - continued from page 14

cross to elaborate works of religious art. They were erected throughout France to beg God's mercy on the people after the devastation of the 1914-1918 War (I refuse to call any war 'Great'!) Look no further for the origins of the Vichy phenomenon in the 1939-1945 War than the long lists of 1914-1918 war dead on the memorials in the streets and on the church walls in every village in France however small. One of our most moving visits was the chapel on Mont de Dol, a hillside looking out to the Coast not far from scenes of World War II battles. Several kilometres from the large town of Dol de Bretagne, the Mont is a hill with a tiny chapel. It has a stained glass window, installed in 1923, asking Our Lady's intercession, and outside is a tower with a commanding view of the coastline and topped by her statue. Dozens of votive lamps were burning in the chapel when we visited, which suggests that it continues to be a place of local pilgrimage.

At the end of the scale from the tiny chapel, Brittany has an abundance of cathedrals. We went to a concert in the Cathedral of Dol de Bretagne which has all the trappings of medieval grandeur, in the great vaulted transept, the stained glass and the magnificent organ. The concert was free – very unusual in France and I guess anywhere at the height of the summer holiday season. The policy of *laïcité*, the rigid separation of Church and State, is firmly fixed in French law. It is an interesting anomaly then that church buildings are the property of the State which is responsible for their upkeep. Church authorities in other countries might be happy enough to make such a deal.

The Blessing of the Fleet in the little fishing town of Le Bono provided huge contrast with ceremonies in the great cathedrals. There were three

priests and the Mass took place in a blue and white striped open-fronted tent in which a rock band had played the previous night. It was a beautiful morning and the congregation in good voice. On one side of the quay there were local artists displaying their work. On the other side, were the fishing boats. At the end of the Mass, a procession formed and after blessing the boats tied up alongside, the priests, and those of the flock who found room on board, went off in the boats. Their destination was a chapel along the coast, dedicated to Our Lady as patron of seafarers. On their return, parishioners dispensed drinks and nibbles from a long trestle table. The parish priest stayed on and rapidly divested himself of his white robes. According to my bilingual cousins, Father remarked that blessing the fleet was thirsty work and soon had a glass in hand, like the rest of us. Later he was with several of his enthusiastic parishioners in what was obviously a jolly good lunch – we had lunch in the same restaurant and the mussels were very good indeed.

The Tablet for 29 August carries an item headed 'French turn their backs on the Church'. According to a recent survey, only 4.5% of French Catholics go to weekly Mass, of whom most are female, advanced in years and conservatively politically. The age of congregations and the preponderance of women among them are obvious. Their political views are not so readily discerned by a foreign visitor. In *The Tablet* article, a ray of light comes from a Jesuit who strongly supports a movement which has attracted many young people. Maybe the Church has not been looking towards the needs of

young people, hundreds of thousands of whom are unlikely to get either the education or the jobs that they need. These conditions apply especially in the vast housing estates in the riot-prone areas with high migrant populations in the outer suburbs of the big cities. In the face of problems in France and other European countries, our concerns with numbers of refugees seem laughable.



In the largely middle class town in the suburbs of Paris where my cousins live, the State seems to provide good educational and other social services. As always, of course, the people most in need of such services are the least likely to know about their existence. This river town of Conflans Ste Honorine is home to a community of barge people whose vessels carry up and down river vast loads of cement, coal, grain, and so on. This community, who live on their barges, have their own church, which is fittingly enough on a barge moored beside the main wharf of the town. Their pastor not only serves the barge families but people from all around who seek his help.

No-one would want to write off the glories of liturgy in the greatest churches in France and no-one should neglect the beauty of devotion in the smallest places. In this country, as in France, the Church (that is, all of us) can perhaps reach out more energetically to the groups unlikely to be found in the pews on Sundays. ❖

French turn their backs on
the Church

My Involvement in the Bible Study Group

PATRICIA RANIERI

About five years ago I felt a strong need to learn God's Word. I had experienced quite a volatile and suppressed life for seventeen years but God in all His glory saw me through that time and continues to do so. With a very deep desire I prayed to God to guide me on how I could learn His Word, as I knew this was the only way for me to really live God's ways and serve Him. Five years ago, although I wanted to attend Catholic Bible studies, I began with a Bible Study Group at an Anglican Church and I continue to attend it. But God, knowing the desire in my heart, had other plans for me – to attend St John's Gospel Bible Study at OLSH Randwick. How awesome is our God. I have continued this journey by attending the Bible studies of St Paul's Letters to the Romans, and Galatians earlier this year.

Most times I love the idea of preparing for my Bible study for the following week. Other times I have to push myself to get it done, but once I start, there is a stirring within that I just want to keep going, and before I know it I have almost completed the study preparations. This is where the Bible study has helped me greatly and I would never want to miss an opportunity of what God might be saying to me. All that I have been learning through the Bible Study at OLSH helps me with

every circumstance and aspect of my life: at home, at work, with family, with friends, with colleagues, and with people I meet every day. Attending the Bible study has made me see, hear and do things with so much more clarity of God's will for me and for others. I cannot fathom the idea of never going to Bible Study.

How important is Christian friendship? What an opportunity it is to share one's faith, to learn from the experiences of others, to witness to God's almighty love for us. I get all this from my Bible study. How blessed are we to be in a position to freely open our Bibles and learn God's Truth with Christian friends. We are God's feet and hands in ministering God's ways, and I am secure in knowing I can be a witness to God's amazing Grace by reading and studying His Word. I also find it a great comfort knowing that my Christian friends will help me if I wander from God's ways.

And what about prayer? I love knowing that if I have a problem I can pray about it with my Bible Study group, and even more so that I can pray for others knowing God is listening to each and everyone's prayers. This is freedom at its best - the freedom to let go and let God into my heart. Alleluia!

As I study the Bible, I continue to find timely answers that affect my life here and now. Again it is another form of freedom that only comes from that inner, peaceful place of having a relationship with God. I have heard and read Bible passages in the past, but nothing has prepared me for what I am learning now and how I am living; completely trusting my Lord in all things; having a love so deep for my Lord that I can now understand the words 'be happy at all times'. Even more so studying God's Word has only entrenched in my heart the intensity of God's love for me, and for each and every one of us.

Before attending Bible studies I wondered how I could do Bible studies if I had not even read the Bible. Even more confronting for me was that I could not and still cannot remember Bible passages to recite. I used to hear so many friends recite this verse or that one and I would think how on earth can I attend Bible study if I cannot remember where passages are found or recite them. I thought I would have to do a crash course in reading the Bible and memorising passages before I could qualify to attend Bible study. Good thing God has a wonderful sense of humour. And so began my journey of 'feasting' on every Word of God. ❖

Vivaldi's Gloria @ OLSH. You missed it?

Well, not all is lost. There are a number of **YouTube** entries about the performance of Vivaldi's Gloria on 13 September by the Via Dei Choir and St Martha's Strathfield Choir. Log onto

Part 1: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7JdvLkcCw68>

Part 2: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D95oKAm3bzY>

Part 3: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eTQPqukmaS4>



Book Review: *What is the Point of Being a Christian?*

M.M.

by Timothy Radcliffe, OP

Father Radcliffe's book, though very Catholic, is also clearly based on his extensive pastoral experience of human nature and of handling many of life's moral dilemmas. During his many travels visiting Dominican communities around the world and his extensive experience as a lecturer and author, he became recognized for his commitment to social justice and to the role of the universal Church.

The author's clear and obvious answer to the book's title is spelt out as 'one is pointed to God who is the point of everything'. He had been asked by a friend 'what do you get out of it?' and 'what does it do for you?' Father Radcliffe's response is that if God is 'the point of everything', then surely, he argued, this must be evident in some way in one's life. He is careful to point out that Christians are not necessarily any better than anyone else so have no innate right to moral superiority. However, Christians who fervently believe that they understand the point of being a Christian, should of necessity understand that hope and joy in their lives are an integral part of their belief in the gospels, and in their love and trust in the God who guides them.

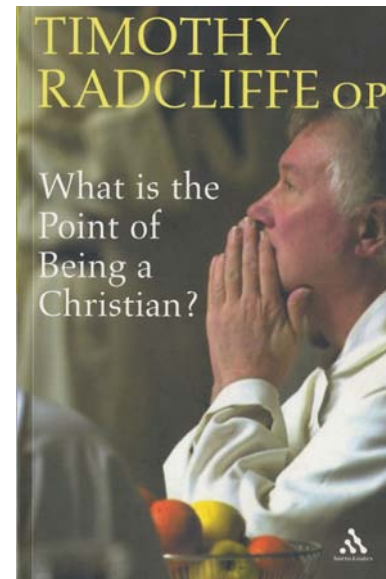
The author quotes Cardinal Suhard, the Archbishop of Paris in the 1940's, who said that we should live in such a way that one's life would make no sense if God did not exist. He felt there should be something about Christians that puzzle people and leaves them wondering what it's all about.

Father Radcliffe comments on the immense spiritual hunger of the young today, stressing that a growing number of young people define themselves as religious despite being often nervous of institutions. He sees their focus on a vague spirituality, rather than doctrine, does not diminish an awareness of what Christians see as the 'Good News'.

The author feels that our belief in all the good things represented by love, freedom, happiness and so on is not always evident in how it is presented courageously by the Church. Many today he points out, feel alienated and some are disparaged because of their questioning. Discussion and debate within the Church should not be discouraged he believes as the Church always had a wonderful tradition of debate right up until the Reformation. Relax he says, and remember that the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the Church at Pentecost. He reminds us that Jesus said: 'I came not to call the righteous but sinners'.

Father Radcliffe, when speaking about having become a priest, said that 'Veritas', the motto of the Dominicans had attracted him, having had his childhood faith tested when he found himself asking – 'is it all true?'

In the chapter 'Do Not Be Afraid' the author shows how much we lose by being afraid. He feels we can even fear the freedom Christ has given us. He cites the women at the empty tomb who said nothing because of fear, despite the words of



the angel. He feels we cannot be convincing witnesses to the gospel unless we are filled with courage which we may not understand.

The author points out also that without hope on our journey there is not much point if we are without the belief that good will triumph over evil. He sees that this is where we value the Church as a community and find a shared language in Christ. He quotes Aquinas in saying that because we are made in God's image we are free, therefore we must overcome fear as we live our lives.

In many ways, this book, though immensely readable, is very fragmented. There is much reflection of his life and struggles. He ends with 'Let not your hearts be troubled, believe in God believe in Me.' (John 14.1).

So – 'the point of being a Christian?' It's true. ❖

Parish Library

The Randwick OLSH parish library is in the process of being set up in Ventnor with an interesting selection of books including meditation, spirituality, bible study, parish life, biographies and much more. As Ventnor is currently having work carried out, it may be some time before the library will be generally open for borrowing. Hopefully this may be happening before Christmas.

Film Review: *Mao's Last Dancer* Don't Miss it!

F.R.

Mao's *Last Dancer* was a runaway best selling autobiography, winning numerous awards including Book of the Year in Australia. The story is well known: Li Cunzhi, one of seven children, is picked out of a poor village for training at Madame Mao's Dance Academy in Beijing. He struggles with the training, becomes a very talented dancer and is sent on a cultural exchange to the Houston Ballet Company. He falls in love with American culture, and a beautiful American dancer, refuses to return to China and defects to the West. Tensions are aroused as he struggles with Chinese government pressures to return to his homeland.

The story was ripe for a movie version and has now hit the silver screens. The result; a beautifully crafted film thanks to master directing by Bruce Beresford and the subtle lighting and camera

work by Peter James, a parishioner of OLSH when not on assignment as a cinematographer, sometimes in tandem with Beresford (think *Driving Miss Daisy*). The script is crisp, sensitively handling broken English passages of some Chinese participants and remains fairly true to the book. As Jan Sardi was the screenplay adapter, (think *Shine*) that is to be expected.

Li's dancing is the central theme of the film as he becomes one of the world's greatest ballet dancers. Chi Cao from the Birmingham Ballet company is excellent as the adult Li. His dance sequences are as close to superb as one can get. Two other Chinese dancers portraying Li as a young boy and as a teenager show real flair as both actors and dancers.

Interwoven with this main theme are flashbacks to Li's earlier life in China. These add a jarring note to the otherwise seamless storyline.



Graeme Murphy's choreography is not everyone's cup of tea. His Houston Ballet sequences are a stand-out but his final piece, an over the top modern dance sequence strikes a discordant note. Filmed in China, Houston and Australia, a sharp eye can pick a number of well-known Sydney sites where parts of the film were shot.

The book was a good read. The film is nearly as good as the book. Don't miss it! ❖

Fr Peter Writes - continued from page 19

I believe Fr Tierney would be immensely proud of his parish and its achievements over the years. St Margaret Mary's Parish of North Randwick has also been added to the care of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. Within our parish boundaries are two Catholic secondary schools catering for nearly 1,800 students, and two Catholic Primary Schools with around 550 students between them. There is a Government high and primary school as well.

Just to keep us occupied, we minister to the large Prince of Wales Campus of Hospitals. There are three aged care facilities also within our parish boundaries. The Royal Randwick Race Course which was the central meeting place for the recent World Youth Day is just down the hill – within easy walking distance. Many parishioners are keen race goers – as are some of the clergy around these parts. Perhaps Fr Tierney would relate well to that aspect of parish life too.

If Fr Tierney was to pay a visit to his church today he would be amazed at the multi-ethnic background of the worshippers who attend our eight Masses. Our predominantly Anglo-Irish days are over, and a new richness is brought to our parish life. Earlier this year we were particularly delighted to welcome the first MSC priest from India to our parish. Australian MSCs went to India to found the community there in the 1980s, and now they are returning the favour and taking up the ministry with us.

This letter comes with every best wish from our Randwick parish community for your celebrations. It is amazing what a few good men and women, as typified by the Tierney clan, can do with faith, hope and love.

In the Heart of Christ,

Fr Peter Hearn msc Parish Priest †

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Fr Peter Writes

What follows is a letter I wrote on behalf of the Parish to the Tierney Memorial Committee, Churchtown, Mallow, County Cork, Ireland. Fr Tierney, an Irish MSC was the first priest in charge of our parish when it was excised from the Franciscans of Waverley in 1885. Around 1907 he was asked by the Superior General to leave Randwick and return to establish the MSCs in Ireland. This year is the Centenary of the MSCs in Ireland, and the people of Mallow, his hometown, are erecting a memorial to himself, his brother – also an MSC in Australia for a while, and his sister, a Bon Secours Nun. The following is a slightly abridged version of my letter.



Fr Michael Tierney Mother St. Urban Tierney Fr Jerry Tierney

Dear Mr Hickey, Committee and Parishioners of Mallow.

Greetings from 'Down Under', Randwick, Sydney. On behalf of the MSC Community and the parishioners of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Randwick, I am delighted to send our very best greetings to you all.

The occasion of the centenary of the foundation of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in Ireland by Fr Tierney, brings together quite disparate communities: Mallow, the birthplace of the Tierneys, and Randwick where Fr Tierney was the first MSC Priest in charge of the new parish in 1885.

It is somewhat of a reversal of the usual currents of Church life that someone should go from Australia and found a church community in Ireland – admittedly, that 'someone' was Irish in the first place. I think the general 'rule' was that once priests and religious left your green shores for this side of the world, they rarely, if ever, returned. For over a century the Church in Australia was largely dependent on personnel from Ireland and the descendants of Irish immigrants – willingly sent here or unwillingly brought here courtesy of the 'justice' system of the times. So, Fr Tierney represented something of the reversal of that flow of Irish to Australia. And, we are proud to think that we have some small claim to himself and his brother.

Our Church which Fr Tierney began is recognized as one of the most beautiful in Sydney. Much of the stained glass came from Toulouse and Bourges, and is of high quality. The extensions, including the later addition of the National Shrine of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart continued the high level of architectural and artistic excellence begun under Fr Tierney's direction. He also built a new presbytery – the present one is the third to occupy the site, and alas, in terms of architecture, the least attractive of them.



Celebrating the Title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart



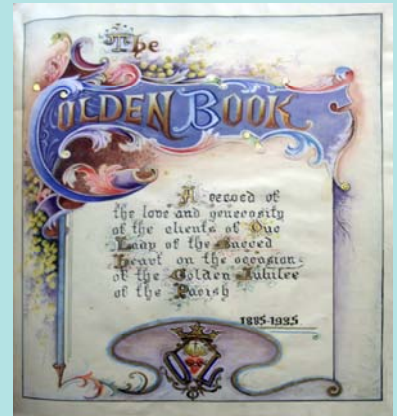
150 _{yrs}
1859-2009

The 10am Sunday Mass on 25th October marked celebrations at OLSH Randwick to commemorate 150 years since the naming of the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in 1859 at Issoudun, France.

The Entrance Procession involved students carrying banners of the seven MSC-OLSH schools as well as eighteen priests, including newly ordained Fr Peter Hendricks. Special guests were Fr Mark McDonald, the Superior General of the MSC Order, Fr Tim Brennan, the Australian Provincial of the MSC Order and Sr Pauline Compton, the Australian Provincial of the Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

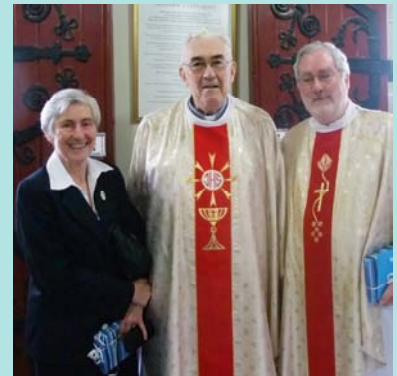


The liturgy was enhanced by the singing of a combined parish choir accompanied by various musicians and led by Tony Amidharmo. A special feature was the singing in Latin of the *Magnificat*.



Joining the large gathering of parishioners also were representatives of the various other religious orders with connections to the parish.

The idea for the celebrations came from our parish priest, Fr Peter Hearn, and his wish to promote the National Shrine of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at our church as a means of increasing devotion to her.



Behind the altar of the Shrine is a case containing the *Golden Book of Remembrance* with the names of all who contributed when it was built. Locked for many years, it was opened this weekend, displaying the elaborate cover and fine artwork on the pages of the book. The three special guests signed a new page inserted into the book.

A featured article on the Shrine appeared in edition 20 of the Parish Magazine.

