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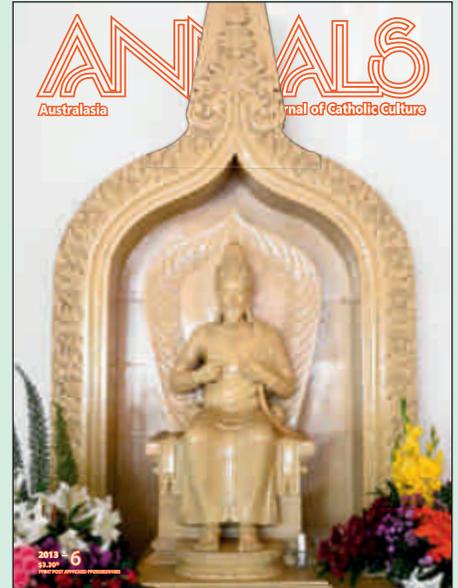
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[Sunday Readings at Mass: Year C/weekday readings: Year I]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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Front Cover: The image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus featured on our cover this month represents our Lord as a Javanese king. It is a copy of the image venerated in a typical Javanese-style Shrine dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ the King in the grounds of the Catholic Church in Ganjuran, not far from Yogyakarta, in Central Java. Our leading article this month describes a solemn procession and Mass celebrated in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the last Sunday of June this year and every year. Since the early 1960s, the Catholic population of Indonesia's capital - Jakarta - has increased eleven-fold. Over the same period the city's overall population tripled. Ethnic Javanese have had a long history of contact with Catholicism, antedating the establishment of Islam as the dominant religion in the 14th century and the arrival of the Portuguese in the 16th century.

Back Cover: Presentation of the gifts at the Offertory of the Mass at Ganjuran. In addition to the unleavened bread and wine customarily offered, villagers carry 'mountains' of rice, vegetables and fruit - to be distributed among members of the congregation after Mass.

Cover Photos: Paul Stenhouse

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JESUS SAID:
'This Is My Body;
This Is My Blood'.
We Believe In Him;
Let Us Also Believe
His Words.

- St Gaudentius of Brescia,
died c.410 AD, Treatise 2,
Roman Breviary, Reading
for Thursday of Week 5 in
Eastertide.



In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

A PRAYER AGAINST COLDNESS OF HEART

By Michelangelo Buonarroti



WOULD that I could wish, dear Lord, what I indeed wish not.
Between Your love's fire and my poor heart, an icy veil
Falls down to douse the coals. It sets up such a gale
To blow down words with deeds, and turn to lies the lot.
I say I love You with my tongue, but scarce can mean a jot
Since cold of heart, without Your fiery Love I wail.
Full well I know how Grace can reach that heart, but quail
At the cost to stubborn pride, and selfish loves that clot.
Move that veil of ice, tear down those solid walls that blot
With their opacity the sunlight of Your Grace; let It not fail
To penetrate the world that, without its warmth, must pale.
Send Your beloved Graceful Light, let it seek out a slot
Through which to touch my soul; to make my cold heart hot.
May Your warm and lightsome presence, over me prevail.

Rime, Editori Laterza, Bari 1967, No. 87: 'Vorrei voler, Signor.' Translated by Paul Stenhouse, M.S.C.
This sonnet was written in 1534, when the poet, painter, sculptor, engineer and architect was fifty-nine years old.



Honouring the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ the King, in Central Java

FRIAR ODERIC WOULD BE PROUD

By Paul Stenhouse with Vernon and Theresia Turner



LITTLE DID I think as I left Sydney for Indonesia via the island of Bali, on my way to the small rural community of Ganjuran

roughly 17 km from the old Javanese capital of the Mataram Sultanate in Yogyakarta, that I would once again be crossing the path of a fourteenth century Italian Franciscan friar, Odoric of Pordenone [1286-1331].

Or, what's more, that I would be witnessing the fulfilment of dreams that were shared by fourteenth century Catholic traders, the sixteenth century friend and companion of St Ignatius Loyola, St Francis Xavier and – closer to our own day – nineteenth and twentieth century Catholic Dutch business men and their families.

Dreams that once were shared by myriad thousands of Javanese and other Malay Catholics forcibly converted to Islam [under successive Muslim rulers until 1602], and to Protestantism [under the Dutch East Indies government from 1602 until 1807.

Friar Oderic's visit to Java

Without realising it, I had come across Friar Oderic some thirty-five years ago while reading the account by the mysterious Sir John Mandeville of his

alleged travels in all sorts of exotic places in the fourteenth century. I was particularly interested at the time in his reference to the Samaritans living in the Holy Land in Shechem [Nablus] in what is today the West Bank.

The narrative of Mandeville's journey from Trebizond on the southern coast of the Black Sea to India, to South East Asia and China, had been lifted from Friar Oderic's account of his travels; and much of the rest of Mandeville's

book, including his visit to Shechem, drew heavily upon the account¹ of the travels of a German knight, Wilhelm von Boldensele, and numerous other well-known mediaeval authors of travelogues.²

Oderic's narrative describes his visit to parts of the legendary Spice Islands. He travelled by sea from China to Sumatra, then on to Java, and, it would seem, to the coast of Borneo and then back to Guangzhou in southern China.³

I mention all of the above because, while the existence of Spice Islands was known from ancient times, the overland and maritime merchants who maintained the trade in pepper, ginger, cloves, nutmeg and a variety of sought-after spices – mainly Chinese, Phoenician, Ethiopian, Arab and Indian – kept their location a close secret.

Everything changed with the rise of Islam in the seventh century AD. Merchants who were not Muslims found the land routes closed by the Arabs. The sea route however remained open for those willing to risk the hazardous journey.

When the Ottoman Turks cut the land route again in





The Shrine to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ the King, in the grounds of the Catholic Church at Ganjuran, Central Java. Built in typical Javanese style, the Shrine is to Javanese Catholics what the Pantheon in Rome – once dedicated to the gods of ancient Rome, and now consecrated to St Mary and the Martyrs – or the ancient pagan Basilicas whose design the Church adopted for its first churches – have become for the Catholic world.

1453 the maritime routes became crucial. This closure of the overland route coincided with Vasco de Gama's discovery of the route to the Indian Ocean via the Cape of Good Hope. The Portuguese were subsequently to dominate the spice trade until the Dutch found a more direct route via the Cape of Good Hope to the Sunda Strait in what is today Indonesia.

Friar Oderic's travels in the fourteenth century coincided with a waning of China's interest in controlling maritime trade, and an intensification of Muslim trade with the Spice Islands as a result. Ships

from Arabia and India brought Muslim merchants, and 'dai' or Islamic missionaries came in their wake.⁴ The traders impressed the ruling classes with their knowledge and wealth, and Islam began to spread accordingly.

Most studies of the spread of Islam in South East Asia gratuitously assert that while Islam was spread by trade, Christianity was not – until the time of the Portuguese.

Yet, after sixteen years of travelling around the world Friar Oderic was credited with 'having sown the seed of the Gospel,' and of having baptised,



Two thurifers leading the cross bearer and the procession preceding the concelebrants and the archbishop to the altar set up in front of the Shrine.

'more than twenty thousand' of the people he met with on his travels.⁵ He died in 1331 and was beatified by Pope Benedict XIV in 1775.

Not all merchants plying the spice trade were Muslim. Christianity would have been spread in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by Levantine, Ethiopian and Indian



Dancers in traditional dress scattering flowers and petals on the path of the procession.



A segment of the congregation assembled in the grounds for the early morning Procession and Mass at the Shrine of the Sacred Heart.



Gamelan music is part of traditional Javanese and Balinese culture. The term refers to the drums, gongs, xylophones, flutes and stringed instruments that are played. These instruments took their present form during the Hindu Buddhist Majapahit Empire. Oderic would certainly have heard gamelan when he visited Yogyakarta in the early fourteenth century. Gamelan is commonly used by Catholics at Mass throughout Indonesia.

non-Muslim trading ships and their crews as it had been in the early Christian centuries and the middle ages, and as it was in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth century by the Portuguese.

Oderic visited the region of Yogyakarta before the spread of Islam. Yogyakarta had become the new capital of the Hindu-Buddhist Empire known as Majapahit. He left us a description of the king [‘He has seven crowned kings under him’] and noted ‘that the island of Java ‘was one of the best of the Indies,’ had ‘many inhabitants’ and ‘plentiful food – apart from wine,’ and described the palace of the king as ‘so gorgeous and extraordinary that it is impossible to take it in’. As an example he noted that ‘its stairways are huge and high, and their steps are made, alternately, of gold and silver.’⁷

The Portuguese traders came for spice, but Catholic missionaries spread the faith. St Francis Xavier toiled in the Moluccas – in Ambon, Ternate and Morotai – from 1546-1547 and converted some thousands. By the end of the sixteenth century there were around 60,000 Catholics in the Moluccas. Portuguese Dominican priests worked in Solor, a small island [40km x 6 km] in Flores, and there were about 25,000 Catholics there.

After 1574 all that changed. With the departure of the Portuguese, many of the Catholics in northern Moluccas were either killed by the Muslims or forcibly converted to Islam.



Waiting for the Procession to form up at the beginning of the Mass.

When Ambon was occupied by the Dutch East India Company in 1605, the Catholics there were forced to convert to Protestantism. And the same happened to the Catholics in Manado and the island chains of Sangihe and Talaud that stretch from Sulawesi towards the Philippines.⁸

Ganjuran

With these sobering thoughts we set out from modern-day Yogyakarta and took the road south towards Ganjuran where eight thousand Javanese Catholics – most of them farmers, vendors and labourers – live in fifty-four basic communities. Judging from the numbers who were present at the Procession and Mass at the Shrine on the following morning – Sunday June 30 – a large percentage of the Catholic population attended.

In 1912, in the dying days of the Dutch East Indies [though few knew it] Joseph and Julius Schmutzer, owners of a sugar mill near Yogyakarta implemented the Catholic Social teaching of Pope Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum* in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The labourers in the mill were made partners and received a share of the profits as well as a wage.

Seven elementary schools grew up in villages around the mill and later on, when Julius Schmutzer married

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– Editor, *Annals*

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Father Utomo, the parish priest [seated] offers incense to Mgr. Johannes Maria Pujasumarta, Archbishop of Semarang, who is scattering the incense on the fire in front of the altar. The concelebrants and the thurifer stand behind him.

Caroline van Rijckvorsel, they built St Elizabeth's hospital at Ganjuran, and a hospital in Yogyakarta known as Pantu Rapih Hospital – all from the profits of the mill.

In 1921 there had been 12 Catholics in Ganjuran. After two years this had grown to 60, and by 1928 there were 200 baptised adults and 37 children.

The Schmutzers built the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Ganjuran in 1924 to cater for the spiritual needs of the growing

Catholic community, and in 1927 they erected an impressive Hindu-Javanese type shrine to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the style of the Mataram-Majapahit Empire.

A marble statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus representing Christ the King is enthroned inside the shrine, at the top of some high steps – and I understand that another statue of the Sacred Heart was placed deep inside the foundations of the shrine. The statue depicts our Lord as an Indian King. He points to his Sacred Heart.

I had been invited to Ganjuran by friends – Vernon and Theresia Turner – who formerly taught Indonesian language and culture at the University of New England, in north eastern NSW. Vernon commented on the building of the Shrine

‘Schmutzer was aware of this practice [of burying a statue under a shrine or temple] and being a deeply religious Catholic he felt that by placing a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus under the foundations of the shrine he was reaching into the cultural beliefs of the Javanese. By selecting a building whose shape reflected the older traditions of Hinduism and Buddhism he believed that through the process of religious acculturation the initial steps into full Catholic life could begin.’

And how right he proved to be.

Vernon and Theresia who have attended this Procession and Mass many times over the years, take up the story:

‘On 11 February 1930, the Schmutzers arranged to have Mass offered and the Shrine blessed by the bishop of Jakarta, Mgr. A. van Velsen, who, in his prayers, consecrated the whole of the Javanese people to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.’



In addition to the unleavened bread and wine customarily brought during the offertory procession, villagers bring 'mountains' of rice, vegetables and fruit grown by them by organic farming methods, free from pesticides or fertilizers. This food is distributed among the congregation after Mass.

‘Since that time thousands of people in groups or as individuals from all over Indonesia have visited the Shrine to pray, particularly after a spring was found to flow from under it in 1998.

‘Research has shown that those people who have made a pilgrimage to the Shrine with the express purpose of worshipping God and giving thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, always find peace and a strengthening of their faith.



The Archbishop and concelebrants at the altar in front of the Shrine during the Mass.

The Mass

‘While Mass is celebrated at the shrine each first Friday and on special days, a major ceremony – a procession and Mass – takes place on the last Sunday of June each year. People from many parts of Indonesia travel to the shrine in order to participate in the ceremonies.

‘Early on Sunday morning a procession beginning from the church finds its way to the Shrine where Jesus is enthroned as Christ the King.

‘On a dais facing the entrance to the Shrine the archbishop of Semarang and priests from the surrounding areas assemble. Each is vested in a blangkon (a Javanese style cap), an alb made of wrap-around batik cloth, a stole made of the same cloth, with adoring angels in Javanese style, a Javanese jacket, and sandals. The vesture is a reflection of the way nobles dressed when they presented themselves before the ancient



The golden umbrella decorated with flowers, symbolising the presence of the king, is held before the altar after the consecration and until Holy Communion has been distributed. Note the concelebrants and ministers of Communion returning their ciboria to the altar.



After Mass, the Blessed Sacrament is taken in procession to the nearby Church of the Sacred Heart. These girls are casting petals on the path of the procession.

Javanese kings, but in this instance it is to Christ the King that they present themselves.

Prior to the celebration of Mass the parish priest, Father Utomo prays in front of a small brazier containing fire in front of the stage where Mass will be celebrated. This practice reflects the Javanese custom of using fire to cleanse the house of evil spirits. It also provides the fire for the thuribles used for burning incense at Mass.

The Mass of the Roman Rite is sung in Javanese. It is accompanied by a gamelan orchestra which is comprised of percussion instruments plus a *kecap* (a kind of zither), a *rebab* (a single or double string instrument) and a *suling* (a bamboo flute). A woman sings in the Javanese language at appropriate times during Mass.

A high and beautifully decorated umbrella is raised over the altar after the words of Consecration at the Mass, signifying the presence of royalty – In this instance Christ the King.

Following Mass some people stay for private prayers and to participate in the consumption of the food brought during the offertory procession.

Blessed Ludovicus Oderic, St Francis Xavier, Joseph and Julius Schmutzer and their family, and the millions of Javanese and other Indonesian Catholics who have sacrificed much for the privilege of practising their faith, and the many thousands of missionaries who over hundreds of years devoted their lives to spreading the Catholic faith in the Spice Islands, would be justifiably proud of the Catholics of Ganjuran. As we were.

1. Written in 1336 at the request of Cardinal Hélie de Tallyrand-Périgord.
2. See Letts, Malcolm, *Mandeville's Travels, texts and translations*, London The Hakluyt Society, 1963. Milton, Giles. (1996). Also, *The Riddle and the Knight: In Search of Sir John Mandeville, the World's Greatest Traveller*. Picador USA.
3. A latin version of Oderic's travels is to be found in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists under January 14. www.yale.edu/yup/pdf/cim6.pdf
5. 'Postremo rediit in Europam, post annorum sexdecim continuum peregrinationem. disseminato ubique Evangelii semente, et sacro baptisinate intinctis ultra viginti millia.' *Acta Sanctorum*, Parisiis, apud Victorem Palme via dicta Saint-Sulpice, MDCCCLXIII vol.2, 'Vita B. Odorici' xiv Januarii, p.266, 2.
6. *Acta Sanctorum*, ed.cit., vol. cit. p.271, 11.
7. Should anyone be tempted to accuse Oderic of hyperbole see Tim Hannigan's account of Raffles's bombardment of the palace of the Sultan of the Sultan of Yogyakarta: *Raffles and the British Invasion of Java*, Monsoon Books, Singapore, 2012, pp.182 ff.
8. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Catholicism_in_Indonesia



Cross-bearer and candle-bearers leading the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The Banner reads: 'Parish of the Sacred Heart of Lord Jesus, Ganjuran'.

'The light of Faith' - A Reading

LUMEN FIDEI

By Jude P. Dougherty



LUMEN FIDEI is a remarkable treatise on the nature of the Catholic faith, on its source, perpetuation, and implication. The encyclical follows the path that faith has taken from the moment God revealed himself to Abraham to the *Fides et Ratio* of John Paul II.

No topic is pursued at length; each subject addressed flows smoothly into the next. At times it seems the plan of a great work to come. Remarkable, because without presuming too much, one may find the text also revelatory of the thought of the principal author himself, Francis I.

Promulgated June 29, 2013, *Lumen Fidei* surprisingly opens with a discussion of Friedrich Nietzsche's critique of Christianity and soon confronts Jean Jacques Rousseau's lament, "How many people stand between God and me!" It then goes on to discuss the illumination that faith provides to natural knowledge. Clearly it intends to be relevant in an age seen as drifting into darkness.

Written, one may say, in the idiom of Paul and Augustine, the encyclical speaks of the unity of faith, hope, and love, often in a romantic and poetic manner. Its aim is to enable us to know truly the "Son of God who took our flesh," out of love for us. Emphasis here is on *truly*, for false prophets are not unknown.

The encyclical warns that faith without a grounding in truth does not save. Faith without truth may provide a beautiful story, inspire lofty sentiment, or satisfy us to the extent that we are willing to deceive ourselves, but without truth it does not provide a sure footing. The truth of faith is a question of its origin and of memory for it deals with something prior to ourselves. It is a question about the source of all that is, in whose light we acquire a glimpse of the goal.

Ludwig Wittgenstein is cited for the thought that *believing* can be compared with the experience of falling in love. Like love it must be tied to the truth. Only to the extent that love is grounded in truth can it endure over time, only then can it transcend the passing moment and be sufficiently solid to sustain a shared journey. So too, the faith, like love, if it is not tied to truth, is vulnerable to fickle emotion. If love needs truth, the pursuit of truth needs love. The two are inseparable. Without love, truth remains detached, impersonal, bearing no fruit.

Another surprising reference is to William of St.-Thierry, largely unknown except to scholars of the medieval period. What is his place in this narrative? William flourished in the first half of the 12th century. As Abbot of St.-Thierry, a Benedictine monastery near Reims and a friend of St. Bernard, he was an unceasing foe of the logician Peter Abelard. Prolific, he wrote on the contemplation of God in the manner of St. Augustine, authored a book on the nature and dignity of divine love, another on the enigma of faith, and still another on the *Canticle of Canticles*. When this is known, his place in the narrative becomes clear and may tell us something about Francis I himself.

The encyclical goes on to speak of the nature of the Catholic Church and its role in transmitting the truth of the faith. The Church is presented as the storehouse of memory for it hands down through the centuries the profession of faith, the celebration of the Eucharist, and the sacraments, ever reminding us of the path provided by the ten commandments, and unceasingly exhorting us to prayer.

Those who believe are reminded that they are not alone, for given the universal character of the Church one can feel at home wherever the faith is professed. Faith, too, it is noted, accompanies every stage of life, not the least at the end of life. "Suffering reminds us that faith's service to the common good is always one of hope."

Without doubt this very rich encyclical will receive many and varied readings.

PROFESSOR JUDE DOUGHERTY is Dean Emeritus of the Philosophy Faculty, Catholic University of America, Editor, *The Review of Metaphysics*, and General Editor, *Series Studies in Philosophy and the History of Philosophy*, Washington, D.C.

In contraceptive Christianity God is underplayed, sacrifice is not mentioned, repentance and forgiveness are not required, and everyone has the right to happiness in heaven or perhaps to a convenient annihilation.

YESTERDAY'S COUNCIL FOR TOMORROW'S WORLD

By George Cardinal Pell



MOST YOUNGER and middle aged Catholics in Australia imagine, if they think about it at all, that Church life here has been as it is today, for longer than anyone cares to remember. Most would concede that their grandparents were better at churchgoing than they are, and most cannot remember a big number of brothers or sisters teaching in our schools.

In one grade six Confirmation class in Melbourne more than 12 years ago, one boy asked me what a nun was! Nearly all my teachers were brothers and nuns.

With this background it is not surprising that most have little awareness of even the existence of the Second Vatican Council (1962-65) and no idea at all of its importance and the changes it brought to Catholic life in Australia. I am not sure that it is better known than the Council of Trent; rather, it is as unacknowledged as the Council of Nicaea.

I should make a couple of points about the title of my talk. It is difficult enough to discern what is important today in the swirl of news reports and events, before we think about tomorrow.

Tomorrow there will be many Catholic 'worlds' across the globe, i.e. different pastoral situations, and even here in Australia and they will continue to change. Probably the major currents of opinion will be regularly hostile, although even this is uncertain. Certainly the tide today is running against us as one statistic establishes.

After the Second World War in 1947 only 0.3 per cent of Australians declared themselves irreligious. Today 22.3 per cent are without religion. The irreligiosity of most of Europe or the religious vitality of the United States, with some muted version of their culture wars, are our alternative Australian futures. Future generations will need much prayer, regular service, hard thinking and changes of attitude to build and maintain faith communities in the future.

My second preliminary point is to acknowledge that the Second Vatican Council is the 21st in Catholic

history, in many ways completing the interrupted First Vatican Council (1869-70).

As someone who stands with the recent popes in affirming a hermeneutic of continuity rather than seeing Vatican II as a doctrinal rupture or repudiation of earlier Councils, I don't go around proclaiming 'I am a Vatican II priest' (although I am) because this is capable of misunderstanding, of fostering the illusion that the past is rejected.

I am rather a priest of Jesus Christ, the head of the Church. I stand under the Scriptures, under all the Councils and especially their creeds and am faithful to the Church's magisterial teaching. ...

The clay and the Potter

GOD IS sitting in Heaven when a scientist says to Him, 'God, we don't need you anymore. Science has finally figured out a way to create life out of nothing - in other words, we can now do what you did in the beginning.'

'Oh, is that so? Tell Me.' replies God.

'Well,' says the scientist, 'we can take plain dirt and form it into the likeness of you, and breathe life into it, thus creating man.'
'Well, that's very interesting ... show Me,' says God.

So the scientist bends down to the earth and starts to mould the soil into the shape of a man.

'No, no, no,' ... interrupts God, 'get your own dirt.'

After the Council

None of us would be at ease if we tried to return to a time before Vatican II. We are all happy with lay leadership in most areas of church service e.g. health, education, welfare, aged care. Ecumenical co-operation is a theological imperative and a strategic necessity to resist hostile secularism.

Despite the proper enthusiasm of a number of faithful for the Tridentine Mass, celebrated in Latin of course, the overwhelming majority prefers the liturgy in the vernacular, a language they understand.

The separation of church and state, implicit in the rejection of the state's power to coerce religious belief and practice, not only respects personal freedom, but will be a useful defence if pressures against religious liberty continue and increase.

It is now accepted that we have parish finance Councils, parish Councils

and that bishops from around the world participate on the Councils of the Curial departments and that the Curia should have priests and religious from around the world in their ranks.

The Council brought and brings us many blessings, changes which benefited church communities, but many unexpected developments occurred. There were plenty of surprises.

No one expected the phenomenal growth of the Pentecostal communities (or sects), which are now the fourth largest religious grouping in the world. It is particularly strong in South and Central America among Protestants, while the Catholic Church in Brazil has a vibrant Catholic charismatic constituency.

No one predicted the growth of a Catholic community such as the Neo-Catechumenal Way which in just over 40 years has grown to 1,400,000 members and runs more than 70 seminaries throughout the world, including one in Sydney archdiocese.

I did not predict the doctrinal and moral confusion which developed, as largely secular majority views in Australian society penetrated Catholic hearts and minds.

This confusion was particularly marked in the understanding of sexual morality, marriage and family, where the 1968 teaching of Pope Paul VI in *Humanae Vitae* against artificial contraception, was rejected and continues to be widely rejected.

I remember an older lady whose son was proposing to marry a woman who was leaving her husband, telling me that the Church was likely to approve such adultery in the future as so many things had already changed, such as the language of the Mass.

In 1994 Pope John Paul II spoke of a true crisis in moral understanding, (*Veritatis Splendor*) with the confusion spreading from contraception to abortion, euthanasia and same-sex marriages.

In a similar way, no one I knew anticipated the scourge of juvenile sexual abuse which would be uncovered and seems to have peaked in the 1970s -1980s when incidentally the moral confusion was at its height.

I never encountered anyone during or soon after the Council who

Walking in the footsteps of Augustine

PERHAPS THE Anglican Communion has finally succeeded in arguing itself into an insignificant sect. Do I mourn this? Not really. The Archbishop of Canterbury probably prefers not being written about in any case. And at least we still have George Carey writing for the *News of the World*. The Anglicans will become a 'story' again, certainly, as the women bishops debate progresses through the Church of England, and as a minority of clergy and congregations leave for the Anglican Ordinariate. But for now the story is the Catholic Church and the visit of the Pope to Britain. Why is this? One reason could be that the Anglicans have become internecine. They are good at fighting publicly among themselves. The Catholics fight among themselves, certainly, but much of this is kept private. Benedict has taken the real fight to where it matters, to the bare beaches of secularism. Long after our church has disappeared, his will be there, on Dover beach, in Kent, possibly even in Canterbury, walking in the footsteps of Augustine, when the tide finally returns from 'its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.' As it most certainly will.

— Ruth Gledhill, Religion Correspondent, *The London Times*. See <http://www.theanglicatholic.com/2010/09/a-catholic-and-an-anglican-on-the-popes-uk-trip/>

predicted the waves of departures from the priesthood and religious life, the eventual extinction of many religious orders and the drying up of vocations.

My figures are not comprehensive, but I believe they are not unrepresentative. One estimate has it that 10,000 priests from around the world left during the pontificate of Pope Paul VI (1963-78).

In Australia there were 14,662 nuns in 1966, but only 4,765 last year with a median age of 74.

During the years of the Council 1962-65 approximately 60 seminarians entered each year at Springwood for NSW and ACT.

Last year we had 83 seminarians altogether for NSW and ACT, which represents a substantial increase on the numbers in the early 1990s.

While the Nashville Dominican Sisters who came to Sydney before WYD in 2007 have accepted nine Australian young women with two more coming in August since then, most orders of nuns have only a few vocations.

Between 1997 and 2008, 268 women became nuns and about 40 have since resigned.

The piety in the Sydney archdiocese remains somewhat more traditional than in Melbourne. One only has to examine the interiors of their two

beautiful cathedrals to identify a difference of tone.

However, to varying degrees, right across Australia, parishes saw a Protestant-type removal of many statues, monstrances, candlesticks. Simplicity was the aim even when noble simplicity was elusive.

Those days are now gone – largely, if not completely, due to the leadership of Popes John Paul II and Benedict XVI. I never anticipated that 50 years after the beginning of the Council my strongly liberal and theologically radical seminarian friends would have almost no successors among the seminarians of today in the English-speaking world.

Immediately after the Council when medieval devotions were fiercely resisted and largely uncelebrated it would have been impossible for me or any of my fellow Roman seminarians to have imagined the popularity of silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament among many young adults, their fondness for Benediction and that we would have at least 5,000 people each year at our Corpus Christi procession.

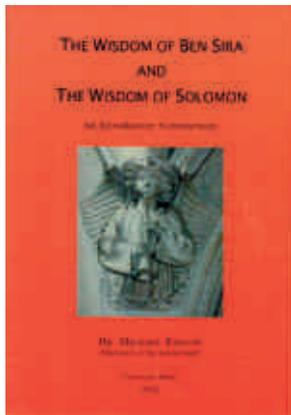
Neither would we have imagined that a Synod on the Eucharist in 2010 would conclude with a Holy Hour and Benediction with the Holy Father and all the Synod members.

Pope John Paul had to overcome strong opposition to start the World

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By Father Michael Fallon, MSC

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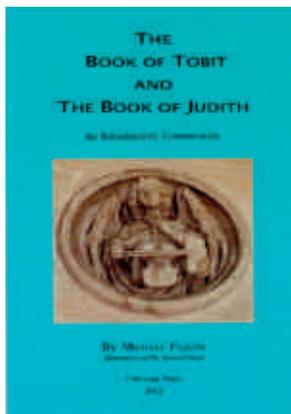


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mentioned, repentance and forgiveness are not required, and everyone has the right to happiness in heaven or perhaps to a convenient annihilation.

Even Jesus can become like Harry Potter's foe Voldemort: 'He who must not be named'. This is nowhere good enough. The one true God and his Son deserve much better. Certainly the Second Vatican Council neither recommended nor silently condoned such a write-down, such a retreat from the call to repent and believe.

These few words on *Vatican II, Today and Tomorrow* might not be sufficiently optimistic for some; perhaps too pessimistic. We are called to neither of these alternatives, but to realism and the Christian virtue of hope, which is quite different from a facile optimism. There are many signs of hope.

Let me conclude with a quotation I have used on a number of occasions from C.K. Chesterton's small masterpiece *Orthodoxy – The Romance of Faith* [Image Books, 1959, pp 100–101]

Chesterton wrote that the Catholic Church is a lion tamer, who goes in for dangerous ideas. Christians are not a flock of sheep 'but a herd of bulls and tigers, of terrible ideals and devouring doctrines,' which can degenerate into a false religion and lay waste the world.

The Church has to go on her way very carefully because 'she is a great and daring experiment of irregular equilibrium'.

Following Christ in the Catholic tradition is thrilling and exciting, but perilous when we get things wrong.

In every age there are obstacles and traps, he wrote. And

'to have fallen into any of those open traps of error and exaggeration ... that would indeed have been simple. It is always simple to fall; there is an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads ... would indeed have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect.
So be it.

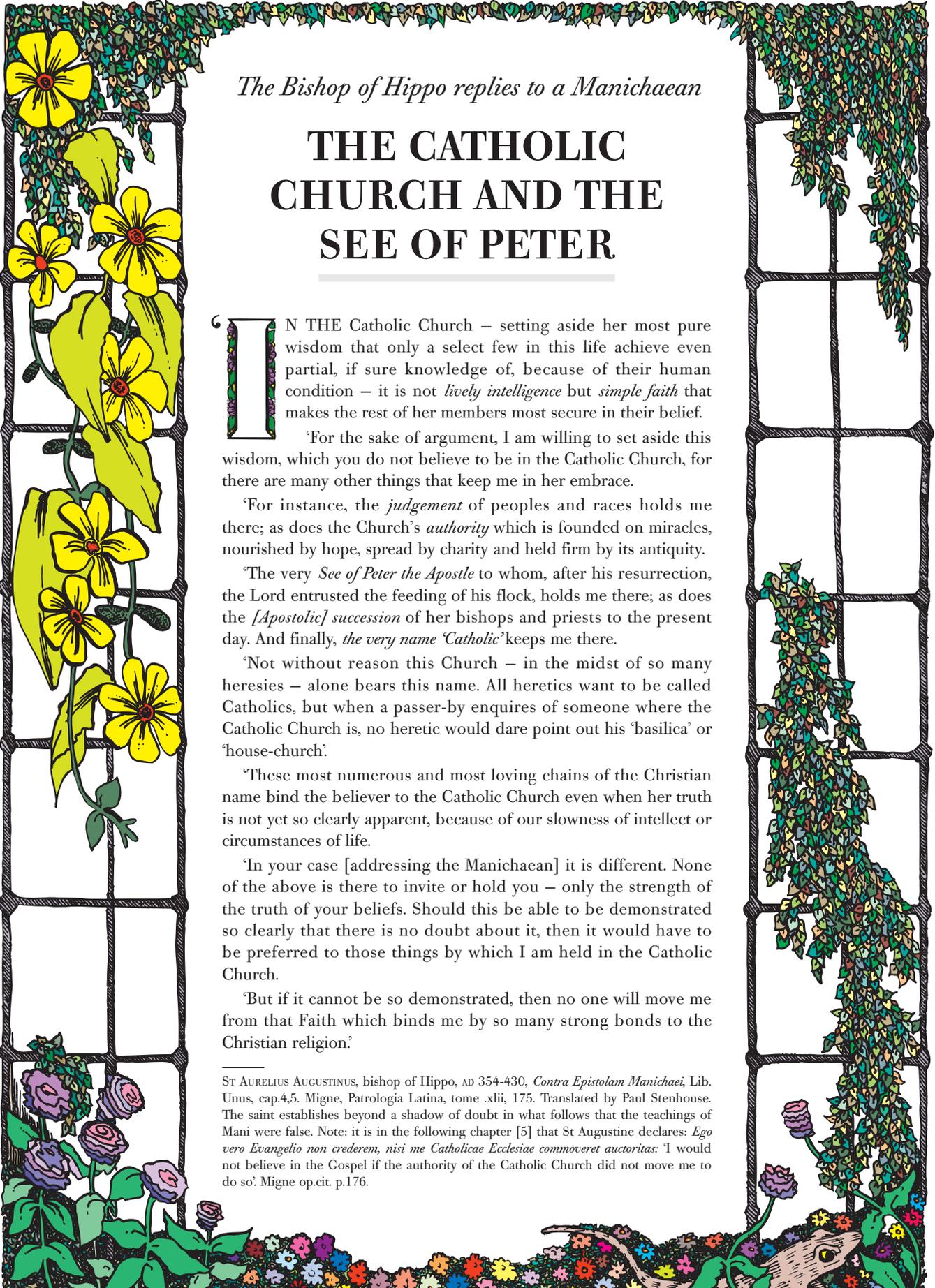
The above is a condensed version of a public lecture by the Archbishop of Sydney, George Cardinal Pell, at St Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, during *The Great Grace: Receiving Vatican II Today* conference. Reprinted from *The Catholic Weekly*, June 2, 2013.

Youth Days. No one then dreamt of 400,000 at a Youth Mass in Sydney, two million in Rome in 2000 and probably a similar number later this year at Rio de Janeiro led by a charismatic Jesuit pope from Argentina, who had been a determined opponent of liberation theology and a champion of the poor and marginalised. God writes straight in crooked lines, but God is always with us.

All priests and religious love the Church, as they love Christ, even (or perhaps especially) when they differ about what the Church needs.

Some still cling to the belief that if we just make ourselves a bit more reasonable, a bit less demanding and a bit more up to date, then big numbers will come into the Church. However statistics show that the more liberal the Church community, the faster the exodus.

Unfortunately, too many lapsed into a contraceptive Christianity, where nearly everything appears normal on the surface, but is unable to produce new life. In contraceptive Christianity God is underplayed, sacrifice is not



The Bishop of Hippo replies to a Manichaeon

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SEE OF PETER

IN THE Catholic Church – setting aside her most pure wisdom that only a select few in this life achieve even partial, if sure knowledge of, because of their human condition – it is not *lively intelligence* but *simple faith* that makes the rest of her members most secure in their belief.

‘For the sake of argument, I am willing to set aside this wisdom, which you do not believe to be in the Catholic Church, for there are many other things that keep me in her embrace.

‘For instance, the *judgement* of peoples and races holds me there; as does the Church’s *authority* which is founded on miracles, nourished by hope, spread by charity and held firm by its antiquity.

‘The very *See of Peter the Apostle* to whom, after his resurrection, the Lord entrusted the feeding of his flock, holds me there; as does the [*Apostolic*] *succession* of her bishops and priests to the present day. And finally, *the very name ‘Catholic’* keeps me there.

‘Not without reason this Church – in the midst of so many heresies – alone bears this name. All heretics want to be called Catholics, but when a passer-by enquires of someone where the Catholic Church is, no heretic would dare point out his ‘basilica’ or ‘house-church’.

‘These most numerous and most loving chains of the Christian name bind the believer to the Catholic Church even when her truth is not yet so clearly apparent, because of our slowness of intellect or circumstances of life.

‘In your case [addressing the Manichaeon] it is different. None of the above is there to invite or hold you – only the strength of the truth of your beliefs. Should this be able to be demonstrated so clearly that there is no doubt about it, then it would have to be preferred to those things by which I am held in the Catholic Church.

‘But if it cannot be so demonstrated, then no one will move me from that Faith which binds me by so many strong bonds to the Christian religion.’

ST AURELIUS AUGUSTINUS, bishop of Hippo, AD 354-430, *Contra Epistolam Manichaei*, Lib. Unus, cap.4.5. Migne, Patrologia Latina, tome .xlii, 175. Translated by Paul Stenhouse. The saint establishes beyond a shadow of doubt in what follows that the teachings of Mani were false. Note: it is in the following chapter [5] that St Augustine declares: *Ego vero Evangelio non crederem, nisi me Catholicae Ecclesiae commoveret auctoritas*: ‘I would not believe in the Gospel if the authority of the Catholic Church did not move me to do so.’ Migne op.cit. p.176.

If no truth does indeed exist outside human 'constructs' - as deconstruction and structuralism suggest - then surely the acquisition of money, power and self-gratification by any means possible becomes even more attractive to all who lack basic moral conviction.

THE TRIVIALISATION OF TRUTH

By Giles Auty



DOZEN or so years ago while in the course of giving a talk at the University of Sydney I learned that my appointment there was due to be followed later that day by an address at Sydney Town Hall which would be given by someone infinitely more admired and respected than I within Australian academic circles: Jacques Derrida. The University of Sydney had, in fact, block-booked all the seats available for his lecture. Mass adulation was clearly the order of the day.

By some odd chance we were employing an extraordinarily erudite and widely-read house painter at home at that time. The following day I asked him how much work by Derrida he had ever read.

When he replied "one hundred and twenty pages" I was quick to compliment him.

But he was equally quick to disillusion me.

"In fact I read the same four pages thirty times while trying to extract any kind of intelligible meaning from them" he informed me ashamedly.

I feel sure we all remember the word 'deconstruction' – the convoluted academic process of the day closely associated with Derrida's name.

It was a technique in fact which caused my only sister – who was formerly a senior teacher of English at a pleasant pre-graduate college outside London – to take early retirement from her career when she was ordered to instruct her students in its mysteries. When not

so instructed she was a passionate advocate of the continuing relevance of Shakespeare to everyday modern life.

Did any way exist at the time in which she could have shown herself to be more academically unfashionable?

The so-called 'culture wars' certainly had – and continue to have – their fair share of victims as well as beneficiaries. But the greatest victim by far of the academic era which began in the 1980s – when

words such as deconstruction and structuralism along with the novel vocabulary which supported their procedures were still very much in vogue – was the fundamental concept of truth itself.

It may seem obvious here that the concept of truth is intrinsic not just to religious belief, say, or to the traditional discipline of philosophy but also to the ordered workings of society itself.

Without the fundamental notion of the importance of truth societies



tend to mutate – with potentially disastrous consequences – as the examples of a fascist Nazi Germany and communist USSR might suggest.

Both power-obsessed and rigidly enforced systems would have been inconceivable of course without the philosophic and political underpinnings of Friedrich Nietzsche and Karl Marx respectively, however much their supporters may claim that the fundamental natures of the doctrines of both were misunderstood at least in part.

In the godless world or godless political system that Nietzsche and Marx did so much to promote the notion that any kind of absolute truth might exist at all soon came to find itself regarded as intellectually absurd.

If there is to be no after-life, of course, then the notion of absolute truth – which might subject our lives at some point to its inconvenient scrutiny – may indeed come to seem happily superfluous.

At the height of the era when deconstruction and structuralism formed the daily stuff of academic discourse – and before these were supplanted in turn by other neo-Marxist hybrids such as cultural, post-colonial and gender studies, queer theory or the politics of grievance – I was approached by a young woman at an art gallery who asked for my assistance in interpreting some of the works on view.

At the end of twenty minutes of earnest effort she was kind enough to thank me cordially while remarking at the same time that what I had said was “only your truth, of course”.

Because I had not been teaching in tertiary institutions for some while her words were the first evidence I had heard that truth and opinion had suddenly come to be regarded as synonymous – or even interchangeable – in the fashionable academic parlance of such places.

I even asked her politely what exactly she had meant.

Her slightly garbled reply involved a somewhat extreme form of determinism: my ‘truths’, in short, were apparently predetermined entirely by my gender, background,

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 75

Across Clues

- 1 Part of a church containing altar, sanctuary and choir (7)
- 5 Adore or venerate (7)
- 9 Of great significance or value (9)
- 10 House provided for a minister (5)
- 11 Roman procurator of Judea and Samaria from 26 to 36 AD (6)
- 12 Removing fleece from sheep (9)
- 14 Seller of daily publications highlighting current events (10)
- 16 Cross (4)
- 18 Ingredient in the making of cheese (4)
- 19 An economic system that allows supply and demand to regulate prices, wages etc (10)
- 22 Flavoured or made with hazelnuts (8)
- 23 Twist or squirm in pain (6)
- 26 Sharpened a knife (5)
- 27 A province of South Africa (4,5)
- 28 Extremely bad; awful (7)
- 29 Mountain in Greece (7)

Down Clues

- 1 One of the Patron Saints of shoemakers (7)
- 2 To fill with horror, shock or dismay (5)
- 3 Able to restore to good health (8)
- 4 Wife of Jacob (4)
- 5 Sentries' tall building (10)
- 6 Surname of the 100th Bishop of Canterbury who visited Pope Paul VI in the Vatican in 1966 (6)
- 7 Craftsmanship (9)
- 8 Solemnly promised (7)
- 13 Thankless (10)
- 15 Done in a cheerful and compliant manner (9)
- 17 Room in a church where sacred vessels and vestments are kept (8)
- 18 Former African nationalist leader, Nelson ... (7)
- 20 In Greek mythology, a hero of Attica and slayer of the Minotaur (7)
- 21 State of uproar (6)
- 24 Hike (5)
- 25 Roman emperor who blamed the Christians for the fire that destroyed a large part of Rome (4)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 74

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ethnicity, education, age – and even height. But if I had been short, black, female, underprivileged and thirty years younger my ‘truths’ inevitably would thus have been quite different of course.

In the past forty years the humanities departments of Western universities – which were once regarded as guardians of our moral as well as academic traditions have generally fallen over themselves in a fashion-conscious rush to betray both aspects of their role.

Two writers in particular stand out here for the consistency of their opposition to those who have effectively betrayed the great traditions of Western academic life: the English philosopher Roger Scruton and the noted American author and journalist Roger Kimball.

The words that follow form the first paragraph of the section devoted by Scruton to deconstruction in his book *Modern Philosophy* (Arrow Books 1997). These words also go a long way to explaining the adulation

received by Jacques Derrida as the sometime guest of the University of Sydney:

“By demonstrating that all law and interdiction, all meaning and value, all that troubles, contains or limits us, is our own invention, the devil fosters the belief that everything is permitted. In particular, revenge is permitted against the society from which you feel excluded and against the Father who created it. If you have reached the stage of repudiation, and are unable to advance beyond it to the reconciliation and forgiveness which are the signs of moral maturity, then the temptation of the liberator is irresistible. ‘Ruin the sacred truths’ as Marvel said; pull down the order that surrounds you; not only do you affirm yourself against it, you also liberate your fellows and will be rewarded by their admiring love”.

Here is Kimball on the same subject – an extract from his *Experiments against Reality* (Ivan. R. Dee, Chicago 20000):

“But because deconstruction operates by subversion, its evasions are at the same time an attack: an attack on the cogency of language and the moral and intellectual claims that language has codified in tradition. The subversive element inherent in the deconstructive enterprise is another reason that it has exercised such a mesmerising spell on intellectuals eager to demonstrate their radical bona fides. Because it attacks the intellectual foundations of the established order, deconstruction promises its adherents not only emancipation from the responsibilities of truth but also the prospect of engaging in a species of radical activism. A blow against the legitimacy of language, they imagine, is at the same time a blow against the legitimacy of the tradition in which language lives and has meaning. They are not mistaken about this. For its is by undercutting the idea of truth that the deconstructionist also undercuts the idea of value, including social, moral and political values”.

Although they often seem to exist at one remove, at least, from the normal activities of the community, Western universities continue to initiate notions which flow out at varying speeds into the wider and less privileged world that surrounds them.



Thus – without necessarily realising this – the community slowly absorbs all sorts of ideas which seem, at first sight, to have little or no relevance to everyday life. Indeed, virtually all of the concepts which are marshalled today under the collective banner of post-modernism slowly infiltrated the general consciousness in precisely this fashion.

It would indeed be very hard to imagine political correctness, say, erupting spontaneously as an idea in the Western suburbs of Sydney.

Instead the basic notion of political correctness wafted gently across the Pacific all the way from the ivory towers of the University of California at Berkeley. Multiculturalism, feminism and so-called gender issues also, for example, first took root likewise

in other quarters of our globe yet nevertheless seem by now to have embedded themselves inextricably in Australian life.

Understandably during the heydays of deconstruction and such the prevailing mood of universities became one of atheistic cynicism – described euphemistically by some as ‘irony’ – and fairly foreseeably this ‘ironic’ contagion then also spread itself out in time into the wider community.

If no truth does indeed exist outside human ‘constructs’ – as deconstruction and structuralism suggest – then surely the acquisition of money, power and self-gratification by any means possible becomes even more attractive to all who lack basic moral conviction.

In a world ‘proved’ to the satisfaction of so many to be ‘godless’ why should we not all surrender ourselves to outright avarice, say, or a lust for power?

To my mind Western universities have generally betrayed the trust once placed in them by ordinary people – the children of a good many of whom will have been practising Christians of course.

Why should they too be instructed in godlessness?

The world in which I grew up was one in which a secularised form of Christianity retained a primary influence in the affairs of individuals as well as of nations and where the examples of great art and great literature still set a model which was untainted as yet by cynicism. Politicians still existed who even put the needs of their nations before their own.

Why has that world been replaced by now by one which is infinitely less attractive and in which supposedly educated young adults cannot even grasp the fundamental difference between truth and opinion?

I fear the increasing, unauthorised politicisation of education at all levels in the West must take a major part of the blame.

GILES AUTY was born in the UK and trained privately as a painter. He worked professionally as an artist for 20 years. Publication of his *The Art of Self Deception* swung his career towards criticism. He was art critic for *The Spectator* from 1984 to 1995. He continues to devote himself to his original love – painting. He is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

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MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

At the time of writing Magic, Chesterton was still nine years away from finally committing himself to the Catholic Church. We can see in Magic how he made part of the journey from doubt to hesitancy to certainty.

A CENTENARY OF 'MAGIC'

By Tony Evans



ONE HUNDRED years ago this year – in November 1913 to be exact – G. K. Chesterton's play *'Magic'*, had a trial run at a provincial theatre, and then opened to high acclaim in London's West End.

Magic is the only one of Chesterton's nine completed plays to have received a fully professional production, and was so successful it ran for six months. The first foreign translation was in Germany, and was produced there in 1914.

The play might even have run longer in London had not the First World War loomed and closed most of the theatres in August 1914. Certainly the war years contributed to its untimely disappearance from the popular theatre repertoire.

Fortunately the play did not disappear altogether. The published booklet (now rare) ran to six editions between 1913 and 1920. The play itself re-surfaced after World War II with productions in New York (1941); Denmark (1945); in Sweden, produced by Ingmar Bergman; and a there was a production in Italy in Italian in 1954. The most recent professional production of *Magic* appears to have been in Washington D.C. in February 2011.

Sadly, there has been no known production in Australia.

The story is well known how Chesterton's friend and sparring partner George Bernard Shaw demanded that Chesterton write a play. His 1908 letter to Chesterton threatened: "I shall repeat my public challenge to you; vaunt my superiority; insult your corpulence; torture Belloc; if necessary, call on you and steal your wife's affections by

intellectual and athletic displays, until you contribute something to the British drama."

In April 1912, so keen was Shaw on the idea that Chesterton should write a play that he entered into a conspiracy with Gilbert's wife, Frances. He proposed that he should come to Chesterton's home in Beaconsfield and read one of his own plays (probably his latest, *Androcles and the Lion*). "I want to insult, taunt and stimulate Gilbert", he wrote, "It is the sort of thing he could write and ought to write: a religious harlequinade. In fact he could do it better if a sufficient number of pins were stuck into him."

He then adds an impish suggestion with typical Shavian extravagance, that, after he has finished reading his play "you (Frances) fall into transports of admiration of it; declare that you could never love a man who could not write things like that; and definitely announce that if Gilbert has not finished a worthy successor before the end of the third week ensuing, you will go out and – like the lady in *The Dolls House*, live your own life – whatever that threat may mean."



Shaw's efforts were rewarded eighteen months later with the London opening of *Magic* that was to run successfully for 165 performances. In a review Shaw wrote: "Mr Chesterton is in the English tradition of Shakespeare...is it grateful to ask for more?"

Why was Shaw so insistent that Chesterton should write for the theatre? Because he was generous spirited and loyal to his friends, and believed – and so spectacularly practised what he believed – that the best way to get ideas and argument across to the public was through drama. As Albert Camus put it so succinctly: "Those who love the mystery of the heart and the truth concealed in human beings must come to the theatre.... believe me, to make truth come alive, put it on a stage."

Shaw had recognised in Chesterton a natural talent for dialogue writing. This, together with a love and understanding of the theatre, nurtured since childhood when his father bought him a toy theatre, were the foundations of the dramatist in the making. Shaw's plays were phenomenally successful and dominated the West End theatre at the turn of the century. They were frankly polemical and acted as a platform for Shaw's (then) revolutionary socio-political theories. Chesterton may not have echoed those theories, but he was undoubtedly influenced by Shaw's technique because *Magic* is also firmly a play of ideas and argument; the stock characters merely a means of testing arguments and counter-arguments.

Magic's setting is in the tradition of the drawing-room comedy, even down to the French windows leading into the garden where characters come and go,

and night falls as the mystery deepens – a setting that doesn't endear itself to modern tastes in a theatre so recently influenced by Brecht and Pinter.

The cast includes a Duke – a Lord Emsworth look-alike in his potty-ness – his brash young nephew, Morris, home from material success in America; a clergyman, the Reverend Cyril Smith, committed more to social work than theology; an agnostic doctor, Grimthorpe; a conjuror, and the Duke's ward, Patricia Carleon, who believes in magic.

There are some well-known Chesterton 'one-liners' such as: "I object to a quarrel because it always interrupts an argument" and, "Does it never strike you that doubt can be a madness, as well as Faith?" But the play in essence is an argument about magic and the nature of miracles; whether miracles ever happen; and whether the 'dark arts' can be confused with miracles. To quote Chesterton again, "The most incredible thing about miracles is that they actually happen."

The plot, put simply, centres around the visit of a conjuror to the country house of an eccentric duke who has engaged him to perform his tricks for the amusement of his guests – including his innocent ward who is at first beguiled by him; and the Duke's belligerently sceptical nephew lately returned from America. Also present are his old friend the doctor and the local clergyman. When the conjuror rehearses some of his tricks for a later performance, the stage is set for some volatile arguments about the morality of trickery and the possibility of miracles.

SMITH (*speaking to Morris*): You were saying that these modern conjuring tricks are simply the old miracles when they have once been found out. But surely another view is possible. When we speak of things being sham, we generally mean that they are imitations of things that are genuine. Take that Reynolds over there. If I were to say that it was a copy . . .

MORRIS: Well, the Duke's real amiable; but I reckon you'd find what you call the interruption of an argument. . . .

SMITH: Well, suppose if I did say so, you wouldn't take it as meaning that Sir Joshua Reynolds never lived. Why should sham miracles prove to us that

Furphies against the Faith

THE FALSE DICHOTOMY between Law and Love. In this mode of thinking law, or rules, or boundaries of any sort are a kind of anti-type to love. Thus when the Church proposes any sort of limits to behaviour, teaches that certain acts or attitudes are sins, and so forth, the answer is often forthcoming that 'God is Love' and that this somehow means that He doesn't really care that I am doing what you, with all your rules, say is wrong. A mitigated form of this, is to admit that perhaps a certain behaviour is clearly described as wrong in Scripture but that since 'God is Love' he therefore 'understands' and won't really care all that much. To oppose law and love is a false dichotomy. In fact all God's commandments can be understood to flow quite beautifully from his love for us. The truth sets us free. In commanding us God seeks to preserve us from harmful behaviour that may harm or even destroy us and/or others. Because God loves, he commands.

The False dichotomy between Law and Freedom. In this mode of thinking somehow law exists only to limit my freedom. And therefore God's commandments and laws are an assault on human freedom and exist only to limit and enslave human beings. In commanding us God seeks to preserve us from harmful behaviour that may harm or even destroy us and/or others. But of course law does not only limit freedom, it also enhances it. Since we humans are contingent and limited beings freedom can neither be absolute nor can it be a mere abstraction. Freedom must exist in a context wherein certain freedoms are limited to enhance others. For example, You and I are not free to drive, unless we also accept the limits that traffic law insists upon. God gives us his law, not to destroy our freedom but to enhance and enable it. His laws are not prison walls, they are defending walls. The Catechism teaches: The more one does what is good, the freer one becomes. There is no true freedom except in the service of what is good and just. The choice to disobey and do evil is an abuse of freedom and leads to 'the slavery of sin' (# 1733)

— 'On the Problem of False Dichotomies Advanced by Those who Oppose the Faith'
- Msgr. Charles Pope - *Archdiocese of Washington*.

real Saints and Prophets never lived? There may be sham magic and real magic also.

[*The Conjuror raises his head and listens with the strange air of intentness*]

SMITH: There may be turnip ghosts precisely because there are real ghosts. There may be theatrical fairies because there are real fairies. You do not abolish the Bank of England by pointing to a forged bank note.

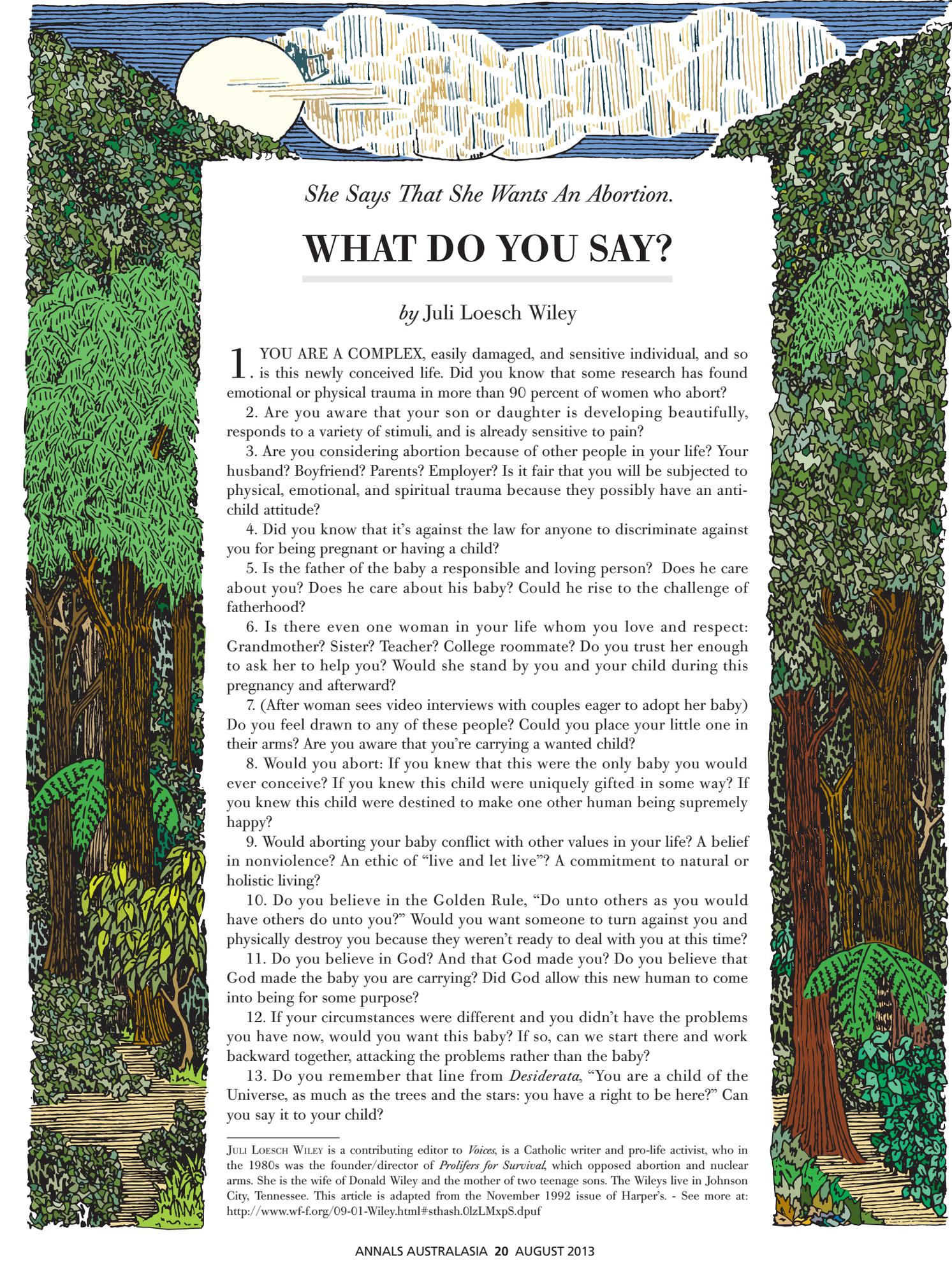
At the time of writing *Magic*, Chesterton was still nine years away from finally committing himself to the Catholic Church. We can see in *Magic* how he made part of the journey from doubt to hesitancy to certainty.

It is a sad commentary on Christian, and specifically Catholic, theatre groups in Australia that we have not yet seen

a production of *Magic* in this country. It has been left to other countries and especially America, to see the 'magic' in it.

All Chesterton's plays and his various writings on G. B. Shaw can be found in Vol. XI of *The Collected Works* published by Ignatius Press, 1989.

TONY EVANS was a producer with the ABC for many years and is now a freelance writer living in Western Australia. He has published three historical biographies, the latest being a biography of William Wardell. The beautiful St John's College within the University of Sydney, founded in 1858, is the oldest Catholic University College in Australia, and first Catholic University College to be built in the English speaking world since the reformation; it is also one of the cultural treasures bequeathed to Australian Catholics by William Wardell its architect. Evans founded the *G.K.Chesterton Society* in W.A. Recently it became the national *Australian Chesterton Society*.



She Says That She Wants An Abortion.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

by Juli Loesch Wiley

1 YOU ARE A COMPLEX, easily damaged, and sensitive individual, and so is this newly conceived life. Did you know that some research has found emotional or physical trauma in more than 90 percent of women who abort?

2. Are you aware that your son or daughter is developing beautifully, responds to a variety of stimuli, and is already sensitive to pain?

3. Are you considering abortion because of other people in your life? Your husband? Boyfriend? Parents? Employer? Is it fair that you will be subjected to physical, emotional, and spiritual trauma because they possibly have an anti-child attitude?

4. Did you know that it's against the law for anyone to discriminate against you for being pregnant or having a child?

5. Is the father of the baby a responsible and loving person? Does he care about you? Does he care about his baby? Could he rise to the challenge of fatherhood?

6. Is there even one woman in your life whom you love and respect: Grandmother? Sister? Teacher? College roommate? Do you trust her enough to ask her to help you? Would she stand by you and your child during this pregnancy and afterward?

7. (After woman sees video interviews with couples eager to adopt her baby) Do you feel drawn to any of these people? Could you place your little one in their arms? Are you aware that you're carrying a wanted child?

8. Would you abort: If you knew that this were the only baby you would ever conceive? If you knew this child were uniquely gifted in some way? If you knew this child were destined to make one other human being supremely happy?

9. Would aborting your baby conflict with other values in your life? A belief in nonviolence? An ethic of "live and let live"? A commitment to natural or holistic living?

10. Do you believe in the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you?" Would you want someone to turn against you and physically destroy you because they weren't ready to deal with you at this time?

11. Do you believe in God? And that God made you? Do you believe that God made the baby you are carrying? Did God allow this new human to come into being for some purpose?

12. If your circumstances were different and you didn't have the problems you have now, would you want this baby? If so, can we start there and work backward together, attacking the problems rather than the baby?

13. Do you remember that line from *Desiderata*, "You are a child of the Universe, as much as the trees and the stars: you have a right to be here?" Can you say it to your child?

JULI LOESCH WILEY is a contributing editor to *Voices*, is a Catholic writer and pro-life activist, who in the 1980s was the founder/director of *Prolifers for Survival*, which opposed abortion and nuclear arms. She is the wife of Donald Wiley and the mother of two teenage sons. The Wileys live in Johnson City, Tennessee. This article is adapted from the November 1992 issue of Harper's. - See more at: <http://www.wf-f.org/09-01-Wiley.html#sthash.0lzLMxpS.dpuf>

The Kandhamal Holocaust five years on

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS

By Anto Akkara



RETIRED English professor of St Joseph's College in Bangalore asked me 'Are they mad?' after going through the proof of my first book on the incredible Christian witness from the Kandhamal jungles of Orissa.

He explained the logic behind what he had said: 'The members of my family have been Christians for generations. But if I had been threatened like this, I would have tried to save my life. How could one just die, when threatened to forsake the faith?'

I told the professor that the book was about 'that madness' of thousands of poor but valiant Christians in Kandhamal who decided to fulfill the harsh conditions Jesus had set for those who wanted to follow him. 'Whoever wants to be my disciple must deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me' (Mt 16:24).

Kandhamal Christians preferred to forsake everything, literally, and flee to the jungles as true followers of Christ to escape the ignominy of being forced to recant the faith when armed mobs led by Hindu bigots tried to troop hapless Christians to temples for a reconversion ceremony.

The orchestrated anti-Christian violence that was unleashed in Kandhamal following the murder of Swami Lakshmanananda on August 23, 2008, had left over 100 Christians dead, 300 churches desecrated and destroyed apart from rendering 56,000 Christians homeless with their houses plundered and razed to ground.

Several fact-finding studies have pointed to the fact that the massive funeral procession of Swami Lakshmanananda, which was carried

across Kandhamal in blatant violation of the curfew imposed by the district administration, had led to the pressure-cooker situation. Even some of the ministers in the Orissa's coalition government of the day were in the forefront of the procession that was stopped deliberately in front of churches to desecrate them.

The Catholic church at Phulbani – district headquarters – was desecrated in the presence of the Inspector General who had been rushed in by helicopter to enforce law and order; while dozens of police led by the District Collector remained also silent spectators. Certainly, it was not the funeral procession of a religious leader but of the funeral of Indian secularism.

Even the media got carried away by the Hindutva propaganda and

declared that the mayhem and bloodshed was a 'spontaneous reaction' to the killing of Swami Lakshmanananda. But on closer scrutiny, it has all turned out to have been carefully planned and meticulously executed. The poison of hatred and revenge had been fanned across Kandhamal with Sangh Parivar taking the body of the slain monk in a zigzag procession for two days even along obscure villages to incite gullible Hindus to join saffron foot-soldiers to execute their agenda – banish Christianity from Kandhamal.

This is where many, even among Christians, have missed the wood for the trees, dismissing the Kandhamal conflagration as yet another 'communal riot'. Kandhamal was not a communal carnage as witnessed in Nelly in Assam, Delhi, Mumbai or Gujarat when members of a religious community were targeted. In Kandhamal, I would say, only half a dozen Christians had been killed for their religious identity. The others were fatally assaulted because they refused to forsake their faith in Christ. It was not communal carnage but a repeat of the brutal persecution that the Early Christians underwent in the beginning of Christianity.

Hate-mongering leaders landed up in Christian hamlets warning them to renounce their faith because Christianity had been 'banned' in Kandhamal. They gave ultimatums to Christians in village after village to forsake their 'foreign faith' if they wanted to live in Kandhamal. On the expiry of the deadlines, armed mobs descended on the villages on the appointed day like executioners to implement the writ of the Sangh Parivar. They trooped any Christians whomever they could lay hands on to temples for 'reconversion.

Continuing Persecution

ATTACKS BY MUSLIM extremists on Catholic villages in the Central African Republic have left at least 15 dead and made around 1,000 people homeless. The raids were carried out by Islamist militia group, Séléka which seized control of the country following a coup in March 2013. At least 14 villages in Bouar Diocese were completely abandoned after residents fled, Italian Carmelite missionary, Fr. Aurelio Gazzera, told *Aid to the Church in Need*. 'It was terrible. Many villages are like ghost towns. Witnesses told me that the rebels had thrown the bodies of those killed in the river.'

— Eva-Maria Kolmann and John Newton, for *Aid to the Church in Need*

As saffron mobs roamed around hunting for Christians, they asked those who came in their path to proceed to the nearby temples for a reconversion ceremony and even desecrate the Bible or destroy Christian houses as proof of their recanting their faith. Those who refused to budge as true Christians experienced brutality resembling that of the Nazi Gestapo. They were put to the sword, chopped into pieces, crushed with boulders and even burnt alive.

No one in their right senses would dismiss such sadistic brutality that went on unabated for weeks in Kandhamal as 'spontaneous reaction' to the murder of a Hindu leader that itself remains shrouded in mystery even after five years.

While the orgy of violence went on for weeks, the persecution and harassment of Christians continued with the connivance of saffron friendly government officials. Hundreds of Christians are languishing

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outside their villages as they are not prepared to meet the saffron precondition to renounce their faith

in order to return to their villages. T

The custodians of the 'secular democratic Republic' of India in Kandhamal failed in their duty to enforce the fundamental right of the hounded Christians to return to their villages and practice their faith fearlessly. Government mandarins found an easy way out by carving out exclusive Christian settlements like 'Shanti Naga' in Nandagiri, 'Anand Nagar' in Tikabali in forlorn jungle tracts of government land for transplanting Christians banished from their native places.

Contrary to the euphemism, the silent reality is that there was neither 'shanti' (peace) nor 'anand' (bliss) in the minds and hearts of the hapless Christians who had been reduced to aliens in their homelands.

Just as the 'Early Christians' were hounded out for professing a banned faith under the Roman Empire, Christians in Kandhamal had to undergo brutal persecution for their faith. There were no formal statutes under the Roman Empire guaranteeing freedom of faith at the time. But, the persecution of the Christians in Kandhamal took place in the 21st century in a nation that prides itself as a 'secular democratic republic' throwing to the winds the fundamental freedom guaranteed under the Indian Constitution to its citizens to profess the faith of their choice.

The orchestrated violence in Kandhamal was the most painful episode in the history of Christianity in India. On the other hand, it also produced the most glorious moment of Christianity in India since the Apostle St Thomas brought faith in Christ here in A. D. 52.

The unwavering witness of poor and even illiterate Christians in Kandhamal amid ruthless persecution is a challenge to the 'many who masquerade as Christians' to quote the recent words of Pope Francis. How many of the so-called Christians would be prepared to make sacrifices like the Kandhamal Christians for their faith as true followers of Christ?

Kandhamal provides a catacomb experience for the Indian Church. The valiant Christians of the remote

New Head, New Church

IN APRIL 1535 'all supporters of the pope's jurisdiction' were now ordered to be arrested, and on 20 April the priors of the Charterhouse of London, Beauvale and Axholme, and Dr. Richard Reynolds of the Bridgettine monastery of Syon, were arrested. They were charged with 'denying the King to be supreme head of the English Church' and were sentenced to death. This ended the important acts of the autumn session of Parliament and also ended the Reformation Parliament. On May 4 they were put to death as traitors at Tyburn, hanged in their religious dress, against all precedent for the execution of criminous clerks, priesthood and monachism being thereby punished and warned as well as priests and monks. On June 19 three more members of the London Charterhouse were similarly executed. Following these executions were the executions of Bishop Fisher on 22 June 1535 and Thomas More on 6 July 1535. They were both convicted of refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy. At this time Cromwell decided to use the King's new powers of visitation to compile the 'Valor Ecclesiastious', a detailed assessment of all clerical incomes from those of bishoprics down to those of vicarages and chapels, in order to collect the newly reinstated annates tax, formerly paid to the Pope, now ordered to be paid to the King. The monasteries were doomed prior to these visitations, and not in consequence of them, as we have been asked to believe according to the traditional story. Parliament was to meet early in the following year, 1536, and ... the Commons were to be asked to grant Henry the possessions of at least the smaller monasteries. It must have been felt, however, by the astute Cromwell ... that to succeed, a project such as this must be sustained by strong yet simple reasons calculated to appeal to the popular mind. Some decent pretext had to be found for presenting the proposed measure of suppression and confiscation to the nation, and it can hardly now be doubted that the device of blackening the characters of the monks and nuns was deliberately resorted to.

— www.tudorplace.com.au/Documents/suppression_of_english_monasteri.htm

jungle tract have literally paid the cost of discipleship that St Paul listed in Romans 8:35-36: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Will it be trials, or anguish, or persecution, or hunger, or lack of clothing, or danger, or sword? As Scripture says, for your sake we are being killed all day long; they treat us like sheep to be slaughtered."

Yet they stood firm in their faith drawing inspiration and courage from the assurance of Jesus, spelt out in John 16:33: *"The world will make you suffer. But be brave! I have defeated the world."*

Look at the rock-like witness of Kandhamal widows. They may have been battered, their husbands killed before their eyes, their houses burnt down and even threatened with death to renounce their faith. Yet they remained solid as rock in faith, drawing inspiration from the martyrdom of their husbands. Despite being homeless and vulnerable, the widows of Kandhamal showed amazing courage and resilience to hold on to their faith and to carry on with life despite being burdened with the onerous task of looking after their children.

Nearly half of the 117,000 Christians in Kandhamal – 20 percent of the population of the jungle district – had to flee to the jungles to escape marauding mobs that tried to force them to renounce their faith. Thousands of distraught Christian families took shelter in two dozen refugee camps, put up across Kandhamal by the Government because their houses had been looted and destroyed.

The better-off families among the hounded Christians soon fled Kandhamal to Bhubaneswar, Cuttack and other urban centres in Orissa and outside, taking houses on rent or staying with their relatives.

But the poorer majority had to languish in the dingy refugee camps for months as they were penniless. The Government shut down the refugee camps to project a state of normalcy ahead of the April 2009 elections and forcibly dumped the homeless Christians near their villages. That was because the bigots, who enjoyed absolute impunity, remained adamant and prevented the Christians from



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– Editor, *Annals*

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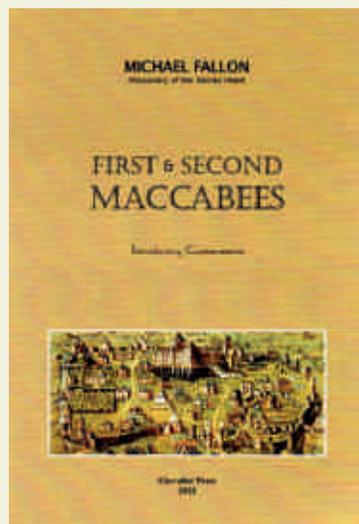
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as soon as they got the Rs 10,000 interim compensation for the damage to their houses. Thousands of them took shelter in slums in Bhubaneswar, Cuttack, Berhampur and elsewhere. The sprawling Saliasahi slum in Bhubaneswar alone became home to over 10,000 Christians from Kandhamal.

Thousands of Christians had opted to suffer extremely harsh conditions for a single reason – to keep their faith aflame. Several of them told me that they preferred the stench in the slum to sacrificing their faith to live in the comfort of their villages in Kandhamal.

Kandhamal Christians have a lesson for the sceptics among Christians and also the secular intelligentsia. They have proved that choice of religion is not the exclusive privilege of the social elites who presume that they alone are capable of making an informed choice on matters of faith. The resolute witness of an entire community amid brutal persecution – not of a few zealous Christians – show that the poor and the illiterate too have the capacity to make a conscious choice about their faith and stand up for it.

Despite continued persecution, gross, injustice and shocking indifference on the part of the watchdogs of fundamental rights, Kandhamal Christians have reasons to rejoice. Enthused by the steadfast faith of the persecuted Christians, dozens of Hindus including those who assaulted the Christians are flocking to the churches to embrace the same faith they tormented – replicating the beginning of Christianity. For their amazing witness and courageous martyrdom, the valiant Christians of Kandhamal deserve the title 'Early Christians of 21st Century.'

ANTO AKKARA is the South Asia correspondent of the Catholic News Service, Washington (CNS). He has authored two books, *Kandhamal – a blot on Indian Secularism* and *Early Christians of the 21st Century*. He has been chosen for the Blessed Titus Brandsma Award for Journalism. It will be conferred at the World Congress of Christian Media in Panama City in October. To contact: antokkara@gmail.com. This article appeared in The New Leader, 64 Armenian Street, Catholic Centre, Floor, Chennai 600 001

returning to their villages unless they embraced Hinduism.

After a month into the orchestrated violence, the Orissa Government told the Supreme Court in an affidavit that it had arrested 633 accused from 11,348 named in 784 FIRs and that it had been making hectic efforts to arrest the other culprits. However, the shocking fact was that even after eight months, hardly anyone has been arrested despite the solemn assurance to the apex court.

Meanwhile, the poorer Christian families also started fleeing from the refugee camps in Kandhamal



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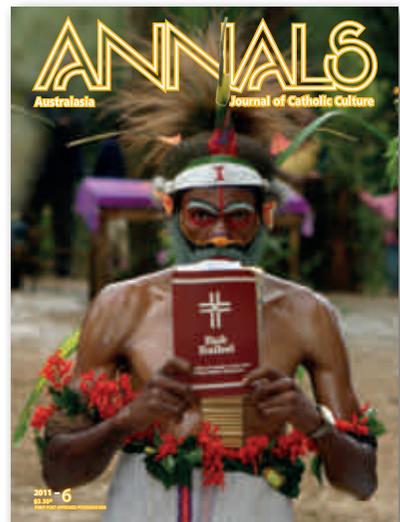
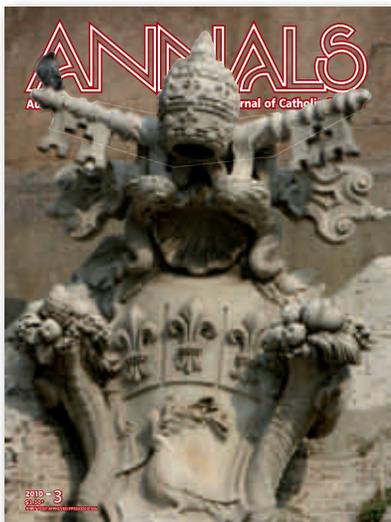
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The original and unpardonable sin of the Billings Method was that it is completely free, an aspect that evidently makes it very unpopular with the pharmaceutical industry, which, through chemical contraceptives, obtains enormous profits.

IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME AGAIN

By James Murray



WRITER WHO knows how to vary her pitch, Tessa Livingstone begins gently, not to say beguilingly, with a diptych of her subjects: Doctors Evelyn and John Billings. This is Livingstone in butterfly mode: covering the birth into an Anglican family of Evelyn Livingston Thomas in 1918 in Jerilderie, birthplace of John Monash, and the place where Ned Kelly, between bank and telegraph office robbery, wrote his Jerilderie letter.

In similar fashion she covers the background of John Billings born in the same year into a Catholic family in leafy Hawthorn.

Livingstone throws in what would make a compelling magazine cover line: they met over a row of bodies when he was an anatomy instructor and she a medical student at the University of Melbourne.

Their love and marriage continued into the 21st century, she dying earlier this year, he predeceasing her by seven years. Their lives were dedicated to the highest of medical ideals: do no harm; their research uncovered what is paradoxically the most difficult thing in science, the obvious: that there is a natural means to regulate human fertility. It takes its official name from theirs: the Billings Ovulation Method (BOM) or the clunkier, World Organisation of the Ovulation Method Billings International Ltd (WOOMB).

Livingstone examines these and other natural, scientific approaches to fertility, including that of Dr Thomas Hilgers, director of the Pope Paul VI Institute Omaha Nebraska who with his team developed the Creighton Model Fertility Care System and in 2004

The Billings Enigma, By Tess Livingstone, Connorcourt, rrp \$29.95

published *The Medical and Surgical Practice of NaProTECHNOLOGY* (Natural Procreative).

The examination is detailed. Equivalent detail on the way the contraceptive pill was introduced to Australia in the 1960s would have been welcome.

'Ageing population' is one of the cant phrases of our times, Australia, like other developed countries including America and Japan, does not have an ageing population it has a population imbalance with a common cause: the Pill, introduced in Australia on the watch of the great conservator, Robert Menzies, who has not been given

appropriate coverage for his social revolutionary decision.

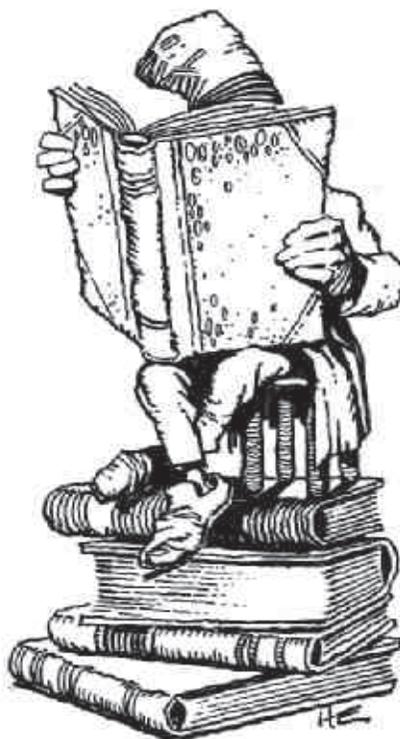
Nor for that matter is enough coverage given to the side-effects of various formulations of the Pill including transgenerational effects. This reviewer has yet to sight an interview where a woman cancer patient who has opted to go public has been asked about her medication.

But Livingstone knows the value of economy of means in achieving an objective, and her objective is to show how the Billings achieved a medical breakthrough of such worldwide significance that there was talk of their being awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine.

Hyberbole? Only to those prepared to dismiss the breakthrough as parochial in every sense. As it was the Billings were made Members of the Order of Australia and Papal Knight and Dame of St Gregory the Great.

Livingstone, now following the second part of the Muhammed Ali formula - 'float like a butterfly, sting like a bee' - enlists the grande dame of feminists Germaine Greer; it is an enlistment which causes Cardinal George Pell in his foreword to comment: 'Some ironies are apparent, such as Germaine Greer insisting that the abortifacient qualities of some contraceptive pills should be known to the women who use them. A Catholic education is never completely wasted!'

Disinclined to split hairs, Livingstone writes: 'Natural family planning and the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae* had a rough passage over their first four decades their acceptance impeded by the trends of the times, poor explanation and teaching within the Church and its institutions including schools and by confusion and sometimes conflicting attitudes and medical approaches.



'But nor has the alternative contraception enjoyed a smooth and enviable record. Surely the biggest failure of the various methods is to be found in the fact that Australian taxpayers fund more than 70,000 abortions annually through Medicare. Reliability of barrier methods is a major concern, as are the side-effects immediate and long term of the Pill and the IUD. Given the efficacy of the Billings Ovulation Method in successive surveys around the world, it is fair to conclude that Dr Thomas Hilgers was correct when he said the 'full potential' of the ovulation method is yet to be achieved.'

Bringing this potential into current focus, Livingstone cites the campaign launched in 2012 by practising Catholic and philanthropist Melinda Gates to distribute contraceptives to African women.

She points out that *L'Osservatore Romano* published an article by Giulia Galeotti attacking Mrs Gates's campaign. Why was she not more aware of the Billings Ovulation Method.

'An example, little known but striking, of the success of BOM has been its adoption in China.' Galeotti wrote. 'The communist government of Peking was very interested in a method of regulation that cost nothing and didn't damage the health of the woman, a method considered 98% reliable.' According to Galeotti the 'original and unpardonable sin' of BOM was that 'it is completely free, an aspect that evidently makes it very unpopular with the pharmaceutical industry, which, through chemical contraceptives, obtains enormous profits, as will others thanks to the philanthropy of Mrs Gates.'

Comprehensively Livingstone shows that that BOM has been welcomed as a boon throughout the world: from the Americas to Africa, from South America to India,

With nice timing she reserves her most telling example of the beneficial impact of BOM in China.

'It is a measure of how rapidly the Method was accepted in China that by the end of 2003 it was being used by 3,645,600 fertile couples for avoiding pregnancy – an increase of almost a million couples in nine months. They had been taught the Method by 48, 449 Chinese teachers who in turn had

The Abyss of Relativity

WHATEVER one's personal opinion of Catholicism (I am not Catholic), the church remains a bulwark against Western secularization and the growing culture of choice. Is it really desirable, just for starters, that the leader of the Christian church embrace the destruction of human life in the womb?

One may make painful personal choices as the law permits, but even non-Catholics can find solace in the barricade that men and women of conscience erect between human beings and the abyss of relativity. If the church means nothing to some, it is at least a welcome noisemaker in the public square, fearless in making the argument that life does matter.

Without the Catholic Church — the largest charitable organization in the world — millions of the world's least fortunate would suffer. Catholic Relief Services works in nearly 100 countries and reaches 100 million of the world's poorest with emergency aid and health care, including 280 HIV and AIDS projects. Catholic Charities USA provided food services to 6.5 million people last year, according to Vatican sources.

Scandal surely has diminished the Vatican's moral authority, but 2,000 years of history suggest it will adapt and survive. In the meantime, any evaluation of its present situation must also include recognition of the immense good that individual Catholics and the church do.

— Kathleen Parker, columnist with the Washington Post: 'A world of good done by the "unchanging" church,' *The Dallas Morning News*, March 13, 2013.

been instructed by 1871 core-teachers trained by Billings staff from Australia.'

In China and elsewhere; as Livingstone shows, the potential of BOM lies not only avoiding pregnancy but in enhancing it for women who may have had difficulty in conceiving because they were unaware of their optimal fertility period. Not all of China's websites are unrestricted. One that is, and often visited: <http://www.org/bom/trials/chinaLaunching.html>

The demographic context for this was provided, not from the University of Peking nor the Australian National University, Canberra but from Singapore; its founder-leader Lee Kuan Yu, faced with low birthrates (not unconnected with government birth-control programmes) warned last year:

'If we go on like that, this place will fold up because there will be no original citizens left to form the majority, and we cannot have new citizens, new permanent residents to settle our social ethos, our social spirit, our social norms. So my message is a simple one...we've got to persuade people to understand that getting married is important, having children is important. Do we want to replace ourselves or do we want to shrink and get older and be replaced by migrants and work permit holders? That's the simple question.'

With respect to one of the most creative politicians of his generation, the question is not simple. But his drift is clear and is relevant here: is oy, oy, oy enough?

The local counterpart to the Chinese website (though less visited): <http://www.thebillingsovulationmethod.org/>

Tess Livingstone's book should be widely read especially by politicians of all persuasions facing the problem of high cost (and embryo destructive) IVF procedures. BOM should be seen as an initial (and less costly) proven alternative to such procedures.

As Livingstone points out: 'Economically it would make sense to at least explore the option, given the exorbitant rises in the cost of assisted reproductive technology and the growing demand.'

This is not to say Livingstone's work is simply a handbook on the science of BOM and other natural methods in which women take charge, she emphasises the consonance between these methods and marital spiritual harmony flowing from *Humanae Vitae* and enhanced by the teaching of successive popes not least John Paul II.

JAMES MURRAY is a Glasgow-born Catholic. A Sydney-based writer his career includes ten years in Fleet Street, and contributions to Australia's major publications. He writes *Annals* film reviews, and is the author of our ever-popular *Media Matters*.

For the past almost five hundred years, the religious inheritors of the 'reformers' have spent their energies in unsuccessful attempts to find God's truth, while achieving massive Christian disunity.

DISUNITY AND THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

By Brian Pollard



CATHOLICS believe that what God wants for them and from them is taught by the church He founded, the Catholic Church, and if others wish to know what that is, it is available in the historically unique book, the Catechism of the Catholic Church.

This knowledge is important because it informs us about what may be called the *Life Questions*, concerning the sort of person one should become, the sort of life one should lead, what one should value and what one should prioritise, none of which can be gleaned with certainty by examining our environment or probing our imagination.

In the discussion that follows about the Protestant Reformation, I am deeply indebted to Brad S. Gregory, the scholarly historian and author of *The Unintended Reformation; How a Religious Revolution Secularised Society*, published by Harvard University Press in 2012. He has provided a large amount of factual material about most aspects of his subject, including the current focus on the compatibility or otherwise of science and religious belief. For those who wish to consult his sources, the book has extensive references.

Christian answers to the *Life Questions* involve doctrinal claims upon which all ancient Catholic Churches in communion with the See of Rome were in agreement.

Since the sixteenth century 'Reformation' what Christians believe about the Bible, God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, the nature of the Church, the Sacraments, collective worship, prayer, morality, social justice, ecumenism, and many other topics, varies widely across individuals, congregations, churches and traditions.

Such variations point to religion's apparent subjectivity; and to its being dramatically different from the claimed universality of modern scientific theories, such as evolution. This can seem to support atheism. But to leap from one assumption to the other leaves questions about what one should believe or how one should live, unanswered.

The rejection of religion leads to counter claims like: no religious

teachings are true, all are subjective; no doctrine is more than a human construct and all can be explained in terms of social, political or psychological functions.

Truth may appear not to matter provided other approaches, such as respect for individual autonomy or the wishes of the majority, seem to work.

Trying to perceive the truth of any answers to the *Life Questions* provided by the modern scientific community is no easier than trying to discern which among the contradictory religious doctrines of countless so-called Christian Churches in the Western world today might be true.

Before moving on to discuss the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century may I say that reform can only be brought about from within an organisation; external pressure is nearly always resisted. In a free society, any effective reform thought necessary within an established voluntary organisation can never succeed by exerting pressure from outside.

The so-called 'Protestant Reformers' who must have realised this, did not remain within the Catholic Church to implement any reforms; though that never deterred them from accepting the kudos that went with being regarded as 'reformers'.

They were in fact renegades, a wholly different class of person, who left the Catholic Church to found an entirely new set of Christian beliefs, of a kind that had never previously existed. They never 'reformed' anything. But ironically they were assisted by the Catholic Church herself, which seemed to have learned little since the Great Schism between East and West in 1054, about how to deal with disaffection in her ranks. Only afterwards, at the Council of

Old Questions recur

HE [the High Church clergyman today] is all for the People and for filling his Church. The devouring claims of the Church of Rome do not disturb his peace of mind. He thinks it very rude of her to dispute the validity of his orders – but then, foreigners are rude! And so he goes on his hard-working way, with his high doctrines and his early services, and has neither time nor inclination for those studies that lend support to his priestly pretensions. This temper of mind has given us peace in our time, and has undoubtedly promoted the cause of Temperance and other good works; but some day or another the old questions will have to be gone into again, and the Anglican claim to be a Church, Visible, Continuous, Catholic, and Gifted, investigated – probably for the last time.

— Augustine Birrell, 'Cardinal Newman,' *Collected Essays*, vol.II, London, Elliot Stock, pp.105-6.

Trent, was she herself to bring about the necessary reforms.

Prior to the 'Reformation' the core religious claim was that the transcendent God of love who was distinct from the universe he had created *ex nihilo*, had become incarnate in Jesus Christ for the salvation of human beings.

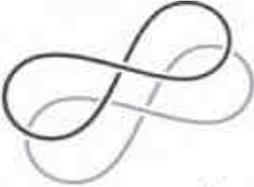
Fidelity to this ancient Tradition existed and was integral to life as a Catholic in the Church Christ founded. But medieval Catholicism was not a uniform set of strictly enforced, rigidly prescribed and closely followed practices. In addition to its doctrinal core, there were many local regional differences in liturgical and devotional practices, and some abuses had arisen. The eventual reform was slow and achieved only with difficulty.

Two major doctrines were disputed by the 'reformers'; first, the nature of Man. For them man was a misshapen creature who could earn God's favour only by belief that Jesus Christ was God while his actions earned no merit of their own. And second: the nature of religious Truth: for them, scripture was the only foundation of religious truth. 'Sacred scripture alone is the true light through which all human argument, darkness, and objections are recognised'. Their common goal was to discern and follow what God had revealed in scripture; *sola scriptura*.

Within three years of Luther's protest in 1517, however, the 'reformers' were already disagreeing among themselves about what God's truth was and what they were to believe and do. By 1522, Luther was being challenged for his rejection of the Epistle of St. James, on the character of the Old Testament, Eucharistic practice, oral confession of sins, and the place of religious images. By 1527, twenty-eight 'reformers' had publicly disagreed with Luther's views on the Lord's Supper. Those who rejected Rome never showed anything remotely resembling agreement about their own alternative, incompatible and irreconcilable truth claims.

It is misleading to say that 'Protestantism splintered into rival denominations,' as there had never been any significant time when they had agreed among themselves about what God – or the Bible – taught.

Luther, Zwingli, Bucer and Calvin rejected the theological claims of the



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Apostolic Fathers, Papal Decrees, Canon Law, Conciliar Decrees, and Liturgical practices wherever any of these contradicted their own interpretations of the Bible.

According to the principle of *sola scriptura*, those on every side of the debate claimed to be under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Thus, Zwingli could write 'I know for certain that God teaches me', while Luther could write 'Beware of Zwingli, for the man is completely perverted and has completely lost Christ'.

They all thought that for a correct reading of the Bible, a genuine grasp of God's word depended on some sort of direct personal enlightenment or inspiration by God but their focus was on just half of God's message – on *belief* to the detriment of *works* in response to God's commands.

They ignored the fact that Christ had founded a Church with his promise to guide its moral course throughout history, and that he wanted all to join it; they ignored St Peter's description of the Holy Spirit as God's gift to those who obey him; they ignored Christ's warning that those who refuse to keep his commands faithfully would condemn

themselves; they ignored the inspired Psalmist who wrote that God would repay each man 'as his works deserve' and many other similar warnings.

This meant that disagreements about what the Spirit had taught were unresolvable because of their unassailable subjectivity. As they disagreed about what to believe, so they disagreed about what to do. As it was then, so it is today. As an historical and empirical reality, Protestantism is an umbrella designation of groups, churches, movements and individuals whose only common feature is a rejection of the authority of the Catholic Church. *Sola scriptura* produced an unending succession of contradictory and incompatible interpretations of Luther's 'one certain rule'.

The existence and behaviour of the respective Protestant groups have led to a proliferation of irreconcilable truth claims, without any shared criteria according to which rival views could be judged.

Having cut themselves off from communion with the See of Peter, any certainty of God's truth had been lost and there was no agreed way of recovering it.

Lest the reader think that this is all overblown and unhelpful rhetoric, harmful to the cause of Christian unity, an internet search on the divisions of Protestantism show them as currently numbering some thirty-three thousand autonomous Churches world-wide.

The 'reformers' may say that they depended on God's guidance in scriptural interpretation, but it was already known that his guidance had been promised to others. Their venture was doomed from the first, because it was done in defiance of three things Christ had spoken about, in terms so unambiguous that no person open to the truth could possibly doubt their meaning.

Firstly, he promised that he would safeguard the teachings of the Church he would found, until the end of time.

Secondly, as he knew that his Apostles were still struggling to understand many of his teachings, he promised – before ascending into heaven – to send the Holy Spirit 'who will guide you into all the truth' and will [John 16,13] recall to their minds all that he had taught them [John 14,26].

Thirdly, he wanted his followers to teach and live as one, even as he and his Father were one. The whole of Christian doctrine had already been divinely entrusted to what became the Catholic Church.

Before Luther, the single universal Christian faith was called Christendom. The common word now for Christian faith is Christianity, but it, not being a plural word, cannot comprehend the current position of the huge number of different people and churches holding

Touching the Heart

DR. NEWMAN always aims at effect; and never misses it. He writes as an orator speaks, straight at you. His object is to convince, and to convince by engaging your attention, exciting your interest, enlivening your fancy. It is not his' general practice to address the pure reason. He knows (he well may) how little reason has to do with men's convictions. 'I do not want,' he says, 'to be converted by a smart syllogism.' In another place he observes: 'The heart is commonly reached not through the reason – but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history and by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, books subdue us, deeds inflame us.'

— Augustine Birrell, 'Cardinal Newman,'
Collected Essays, vol.II, London, Elliot
Stock, pp.105-6.

radically divergent views about Christ. The one word Christianity is not up to the task of differentiation.

Outside the Catholic Church, by the end of the twentieth century, increasingly large numbers of people, especially in the Western world, lack any reliable criteria for judging between one form of Christian belief and another.

The easy atheistic conclusion to be drawn was that no religious claims

were true, or that it could not be known which among the contradictory doctrines could possibly be true, even as society continued to embrace many values deeply rooted in Catholic history or Judaism.

This pluralism reinforces the impression of unbelievers that all religion can only be a matter of individual, subjective and irrational preference.

Today, within the limits of the law, literally anything goes as far as truth claims and religious practices are concerned, as a direct result of the multiplicity of conflicting and contradictory views produced by centuries of Protestant dissent. No matter where people live in the Western world they now live in the Kingdom of 'Whatever you want to believe is true, is true'.

For the past almost five hundred years, the religious inheritors of the 'reformers' have spent their energies in unsuccessful attempts to find God's truth, while achieving massive Christian disunity.

They have looked – and still look everywhere but in the one place where it is to be found since the time, two thousand years ago, when God the Son, incarnate as Jesus Christ, told the world that he would put 'all truth' through the Holy Spirit [John 16,13] within the church he would establish on Peter the Rock. This Church is the Catholic Church.

DR BRIAN POLLARD is a retired anaesthetist/palliative care physician with an interest in bio-ethics. Most of his professional life was spent in private practice as a specialist anaesthetist. He was Director of anaesthetics at Concord Hospital NSW, and founding Director of the Palliative Care Service there.



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*An interview with Richard Sellwood:
Father of seven, Religious Education Coordinator and Surfer*

SPREADING THE CATHOLIC FAITH

By Jonathan Doyle

What is your current role?

Head of Religious Education – Mandurah Catholic College, Western Australia

What do you spend most of your time doing in this role? Tell us about your work/vocation?

I'm a teacher and so I spend most of my time in the classroom explaining to students the truth and beauty of the Catholic faith. This I fit around my primary vocation as husband and father to seven children.

I'm a convert to the faith and chose to become a teacher specifically to share the Catholic faith.

I really try hard to enjoy each day. All the personalities, all the questions, all the laughs, all the youthful enthusiasm that pervades school life.

What is something you are most passionate about as a Catholic? What are the big issues, topics or questions that most interest, excite, compel or motivate you?

I am really passionate about teaching Religious Education. It is such an exciting job and an immense privilege to share the faith with young people.

Teaching RE should be one of the easiest jobs out there because we have what people are looking for. Everyone is looking for God and is called to come to know Jesus in a personal way. Everyone is looking for the truth. We shouldn't have any trouble giving away a suitcase filled with one million dollars. What the Catholic faith has is more valuable than a million dollars in a suitcase and as a teacher I have the opportunity to share this each day.

I'm excited about the role of philosophy in Religious Education. Showing the reasons why it makes sense to believe.

How does your Catholic faith inform, shape, guide, or motivate your work/vocation?

I think the Catholic faith informs my work life in helping to put things in perspective and to not worry about trivial things.

I really like to follow St Pio di Pietralcino's famous line – 'Pray, Hope and don't Worry' and really try hard to implement this each day. I try to thank God for both the good and bad things that happen each day and to trust that the loving hand of God the Father is always there.

How do you think the Church can make an impact in culture? What are the main things you think we should be focused upon in the process of the New Evangelisation?

We have what the world wants, so sharing the faith in creative ways (without watering it down). Impact culture by witnessing to the joy that comes from a relationship with Christ.

The focus should be on presenting the reasonableness of the Catholic faith and that it is the antidote to so many of the problems in our world, especially problems in the family.

There is much work to be done in the area of pre-catechesis.

My own personal contribution to the New Evangelisation has been to explore parallels between surfing and the Catholic faith. I got in touch with the Bishop of Honolulu about His Grace writing a Pastoral Letter to Surfers. I helped Bishop Larry draft the letter and it was published on January 14.

Source: <http://beingcatholic.com.au> , March 18, 2013.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Down to wire

Polls come, pollies go. Abrupt example: Prime Ministers Kevin Rudd and Julia Gillard; he went when his polls fell relative to hers; she went when his rose relative to hers. But what of the only poll that really counts: the federal poll?

With only nine days to go at this writing until the due date, September 7, main indications are that the formal Liberal-National Coalition will defeat the informal Labor-Greens Coalition.

The difference? In the echo-chamber of 24/7 coverage, Tony Abbott has been a team leader; Rudd has persisted with the self-delusion that he is a presidential candidate operating in an America of his mind, not the Westminster party system.

Your correspondent favours a Labor Party defeat; such a defeat it must have if it is to reform; few if any parties reform themselves while in power. Rudd, as he showed in opposition during his attack on the Australian Wheat Board/Saddam Hussein scandal, can bring a forensic intelligence to bear. He also opposed the GST when it reached Australia after New Zealand from socialist Jospin France by way of capitalist Thatcherite Britain.

Tortuous path for a torturous tax. A bolder Abbott would not have allowed possible changes to it to become a policy-funding factor. Instead he should stress the funding potential of recouping corporate, avoided tax, an approach in which he would have the business expertise of Joe Hockey, Andrew Robb, Arthur Sinodinos and Malcolm Turnbull, none of them surely inclined see the poor, working or not, as the shock absorbers of economic reform?

Original work

No matter which party wins, either Tony Burke or George Brandis as arts minister should do something to resolve the distinctly odd situation that has evolved in the Australian theatre where directors have taken to Frankensteinian surgery of classics before

calling the monstrous results their very own or more coyly as in the case of Simon Stone's Melbourne Theatre Company's, *The Cherry Orchard*, 'after Chekhov.'

The intrepid Rosemary Neill, duelling with former colleague, the critic Alison Croggon, once again made clear (*The Weekend Australian* August 10-11) that the evolution is the consequence of an Australia Council *ukase* that allows such works to be categorised as Australian for funding purposes.

What they are truly is the cultural cringe in disguise, due to an anxiety that a local work is innately inferior and less internationally viable. Yet some Irish troupes, possibly the most successful exporters of its theatre to the world, have a policy of Irish writers only – native Irish that is. Dealing with this, your correspondent was tempted to see whether it would help to obtain an Irish passport on the basis that his father was Irish.

Neill includes one of those surely-not quotes from the director of the Sydney Theatre Company Andrew Upton: '...Literature which is all well and good in the book club...does not count for much in the theatre.'

Yet as he shows in *The Turning* (See *Movie Reviews*) Upton can display considerable – okay formidable – individual creative talent and text respect; he should rely on these gifts rather than on gaining a passing reputation as a tinkerer with translations of foreign language classics like a skilled garage mechanic claiming to be Enzo Ferrari.

Higgins reap

The centenary of the most important socio-economic measure in Australian history – the Harvester Judgement – was in 2007, and passed unnoticed. Needless to remind readers what the judgement by Mr Justice Henry Bourne Higgins entailed: a working man's living wage sufficient to support himself, his wife and four dependents. The judgement, based on principles in Pope Leo XIII encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of 1891, was dismissed on appeal.



Yet its living, or basic, wage measure was established; it underpinned the *fair go*.

According to John Molony's *History of Australia* (short title) the judgement's norm was an unskilled labourer, married with four dependents and the wage set was two pounds, twelve shillings for a six-day week (multiply by at least 400 to get modern wage equivalent).

Local business *Gradgrinds* make comparisons between Australian and Asian labour costs raising the question whether the significance of the Harvester Judgement has been undersold. Was it, for example, ever high on the curriculum of Colombo Plan alumni?

In other words if the Harvester Judgement had been propagated overseas, Asian labour costs would not create an unfair advantage. As it is, the imbalance has made Australia a magnet for skilled Asian migrants to the detriment of their home countries.

Moreover significant amounts of the money being invested directly in acquiring Australian manufacturing and agrarian assets derive from Asia's low-cost industries; so, too, does high-roller gambling money (when it is not criminal revenue being laundered).

Branding irony

Time was when newspapers relied on copy and editorial stance (in that order) to define themselves. The idea of a rebranding campaign for *The Daily Mirror*, London when it had the highest circulation in the English-speaking world would have baffled Cecil King and Hugh Cudlipp.

Similarly Keith Murdoch would not have rebranded *The Argus*, Melbourne, had his private deal (with King and Cudlipp) gone through.

Yet there it was in *The Australian*, founded by Keith Murdoch's greater son, Rupert: a re-branding exercise involving half-page colour ads and the tag 'Search Know More'. The ambiguity of this when spoken was compounded by its pejorative subtext: if a reader has to search elsewhere, a newspaper has failed in its task of comprehensive coverage. With the re-branding came an increase of 20 cents in the cover price (30 cents for the weekend edition).

The suspicion that ousted CEO Kim Williams set the rebranding in train and his ousters, including Lachlan Murdoch, could not halt it, is supported by the 'Search Know More' tag. It smacks of the Williams acronymic *mantra* PEAL (Plan. Execute. Analyse. Learn).

Coverage in *The Australian* was wide but was haunted by the ghost of Mr Blandings (of Dream House fame) compared to Tim Elliott's piece (*SMH* Aug 10-11).

Was the rebranding designed to distract from the price hikes? Were the price hikes designed to push print readers towards cheaper subscription deals and 'premium online content'?

Perhaps the econo-philosophers of the Australian Competition and Consumers Commission can say whether such a marketing ploy is fair trading given that chemists are not allowed to increase the price of castor oil to get customers to buy jelly-beans.

Tweet Rupert

What makes the rebranding curiouser and curiouser is that new News and old News boss of bosses Rupert Murdoch, has been providing copy that could be a circulation booster more potent than when he followed his freelance instincts in 1975 and broke his great 'loans affair' exclusive from New York *via* his London Bureau to Sydney.

If his Tweet of the Day were used in 120 point rather than the tag superimposed on half-page, library pix, circulation would soar.

Your correspondent was particularly taken by one recent tweet: 'Pope Francis preaches and clearly practises humility. Doing God's work by example. Now needs to reorganise Curia.'

Spoken like a papal knight, and the tweet inspired the thought that Pope Francis might reciprocate by offering to appoint an experienced member of the Curia to assist in preventing further unruly Williams-style ousters; nepotism is a phenomenon with which the Curia is historically familiar.

Barry good

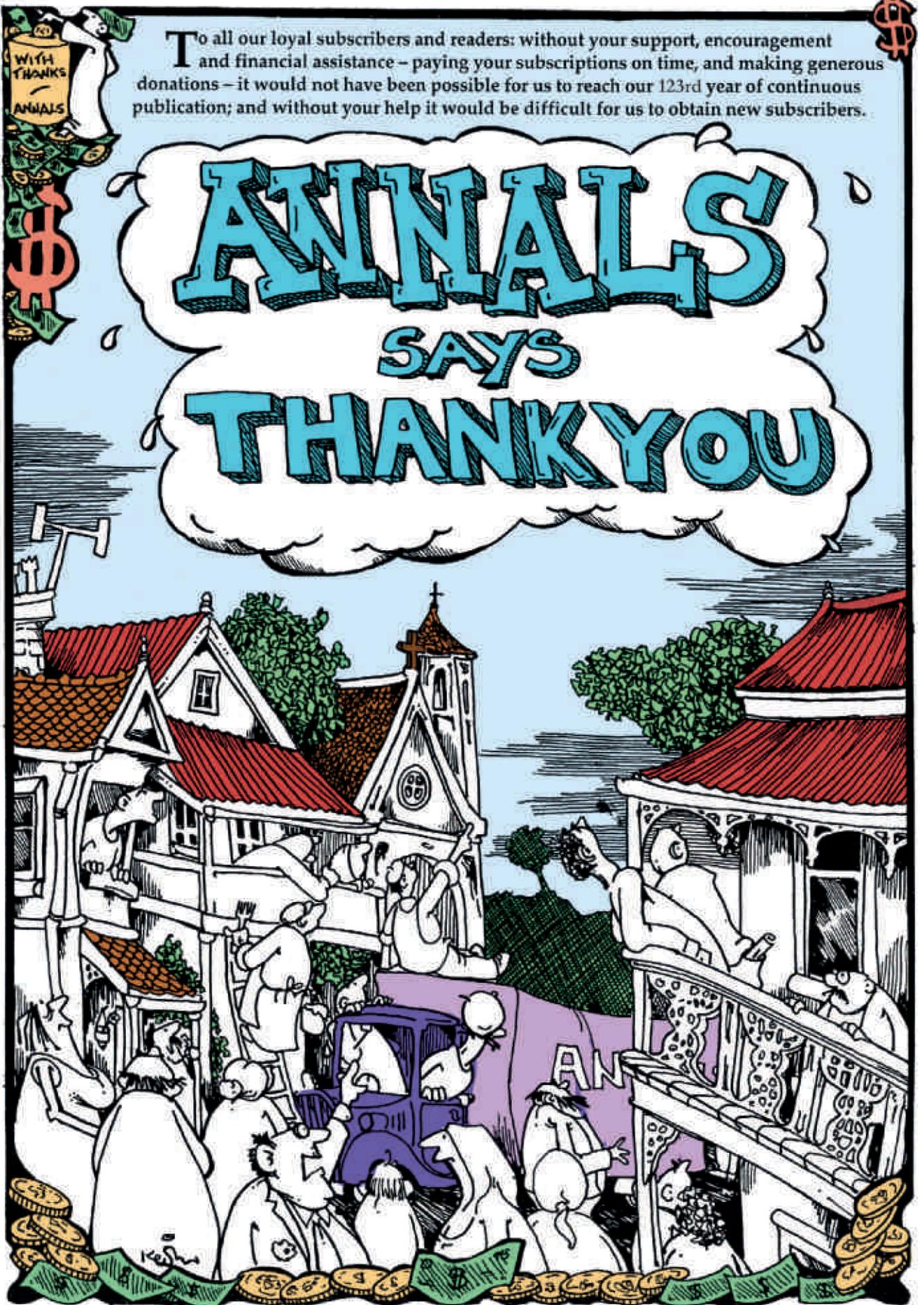
Current criticism of Murdoch's disproportionate control of Australian print media may be valid; it does not generally emphasise that both Liberal and Labor governments enabled him (as they may not enable new US proprietors such as Warren Buffet, Doug Manchester and Jeff (Amazon) Bezos. Nor does it accord with his own early views, admirably recalled by Paul Barry with an archival clip on the ABC's *Media Watch* (August 27).

Barry's main focus was on the Murdoch press treatment of Prime Minister Kevin Rudd and a Brisbane make-up artist who criticised his attitude on her Facebook page.



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ANNALS SAYS THANK YOU



Has Megaphone Politics overcome good government?

GOVERNMENT AND ELECTIONEERING – ARE THEY COMPATIBLE?

By Michael O'Connor



SOME YEARS ago – at about the time of the ‘Tampa affair’ for those who can remember it – I became involved in a discussion after Mass one Sunday with an old friend, about the issue of asylum seekers. To my astonishment, this holy and generous man expressed a very militant view of the boat people but without suggesting in practical terms how they should be treated.

Since that time, the question has become almost the central issue in Australian politics with now thousands of people risking – and sometimes losing – their lives in small, crowded and unseaworthy boats in an effort to get to Australian territory, mainly Christmas Island.

At the level of government – of managing this illegal immigration – confusion is compounded by constantly changing policies, poor coordination and escalating costs. Bubbling to the top of the brew are the headlines reporting accidental and sometimes deliberate sinking of some boats and the drowning of helpless human beings in the world’s most unforgiving environment.

In the sauna bath of our current federal election campaign, the protagonists thrash around with ideas for fixing a problem manufactured by ‘people smugglers’ with votes, according to the public opinion polls, shifting with each new idea as it looks clever or silly depending upon individual points of view.

Behind all the froth, the necessary legislative and administrative underpinning of the latest thought bubble is missing and certainly

cannot be implemented before the election even assuming that the idea is workable.

Megaphone politics has overcome good government and, I suggest, this has become a long term problem for Australia’s democracy.

In essence, the question of dealing with illegal immigration boils down to Australia’s absolute right in international law and as a matter of the prudent exercise of our unquestioned sovereignty to decide who may enter and remain in this country. This is one of the fundamental functions of a national government responsible to the people for a range of tasks including national and social security.

Our laws and their implementation will arise from national interests as determined by our parliament elected by the whole adult population.

What is clear from our history as a nation and especially since the end of World War II is that we welcome new settlers if only because we have always been a settler nation.

Australia has absorbed some eight million migrants from practically every other country in the world with only minimal difficulty. Many of those, especially in the early years after 1945 and in the aftermath of the Vietnam war, were refugees. Even now, on a *per capita* basis Australia settles more genuine refugees than

any other country in the world. Regrettably there are many more refugees around the world mostly held in camps under the auspices of the United Nations Commissioner for Refugees.

The sheer immensity of the problem tells us more about the state of the world than it does about the refugees themselves.

Much of the public discussion – if that is an accurate description – of the boat people in Australia, is about their legitimacy as migrants. The discussion, as I see it, boils down to a lot of public bellowing based upon fixed impressions rather than solid information.

There is little sense – in the public arena at least – of any meeting of minds between the antagonists, never mind any sort of co-operation, at least at the political level.

The discussion is also being inflamed more than somewhat by a seemingly endless election campaign conducted at the expense of good government.

As one result, we have little reliable information about who the boat people are, whether they are genuine refugees trying to escape persecution, relatively prosperous people seeking a better life in a stable society or even criminals and terrorists. Very likely they comprise elements of all these and the government attempts to make a determination in the case of each individual.

Necessarily this is a slow and ponderous business especially when many of the boat people have no legitimate identifying documents.

Because the determination process is slow, the question then becomes



one of what to do with these illegal immigrants. Policy has swung between detention and a form of release but without a number of civil rights such as a right to employment.

Given the swelling numbers, detention has become a serious problem because the facilities simply don't exist and the cost is heavy. Release into the community even with restrictions is considered to be unsatisfactory because the individuals, especially those who may be criminal or security risks, cannot be traced.

The latest chimera of a solution is to dump them in Papua New Guinea based upon an agreement between the Australian and Papua New Guinea prime ministers. But this agreement has no legislative basis and seems unlikely to achieve it in either parliament. Even if it did, it would then face separate challenges in Australia's High Court and Papua New Guinea's Supreme Court.

This so-called solution is nothing of the sort. At best, it is a partial solution for the long term but without any legal backing.

Certainly, facilities for detention do not exist in PNG and could not be developed in a reasonable time frame.

In reality, it is no more than political posturing, as is the Opposition's proposal to put an army general in charge of the whole process. None of that has the slightest effect on reducing the inflow of boat people because the confusion and stifling bureaucratic processes simply serve the ends of the people smugglers.

Two approaches to reducing the flow to manageable proportions are crucial but also difficult to achieve. Both involve persuading the transit countries, primarily Indonesia, to halt or reverse the flow.

Firstly, most of the boat people come to Indonesia by air on one way tickets. Generally they can purchase a transit visa on arrival in that country and the Indonesian authorities have no concern about their onward movement. Even if the Indonesian government could be persuaded to restrict this form of entry into their country, the level of administrative corruption is so great as to make enforcement very difficult.



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Secondly, Indonesia needs to be more active in policing the departure of the boat people from their ports. Sri Lanka has tried – generally effectively – but Indonesia's problem is much greater.

The volume of legitimate small craft movement in Indonesia waters is immense and law enforcement capacity is far from adequate.

Australia has been very helpful to Indonesia in recent years and the level of police and naval co-operation has been excellent. We need to build on that but also press the Indonesian government to interdict this flow of people to Australian territory as a measure of our international relations.

There is one other measure open to the Australian government. It is strict, possibly harsh, but ought to be effective.

What needs to be acknowledged first is that many, perhaps most, of the boat people are good people and likely in the future to become good citizens. But more are not so much genuine refugees from persecution as people seeking a better life.

Much has been written about the so-called 'pull factors' in illegal immigration. In the case of Australia, these factors include the high level of social security, free health care and housing support available to migrants.

If these were denied to all persons arriving illegally until their *bona fides* as genuine refugees were established, and for a period, say two years, afterwards, the attraction of Australia would be significantly diminished.

The United Nations would not like that, but this is Australia's problem, not theirs.

Many in Australia will not like it, for very sound and admirably humane reasons. But it is a legitimate policy choice that seeks to make a legitimate differentiation between classes of asylum seekers.

If what is seen to be a national problem is to be solved, it should be on the table for discussion in what passes these days for Australian *government*.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR is a former patrol officer in Papua New Guinea. He also served in the Royal Australian Navy as an intelligence officer.

The only nun to be an Oscar-voting member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

FROM ACTRESS TO BENEDICTINE Prioress



MIDST THE serene Latin chants of the Divine Office from Matins to Compline, an unsuspecting

visitor to the rustic environs of the 400 acre Abbey of *Regina Laudis* (*Queen of Praise*) in Bethlehem, Connecticut would have never guessed that among these select daughters of St. Benedict is one Dolores Hart, a former film and stage actress who once basked in the glitter and glamour of the Hollywood limelight of the late 50's and early 60's.

Mother Dolores as she is now known turned her back on a promising movie career, broke off her engagement to an up-and-coming Los Angeles businessman Don Robinson, and entered the cloister to answer the call of the contemplative monastic life.

Since 1963, she has lived an austere life following the Rule of St. Benedict in the spirit and time-tested tradition of *ora et labora* (pray and work.) Mother Dolores became prioress there in May 2001.

Born an only child from actor parents (Bert and Harriett Hicks) who were bit or studio contract players, little Dolores found herself moving from Chicago to Beverly Hills in California where she often accompanied her father to Hollywood studio lots. The early exposure to the allures of the movie world spurred her desire to be an actress. "From the age of 7, I never in my life wanted to be anything but an actress," Hart said.

Domestic affairs turned sour as her parents engaged in troublesome bickering which disrupted their family life. Shortly thereafter she was on her way alone to the Windy City where her grandparents lived, train ticket tucked

in her coat pocket. She stayed there while her parents tried to pursue their respective careers in Hollywood. She would shuttle back and forth either by train or plane between Los Angeles and Chicago spending summers in California and winters in the Windy City.

Her grandparents chose to send her to St. Gregory's Catholic School for practical and safety reasons since it was closest to their home and less exposed to street traffic. Her studies there turned out for the better as she decided to become a Catholic at age 10.

One day at school when she was alone with the Blessed Sacrament waiting for the nuns to have their breakfast, she approached a sister and told her she wanted "to take bread with the children."

She went back home and told her grandparents about it and they said it was okay. Soon she was baptized and her mother was thrilled to hear the news.

Years later Hart, at age 11, and after her parents divorced, moved back to Beverly Hills to be reunited with her mother now remarried to restaurant owner Al Gordon. While in high school she played St. Joan of Arc which opened the doors for her to get a scholarship to Marymount College (currently Loyola Marymount University) for drama. It was at that time when she became obsessed with the idea of becoming an actress often times praying for the chance to get her foot in the front door of big time movie studios like MGM and Paramount just twenty minutes away from her school.

While a freshman at Marymount College she got the lead role (again) in the school's production of "St. Joan." A male friend from Loyola University took notice of her remarkable thespian abilities and promptly informed the Southern California studios. Hal Wallis, an independent producer at Paramount, sought to check her out through a scout who eventually gave her the nod and a screen test and contract soon followed.

She adopted the stage name Dolores Hart, keeping her name Dolores at the insistence of her mother. Otherwise she would have been known as Susan Hart.

The precocious little girl had now grown to become a stunningly beautiful young lady and fared much better in Hollywood than her parents. Groomed as the next Grace Kelly, the demand for her grew likewise.

Fellowship of the Unashamed

I NO LONGER need preeminence, prosperity, position, promotions, applause, or popularity. I don't have to be right, first, the best, recognized, praised, regarded, or rewarded. I now live by faith. I lean on Christ's presence. I love with patience, live by prayer, and labor with the power of God's grace. ... My road is narrow, my way is rough, my companions are few, my Guide is reliable, and my mission is dear.

I cannot be bought, compromised, detoured, lured away, turned back, deluded, or delayed. I am a disciple of Jesus. I must go till he comes, give until I drop, speak out until all know, and work until he stops me.

And when he returns for his own, he will have no difficulty recognizing me. My banner is dear: I am a part of the Fellowship of the Unashamed.

— Patrick Madrid is the author of many books on Catholic themes.

Hart credits her circle of friends, which she described as wonderful and sound, for helping her maintain her faith in Hollywood.

She made particular mention of Maria Cooper, the actor Gary's daughter, who had a wholesome and positive influence on her. She has only the highest praise for her best friend whom she commends for being clear and true to her faith and not giving in to the pressures of the ritzy and glitzy Hollywood lifestyle. She owed it to her for having met fine persons and setting high standards for her to follow.

In 1959, Hart debuted on Broadway with the play, *The Pleasure of His Company* earning her a World Theater Award and a Tony Award nomination for Best Featured Actress for that year.

The grueling schedule took its toll on her and she pined for a weekend retreat. At a friend's coaxing, she reluctantly agreed to visit a Connecticut monastery with her, the Abbey of *Regina Laudis*. Her kneejerk reaction was, "Ooh! I don't want to see more nuns!"

But all that changed once she stepped on the grounds of the abbey. There she found calm and serenity. She felt very much at home. The tranquility and sense of stability she felt were in stark contrast to the fast-paced and superficial life in the movie industry where she worked with co-stars and crew for some 8-10 weeks after which they would disband never to see each other again.

The remarkable experience led her to return between shows even to the point of asking the Reverend Mother if she had a vocation. She was curtly dismissed and told she was too young and that she better go back to "her movie thing." But that didn't stop her from coming back to the monastery twice a year.

However, Hart credits the movie *Lisa* (1962) as the one that made her ponder seriously to become a nun. Something in that movie drew her to the abbey like a magnet. She was never the same after that. Deep down, she felt ready to make a commitment to God but kept it quiet for the meantime.

After *Lisa*, she made her last film, *Come Fly With Me* with Hugh O'Brian. While on a promotional stop in New York for the movie, she surprised

many when she took the studio limo to Bethlehem to discuss joining the order.

Back in Hollywood, Hart still had important and unfinished business to take care of – breaking her wedding engagement to Los Angeles businessman Don Robinson.

One night she and Don met at a crowded restaurant for dinner. He perceived what was going on with Dolores. He saw her reading her spiritual exercises that she performed at the abbey. Besides, she wasn't wearing her engagement ring.

When she broke the news to him, he never felt an iota of rejection. With a heart full of understanding and support, Don said, "I know; I've known it. This is what you've got to do and I've got to do this with you. We've got to do this together?"

He adds later, "Every love doesn't have to wind up at the altar."

Thus, the engagement was canceled, and in December 1962, she flew to Connecticut, never to return. Upon embracing the Benedictine monastic life, she acquired the name Sister Judith but changed it to Mother Dolores when she took her final vows in 1970. Currently, she is Prioress of the Abbey and the only nun to be an Oscar-voting member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Meanwhile, Don Robinson remained single but comes every year at Christmas and Easter to visit the abbey to lend his support.

After 43 years of a secluded and cloistered life inside the Abbey of *Regina Laudis*, Mother Dolores left its austere and tranquil environs briefly out of necessity in 2006 to spread awareness about a mysterious neurological disorder that afflicted her and countless more Americans called peripheral idiopathic neuropathy. She went to Washington to testify at a congressional hearing to drum up support for more research grants to find a cure for the debilitating disease.

In October 2008, she was honored at a breakfast event held at Rochester, Michigan's Royal Park Hotel which was sponsored by the The Holy Trinity Apostolate of founder Rev. John Hardon, S.J.

In this vale of tears, God sets out a path for each of one of us to pursue and follow so we can best know, love

and serve Him. Each one of us has an overriding purpose whose ultimate end is God's glory.

Whether one's vocation is to be single, married, nun or priest, God endows each one a particular mission in life. As we mature and tackle the daily grind of our earthly lives, God reveals his will to us, more often through subtle or indirect means, not by imposition but rather more by invitation. And by following His will, we open the door to our salvation and the eternal life.

And if one is true to his or her calling, one's vocation ultimately triumphs over career should a conflict arise. Mother Dolores' life journey makes this evident to us. Endowed with striking physical beauty, fame and money, who would ever think she would shun the glow of Hollywood and end up being a nun? Indeed, God's grace works in mysterious ways!

In her own words Mother Dolores sums it all up,

"I can only go back to my own experience, which was a long and severe test, and it was not easy. I would say you can never allow anyone to take you out of a vocation. The fact is there is a promise given in a vocation that is beyond anything in your wildest dreams.

"There's a gift the Lord offers and He is a gentleman.

"I have not been profoundly missed by any means [in the outside world]. My vocation has been totally gratifying and I wouldn't want anyone thinking that in leaving Hollywood I was disappointed."

Source: <http://www.churchnewssite.com/portal/p=43201>

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Blue Jasmine

Promoted on the basis that it is in the line of writer/director Woody Allen's classic, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, this tragi-comedy does not disappoint. But it may be more than the promotion suggests.

Cate Blanchett, captivating in the role of Jasmine, a woman down on her luck, recently played Blanche DuBois on stage in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and leaves the impression she is reprising aspects of that role.

Or is Allen deliberately paying sly homage to the Tennessee Williams work, specifically Elia Kazan's 1951 screen version, starring Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando and Kim Hunter?

Certainly there are moments when Bobbie Cannavale, although his singlet is Omo white, appears to be riffing off Brando's Stanley Kowalski.

Against that, Sally Hawkins playing Jasmine's adopted sister Ginger is a cheery bird with none of the steadfast dolefulness of Hunter as Stella. Nor does Alec Baldwin as Jasmine's rich and faithless husband fit the Tennessee frame.

And Allen's background jazz music is perkier than Allen North's in the Kazan version. In any case, the tragi-comedy works beautifully and could be for Cate Blanchett a Streetcar named Oscar.

Allen's crowning movie awaits him, a movie about his public-private life incorporating material from his former wife Mia Farrow's memoir, *As It Falls*.

M★★★★NFFV.

Alan Partridge: Alpha Papa

The sub-title should be Alpha Bravo given that Steve Coogan turns in a bravura performance in the title role as a radio chat show host held hostage with colleagues by a sacked mate.

Coogan's *shtik* is dodginess shading through to shiftiness, and it is not easy to steal scenes from. But as his sacked, shotgun-armed mate, Colm Meaney grabs the comedy and runs away with it. This despite the fact that Coogan is also the executive producer.

The movie is set at Radio Norwich which allows for a seagull climax on Norwich Pier. One of the sub-delights of the comedy is imagining a local

MOVIES

By James Murray

chat-show host (say Alan Jones, Sydney or Jeremy Cordeaux, Adelaide caught up in a similar situation)

M★★★★SFFV.

Jobs

Director Joshua Michel Stern's bio-pic of Apple co-founder Steve Jobs is duly respectful but by no means a secular hagiography of the computer whiz who died of cancer a couple of years ago.

In the title role, Ashton Kutcher, discards his lightweight persona, to give us the stooped, introspective, highly intelligent entrepreneur so mean-hearted, he rejected his pregnant girlfriend as an obstacle in his path.

It was a path he, and a mild bunch of pals, had to find from a suburban garage and circuit boards in cake boxes to metropolitan high streets and stock exchanges where Apple and all its works, including the iPod, were quoted as the richest of companies.

Kutcher dominates despite the likes of Matthew Modine, Dermot Mulroney and JK Simmons playing boardroom heavies. Yet he is defeated by the underplaying of Josh Gad as Steve Wozniak, esteemed by some to be the true, creative driving force of Apple (here your reviewer's Power Book 4 flashed up, 'Apple Computer Inc').

Jobs and Wozniak were geniuses so way out they might have come from the dark side of the moon rather than suburbia. No tech-head, your reviewer was grateful for one piece of understandable dialogue when he could fully understand what Jobs was on about.

Phone-pitching an early version of the Apple Mac, Jobs says to his off-camera interlocutor: 'Have you got a typewriter?'

On receiving an affirmative, he says: 'Well, imagine it's attached to a television set.'

Got it.

M★★★★SFFV.

The Gatekeepers

Director Dror Moreh interviews six veterans of Israel's domestic secret service, Shin Bet, and what he gets from them is a compelling, mosaic record of how things have gone for Israel since 1967 when its military forces won the Six Day War, and its civil government began the process of losing the peace.

Caught between the espionage restriction, 'need to know' and the commandment against bearing false witness, the interviewees do not flinch from saying that Israel has matched Arab terrorism with its own, and that the latter originates with settlers who aim to push Israel's boundaries to what they deem its biblical limits.

Such is the wry, stoic and democratic attitude of the interviewees that they project a sense that the polity in which they live has value and should not perish.

Yet by the end of this prophetic documentary Dor Moreh's interviewees – all true insiders from the dark, sharp end – have created the impression that Israel as presently constituted is enduring an endgame.

Or, as the one who gave the region its eternal significance, said: 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

M★★★★NFFV.

The Turning

The review of Robert Connolly's film in last month's issue was based on a selective preview. A further look at the complete work deepens the first impression: Connolly with his cast, fellow producers, directors and crew, has created a mighty work from the Tim Winton novel in which each chapter is devoted to a single character and an interlinked situation.

Aquifer, Connolly's own contribution as director, strikes the movie's keynote: '...the past is in us, and not behind us. Things are never over.'

Claire McCarthy directs Rose Byrne as an abused mother Rae being born again. Andrew Upton's individual talent shines in his writing of *Reunion* in which his wife Cate Blanchett co-stars hilariously with Robin Nevin and Richard Roxburgh, immured in the wrong house for Christmas lunch.

David Wenham writes and directs *Commission* in which Hugo Weaving stars as Vic Lang. Weaving, who plays other parts, stands out in the movie's talent constellation. Warwick Thornton writes, directs the road-movie *Big World*, imbuing it with the personal experiences.

Marieka Walsh's opening and closing animation sequences, *Ash Wednesday* seem out of kilter perhaps because they do not accord with Winton's sand, surf and sun milieu. So, too, is director Yaron Lifschitz's dance vignette, *Immunity*.

Others involved in *The Turning* include: Simon Stone, Tony Ayres, Jub Clerc, Sean Gladwell, Rhys Graham, Jonathan auf de Heide, Ian Meadows, Miranda Otto, Ashley Page and Mia Wasikowska in her debut as writer/director of *Long, Clear View*.

The Turning may not be one for the world's popcorn multiplexes but it should be a perennial in the world's art houses and at film festivals.

And in trivial quizzes Robert Connolly's *The Turning* will surpass the DW Griffiths classic, *Birth of a Nation*; the latter runs for 186 minutes, the former for 190 minutes.

M★★★★NFFV.

Frances Ha

Kook and flakey may no longer be part of current vernacular. Nonetheless Greta Gerwig, who plays the title role in Noah Baumbach's comedy, makes the title character both a kook and flakey.

Gerwig is also charming enough to hold together the adlib itsi-bitsiness of the script she co-wrote with Baumbach.

What gives Gerwig's character its edge is the reality of her situation in New York; like a micro Wayne Swan or Joe Hockey, she has to budget subway fares against paying the rent while aspiring to be a dancer and/or choreographer.

She also has to cope with her loving rivalry for her friend Sophie (Micky Sumner) who plays off the debunked Dorothy Parker line: 'Men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses.'

Various guys hover. But they don't wear top hat and tails. Sum it up as La Bohème on the sidewalks of New York

MA15+★★★★SFFV.

The Mortal Instruments: City of Bones

Lily Collins was born to be a damsel in distress. But does she need all the distress of this *ragout* of neo-goths, vampire and zombies, cooked on thunder and lightning.

Incomprehensible unless you know the saga's six books those who have read them say.

Agreed.

M★★NFFV

Elysium

Director Neill Blomkamp's new sci-fi thriller is a long way from his hit movie, *District 9* - at least 100 million dollars. And Blomkamp's has put most of the millions on screen by way of special effects, locations, a satellite space city, Elysium.

Add Matt Damon as an earthling, slum warrior, armoured in an exo-skeleton, and Jodie Foster as the slim city controller, armoured in a shiny Armani suit.

She wants to keep Elysium and its benefits for an elite; he wants them spread among space-boat people and the earthling sick and crippled. Hyper violence is their joint answer.

Elysium, set in 2154, owes something to *The Hunger Games* and *Blade Runner*. All futuristic movies owe lots to Thomas More's *Utopia* which

in 1516 set the pattern for alternative community living.

Blomkamp lists so many technicians that such a movie located in Oz could solve the national unemployment problem.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Upstream Colour

Writer/director Shane Carruth's new movie is like Russia as described by Churchill - a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.

Carruth stars and directs his performance as Jeff with quasi-Chaplin authority. His co-star Amy Seimetz as Kris, brings a forlorn sweetness to the menace of their situation reminiscent of the lovers in George Orwell's *1984*.

The movie's opaque quality means that interpretation comes down to guesses. Your reviewer's is that it concerns all forms of bio-engineering borne on the zeitgeist, and the need to eliminate them.

That and Carruth's no-frills shooting style make it linger in the mind long after blockbusters have been forgotten.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Filth

The title is neither ironic nor jokey; it is precise in its description of director Jon S Baird's take on Irvine (Trainspotting) Welsh's novel about Detective Sergeant Bruce Robertson who takes to whiskey and cocaine yet retains his ambition to be promoted to inspector - a Iago, all of whose colleagues are Othellos to be brought down.

Robertson is also deep into pornographic actions and delusions triggered by his wife's leaving him for another, and taking his daughter.

At the same time, he is in pursuit of a group of murderous tearaways who initially appear to have escaped into Baird's take of Irvine's novel from the Anthony Burgess/Stanley Kubrick *Clockwork Orange*.

James McAvoy plays Robertson with rare, triple-distilled bile which may owe something to the fact that as producer he encircled himself with a fine ensemble that includes Shirley Henderson, Imogen Poots, Shauna Macdonald, Jamie Bell, Eddy Marsan and Jim Broadbent.

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NFFV: Not For Family Viewing.

The main location is Edinburgh and Baird focuses not on its tourist castle but on its cobbled streets; along with nightclub scenes he includes a Masonic Lodge sequence as context for Robertson's demented plays.

TBA★★★NFFV

RED 2

Fun movie. Or at least the cast had fun making it. What may prevent audiences enjoying the same level of fun is the violence quotient, greater than your reviewer remembers from the first RED (an acronym for Retired Extremely Dangerous).

Again Bruce Willis leads as Frank Moses, retired CIA specialist cajoled into action by John Malkovitch as his offsider, Marvin Boggs. Both are under threat from rogue American, British and Russian spy elements.

As the Moses girlfriend, Mary Louise Parker, a player of consummate charm and comic timing, outdoes new RED arrival Catherine Zeta Jones playing a Russian espionage general with all the élan of the sugar-plum fairy. Parker has more difficulty outplaying Helen Mirren, reprising her role as British Secret Intelligence Service agent.

Director Dean Parisot and scriptwriters Jon and Erich Hoeber do favour Mirren with an in-joke inspired by her most celebrated role. Anthony Hopkins comes on as a nutty scientist who holds the secret of a nuclear device. Brian Cox, a long way from Dundee Repertory Company, turns in a superlative performance as a Russki chieftain Ivan. Byhung Hun Lee provides martial arts sequences when necessary.

Scene-stealer-in-chief is David Thewlis as a French spy working under the cover of being a wine connoisseur.

The cast tend to seniority. It might have been a neat touch of reality if one of them had used a pensioner's card to hop on public transport – as Sean (James Bond) Connery does in Edinburgh – and your reviewer does in Sydney.

Perhaps in RED 3.

MA15+★★★NFFV



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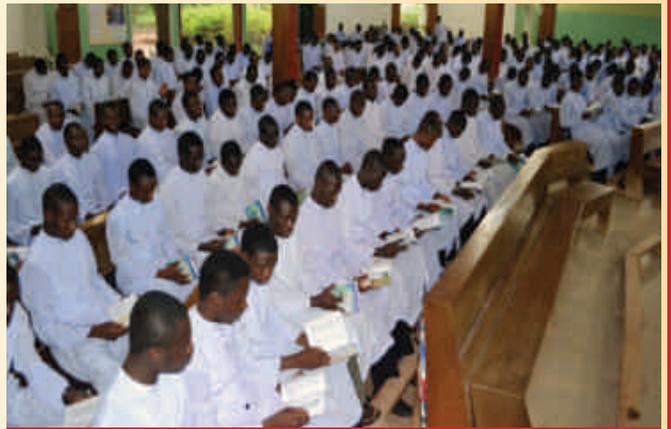
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There is a particular dynamism in the Church in Nigeria. Although Christians in some parts of this vast West African country have again and again been the victims of murderous attacks, Nigeria is nonetheless a country of superlatives as far as the Catholic Church is concerned. With 48 dioceses, it can point to almost half a million baptisms annually, nearly 4,500 religious sisters and close on 4,200 diocesan and religious priests. It is especially rich in priestly vocations, with almost 6,000 young men currently studying for the priesthood. While many seminaries in the Western world are being forced to close their doors due to a lack of vocations and numerous dioceses have only a handful of new priestly ordinations, by contrast in parts of Africa the seminaries are simply bursting at the seams. The rectors are having sleepless nights wondering how they will financially support and accommodate the many new candidates. For every potential new vocation that has to be turned away, due to lack of funding and space, is one too many. They are the future of Christ's Holy Catholic Church.

The average grant that ACN gives to a seminarian is \$500 – but whatever you can give will be enormously appreciated. ACN forwards the donations directly to a local bishop or to the rectors of the seminaries. You can be assured of their prayers both now and when they come to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

A beautiful Year of Faith rosary designed by the Vatican rosary makers will be sent out to all those who give a donation of \$15.00 or more to support this cause and tick the box below.



Seminarians praying in the chapel of St. Augustine's Major Seminary in Nigeria



The centre piece of the Year of Faith rosary, designed by the Vatican rosary makers, is inspired by the Gospel passage about Thomas "Blessed are those who have not seen and have believed" John 20:29, as interpreted by the famous artist "Caravaggio" (1571–1610). The crucifix represents the Evangelists through whom the Faith has been transmitted. The Rosary Beads reflect the Vatican colours, symbolizing Faith preserved through the Holy Father.



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Every day more than one million passengers travel on 2365 daily services over the 2080 kms of railway tracks around New South Wales. Among the one million passengers was Joe Meagher.

LOVE'S YOUNG/OLD SWEET SONG

By Max Barrett

IN THOSE rare intervals during which Joe Meagher was not giving tongue, he usually sang quietly. He must once have possessed a beautiful singing voice. Even now, in his early seventies, his pitch was true. As long as he did not venture too high, the quality of tone was attractive.

Aboard the 8.05 he usually sang *piano*, even *pianissimo*. Everyone in the compartment jumped, therefore, when he opened up full-throttle.

'The hills are alive with the sound ...

There he paused before continuing in recitative mode,

'With the sound of mucus.'

Joseph Meagher was registering protest, and the 'regulars' aboard the train were not the least bit surprised.

It was only a question of when and how the protest would be made.

Let's start again.

Provocation had come aboard the 8.05 in the form of two young people who sat themselves facing the assembled commuters (to which they had a perfect right) and immediately in front of Joe (which they may have regretted later).

FATHER MAX BARRETT is a Redemptorist priest now resident in Sydney. This piece was the fifth in a popular series that we ran in *Annals* in 2002, following the career of Joe Meagher over quite a few train rides. A number of readers have asked us to re-run the series. *Annals* is happy to do so and we hope that our new readers will enjoy Joe Meagher as much as we did when first we ran it.

From point-blank range they went into their smooching routine. They were Romeo and Juliet minus balcony, minus Shakespearean beauty of language. Language was singularly missing.

Just restless hugging, billing, cooing, canoodling and – as Joe observed – the sound of mucus.

Not for the first time, Joe wondered where other passengers were supposed to look during such public transport performances. Look embarrassed? Or look into infinity? Or nonchalantly pretend the duo were saying their morning prayers?

'The hills are alive ...' Joe's first decibels had an immediate effect.

One moment, Romeo and Juliet were in the most convoluted embrace. Symbiotic. Closer than Siamese twins. Closer than an unaired room. Magically they disengaged into separate entities and gazed at the sound source like stunned mullet.

Joe, ever versatile, was back into song, his gaze fixed a metre above the lovers' heads.

'Our great Mikado, virtuous man,

When he to rule our land began,

Resolved to try a plan whereby

Young men might best be tested.

So he decreed, in words succinct,

That all who flirted, leered or winked

(Unless connubially linked)

Should forthwith be beheaded.'

'Tell me,' Joe asked, now into the role of the encouraging senior citizen, 'are you two fine young people studying osteopathy?'



The girl opened her eyes as wide as her mouth, but no sound was forthcoming. Her swain mumbled that he didn't know what 'oz-something' meant.

'No,' Joe replied dryly, 'that is a five-syllable word.'

The two had a whispered consultation and moved to the next carriage. Their tormentor gazed sadly at the empty space. 'That was nasty on my part. No need for sarcasm. I must mention it in my next little confab with Father O'Rourke.'

Joe's disturbed state of mind remained. His shoulders twitched. Vigorously he ran fingers through his hair as though to dislodge disappointment along with dandruff.

'This gift of sexuality ... This gift that shapes me, penetrates me to the very cuticles of my finger nails ... The divine trust invested in me ... to be receive with awe, and controlled, and one day committed to another in love ... This creative power ... whereby ... I become the author of life, in consort with my God and my God-given ... To see this awesome gift trivialised, tampered with, gluttonously tasted as though it were some sweet toffee ... Ah, dear Jesus ...'

The tone of sadness remained. 'I've never liked the cynical remark of George Bernard Shaw and yet ... and yet there was a kernel of truth in his aphorism: "Youth is a wonderful time. What a pity it is wasted on the young?"'

A woman - late thirtyish - took her courage in her hands and moved into the vacant place opposite Joe. In staccato fashion and very earnestly she expressed herself: 'I wish ... I wish that young girl had been my own daughter; what you said may have registered with her. Mothers of my generation have heedless children who, seemingly, know it all.'

'They have their own goodness, of course. In many ways they are much more aware and generous than we were at the same age. But they are so blasé about boy-girl relationships. The schools are little help. The priests have lost their nerve. The media are a menace. Please, would you elaborate a little on the George Bernard Shaw statement?'

Joe gave his new companion a look of total sympathy and support.

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By Father Michael Fallon, MSC

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'Has parenting ever been more difficult than in this era? I doubt it. You are right when you say today's youth have their own maturity and their own brand of generosity.'

'But so much is stacked against them today: the cynical commercialising of this billion dollar industry; the de-sacralising of sex. Even the language has changed. We used to speak of making love. Now a couple "have sex".'

'Old George Bernard was right too: youth is a wonderful time. A bewildering time, granted: hormones surging around the system by the bucketful; moods fluctuating; the male voice zooming up or down an octave between subject and predicate in the same short sentence.'

'It's a time for idealism, a time for espousing causes, for giving a new direction to a world that has lost the plot. A time of scant tolerance for stodgy nine-to-fivers like ourselves.'

'Adolescence is at once a challenging time and an urgent time, because there's much to be sorted out in a short space: the career to be chosen, the mind to be expanded, the will to be disciplined, the self to be understood ...'

'The self to be understood ... We all of us groped our way through an awkward age when we felt we were

painful exceptions to the human race, oddities with two heads. Why do I feel this way? Why am I afraid? What do people think of me? ...'

'Among the beautiful gifts of God in adolescence is the breath-taking discovery of boy-girl relationships. It doesn't matter how loving, how understanding one's mentors might be, there is a dimension of self-understanding that comes only from a same-age person. Together they explore - and grow.'

'But it isn't a physical exploration, for heaven's sake! Pathetic little petting sessions are mush for the making of a moron. They ... Ah! Dear Jesus!'

There followed a minute of Armistice Day-like silence. Before changing trains at Redfern, a well-groomed man leant over and said: 'Thank you. If only I had bought my tape recorder.'

A schoolboy, senior grade, also had his say as he detoured to pass Joe's seat: 'That was cool. Thanks.'

Joe looked at once gratified and puzzled. He confided to the woman facing him: 'That pair must have remarkably acute hearing. Apparently they overheard our conversation.'

FATHER MAX BARRETT is a Redemptorist priest who now resides in Sydney.

