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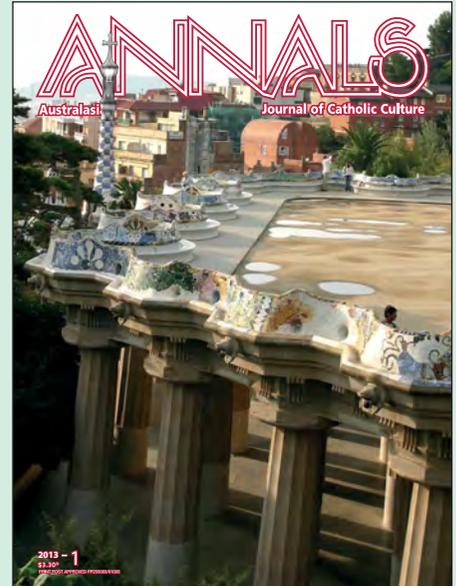
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[Sunday Readings at Mass: Year C/weekday readings: Year I]

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Front Cover: Doric columns support the roof of the central terrace of beautiful Güell Park, designed by the famous Catalan architect Antonio Gaudí y Cornet [1852-1926] the leader of the Art Nouveau movement in Spain, with serpentine seating around its edge. Gaudí's principal and life's work was, however, the Sagrada Família, the Basilica of the Holy Family in Barcelona solemnly dedicated by Pope Benedict XVI on November 7th 2010. The Basilica was the inspiration of Josep Maria Bocabella i Verdaguer, a devout bookseller and philanthropist who set up 'The Spiritual Association of devotees of Saint Joseph' in 1866 to spread and defend Catholicism in an increasingly secularised Spain. Sagrada Família's 18 towers represent the 12 apostles, the 4 evangelists, the Virgin Mary and, tallest of all, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Back Cover: Annals Australasia turns 124 this year. Help support Australia's oldest and most popular Catholic journal by encouraging your friends and relatives to subscribe. Or send them a gift subscription for Christmas or the New Year. See page 29 of this issue for a subscription form.

Cover Photo: 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 Caudentius of Brescia,
died c.410 AD, Treatise 2,
Roman Breviary, Reading
for Thursday of Week 5 in
Easter tide.

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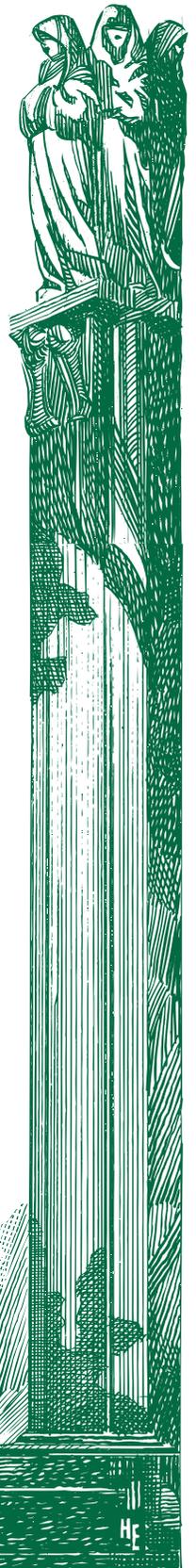
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

THE UNIVERSE IS G O O D



THE ALL-HOLY Father of Christ, beyond all created being, as supreme steersman, through his own wisdom and his own Word, our Lord and Saviour Christ, guides and orders the universe for our salvation, and acts as seems best to him. And the universe is good, as it was so created and thus we see it, since this is what he wills; and no one could disbelieve it. For if the movement of creation was meaningless and the universe was carried about haphazardly, one could well disbelieve our statements. But if it was created with reason, wisdom, and understanding and has been arranged with complete order, then he who governs and ordered it can be none other than the Word of God.

- St Athanasius of Alexandria [296-373 AD] *Against the Gentiles*. See *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Thursday in the first week of the year, Ordinary Time.





To MARY DEAREST MOTHER

A NOBLE flow'r of Juda from tender
roots has sprung,
A rose from stem of Jesse, as prophets
long had sung;
A blossom fair and bright,
That in the midst of winter will change to
dawn our night.

The rose of grace and beauty of which
Isaiah sings
Is Mary, virgin mother, and Christ the
flow'r she brings.
By God's divine decree
She bore our loving Saviour, who died to
set us free.

To Mary, dearest Mother, with fervent
hearts we pray:
Grant that your tender infant will cast
our sins away,
And guide us with his love
That we shall ever serve him, and live
with him above.

— 15th century English Catholic hymn for Christmas, from *The Roman Breviary*,
Hymns for Christmastide.

Vestiges of the Old Faith left by our Catholic ancestors on their native soil, and on their native tongue, and in myriad customs whose meaning may escape our contemporaries, yet ring out loud and clear for those with ears to hear.

MEMORIALS OF WHAT HAD BEEN

By Paul Stenhouse



ON JULY 13, 1852, John Henry Newman preached a homily at St Mary's College Oscott, England, during the first Provincial Synod held in England since Pope Pius IX had restored the Catholic Hierarchy and named Cardinal Wiseman Archbishop of Westminster.

Entitled 'The Second Spring' this homily was destined to become famous as a clarion call to the timid English Catholic community still unused to its emancipation in 1829 after hundreds of years of persecution and oppression.

'All seemed at to be lost. There was a struggle for a time and then its priests were cast out or martyred. There were sacrileges innumerable. Its temples were profaned or destroyed; its revenues seized by covetous nobles or squandered upon the ministers of a new faith. The presence of Catholicism was at length simply removed, its Grace disowned, its power despised, its name was almost ... unknown.

'Such were the Catholics of England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth.'

The Catholics of England and Scotland, Wales, Devon and Cornwall whose families clung tenaciously to their faith from 1534 [when Henry repudiated the Pope] until 1553 [when Mary became Queen and restored Catholicism to England] and from 1558 [when Mary died] until 1829 [when the Act of Catholic Emancipation was passed], were relatively few in number.

How few can be gauged from the 1901 census which reported

that Catholics seventy years after Emancipation were 4.8 per cent of the population of the British Isles. As I write they are over 10 per cent – and rising.

There were, however, small pockets of the country where Catholics even remained in the majority – in Lancashire and Cumbria. Christopher Hill cites the cases of at least four clergy in the diocese of Exeter who were described by Puritans as 'mass men' or papists, and who kept their parishes Catholic until well into the seventeenth century.¹

Most of the surviving Catholics were from the lower or the upper classes – the rural poor or the old feudal aristocracy.² Few came from the classes in between.

The middle – mainly *merchant* – class was staunchly anti-Catholic. It had little or no sympathy with the Old Faith, 'with its imaginative tendencies, its spiritual exercises, its retreats, its saints' days and its vigils'³ – partly because these interfered with business to which the middle-class owed its importance, and partly because it thought them superstitious at worst, or, at best, excuses for idleness.

In 1565 Catholics were branded 'superstitious' for genuflecting to the Blessed Sacrament, or bowing or genuflecting to the crucifix and the altar; or honouring our Lady by bowing towards a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Yet the newly Protestantised English population had no scruple about

genuflecting or kneeling to the 'Virgin Queen,' or later on to the king.

When Bishop John Aylmer [1521-1594], the Protestant bishop of London, described the surplice as 'the Queen's livery' and himself as the Queen's servant, he was simply acknowledging the fact that the Church of England now belonged to the monarch, and its servants were her servants.⁴

Elizabeth called upon her bishops and ministers 'to cry up her design [i.e. idea, plan or goal] as well in their publick Sermons as in their private Conferences'. She used to *tune the pulpits*, as her saying was 'when she had any business to bring about amongst the people'.⁵

Monks, priests, servants and beggars were lumped together by the emerging middle class as unproductive consumers upon whom patrimonies, that should have been used to make more money, were frittered away uselessly.

The *very* middle-class Dr Johnson would have agreed:

'That ancient hospitality of which we hear so much, was in an uncommercial country, when men, being idle, were glad to be entertained at rich men's tables. But in a commercial country, a busy country, time becomes precious and therefore hospitality is not so much valued ... the way to make sure of power and interest is by lending money confidentially to your neighbours at a small interest, or perhaps at no interest at all, and having their bonds in your possession.'⁶

According to Christopher Hill, 'right down to 1640 men could not be sure that Protestantism had come to stay in England ... on a world scale two ideologies were in conflict and it was by no means clear that Protestantism was not going to be driven under, as so many heresies had been before.'⁷



The 'Nobility of Money'

THE DISCOVERY of the New World, the rapid increase of commerce, fostered by the peaceful times of Henry VII. and Henry VIII, so disastrous to the men of the sword, raised the small merchant and shipowner into importance. The increasing taste for luxury and the produce of foreign countries poured new riches into the coffers of the tradesman. Thus it was that everything tended to exalt the middle classes of the nation, as much from their ever increasing wealth and importance, as from the weakness and want of influence in the classes above and below them; the latter of whom still remained stationary, no better than they had been for centuries in all that related to the comforts and improvements of life; admitted to no power, possessing no influence. To men who were thus indebted for their importance to habits of frugality, activity, and industry, brought less than any other under the direct influence of the Church, and weighing the worth of most things by its money-value, the old Church, with its splendid ceremonials, its constant holidays, its wide waste places of idleness and devotion, its multiplied orders and intricate ritual, appeared little suited to the altered circumstances of the times. They listened with avidity to proposals for a more beneficial distribution of the Church's property; they began to reckon how the burthens of the State might be shifted from their own shoulders by a new appropriation of ecclesiastical and monastic endowments. But until now, against any such attempt they had to fear the displeasure of the Church itself and its sovereign Pontiff, not altogether an empty terror. Nor could they hope for any reforms except through the power and supremacy of the sovereign. Hence their tendency to exalt the royal authority above all other; their unreasoning loyalty to the Crown, augmented into fanaticism by the vigour, determination, and courage which signalized Henry's proceedings against the Pope and the clergy.

— J. S. Brewer, *The Reign of Henry VIII from his accession to the death of Wolsey*, John Murray, London, 1884, vol.ii, pp.473-474.

That Protestantism survived and thrived in middle class England in the late 17th, 18th and 19th centuries is, however, a given.

What I should like to present to *Annals* readers is not a nostalgic overview of *What Might Have Been* but a tiny glimpse of *What Still Is*: vestiges

of the Old Faith left by our Catholic ancestors on their native soil, and on their native tongue, and in myriad customs whose meaning may escape our contemporaries, yet ring out loud and clear for those with ears to hear.

The Breaker of stained-glass windows

In the 1630s, in the reign of King Charles II, in the former Catholic parish church of St Edmund's in Winterbourne Earls, in Wiltshire, there was a stained glass window that represented God the Father.

Parishoners and others continued to reverence this image of God the Father, bowing to it as they passed by the Church, or reverencing it if they passed within; as their Catholic ancestors had done for centuries. This so enraged Henry Sherfield, a lawyer and a Puritan, that he bullied the churchwardens into permitting him to remove the offending window and replace it with one of plain glass.

John Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, forbade the churchwardens to condone this, so Sherfield took the law into his own hands, went to the church and smashed the window with his walking stick. He became infamous as 'the breaker of stained-glass windows'. He was summoned to appear before the



The Hand and Flower Pub, Chelsea, London

Star Chamber, fined £500 and ordered to apologise to the bishop. He agreed to do so, but died in January 1634 with the fine still unpaid.⁸

Of Judges in this life and the next

The first time I ever attended a court room trial as a young priest, I was astonished at the amount of bowing going on around behind and in front of me. I sat in the bleachers, behind the tables where solicitors and be-wigged barristers sat in the shadow of the dais from which the judge presided. There was a fairly constant to-ing and fro-ing as matters proceeded. On entry or exit, or whenever anyone crossed over in front of the dais, a perfunctory bow was offered – seemingly – to the Judge. When I enquired I was told that the bow was either a courtesy to the judge or to the colourful Australian coat of arms that decorated the wall behind him.

Actually the bow was to neither. It was a testimony to the tenaciousness of a people's memory of the crucifix that used to be on the wall behind the judge in pre-Reformation England. As a crucifix is still on the wall behind judges and in school rooms and in hospitals in Catholic countries today.

Pope Benedict XVI openly supported the appeal by the Italian Government against removing crucifixes from Italy's state schools, saying that it acted 'in conformity with a correct view of laicism'.⁹ The European Court of Human Rights agreed, ruling that the display of crucifixes in Italian State Schools does not violate the rights of non-Christian students.¹⁰

Quarterdecks, Poop-decks and Saluting Officers

In his twenty Jack Aubrey/Stephen Maturin novels, Patrick O'Brien naturally and brilliantly depicts England's seafaring exploits in the early 19th century, at the time of the Napoleonic wars. In them, every time an officer or seaman goes on the quarterdeck – so called because it often took up a quarter of the deck space – or passes beneath it, he salutes it.

Because the quarterdeck is reserved for officers some think that the salute is a sign of respect for them. Hundreds of years ago, in pre-Reformation England,



The Cat and Mutton

an altar stood on the quarterdeck and Mass was offered on it for the ship's company. The sailors who then were

Catholic revered the altar and the crucifix prominently displayed above it or on it. 19th century English sailors were continuing the practice of their ancestors, generally without realising it. O'Brien, in one of his novels, describes how the Captain ran up to the side of the quarterdeck 'which he saluted: every quarterdeck having carried a crucifix less than three hundred years before.'¹¹

Saluting the Mother of God

Winchester is one of the great old English public schools – it claims the longest unbroken history of any school in England, being founded by Bishop William Long of Wyckham, in 1387. This Catholic Prelate called his new College *Seinte Marie College of Wynchestre*.



The Cat and Fiddle hotel, in Darling Street Balmain, NSW

Our Lady disappeared from the College's name at the Reformation, and so did her statue that used to stand in an alcove above a certain gateway. Boys would always touch their hats as they passed under the gateway. Whether they knew it or not, they were keeping up a Catholic tradition of saluting the Mother of God.

Signs, Enigmas and the Old Faith

I probably don't have to remind *Annals* readers that a *rebus* is the name given to those curious, often whimsical wooden or metal signs with pictures and words that used to hang outside shops, houses, Inns and workshops from ancient times.

Modern London still has a number of bars, eating houses and Inns called 'The Cat and Mutton'. A publican in the district of Dalston in East London in the 18th century had a *rebus* hanging outside his Inn that showed a cat running away with a leg of mutton.

As you've probably guessed, the name has nothing to do with cats or mutton. In mediaeval times there was a chapel or a Chantry [where Mass was chanted] dedicated to St Catherine of Alexandria, the martyr, in a field in Dalston that came to be known in post-Reformation times as the Cat and Mutton Field.

The name caught on, and while poor St Catherine Martyr of Alexandria may be almost unrecognisable under her new name, she is far from forgotten. Her Feast Day in the Roman Missal is November 25. She was condemned to death by being stretched on the wheel and was beheaded. Think of her every time you see wagon wheel windows in Gothic cathedrals and churches, and the wheel-shaped windows in old English houses dating from Catholic times.

Hands and Flowers, Cats and Fiddles

Many English taverns carried and still carry these *rebuses* or signs. Even though I've never taken the pilgrim road to Canterbury I don't doubt that many of the old Catholic signs on this ancient way are still hanging outside Inns and shops. And throughout England you will come across Pubs and B&Bs, Hotels and Inns called 'The Hand and the Flower,' or 'The Cat and the Fiddle.'

Newman and Charles Kingsley

HE HAD a frigidly ironical way of discouraging indiscreet questions. 'Serious complications in Rome, Father?' a Member of Parliament once asked him, wishing to surprise him into some admission as to the Roman Question. 'Yes, and in China,' answered Newman in the most tranquil tone. Apart from these special cases his manner was full of that good grace which had formerly fascinated the members of the Oriel Common Room. Even his opponents, when they had occasion to visit him, were well received. One of them declared on leaving him 'that he had passed, in his company, one of the most delightful hours of his life.' The truth was that, although for the moment he was most keenly sensitive to wounds, and although at times, under the pressure of certain attacks, he retorted with deadly effect as, for instance, in his reply to the outrageous accusations of Kingsley, which grew into the *Apologia* nevertheless, nothing was more foreign to his nature than long-cherished resentments. When, in January, 1875, he heard of Kingsley's death, he wrote: 'The death of Mr. Kingsley, so premature, shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him . . . Much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me of vindicating my character and conduct. I heard, too, a few years back, from a friend that he chanced to go into Chester Cathedral, and found Mr. Kingsley preaching about me kindly, and it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was, it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view. I have always hoped that, by good luck, I might meet him, feeling sure that would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.'

- Paul Thureau-Dangin, *The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century*, Vol. 2, pp.348-349.

The London rendezvous for pilgrims leaving for Canterbury from Blackfriars, for instance, was an Inn called 'The Hand and the Flower' – referring to the blessed Virgin and her emblem the Lily.

The rendezvous for the Suffolk pilgrims was the 'Tabard,' an Inn built in 1307 by the Abbot of Hyde for pilgrims heading for the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. With the dissolution of the monasteries, the Tabard was sold, and eventually renamed The Talbot.

'The Cat and the Fiddle' is yet another memorial to St Catherine of Alexandria – *Catherine fidèle*. Devotion to this saint seems to have come with William the Conqueror in 1066 for Normandy is reportedly dotted with memorials to 'la Catherine fidèle.'

Rough Treatment of things sacred

THE [CATHOLIC] Church offered no obstacle to thoughtful inquiry by which her tenets might be carefully tested, explained, or developed; but she did not love rough treatment of things sacred, by men ill qualified to handle them.

- James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey*, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 1908, vol.i, p. 508.

1. Christopher Hill, *Society and Puritanism in Pre-Revolutionary England*, Panther edition, 1969 p.58.
2. J.S.Brewer, *The Reign of Henry VIII*, 2 vols. London, John Murray, 1884, vol.ii, p.470.
3. *ibid.* p.472.
4. J. Jewel, *Works* [Parker Society 1845-1850] II pp.557-8, quoted Christopher Hill, *op.cit.* p. 44.
5. Cyprianus Anglicus, by P. Heylyn, Dublin, 1719, Part I, p.103.
6. *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, by James Boswell, new ed. by John Wilson Croker, 2 vols, New York, 1833 p.289.
7. *op.cit.* pp. 49-50.
8. 'Sherfield, Henry,' *Dictionary of National Biography*, London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1885-1900.
9. 'Religion Plays Key Role in Public Square, Says Pope,' *Zenit*, December 17, 2010.
10. March 18, 2011.
11. *The Letter of Marque*, Harper, 2003, p.136.

The task of the Church [is] primarily to keep in existence, essentially unchanged, the content of what was given over to her for safe-keeping. ... this would make the Church a couple of thousand years out-of-date.

IS THE CHURCH 200 y EARS o UT-o F-DATE?

By James V. Schall, S.J.



Cardinal Carlo Maria Martini, former archbishop of Milan, died this past week, God rest his soul, and an Italian newspaper published a final interview in which Martini said the Church is '200 years out-of-date.'

One can speculate what he meant by that—probably some sort of accommodation to 'modern' life.

The Church, I suspect, was 'out-of-date' the day it was founded, if 'out-of-date' refers to something that is not just like everything else about us. The early Church found certain things in the Roman and Greek worlds it could accept and others it could not.

The Church has long taught that no new revelation can be expected after the death of the last Apostle. This is a sober thought in a world that longs for something 'new' but refuses to look at the 'newness' of the 'good news.'

Basically, we were given everything we needed to know – or better, that God wanted us to know – from the Church's beginning. The task of the Church was primarily to keep in existence, essentially unchanged, the content of what was given over to her for safe-keeping.

Logically, this understanding would make the Church a couple of thousand years out-of-date. The Church exists to tell us of our personal supernatural destiny and how it is to be achieved, in Christ, in whatever society or culture that it encounters. The Church is a 'body,' the Body of Christ. Its members belong to one another because they achieve the same end by the proper means, if they will.

Catholics do have a notion of the 'development' of doctrine, which

means the Church does not change and that the ways it expresses itself might become clearer, provided nothing substantial about what has been handed on is undermined or discarded. The Church, though including finite human persons, does not exist as the result of a human initiative and planning.

Even when the Apostles were told to 'go forth and teach all nations,' it was quite clear that they themselves had no great plan. But it was clear that the Lord did have one for them to carry out.

The Media in 1929

THE PRESS is often represented as a solvent of religion, and in particular a solvent of Catholicism; but there is nothing in its nature to make it so. It happens to have arisen in a world where the false conception that religion was a private affair had taken root. Therefore it does not spread the atmosphere of religion, it does not concern itself with life in the order which true religion demands. It presents as matters of chief importance things not even important in natural religion, let alone in the eyes of the Church. It tends, for instance, to substitute notoriety for fame, and to base notoriety upon ridiculous accidents of wealth or adventure. Again, it presents as objects for admiration a bundle of things incongruous: a few of some moment, the greater part trivial. Above all it grossly distorts.

— Hilaire Belloc, *Survivals and New Arrivals*, London, Sheed & Ward 1929, pp.220-221.

If we look at this 'plan' today, we have to wonder what it was and is. We wonder if it was 'successful,' if it achieved and is achieving what the Lord wanted of it. We sense the plan is still operative, still in full force. It will not go away. Certainly not all nations have been 'taught,' or even properly contacted. Much opposition to the Church is found everywhere, in every time. Yet, we are loathe to maintain that the plan has failed.

We suspect rather that a bigger plan was envisioned than any of those about which we had any idea. We hear of a plan 'from the foundation of the world,' the very order that seems to be implicit in the notion of creation. The Holy Spirit, we are told, will be with us all days.

In a famous response to an objection in his *Treatise on Law*, Aquinas remarked that 'although grace is more efficacious than nature, yet nature is more essential to man, and therefore more enduring' (I-II, 94, 6, ad 2).

The general question was whether the 'law of nature can be blotted out from the hearts of men.' The objector thought that, since sin could blot out grace, it would even be more likely to blot out nature since grace is more efficacious than nature.

Aquinas granted that sin could blot out grace if we let it, such is its risk. But it could not wholly blot out our nature or the principles of right and wrong. In effect, this response means, to our question, that sin does interfere with the efficacy of God's grace, though it cannot avoid God's making His own response to our sinful ways to bring good even out of them.

Grace can more easily be rejected by the way we choose to live. Nature keeps reminding us that our actions

One and the Same Vivifying Faith

THEN, THE BLESSED apostles [Peter and Paul], having founded and built up the Church of Rome, committed the office of the episcopate into the hands of Linus. Of this Linus Paul makes mention in the Epistles to Timothy. He was succeeded by Anacletus; and after Anacletus, in the third place from the apostles, Clement was allotted the bishopric. This man, as he had seen the blessed apostles, and had been conversant with them, might be said to have the preaching of the apostles still echoing [in his ears], and their traditions before his eyes. Nor was he alone [in this], for there were many still remaining who had been taught the apostles. In the time of this Clement a serious dispute arose among the brethren at Corinth, so the Church in Rome dispatched a most powerful letter to the Corinthians, exhorting them to peace, renewing their faith, and handing on the tradition which it had lately received from the apostles, proclaiming the one God, omnipotent, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Creator of man, who brought on the deluge, and called Abraham, who led the people from the land of Egypt, spoke with Moses, set forth the law, sent the prophets, and who has prepared fire for the devil and his angels. From this letter, whosoever chooses to do so, may learn that He, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, was preached by the Churches, and may also understand the tradition of the Church of Rome, since this Epistle is of older date than these men who are now propagating falsehood, and who conjure into existence another god beyond the Creator and the Maker of all existing things. Clement was succeeded by Evaristus. Alexander followed Evaristus; then, sixth from the apostles, Sixtus was appointed; after him came Telephorus, who was gloriously martyred; then Hyginus and after him, Pius; then after Pius, Anicetus. Soter succeeded Anicetus, and now Eleutherius, in the twelfth place from the apostles, holds the inheritance of the bishopric of Rome. In this order, and by this succession, the ecclesiastical tradition from the apostles, and the preaching of the truth, have come down to us. And this is most abundant proof that there is one and the same vivifying faith, which has been preserved in the Church from the apostles until now, and handed down in truth.

— St Irenaeus bishop of Lyons [c.130-202], *Adversus Haereses*, Bk 3, Chapter 3.

can contradict and judge us when we live in disorder of soul.

Thus we cannot so easily rid ourselves of the issue of right and wrong in the way we live and speak. Even here, however, we can go a surprisingly long way to blot out natural law and reason. We can do this blotting out particularly through accepting customs and positive laws that are designed to measure our actions in pursuit of our happiness. In this context, the Church exists as a guarantee or remedy that the natural law itself retains its clarity and truth among us. We in fact live in a time when many of the basic principles of natural law are specifically rejected in positive civil laws and decrees in the name of a freedom to make ourselves

to be what we want to be, whatever to the contrary God wants us to be.

Given a choice between our own man-made conception of the human good and that of God's understanding, we do well to follow the latter.

Benedict XVI pointed out in *Spe Salvi* that the alternate world we are constructing with our freedom, by rejecting secondary principles of natural law and grace, is a kind of this worldly parody on the end for which we were in fact created and to which we are pointed in our very being. There is one little hitch here. What we are ultimately invited to become is not something we can figure out by ourselves. We must receive what we are as a gift. Yet, on receiving it, we will be sure that it is really what we

are intended to be even in our own particularity.

To maintain this gift status will be for many a denial of actual human nature. What is enduring in human nature is not only some sense of purpose or need for salvation in our being, but also the experiential realization that the human condition in any time and place manifests the same disorders in different configurations.

This state, what Christians call our fallen condition, will often seem to be our essential nature. We will thus seek to incorporate sinfulness into our lives in such a way that it becomes what man is and is supposed to do.

The Church does not exist to deny this presence and abidingness of what we call original sin among us. It does exist to explain it and to provide a means whereby we might reach the purpose of our creation in spite of sin. This path was given to us in divine revelation. But this cannot be accomplished without our active participation in the means provided for us to deal with sin.

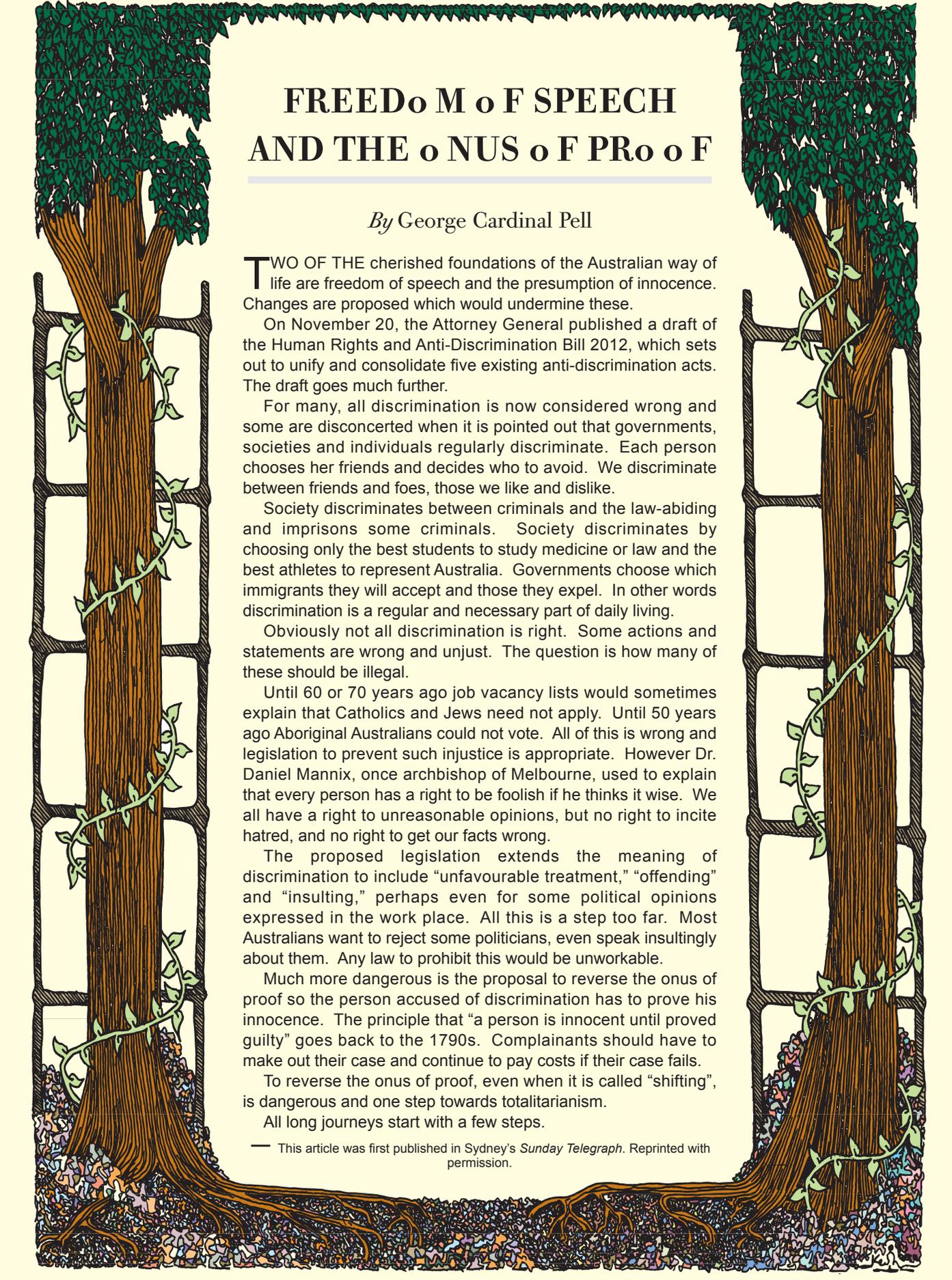
These means exist through the Church. We often hear that the Church stresses 'negative' things. The fact that it primarily emphasizes love, mercy, and forgiveness is often overlooked because the sinful side of our being is so graphic arid upsetting of good order.

So, what is a Church 'for our times'? Surely, it is a Church in which the same things given to the Apostles are still central, still taught, still preached, and still lived out in our daily lives. The Church is not a couple of centuries behind our times.

Rather it is ahead of our times in the sense that eternity and eternal life are ahead of our times. In this sense, we are not ahead or behind any time. We are each given a certain amount of time during which we decide, through our actions and thoughts, how ultimately we want to be.

We are given freedom to accomplish this purpose. This exercise of freedom is the one thing God will not interfere with, except in the sense of presenting to us a plan of salvation that best corresponds to what we are.

FATHER JAMES SCHALL, S.J. is professor of Political Philosophy in the Department of Government at Georgetown University. Reprinted with Permission from *The Catholic World Report*, September 5, 2012.



FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND THE ONUS OF PROOF

By George Cardinal Pell

TWO OF THE cherished foundations of the Australian way of life are freedom of speech and the presumption of innocence. Changes are proposed which would undermine these.

On November 20, the Attorney General published a draft of the Human Rights and Anti-Discrimination Bill 2012, which sets out to unify and consolidate five existing anti-discrimination acts. The draft goes much further.

For many, all discrimination is now considered wrong and some are disconcerted when it is pointed out that governments, societies and individuals regularly discriminate. Each person chooses her friends and decides who to avoid. We discriminate between friends and foes, those we like and dislike.

Society discriminates between criminals and the law-abiding and imprisons some criminals. Society discriminates by choosing only the best students to study medicine or law and the best athletes to represent Australia. Governments choose which immigrants they will accept and those they expel. In other words discrimination is a regular and necessary part of daily living.

Obviously not all discrimination is right. Some actions and statements are wrong and unjust. The question is how many of these should be illegal.

Until 60 or 70 years ago job vacancy lists would sometimes explain that Catholics and Jews need not apply. Until 50 years ago Aboriginal Australians could not vote. All of this is wrong and legislation to prevent such injustice is appropriate. However Dr. Daniel Mannix, once archbishop of Melbourne, used to explain that every person has a right to be foolish if he thinks it wise. We all have a right to unreasonable opinions, but no right to incite hatred, and no right to get our facts wrong.

The proposed legislation extends the meaning of discrimination to include "unfavourable treatment," "offending" and "insulting," perhaps even for some political opinions expressed in the work place. All this is a step too far. Most Australians want to reject some politicians, even speak insultingly about them. Any law to prohibit this would be unworkable.

Much more dangerous is the proposal to reverse the onus of proof so the person accused of discrimination has to prove his innocence. The principle that "a person is innocent until proved guilty" goes back to the 1790s. Complainants should have to make out their case and continue to pay costs if their case fails.

To reverse the onus of proof, even when it is called "shifting", is dangerous and one step towards totalitarianism.

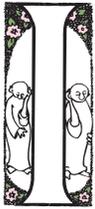
All long journeys start with a few steps.

— This article was first published in Sydney's *Sunday Telegraph*. Reprinted with permission.

Jesus said there will always be wars and rumours of wars. But each of us can realise peace in our own hearts, if we allow His Kingdom to possess us. Then more and more His peace comes into the communities in which we live.

A SOLDIER'S INNER BATTLE

By Paul Glynn



IN 1980 WHEN I returned to Australia on leave, thirty-two Japanese came with me as 'pilgrims of peace and reconciliation.' Among them were two ex-soldiers who had fought in China and two war widows. The group spent a week in Australia, celebrating Masses for peace and reconciliation in four Australian cities, laying wreaths at cenotaphs erected to honour Australian servicemen who had died in overseas battles, and joining with Australians in prayer meetings for peace.

At the Mass offered at Sydney's St. Patrick's, Church Hill, where Fr Marsden had once worked before his untimely death, some of his fellow ex-POWs on the notorious Burma-Thailand Railroad attended. The widow of famous 'Black Jack' Gallagher of Changi POW Camp fame took an active part in the ceremony. At the Offertory, war trophies – Japanese swords, Rising Sun flags returned by Australian ex-soldiers as gestures of reconciliation – were presented to the celebrant, Bishop Cullinane, who had worked in Japan as a missionary in the immediate post-war years.

The Japanese war-widows carried up silk paintings of the Madonna and Child done in Japanese style, to be blessed. One was given to Lady Gallagher at the end of the Mass.

On the night before the Brisbane Reconciliation Mass I made what I thought was a natural request of Clyde Cook, who had joined us. I had met his wife Pat on a Lourdes pilgrimage and had become close friends with both. I discovered that Clyde had been in the Australian infantry fighting against the Japanese in some of the desperate jungle battles in New Guinea.

He enlisted as a private as soon as the war began. His powerful build and natural leadership qualities soon had him promoted to sergeant, and eventually captain. Little did I realise the mental turmoil I caused him when, on the night before our Brisbane Reconciliation Mass, I asked him to carry up a Japanese war flag at the Offertory. It had been given to me by an Australian ex-soldier who had taken it from a slain Japanese soldier after one New Guinea battle.

He asked me to return it to Japan. Because of the name of the Shinto shrine and the names of Japanese villagers who had signed it, we were able to return it to the slain soldier's father. The latter was deeply moved when we eventually got it to him.

After Mass the next day, Clyde told me of the spiritual crisis I caused him when I asked him to bring the flag up to the altar at the Offertory.

Clyde Cook's mother was a Catholic and he was baptised as a baby but after that received little instruction and had almost lost his faith in Catholicism as a young man. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour, December, 1941 Clyde enlisted in the Australian army, going into the new 53rd Battalion, 30th Brigade. He was soon in New Guinea. The Japanese had moved south very quickly after taking Singapore on February 15, 1942. They continued advancing south and by November that year were on the other side of Port Moresby, the capital of New Guinea. Once they crossed the Owen Stanley Ranges they could take Port Moresby and then without doubt would invade Australia. But let Clyde tell his story, as he wrote it when I asked for it recently. Here it is in his words:

'We met the Japanese at a place called Kokoda. But they were too many and too skilled in jungle warfare. We pulled back and fought them again at Isurava, Nauro and then at Templeton's Crossing, called after the first of my friends they killed. We retreated again to Efogi, each time leaving friends to rot in New Guinea mud. Hate for them burned in me.

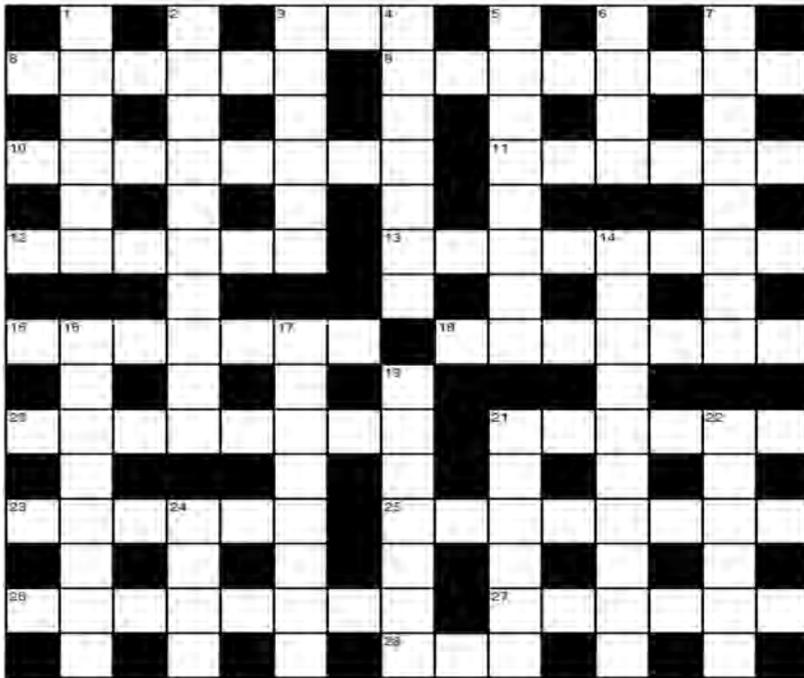
I killed some of them and clearly remember the first one. I could see his Japanese flag when I shot him. They

The Breath of Life

MAN CAN refuse his Creator his mind; he cannot refuse him his lungs. No sooner has man finished uttering his denials and his blasphemies than he is forced on pain of death to reclaim that breath which created him and draw it into the depths of his being. Here there dwells a prisoner whose bolts and walls will not indefinitely prevent him from escaping, for the Son of Man not only forced the gates of hell from without, but tore them off their hinges from within. In the dead of night we are suddenly aware that a light has been kindled deep in that secret place where someone lies dozing and bound with two chains, and lo, all at once he has risen; all shackles have been thrown off as if at the scent of fire.

— Paul Claudel (1868-1955) was a Catholic poet, playwright, diplomat, and member of the French Academy.

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 74



Across Clues

8. River in which Jesus was baptised by John the Baptist (6)
9. Interpretation of the Bible (8)
10. A plant having leaves divided into three leaflets, used by Saint Patrick to illustrate the holy trinity (8)
11. The belief in one god (6)
12. Heathens (6)
13. Honest or candid ((8)
15. Protomartyr saint (7)
18. To convert waste ground into land suitable for growing crops (7)
20. Month dedicated to prayers for the dead (8)
21. Groups of singers performing in churches (6)
23. Composer of "The Messiah" (6)
25. Name adopted by sixteen popes (8)
26. Respectful (8)
27. Concurred (6)
28. An intense longing; monetary unit of Japan (3)

Down Clues

1. Sixth book of the Old Testament (6)
2. Visible projection at the front of the throat (4,1,5)
3. Irritates (6)
4. Author of "Waiting for Godot" Samuel ... (7)

5. Patron of the West Indies (8)
6. The venerable ... Writer of "The Ecclesiastical History of the English people" (4)
7. The longest river in the United States of America (8)
14. Sacraments received by newly ordained priest (4,6)
16. Deceitful; insincere; hypocritical (3 -5)
17. Treated (a dead body) with preservatives (8)
19. Integrity; uprightness; honesty (7)
21. The promised land of the Israelites (6)
22. Mother of Joseph and Benjamin (6)
24. Feat (4)

So LUTIo NTo CRo SSWo RD No. 73



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were better jungle fighters than us but those of us who survived learned their tactics and soon became skillful professional killers like them. We pushed them back over the Kokoda Track. By this time killing them meant as little as squashing a mosquito. We attacked them and beat them at Gona on the northern coast of New Guinea, suffering 150 casualties in that action.

About mid-December I was transferred to the 55/53 Battalion with my best mate, Arthur Knapp. I loved that man more than I loved

my own brothers. During an attack on an enemy position I sent him out with orders to outflank and destroy a Japanese machine gun. He succeeded but moments later was shot dead by a sniper hiding in a tree. I was devastated and terrible guilt swept over me because he died following orders I gave. We knew there were hidden snipers. Why didn't I make sure Arthur was better covered? The guilt further inflamed my murderous anger and my intense hatred of Japanese.

I had prayed to God when I first began fighting them in New Guinea but I remember how I decided at that juncture that prayer was useless because there was no God. There couldn't be, after all the horrible carnage and desperate misery I had witnessed these last few months. No worthwhile God would have allowed that. Even if God existed, you couldn't trust him, let alone love him!

A week or so after my great friend Arthur was killed, I led a patrol out into the jungle, driven by such hatred for the enemy that I was stupid enough to lead my men into an ambush: Six of them died under a hail of bullets and grenades.

I was badly wounded, carried back and operated on by Field Ambulance, sent to Port Moresby for another session under a doctor's knife and then put on a hospital ship. I ended up in Sydney's Uralla Military Hospital. During my 11 months there I underwent 5 more operations. The only joy I remember during that time was when news came of Japanese defeats. My life had become totally negative.

I was discharged and given home leave, which was a disaster. I no longer belonged to a normal family. I reported back to army headquarters and was told I could not return to my old infantry unit. But by now I thought my unit was my real family, my only place to go. In desperation I forged some papers, and was heading for New Guinea when I was spotted by Military Police at Townsville and arrested. My sergeant's stripes were torn off and I was posted to Allied Intelligence – where they made me sergeant again! I was at San Miguel in the Philippines when the surrender came on August 15, 1945.

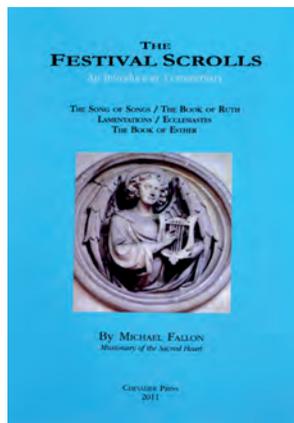
We received orders to go to Kure in Japan by plane. We arrived there and received new orders to return! On the way out of Japan the next day our pilot flew low over nearby Hiroshima. It was less than a month since the A-bomb had turned it into a city of ash. The sight rocked me to my very core! I had given God away. Now I lost any faith and hope I had in the human race.

Back in Australia I received my discharge papers and went home. Dad who had been in the Light Horse in

JUST PUBLISHED BY CHEVALIER PRESS

By Father Michael Fallon, MSC

THE FESTIVAL SCROLLS

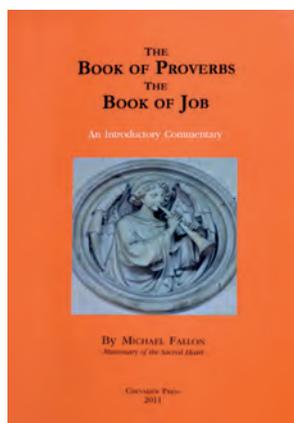


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World War I might have understood my morose mood but he was dead. After a brief stay I left – to the relief of myself and all the family except Mother.

I tried a succession of jobs – barman, shop assistant, security guard, factory worker, French polisher, newspaper reporter. None of these was important to me. I made no friends and wanted none.

War broke out in Korea between the Communist-ruled North and the U.N./ U.S. backed south. I enlisted, planning to get into the fighting as

soon as possible and not particularly planning to come back. A bit of shoving got a quick posting to Korea. On the night before departure I slipped on the shower floor and fractured a bone in my back. I was put back into Uralla hospital, feeling more miserable and depressed than ever.

When the night nurse, Patricia Cresswell-Meredith came on duty she fascinated me immediately. I began to forget about depression and made every excuse I could to get her near me.

She was planning a working holiday in the U.K. and marriage was not in her mind-However one day when she was sponging my back I boldly asked her if she would like the job permanently. We married the next year.

When my greatest friend Arthur Knapp died I promised myself I would never love anyone again because the pain of loss was too great. But I came to believe that Pat could help me love securely and free me from my bondage to bitterness and cynicism. I wanted no part in her strong Catholic faith but for her sake I accompanied her to Sunday Mass but never received Communion. I came to see there was a gulf between us on two scores – her faith in God and her trust in the goodness of people. I was beginning to fear my pessimistic moods would return.

I was now in the permanent army and we were transferred to Western Australia. Our first child Kathleen was born there and for me she was a mingling of delight and a deep fear of loss. By now Pat realised I was not free to love unreservedly and had to settle for what was possible – as later my child, too had to settle for the little I could give. I stopped going to Mass with Pat as I had no faith and was only play acting. Pat never wavered in her faith and practice.

One day I had a bad quarrel with her. The fault was all mine and I knew it, as of course she did too, but I could not bring myself to apologise. It was she who came to me, bringing forgiveness. It was then I began to understand that forgiveness, like love is not something that just happens. It is a decision. I began to understand there were areas in my life where that decision was needed but never taken.

Let me move on to Sunday, March 12, 1978, midmorning. By now I had left the army and we were living up north in Queensland. Pat was out of town that weekend on a nursing job. I am an inveterate reader and suddenly I discovered I had nothing to read. Out of boredom I picked up one of Pat's books. It was by Francis McNutt and the theme was healing. He had a quote from James 5: 14-15.: 'If anyone is sick among you he should call the elders of the church. They are to pray

over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. The prayer of faith will heal the sick man and if he has any sins they will be forgiven?

I had no sooner read these words than I was overwhelmed with the most painful conviction that I was in need of forgiveness, and of a healing that was totally beyond my grasp. Tears began to flow copiously. I was gripped by a twofold sense, of dire need and helplessness. It was almost physical. I began to panic at the emotions I had never before experienced. Was I suddenly having a nervous breakdown? With all my previous macho pride and hardy self-reliance forgotten, I telephoned Pat who was many miles away. Still shaking with sobs, I told her what was happening. I asked her what I should do. She spoke very calmly and told me to telephone the Augustinian priest, Fr. Peter McHugh at the Mareeba presbytery.

With trembling spirit I did that immediately. The priest seemed to know what was happening and assured me my experience was not weird. 'No, I don't think you are having a nervous breakdown, but I do think it is a call, an invitation from the Holy Spirit', he said. 'Shall we meet and discuss it?' We did and I began attending Mass. Unlike my former self, sitting at Mass like a stone, I drank in the words.

I knew Patricia had never wavered in her faith and had never given up on praying for me. Her prayers were answered now as God reached out to me and called me back to Himself. With God, herself and Peter McHugh now in cahoots, what chance did I have! I answered Yes to the Lord and He gave me the gift of love.

I attended a retreat with Pat, and Jesus led me back through the years and showed me times in my life when I had forgotten injury but never forgiven. Now I saw the need to forgive if I was to be forgiven. A great peace filled me. I felt healed, healed through the love of God and my wife. My healing was now complete. So I thought!

Pat and Fr. Paul Glynn had become good friends on a Lourdes pilgrimage and we had him stay with us in Yungaburra. In 1980 he wrote to say he was coming to Australia on a

peace and reconciliation pilgrimage with thirty-two Japanese. Several of them had fought with the Japanese army in China. Two were war widows whose husbands had died fighting in China. He invited Pat and me to join them in the Brisbane ceremonies.

I found out later from Pat that she had a feeling that joining the Japanese pilgrims might help me with a problem that I did not realise I had. She urged me to go down to join them in Cooparoo, Brisbane, which I did. I met up with them at the Retreat Centre where they were staying. After introducing me to the Japanese, Fr. Glynn took me into the chapel. A fierce reaction hit me as soon as I saw the Japanese wartime flag near the altar. Lying beside it was a Japanese samurai sword. The priest told me they had been given to him by ex-Australian soldiers, to be returned to Japan as signs of reconciliation.

He then stunned me. 'Clyde, you fought against the Japanese in New Guinea. Would you be good enough to carry the Japanese flag in the Offertory procession at tomorrow's

Mass. The war widows you just met will carry up paintings of Mary and the Christ Child, done in a Japanese style pioneered by Japanese Carmelite nuns, which they have brought down to give to Australian war widows.'

Before I could put words to a feeling of revulsion, he put his hand on my shoulder and said 'Come along and I'll show you your room.'

I said little as we sat down to the evening meal not long after that. Mentioning weariness after the long trip from up north, I excused myself early and walked out hiding the upheaval inside me. I had thought my healing complete! I knew it wasn't as I wearily sat down in my room. That flag was a symbol of all I hated for so long. I knew I couldn't go through with the Offertory procession. No, I just couldn't do that. I now realised, very painfully, that I was not the committed disciple of Christ that I had imagined I was. I began to feel anger, and then came the fear of a return of the debilitating depression that had burdened my spirit for so many years. In desperation I turned to the Lord in prayer.



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After a while I sensed Jesus was answering me: Clyde, it's your choice, you know, it's all up to you. You can decide to carry on where you left off, hating the Japanese. Yes, that could be your considered decision, Clyde. But then again, you are also free to choose to be my disciple and reject that hatred of the Japanese. Which way will you go?

I knew that the old way of hating had never brought me peace, let alone happiness! It had made life hard for my faithful, loving Patricia. I made my decision and said, Yes Lord, I will take up the flag at tomorrow's Mass.

I decided to write it all down, there and then, clearly spelling out the issues I faced that night and the consequences of a free choice. I began writing in the presence of Jesus who had clarified the two opposite choices. My mind cleared as I wrote, and I had a distinct flashback to that first quarrel with Pat, and her warm forgiveness and Christ-like love. She had, without any trace of preaching down to me, allowed me to see that love and forgiveness are not impersonal nouns. They are verbs.

I now found I was writing a letter to the thirty-two Japanese pilgrims, whom my risen Lord deeply loved as

His brothers and sisters, and as my brothers and sisters. I found myself confessing to them that I had hated them, and why. But now I knew I was wrong, and I no longer hated them. I told them I would join the two widows in the Offertory procession, and make it a real Mass, in memory of His bloodshed and death, a real representation of the wounded, bleeding, dying Jesus. His bloody sacrifice took in all the pain and bleeding and dying that happened in the horrible jungle warfare. His dying gave meaning to all deaths because He showed in His own body that there can be a resurrection to eternal life. 'Yes, my new friends who I almost lost, at the Eucharist tomorrow I will carry up your flag, and do it very willingly.'

As a way of finishing my letter to the Japanese pilgrims I decided that tomorrow I will ask Fr. Glynn how to say in Japanese, 'I love you'. 'Yes, my new friends, I will say that to you in your own language, and I will say it from my heart.'

Clyde was all smiles when we met the next morning. I had no inkling of the crisis I had caused deep within his spirit. At the Offertory of the Mass

he accompanied the Japanese widows down to the table to take up the flag, while they picked up the paintings. They took him gently by the elbows and urged him forward so that he would walk in the place of honour. It was a beautiful Mass in which we experienced what the Acts of the Apostles terms 'the brotherhood.'

Clyde decided to accompany us for the whole pilgrimage, taking an active part in the reconciliation Masses in Murwillumbah, Lismore, at the Tea Ceremony Hut in Epping with Rosaleen McVittie and her students, and finally at the Mass at St. Patrick's, Church Hill, Sydney.

He was able to carry up the Japanese sword at the offertory of the final mass, and lay it before the altar. After we had all received the Eucharist, Hisayo Nakagawa's son, Nobuhide came forward and did an ancient dance for the Lord.

Then Clyde went and took the sword and presented it to the Japanese war widows, while Isaiah 2:4 was read: 'He will wield authority over the nations and adjudicate between peoples; they will hammer their swords into plowshares, their spears into sickles. Nation will not lift up sword against nation, there will be no more training for war.' That is the promise of the Lord that will never be perfectly realised in this life, where Jesus said there will always be wars and rumours of wars. But each of us can realise it in our own hearts, if we allow His Kingdom to possess them. Then more and more His peace comes into the communities in which we live.

Dr. Nagai, who wrote much about peace after he experienced the nuclear desert of Nagasaki, has been called a peace prophet of the calibre of Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Thomas Merton and Dorothy Day. Like them he could point to the seemingly simple paths that will lead to the mountain heights if we have the courage to follow them. He wrote: 'Let us be kind to one another, because we are all lonely.'

Father Paul Glynn, SM has spent 25 years as a missionary in Japan. Author of *A Song for Nagasaki*, and *Healing Fire From Frozen Earth*, Father Glynn is stationed at Villa Maria, Hunters Hill, NSW. The above is an excerpt from *The Wayside Stream* available from Maris Fathers Books, 1 Mary Street, Hunters Hill, NSW 2110 Australia.



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The church is full of former altar boys who have kept the faith throughout the ageing; their whispered prayers have risen from foxholes and scaffolds; from assembly lines and car pits and miles and miles of commuter rails.

THE MASS OF THE VERY OLD MEN

By Elizabeth Scalia



SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 6:25 AM: In the palest light, I follow footprints left in the season's first frost, just a few minutes behind the regulars. The church's glaring overhead lights are softened by the flame-glow of a few dozen candles—real wax, seven-day candles that burn a constant supplication—and by the shimmer of one gloriously large and eye-catching Icon of the Crucifixion scene. I wait to stand my candle as a slope-shouldered older man first places his own and then remains a few moments in wonder before all that beauty. He bows low; his eyes close and his hands press together in prayer, but imperfectly so. Form follows function, and these hands, roughly callused, with knuckles gnarled by age and decades of hard work, reveal the labourer who grounds the esthete.

6:36 AM: To the right of the altar, on a worn kneeler, another gray-haired man. He too has lit a candle—electric, this time—before an image of Saint Joseph, patron of husbands and fathers and workers; of immigrants and the whole church and a happy death. There is suppleness to the arc of the man's body that suggests both comfortable familiarity and ardent longing. He cannot know that in this mid-twentieth century, minimalist building, he is the closest thing to a gothic arch thrusting heavenward, or that his unconscious affect works to similar effect, on some.

6:40 AM: Across from him, on the left, a stiff-kneed gardener brings his weekly gift to Mary — clippings from his own yard. Throughout the year he matches his seasonal snippings with the liturgical calendar and creates a cohesive narrative of shape and color. In the depths of winter, he brings promise with witch

hazel and hellebore, and spring delivers the deep purple crocuses and irises so eloquent of repentance and sorrow; they are followed by graceful branches of deep yellow forsythias and then comes a riotous profusion of roses, day lilies, and coneflowers throughout the summer, before he quiets things down with the simple Montauk Daisies of September. Now, he is bringing the last of his storm-battered, rust-colored mums, intermingled with the few remaining pretty leaves and some acorns kept back from the squirrels. Soon he will bring the spear-sharp-tipped holly, marking Advent with a prophecy of Lent; the gifts continue.

6:42 AM: Behind me comes the rhythmic rattle of a rosary against wood, and I know that into the pew has slipped a cheerful small man who rarely does more than smile and nod because he does not like to admit his hearing loss, which reveals itself in his booming responses to the Mass.

The early Mass of a Sunday in this parish is the Mass of the Very Old Men, and the church is full of former altar boys who have kept the faith throughout the ageing; their whispered prayers have risen from foxholes and scaffolds; from assembly lines and car pits and miles and miles of commuter rails. The sweetness of their devotion belies their depths. If you look closely, you can still glimpse in their weathered faces the bright light of interest that came with learning to cast the thurible, the gravity of responsibility born of murmuring Latin responses over altar cards. There are a few ladies present of similar age, but this is a Mass for men who rise early and who like the opportunity for quiet prayer, the absence of music and the fluttery busyness of others. They prefer their own pacing and predictability; after

Mass they will stop at the candy store to buy thick Sunday newspapers, and then at the bakery for soft, yeasty rolls and the hard, mildly sweet Italian cookies that dunk so well in coffee. And then, perhaps a walk, and a nap before the game, and an early supper.

6:53 AM: The middle-aged women arrive; a lector, two Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion, and several devoted daughters taking Dad to Mass, and a coffee and a bagel later.

6:57 AM: Comes tumbling in a young father with four children in tow, followed by his wife, carrying a cheerful, wide-awake three-month-old. They sit toward the back, where restless kids can easily be walked, but the two oldest boys, perhaps eight and six, head toward the front of the church. They pointedly bow before the tabernacle and then plunge quarters into a box; they light small candles before Saint Joseph and whip through their energetic prayers.

As they turn to head back, they encounter the sash-wearing deacon, another gray head working ceaselessly for the church in his retirement, and the priest, who is from India, of indeterminate age and regal bearing. Smiles are exchanged and the men wait while the boys walk quickly back to their father, the younger one propelling himself forward with a swinging arm that suggests a future in incense-spewing. A note of hope for the future, small but sassy.

Processing in from the side door for this surprisingly well-attended Mass full of men, the deacon and priest bow to the altar and climb the steps.

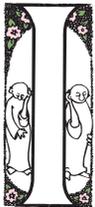
In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

ELIZABETH SCALIA is the Managing Editor of the Catholic Portal at *Patheos* and blogs as *The Anchoress*.

According to doughty political commentator Janet Daley no current British politician dares any longer to tell us the truth about anything of importance because, were they to do so, electoral annihilation could rapidly follow.

VERITATEM DIES APERIT

by Giles Auty



IT SEEMS appropriate to me at least to begin an article written for the New Year with a reminder made by Seneca roughly 2,000 years ago that 'time unveils the truth' – the meaning generally assigned to the Latin proverb of my title.

Such a reminder is always likely to be unpopular with politicians, of course, who hope the rest of us may overlook some of the more calamitous blunders they have already made. But what of other, similar blunders which have not yet come to light? I fear sentiments such as Seneca's may not encourage some of Britain's current crop of politicians to sleep especially easily.

What then of some of the other truths that time has recently 'unveiled' for us over here?

In the case of Britain's weather forecasters, the passage even of a few months has 'unveiled' the fact that they could not possibly have been more wrong in some of their recent prognostications. Embarrassingly these have been made with the help of the same ultra-expensive computers which are used to make the long-term predictions of impending climatic doom with which we have all become so familiar. Thus in Britain last April we were told that we would be having "hotter, drier summers for decades to come and that the drought conditions of early spring could last to Christmas and beyond."

In the event, of course, we have just ended the wettest eight month period ever experienced in Britain since records first began. Large areas of our unfortunate country remain flooded. It is tempting to think that a crystal ball might have been of more use, in this instance, than our super computers.

Here I also suppose charitably that our weather forecasters did not set out to deceive us deliberately even though their employers, the Met.Office, are – with the possible exception of the BBC – among the more climate-change obsessed bodies that exist anywhere in present-day Britain.

Regrettably, however, the charitable impulse I have just mentioned does not generally apply in my case to Britain's current political parties or their leaders. Indeed, according to doughty political commentator Janet Daley (The Daily Telegraph, 23 december 2012) no current British politician dares any longer to tell us the truth about anything of importance because, were they to do so, electoral annihilation could rapidly follow.

To some politicians lying may possibly come quite naturally but I am unwilling thus far, at least, to tar everyone with the same brush.

If the expression 'political spin' is not a direct synonym for telling lies then

In praise of Latin

THE MERELY modern man never knows what he is about. A Latin education, far from alienating us from our own world, teaches us to discern the amiable traits in it, and the genuine achievements; helping us, amid so many distracting problems, to preserve a certain dignity and balance of mind, together with a sane confidence in the future.

— Boston Latin School, 1635 – 1935, by George Santayana, Class of 1882.

it is still nothing better than a highly dishonest euphemism. Today politicians employ political spin to gain and maintain power as though their wishes in such ways were more vital somehow by far than the genuine needs of every other person in the country.

How have we arrived finally at such a regrettable state of affairs?

Even two thousand years ago Seneca was aware that truth had a very vital role to play in everyday human affairs. Yet by now the human race has apparently 'evolved' to such an extent that many of our supposed intellectuals are no longer able to grasp the fundamental difference between truth and opinion. Basic inability to do so has, in fact, helped give rise to the fashionable post-modernist creed of 'relativism'.

In the meantime Britain is fortunate in having a number of excellent political and economic commentators who, unlike so many of our politicians, still seem capable of recognising and even acting on the truth when they encounter it.

Here is a short extract from what Janet Daley wrote on 23 December: "Was 2012 the year when the democratic world lost its grip on reality? Must we assume that no party that speaks the truth about the economic future has a chance of winning power in a national election? With the results of presidential contests in the United States and France as evidence, this would seem to be the only possible conclusion. Any political leader prepared to deceive the electorate into believing that government spending, and the vast system of services it provides, can go on as before – or that they will be able to resume as soon as this monetary

emergency is over – was propelled into office virtually by acclamation. So universal has this rule turned out to be that parties and leaders who know better – whose economic literacy is beyond question – are now afraid even to hint at the fact that must eventually be faced. The promises that governments are making to their electorates are not just misleading; they are unforgivably dishonest. It will not be possible to go on as we are, or to return to the expectations we once had”.

In Britain, because of the vast scale of government spending, this country is obliged now to borrow the equivalent of more than 30 billion Australian dollars each month simply to cover its ever-widening deficit. In 1998, Gordon Brown made his ideologically-driven decision to double public spending in the next ten years. The problem he has kindly bequeathed to us is, in fact, close to insoluble.

And that, unfortunately, is not all.

Here is another experienced British journalist, Christopher Booker, writing in *The Sunday Telegraph* of 30 December 2012: “As the scientific case for man-made climate change fell apart, in a welter of scandals which showed how ruthlessly the evidence had been fudged and manipulated, the real global warming disaster was the political legacy it was leaving us with. No-one has promoted this more zealously than the EU and the British government, whose Climate Change Act, approved almost unanimously by MPs, is by far the most costly law put through Parliament.

At last, in 2012, we have begun to see calls for the repeal of this utterly insane legislation, requiring us to cut ‘carbon emissions’ by four fifths in less than 40 years, which could only be achieved by shutting down virtually the entire British economy”.

During my increasingly distant childhood, properly brought up children were strongly encouraged to defer to experts, in almost any field, as beings more or less invariably worthy of our esteem and respect.

It was not until I was well into my twenties, in fact, that I discovered that a great many, much-vaunted ‘experts’ often seemed more fallible than the average intelligent, honest and well-meaning citizen. Nowhere did this seem truer than in my own professional area

One thing leads to another

THOUGH OUR own society has much changed from the Roman (we may point with somber pride to Hitler and Stalin, who lent a real Neronian hell to our days), we have, nevertheless, got so into the habit of dissembling motives, of denying certain dark constants of human behavior, that it is difficult to find a reputable American historian who will acknowledge the crude fact that a Franklin Roosevelt, say, wanted to be President merely to wield power, to be famed and to be feared. To learn this simple fact one must wade through a sea of evasions: history as sociology, leaders as teachers, bland benevolence as a motive force, when, finally, power is an end to itself, and the instinctive urge to prevail the most important single human trait, the necessary force without which no city was built, no city destroyed. Yet many contemporary sociologists and religionists turned historians will propose, quite seriously: If there had not been a Julius Caesar then the *Zeitgeist* would have provided another like him, even though it is quite evident that had this particular Caesar not existed no one would have dared to invent him. World events are the work of individuals whose motives are often frivolous, even casual. Had Claudius not wanted an easy conquest so that he might celebrate a triumph at Rome, Britain would not have been conquered in AD 44. If Britain had not been colonized in the first century... the chain of causality is plain.

— Gore Vidal, ‘Robert Graves and the Twelve Caesars,’ - a review of Robert Graves’s translation of Suetonius’s *The Twelve Caesars*, 1959.

of the visual arts. Indeed, ultimately it was my extreme disillusionment with the supposed expertise of others which caused me to begin writing regularly on the subject myself.

To my great disappointment, the visual arts in Britain seem to me now to be in an even worse and more dishonest state than before I left to work in Australia nearly 18 years ago. Sense and reason seem more than ever absent from an area which could otherwise provide the kind of comfort and uplift to the spirit that would be especially welcome now in these sorry economic times.

Honesty, as ever, is the key to such matters and I cannot recommend too highly a book by a former critical colleague, Brian Sewell, which has recently been published here. For those with any interest in the subject Brian Sewell’s *The Naked Emperors* (Quartet Books 2012) provides a deep insight into much that has gone wrong in the visual arts not just in Britain but throughout the Western world.

The visual arts, like almost every other sphere, are in the almost total control now of power and money and it is amusing to reflect how critical we once were in nations such as Britain of the ‘state’ art of other countries – most notably, perhaps, that of the former USSR. With the passing of time the somewhat theatrical propagandist art of

the old Soviet Union – heroic tractor drivers, partisans and such – certainly seems no worse now than a good deal of the fashionable junk foisted on us now in the Western world in the name of conceptualism – and it certainly took a much longer and better artistic training to produce.

The Western world now seems to me in the grip of an economic, political and cultural decadence that one prays may not become permanent. Unfortunately countries which I have always loved such as Spain, Italy and France are by no means immune now from this contagion.

Exactly 50 years ago, I set out with a friend from the area where I now live to drive to the extreme South of Spain. Franco was still in power then, the Thames was frozen over at Hampton Court during one of the worst winters in England’s history, and it was still possible to eat in a rural restaurant in obscure parts of Spain for the equivalent of two shillings.

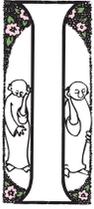
May all your hopes be fulfilled in 2013.

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*.

Government control of individual freedom ... a cast of mind that treats every individual as a suspect until proven otherwise

BIG BROTHER IS ALIVE AND WELL

by Michael O'Connor



IF AUSTRALIA once rode on the sheep's back, now it operates to a very great extent on the volunteer's back. Volunteers, tens of thousands of them, are everywhere – in health services, education, emergency services, welfare organisations, sporting bodies and many other fields. Volunteers above all are characterised by Our Lord's commandment to love our neighbour even if some, possibly many, do not recognise that fact.

Like so many others, I have volunteered in a number of fields, especially with my local community health service. It's no great boast because I have recently quit that job. I was considering that for reasons of my own health but the trigger was a demand from the service for yet another police records check to ensure that in the preceding three years I had not been suspected of, charged with or convicted of any crime. I was required to prove my identity; a birth certificate is insufficient. The service was constrained to point out that, however regrettably, the requirement was driven by Commonwealth legislation.

Now on the face of it, this could be regarded as a prudent measure. But living as I do in a country town, I suspect that the health service knew more about me because of my consistent involvement than even the local police. But of course, when bureaucrats have a little rule, nothing must stand in the way of its implementation.

Consulting with my parish priest, I found that he too is required to carry out regular police records checks on the schools' teaching staff, on all sorts of volunteers including the special ministers of the Eucharist who take Holy Communion to the residents of

our local nursing homes. Although directed accordingly by the archbishop, the requirement comes from the same Commonwealth bureaucracy.

Further afield, every tuckshop lady, every junior football coach and club worker plus a range of other categories is subject to regular police checks to ensure, presumably, that no paedophiles join the ranks of these generous-hearted people.

To achieve this goal for which there is a not insignificant monetary cost, a central records agency – CrimTrac – has been established and a number of private employment agencies mediate between the consumer – such as my health service – and CrimTrac. The whole process nationwide has generated jobs and filled lots of filing cabinets but one must wonder how effective it is.

Many years ago, I was by delegation the officer responsible for supervising the security vetting process for the Royal Australian Navy. I was also responsible for any investigations that arose out of the vetting process. The process itself involved police records checks as well as those by the Australian Security

Intelligence Organisation plus, for the very high level security clearances, additional checks with referees, service records and the like. Naturally most people cleared this significant hurdle. What was clear, however, to those of us involved was that the clearance was not worth much. After all, every useful spy within government service anywhere in the world has had a security clearance. What the clearance in effect said was that we had no evidence to prevent the subject being given a clearance on the date when it was issued. Next day, theoretically, it was a different matter. We used to have a darkly humorous saying in our community that we had to be sure that, come the subsequent Royal Commission into espionage, we had done everything in our power to exclude the villain.

Why this digression? A police records check is even less of a filter than our security vetting procedure. It's a negative check, that is, there is nothing in the police records to show that the subject person has ever been suspected of, charged with or convicted of any crime in Australia. And when CrimTrac signs

A different Kind of darkness

I KNOW THAT all times are perilous, and that in every time serious and anxious minds, alive to the honour of God and the needs of man, are apt to consider no times so perilous as their own. At all times the enemy of souls assaults with fury the Church which is their true Mother, and at least threatens and frightens when he fails in doing mischief. And all times have their special trials which others have not. And so far I will admit that there were certain specific dangers to Christians at certain other times, which do not exist in this time. Doubtless, but still admitting this, still I think that the trials which lie before us are such as would appal and make dizzy even such courageous hearts as St. Athanasius, St. Gregory I, or St. Gregory VII. And they would confess that dark as the prospect of their own day was to them severally, ours has a darkness different in kind from any that has been before it.

— Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, Sermon 9, The Infidelity of the Future, delivered on the occasion of the opening of St. Bernard's Seminary, 2nd October 1873

off on any individual, that clearance with all its inherent reservations is valid only up to that day. The records cannot show the subject's cast of mind or any indication of what he or she might do in the future. For the potential employers of a staffer or volunteer, it is simply a statement that, come the subsequent Royal Commission, they did everything they could do or were mandated to do to ensure their suitability.

Australia has a population of around 23 million. It would be fair to say that more than 22 million have never been suspected of, charged with or convicted of any crime – except perhaps the traffic offences that don't count in this context. Even excluding children, the proportions remain the same; only a tiny minority have ever come under notice

This Commonwealth legislation is attempting the impossible by trying to exclude people who might become offenders in the future. To be sure, they can exclude people who have offended but the odds are that such people will not pass the initial employment tests conducted by the employer of volunteers anyway.

The whole process, however plausible on the face of it, is a sledgehammer to crack a nut but even then, will likely given the odds miss the target. One significant risk is that the bureaucracy involved will deter good people from volunteering. Of course, we have become so accustomed to Big Brother regulating our lives and indeed our ideals that few will protest by refusal as I have. And it is in my case a protest against what I consider to be unjust and futile legislation.

Which raises another point. Is the legislation valid in anything but legal terms? In theory, laws are made by Parliament. But every Act of Parliament includes at the end a section that states: "the government (meaning the ministry) may make regulations not inconsistent with this Act". Most of the rules by which we are governed come in the form of regulations made theoretically by ministers but in effect by the public service departments charged with implementation of the Act. The regulations must be approved by the responsible Minister – already overwhelmed with work – and then tabled in the Parliament.

The Parliament may within 15 sitting

ANNALS CRYPTIC CROSSWORD NO. 32

Across Clues

- 1 Deeply revered five enable Queen to enter (9)
- 6 Author Daniel to get rid of enemy (5)
- 9 Men wandering in Asia with loss of memory (7)
- 10 Remains scattered by disorderly marines in meeting (7)
- 11 Creamy chocolate cake Claire baked with ingredients from a relic (6)
- 12 Anna's swallowed a pineapple (6)
- 15 First born hugged by Monica in Peru (4)
- 16 Ships purchasing officer makes outstanding vehicle move (10)
- 19 Perhaps pay wages as a means to get access between buildings (10)
- 20 It's before noon! So return book (4)
- 22 Media boss returns iron before a last Jesuit thumping (6)
- 24 More equitable retiring arbiter takes in air (6)
- 27 He's nice since he changed into a citizen of Cathay (7)
- 28 Following last of crepes, middle of unused pavlova was saved by Daniel (7)
- 29 For every church there's a rod and fish (5)
- 30 Held back false atheist edition (9)

Down Clues

- 1 It's one after five, and fancy food is available (5)
- 2 Use rennin mixture to make places of abode for sisters (9)
- 3 It's a bad result if you pinch cattle with a low whispering sound (6)
- 4 A regular round for bobby, with varied duties, as recorded by Matthew (10)
- 5 Irish language in some overseas place? (4)
- 6 With much ado, mini cars race around a volcanic island in The Caribbean (8)

- 7 A supporter is working with a collar shaped vestment sometimes worn by the pope (5)
- 8 Stray from the right course in prayer; repent at your leisure (3)
- 13 Stores in the centre of archbishops church (5)
- 14 Came across a city where Paul was born with five long bones (10)
- 15 Managed CD about church leader who lost his head (5)
- 17 Royal engineer, doctor, rabbi and the first Dutch painter? (9)
- 18 Nazi I left heartbroken, in town where Joseph worked with timber (8)
- 21 German cheers "good health" for professionals who have it (6)
- 23 Dominican, for one, is unusually fair. Right? (5)
- 25 Lady from Berlin finally died an imposter (5)
- 26 Third born hardened his first (4)
- 27 Headgear for some international sports captain (3)

So LUTIo N To CRy PTIC CRo SSWo RD No. 31

F	R	A	N	C	I	S	C	A	N	A	D	A	M
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© Brian O'Neill January 2012

days disallow a regulation but in reality has little time to sift through the mass of rules for those that are politically or otherwise unacceptable. Even then, many administrative processes of government are only remotely connected to legislation approved by Parliament.

Australian society is – and should be – troubled by the growing authoritarianism of governments which exercise greater supervision of more and more aspects of our lives. A process of

police checking of volunteers who may, even at the edges, have dealings with children or the frail elderly, is not merely ineffective except in a minority of cases, but is a step in reinforcing government control of individual freedom. It is a cast of mind that treats every individual as a suspect until proven otherwise.

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



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In Tunisia, once the beating heart of Christianity, there are scarcely any native Tunisian Christians. And yet the Catholic Faith is very much alive there.

“I HEARD ABOUT JESUS ON THE TELEVISION”

By Oliver Maksan



TUNISIA was once the beating heart of Catholicism. Saint Cyprian, one of the Fathers of the early Church, was a bishop here; Saints Felicity and Perpetua suffered martyrdom here, and Saint Augustine preached here against the errors of his time. But little remains today of this glory of the early Church. Instead the wind whistles through the ruins of the basilicas and baptisteries of ancient Carthage close to the capital, Tunis.

And yet Tunisia is not merely a greatly underappreciated treasure house of the Catholic past. For today there is again a living Christian community, working and serving here – with emphasis on *again*. For of the 25,000 or so Christians living in this country of almost eleven million people in North Africa today, some 20,000 of whom are Catholics, almost all of them are foreigners.

The Christian communities of the early Church were unable to withstand the assault of Islam. Admittedly, the form of Sunni Islam that prevails in Tunisia is regarded as moderate, and the French-speaking elite of this former French protectorate have a comparatively Western outlook. Hence it is not so surprising that the so-called “Arab Spring” began here in 2011, initiated by young, liberal minded students. There is likewise no other Arab country in which the position of women is so strong as it is here.

Nonetheless, Islam dominates public life. Indeed, under the old, now defunct constitution Tunisia was an Islamic state. Conversion to Christianity is not outright forbidden by the law – as distinct from the deliberate proselytism to another faith – yet in practice it often

comes at the cost of exclusion from family and social life.

Jean (as we shall call him) knows this only too well. This 23-year-old is one of the few native Tunisians to have been baptised as a Christian. The number of such people was estimated in the US state department’s religious freedom report for the year 2010 at no more than around 2,000 individuals. Most of them join Protestant communities. Jean is no exception. “I heard about Jesus on the television”, he says. “There was a programme about him”. In fact many Tunisians watch the television programmes from nearby Italy or France. “And I couldn’t get his message out of my mind”, he adds. Jean was baptised in a Protestant community. However the charismatic aspect and lack of structure of their worship left him feeling uncomfortable.

Finally, he came in contact with the Catholic Church. “As soon as I saw the liturgy there, I knew – this is what I want to be a part of.” After a period of preparation and catechumenate he will be accepted into the Catholic Church. “We made it clear to Jean, however, that becoming a Catholic does not give any automatic entitlement to material support”, says Father Silvio. This 30-year-old priest belongs to the Community of the Word Incarnate, which originated in Argentina. For some years now he has been an assistant priest at the cathedral of the Archdiocese of Tunis. “But needless to say, we will help anyone, regardless of their religion,” he adds.

But the attitude towards Christians – provided they are not converts from Islam – is not generally hostile here. This is something that Sister Marie

A Young Person’s world

ENGLISH LIFE expectancy at birth was on average a miserable thirty-seven years between 1540 and 1800; the figure for London was in the twenties. Roughly one in five English children died in the first year of life; in London the figure was nearly one in three. Henry V himself became king at the age of twenty-six and was dead from dysentery at the age of thirty-five – a reminder that most history until relatively recently was made by quite young, short-lived people. Violence was endemic. War with France was almost a permanent condition. When not fighting the French, the English fought the Welsh, the Scots and the Irish. When not fighting the Celts, they fought one another in a succession of wars for control of the crown. Henry V’s father had come to the throne by violence; his son Henry VI lost it by similar means with the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, which saw four kings lose their thrones and forty adult peers die in battle or on the scaffold. Between 1330 and 1479 a quarter of deaths in the English aristocracy were violent. And ordinary homicide was commonplace. Data from the fourteenth century suggest an annual homicide rate in Oxford of above a hundred per 100,000 inhabitants. London was somewhat safer with a rate of around fifty per 100,000. The worst murder rates in the world today are in South Africa (sixty nine per 100,000), Colombia (fifty-three) and Jamaica (thirty-four). Even Detroit at its worst in the 1980s had a rate of just forty-five per 100,000.

- Niall Ferguson, *Civilization: The West and the Rest*, Allen Lane, 2011, p.24



A Simple explanation of Catholic Culture

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By Paul Stenhouse MSC PhD

‘WHY DO CATHOLICS...?’

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
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| — Use candles? | — Have Patron Saints? |
| — Use Incense? | — Pray for the dead? |
| — Have an Offertory
at Mass? | — Canonise Saints? |
| — Call Priests Father? | — Observe Lent? |
| | — Use Rings? |

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(not her real name, to protect her privacy) also knows well. This warm-hearted religious is the head of a school run by sisters in the north of Tunisia.

There are nine schools run by the Catholic Church in the country. “The people have great respect for us sisters,” she says. “Not least because of our religious habit with the veil”.

Every year, when registration opens for the new school year, the people wait in long queues so that they can enter their children into this very traditional

primary school. Sometimes they even queue up the night before. “Once there was even a father here, a former pupil himself, who had travelled especially from Saudi Arabia so that he could register his daughter with us”.

Last year, when the so-called Jasmine Revolution brought change to Tunisia, local people stood guard outside the school day and night. “They even escorted us of their own accord to Tunis”, says Sister Marie. “Islam here is more open, partly also because of our school, perhaps”.

All the pupils, and all the 60 female teachers are Muslims, without exception. And yet there is a very warm relationship between them. The four sisters are happy to go with them for a pizza or an ice cream of an evening. “Last year in fact, we even made a trip to Sicily with our teachers and joined in a procession in honour of Saint Joseph. The women were full of enthusiasm – and now next year they want to go with us to the Vatican... at their own request!”

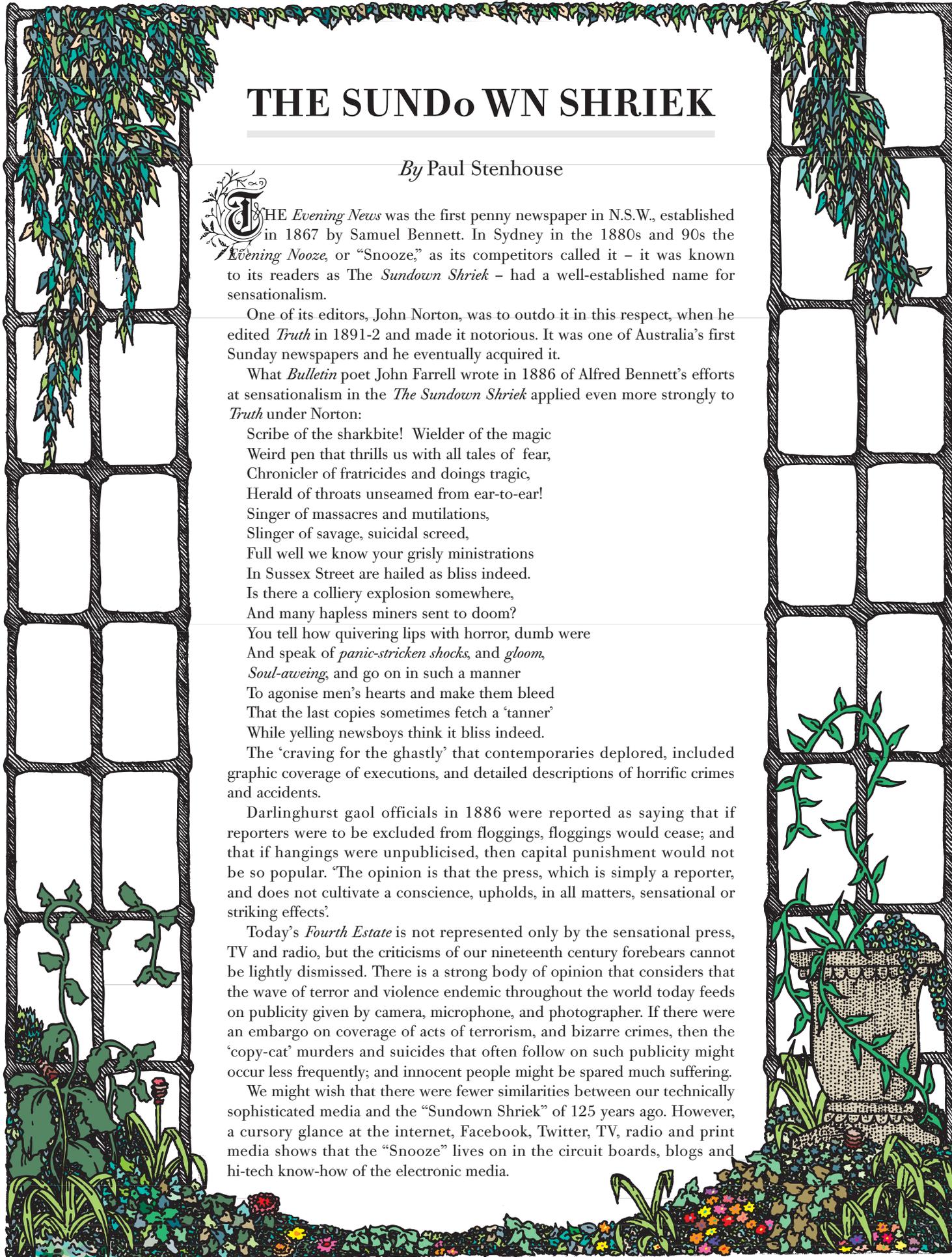
Despite such local harmony however, it is not only the Christians who are concerned about the direction Tunisia may be taking. The first free elections after the fall of the dictator Ben Ali have brought the long-repressed Islamist Ennahda Party to power.

While they are generally regarded as moderate, they have regularly remained silent in response to the attacks by the salafists, who enjoy strong support especially among the poorer sections of the population. Recently, for example a priest of the Russian Orthodox community in Tunis was threatened by them. He could choose, he was told, either to convert, to pay the traditional dhimmi tax on Christians, or he could choose death.

Such extremists are not representative at present. Nonetheless, Sister Sophie (name also changed) has already noticed an increasing Islamisation. She is the head of a school in Tunis that is attended exclusively by Muslims, and she observes, “In the past the parents of our students never asked whether we really taught Islam in school and not Christianity. Nor did anyone ask whether there were crucifixes on the classroom walls. But since the revolution, that has changed.”

As she sees it, after all the upheavals, people are trying to find their identity in Islam. “We are living in a time of change”, she says. Yet she is still optimistic: “Things will settle down again”.

OLIVER MAKSAN is a freelance journalist working for Tagespost, a German Catholic daily paper (<http://www.die-tagespost.de/>) based in Würzburg. Oliver relocated to Jerusalem in 2011 and has been freelancing for the Catholic charity *Aid to the Church in Need* [ACN] since that time, travelling with ACN representatives to Morocco and Tunisia and most recently covering the stories from Syrian refugees in Lebanon.



THE SUNDOWN SHRIEK

By Paul Stenhouse

THE *Evening News* was the first penny newspaper in N.S.W., established in 1867 by Samuel Bennett. In Sydney in the 1880s and 90s the *Evening Nooze*, or “Snooze,” as its competitors called it – it was known to its readers as *The Sundown Shriek* – had a well-established name for sensationalism.

One of its editors, John Norton, was to outdo it in this respect, when he edited *Truth* in 1891-2 and made it notorious. It was one of Australia’s first Sunday newspapers and he eventually acquired it.

What *Bulletin* poet John Farrell wrote in 1886 of Alfred Bennett’s efforts at sensationalism in the *The Sundown Shriek* applied even more strongly to *Truth* under Norton:

Scribe of the sharkbite! Wielder of the magic
Weird pen that thrills us with all tales of fear,
Chronicler of fratricides and doings tragic,
Herald of throats unseamed from ear-to-ear!
Singer of massacres and mutilations,
Slinger of savage, suicidal screed,
Full well we know your grisly ministrations
In Sussex Street are hailed as bliss indeed.
Is there a colliery explosion somewhere,
And many hapless miners sent to doom?

You tell how quivering lips with horror, dumb were
And speak of *panic-stricken shocks*, and *gloom*,
Soul-aweing, and go on in such a manner
To agonise men’s hearts and make them bleed
That the last copies sometimes fetch a ‘tanner’
While yelling newsboys think it bliss indeed.

The ‘craving for the ghastly’ that contemporaries deplored, included graphic coverage of executions, and detailed descriptions of horrific crimes and accidents.

Darlinghurst gaol officials in 1886 were reported as saying that if reporters were to be excluded from floggings, floggings would cease; and that if hangings were unpublicised, then capital punishment would not be so popular. ‘The opinion is that the press, which is simply a reporter, and does not cultivate a conscience, upholds, in all matters, sensational or striking effects.’

Today’s *Fourth Estate* is not represented only by the sensational press, TV and radio, but the criticisms of our nineteenth century forebears cannot be lightly dismissed. There is a strong body of opinion that considers that the wave of terror and violence endemic throughout the world today feeds on publicity given by camera, microphone, and photographer. If there were an embargo on coverage of acts of terrorism, and bizarre crimes, then the ‘copy-cat’ murders and suicides that often follow on such publicity might occur less frequently; and innocent people might be spared much suffering.

We might wish that there were fewer similarities between our technically sophisticated media and the “Sundown Shriek” of 125 years ago. However, a cursory glance at the internet, Facebook, Twitter, TV, radio and print media shows that the “Snooze” lives on in the circuit boards, blogs and hi-tech know-how of the electronic media.

They all have “feelings,” and thanks to those, they are able to apprehend Catholicism in its totality without any reference whatever to its intellectual premisses.

WHEN IS A CATHOLIC NOT ‘CATHOLIC’

By David Warren



YOUR COLUMN yesterday in the *Catholic Thing*, on the general slouchment, seemed to touch off a discussion on the disinclination of Catholics to be Catholic. This was expressed statistically in that Yanqui election, wherein government healthcare proposals that will create a crisis of conscience for every faithful Catholic, and end inevitably in the destruction of Catholic charitable institutions, were greeted by Catholic voters in this way: about half voted for the party that would bring on the Persecution, and half voted against. Let us expand on what we said in comments to the comments, over there.

When we were writing for a certain daily in Ottawa, we were often warmly criticized by the secular humanists for persistently mentioning Christianity in a family newspaper. And as if that weren't irresponsible enough, we would go farther, and specify Catholic Christianity. One of the complaints to the Ontario Press Council against our habitual tendency to political incorrectitude stated that we “openly admitted to being Catholic.” But not only the secularoids were disturbed by our experiment; for we took heat from self-identifying Christians, too, and usually from “Catholics” among those. Dragonfire came regularly from a fellow columnist, who accused us of espousing “Benedict Catholicism,” which she seemed to equate with child molesting. By other Catholics we were frequently dismissed as a “mere convert,” as an upstart or *arriviste*, for taking some doctrine or other “too literally.” On several occasions, we were even condemned by a self-identifying Catholic priest.

For instance, when we indicated opposition to the practice of abortion in one column, we received a memorably intemperate email from one urbane priest in Quebec, accusing us of misogyny and intolerance and giving Catholics a bad name. In retrospect, we regret not having pushed “Send” on an email forwarding his note to his Bishop with the query, “From what seminary did this man graduate, and have you closed it down yet?”

Ottawa is an ex-Catholic town, Toronto more ex-Protestant, and so the flavour of Catholic anti-Catholicism is different between the two. Toronto ex-Catholics (and we are using this term presumptuously) tend to be more laid back. The Ottawa ones can be virulent, and even when of the Irish heritage, to have adopted post-modern French Canadian attitudes towards Holy Church. That is, there is

nothing a Pope could say that would not inspire them to do the opposite. For which reason we have sometimes thought a Pope should send a special encyclical to his flock in Quebec and Ottawa, instructing them to discard every teaching in the Catechism and never to attend a Latin Mass. Within weeks we would have seven million new saints, and the streets of Montreal cluttered by pilgrims saying their Rosaries and singing the Angelus at the stroke of each hour. (In Latin, to the consternation of Quebec's language police.)

Yet, conversely up here in the Great White North, we have found that lapsed Catholics may take great umbrage at the employment of such terms as “nominal,” “cafeteria,” or “lapsed.” They, who apparently go back generations, will not be told what's what by some upstart, or *arriviste*, or as one high-toned older Catholic woman called us, about ten times in a five minute rant, a “Baby Catholic.”

In thinking about this we have come to realize that we are using the term “Catholic” in quite different senses. For us, it refers to something like a religion. For them, however, it is a tribal thing, an ethnicity: often qualified for precision as, “Irish Catholic,” “Polish Catholic,” “Italian Catholic,” and so forth. That is what makes them “authentic” and therefore qualified to speak on behalf of all the other Catholics – in the same way as, say, only women may speak about women, or only blacks may speak about blacks.

They all have “feelings,” and thanks to those, they are able to apprehend Catholicism in its totality without any reference whatever to its intellectual premisses. Christ, because He can never be surprised, would not be

Sound Familiar?

IF THE pages of Liutprand [of Cremona AD 922-972] are scarcely historical, they are, at least, anything but dull. The kind of story he loves to tell and the abusive language he uses so freely make his writings resemble those of certain of the humanists of the Renaissance.

— *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages*, Horace Mann, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London, 1910, vol. iv, 891-1048, p.289. Ferdinand Gregorovius [1821-1891] no friend on Catholics or the Popes, called Liutprand ‘malicious’.

surprised to learn that they have “felt” their way into a better understanding of what He meant by all the things they haven’t read in the Gospels. In particular, they “feel” that they are good people, who have never done anything bad and have therefore no need of Confession. Some even feel themselves to be “traditional” because they were married in a church and attended a “very traditional” Novus Ordo Mass at Christmas; to say nothing of a funeral which they found “very comforting.”

In a similar way, the lapsed Scotsman has sometimes been seen in a kilt, and singing “Auld Lang Syne” at New Year’s. (Few go as far as to eat the haggis.) In an age of cultural desiccation, one clings to decorative fragments of the past.

There are some who do, however, consider Catholicism more a religion than an ethnicity; or more precisely some kind of opiate, or brainwashing cult; and these self-identify as “Recovering Catholics,” omitting the ethnic tags. Ottawa seems especially to be crawling with customers so self-styled, and we imagine rooms set aside in government and corporate offices where these people hold their alternative rituals.

Yet one should not only mock. For we have encountered, among these “recovering” and “tribals,” people who are haunted by priestcraft in more telling ways.

We think at this moment of a lady on her third marriage, suddenly provided with her first child. Further provided with her fourth drink, she expressed concern about the fate of this child. She wanted to get him baptized. To this end she had several times stolen into a church, to attend some portion of a Mass with the intention of collaring the priest afterwards. In each case she had lost her nerve and fled. In her cups she made an extraordinary statement: “I know that I’m going to Hell. Sometimes I think I’m in Hell already. But I don’t want my child to go there. I want him to be saved!”

Here was a woman who could easily pass, in daylight hours, for a glib lapsed Catholic.

Her confusion about the Church was heart-rending. Nor did it seem

The Son of Man is to be handed over to men

WHEN THE Roman soldiers had scourged Jesus, crowned with thorns as he was and clothed with a robe of mockery, they led him to Pilate. It seems that this tough soldier was shaken at the sight of the broken and battered man. He showed him to the crowd, inviting their pity as he announced: «*Idou ho anthropos; Ecce homo*» or, as we usually translate it: «Behold the man!» In Greek, however, what this means more precisely is: «See, this is man!» In Pilate’s mouth the words were cynical and meant: «As for us, we are proud of being men, but take a look at this one, this worm: this is man. How despicable he is, how small!» Yet in these cynical words John the Evangelist recognised words of prophecy that he then passed on to all Christians. Indeed, Pilate was right to say: «See, this is man!» In him, in Jesus Christ, we can read what man — God’s purpose — is and what is the treatment we reserve for him. In the torn body of Jesus we can see just how cruel, small-minded and petty man can be. In him we can read the history of man’s hatred and sin. But in him, in his suffering love, we can see God’s response even more: Yes, this is the man God loved even to the dust, whom God loved even to the point of following him into the final suffering of death. Right up to his final humiliation he remains God’s chosen ... The question, «What is man?» finds its answer in imitation of Jesus Christ. Walking in his steps we are able to learn each day what man is, in the patience of love and in suffering with Jesus Christ, and thus become men. So we want to look towards him whom Pilate, and whom the Church, shows us. Man is what he is. Let us ask him to teach us to become real men, to be men.

— Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger [Pope Benedict XVI] Lenten sermons 1981, no.3.

possible to set her straight. She was actually convinced a priest would decline to baptize her child because she’d been remarried; or for some similar solecism – of hers. She wanted help in finding a priest who would perform this baptism “illicitly,” without being told who the parents were. And more; and more.



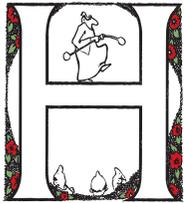
This story does not have a happy ending, so far as we have been able to follow it. We suspect the lady “solved” her terribly misunderstood problem by putting it progressively out of her mind. The failure of the Church to teach or guide or console this woman, herself born into a Catholic cradle, was apparent in all her pain. Our own failure to compensate for this larger failure counts within that. Perhaps most discouraging: the indifference to her fate, and that of so many like, from the bleary world of the diocesan bureaucracies, compiling their numbers. Baptized herself, she counts as a “Catholic” for demographic purposes. But her son will not, unless Christ intercedes.

DAVID WARREN is a former editor of the *Idler* magazine and, until recently, a columnist with the *Ottawa Citizen*. He has extensive experience in the Near and Far East. His blog, *Essays in Idleness*, is now to be found at: <http://davidwarrenonline.com/>
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The spiritual template for our times, communicating to a damaged, lost world, wracked by wars, genocides, destruction and much personal sorrow.

DEVOTION TO THE DIVINE MERCY OF JESUS

By Wanda Skowronska



HUNDREDS of people poured into the hall at Cathedral House recently to attend a Divine Mercy Congress in Sydney (Oct 5-7, 2012). Speaker Lesina Levy from Samoa pointed out that the Divine Mercy devotion has spread rapidly throughout Oceania - throughout Samoa, Fiji, Tonga, Australia and the islands of Micronesia, Macronesia, Polynesia and Papua New Guinea.

Divine Mercy leader from Apia Samoa - Archbishop Alapati Mataeliga - also addressed the conference to rousing applause after offering its opening Mass.

What drew people together in Sydney was the dramatic and moving Divine Mercy story which is becoming ever more widely known.

Faustina Kowalska, born in an ordinary village (Glogowiec) in Poland, after several obstacles to her vocation, entered the convent of Our Lady of Mercy in Warsaw in 1925 (very near the area which was to become the Jewish Ghetto in World War II).

She did her novitiate in Krakow and at some stage was sent to her order's convent in Plock, north of Warsaw. She was, by all accounts, a very ordinary nun doing her duties of being porter, cook or gardener, whichever was required of her. Beneath the mundane convent routine, however, extraordinary events were occurring in her life. Some nuns noted with curiosity that she often wrote in a notebook that she put under her pillow. They could not have known

that she was writing in response to a request from none other than Christ Himself who, Saint Faustina records, appeared to her one night, literally walking through the wall of her cell (in Plock) on February 22, 1931.

It was the Sunday after Easter - when Christ walked through the wall to greet the apostles - that he greeted the astonished sister, calling her the secretary of the Divine Mercy

in a gesture of blessing, the other was touching the garment at the breast. From beneath the garment lightly drawn aside at the breast, there were emanating two large rays, one red, the other pale ... After a while Jesus said to me "Paint an image according to the pattern you see, with the signature: "Jesus I trust in You". I desire that this image should be venerated, first in your chapel and [then] throughout the world.

I promise that the soul that will venerate this image will not perish.

She told her superiors about her experience but they were initially sceptical about her incredible story. When Faustina was transferred to Vilnius - to yet another branch of her convent, her confessor Father (now Blessed) Michael Sopocko believed her and found a painter for her, Eugeniusz Kazimirowski.

So began a series of meetings between the future saint and the painter who painted the first image of Christ according to Faustina's description and, little by little, the painting was done.

The initial public showing of the Divine Mercy image was in *Lithuania* (not in Poland, as many think) on April 26-28, 1935. Kazimirowski's painting of the Divine Mercy Image was displayed from the famous *Marian* shrine of Ostra Brama in the old Vilnius town centre.

Ostra Brama is a very famous, revered shrine-chapel, in a raised 'bridge' between two sides of a street, housing the image of the Mother of Mercy otherwise known as Our Lady of Ostra Brama. Here, in Vilnius the curious crowds looked up to the small chapel displaying the painting of Christ with an arm raised in greeting, gazing at them (



and saying 'My daughter be diligent in writing down every sentence I tell you concerning my mercy'. In her diary entitled, *Divine Mercy in My Soul*, Faustina writes:

In the evening when I was in my cell I saw the Lord Jesus clothed in a white garment. One hand was raised

“...like My gaze from the Cross”, He told Faustina) together with that of the older, revered icon nearby - the Madonna of Ostra Brama.

On that momentous day, St Faustina relates in her diary that she saw the Divine Mercy image *actually come alive* with Christ ‘walking’ outside the picture, the rays of His heart piercing the hearts of all present. Both Jesus and Our Lady looked out onto a world about to be plunged into an abyss of suffering and desolation, Faustina herself having had prophetic visions of World War II and the concentration camps to come.

During the war some people held Divine Mercy holy cards close to them. Some even claimed miraculous escapes from death because of them. Despite the imposition of Communist rule in Poland after the war, the story of the quiet mystic nun persisted. Due to faulty translations of Faustina’s diary, however, any further spread of the devotion was suppressed by the Vatican until a certain Bishop, Karol Wojtyla – the future Pope John Paul II – investigated it. He set up a committee which uncovered the misunderstandings in the translations and then looked into her cause for beatification (which occurred in 1991).

Sister Beata, a postulator for the cause, recalls having to meet members of Faustina’s family, noting down the interviews, working against time trying to collect information before those who had known the saint died. As things turned out Saint Faustina, the first saint of the new millennium was canonised on April 30, 2000 and Divine Mercy Sunday became an official feast day on the first Sunday after Easter.

I was in Papua New Guinea in April 2000. I recall walking in a Divine Mercy procession in the pouring rain on muddy ground as people prayed the chaplet and sang a song a lady had composed in honour of the new saint. In fact the devotion has spread rapidly throughout PNG where the Divine Mercy image can be found in many churches.

Crescentia Anderson, attending the Sydney 2012 conference recalled picking up a leaflet with the Divine mercy image and prayer in St Monica’s in Cairns several years before. She says the leaflet ‘touched her heart’ and she took it to Port Moresby where she was living at the time and after a certain period, with the help of three ladies, was able to spread

Monastic Aid to the Poor

OUR ESTIMATES suggest that actual charitable provision on the eve of the Dissolution [of the Monasteries] amounted to about 7% of monastic income – a figure far higher than the one calculated by [Alexander] Savine [2.5%] and subsequently perpetuated in the Literature. Monastic relief was by no means negligible: its loss must have been a great hardship for those who came to rely upon it. Westminster Abbey’s monks distributed £400 per annum – about 10% of the Abbey’s gross income – in various forms of relief to the poorer inhabitants of Westminster and London.

- <http://crcw.princeton.edu/workingpapers/WP01-20-Rushton.pdf> ‘Poor Relief in Sixteenth Century England,’ Neil Rushton and Wendy Sigle-Rushton, Centre for Research on Child Wellbeing, Working Paper. #01-20.

news of the devotion to all parts of PNG. MSC priest Father Paul Guy encouraged the devotion and it was not long before 10,000 leaflets in Pidgin (‘tok pisin’) were spreading like wildfire throughout the country. As with Christ’s parables, so the essence of the Divine Mercy message reached across national boundaries, in a century where so many are wounded by suffering and horror. It spoke to the human heart in the highlands, villages and remote islands of PNG, Fiji, Tonga and Samoa where many parishes have Divine Mercy prayer groups.

In Sydney Josefina Maafo from the Samoan community explained how a Divine Mercy prayer group started in Miller in south western Sydney in 2009 and then grew too big. Since when have we heard of prayer groups becoming ‘too big’? As it happened this prayerful throng had to be split into two groups. As Josefina informed me, there are about 100 in the Miller group and over 100 members in the Hoxton Park Divine Mercy prayer group, many of whom attended the Sydney conference wearing Divine Mercy t-shirts. In fact it was clear the Samoan Divine Mercy supporters were a mighty force to be reckoned with, in their numbers and clear evangelical zeal.

In 1998 a Polish Pauline priest in Australia Father Augustine Lazur who foresaw the growth of this devotion established an Australian Divine Mercy Shrine. With the support of Bishop Brennan and the help of fellow lay Catholics, Father Lazur was able to purchase 500 acres of land, 20 kms south of Tarcutta in order to establish this Divine Mercy Shrine which was named ‘Marian Hills Shrine of Divine Mercy,’ laying emphasis on the Divine Mercy-Marian connection.

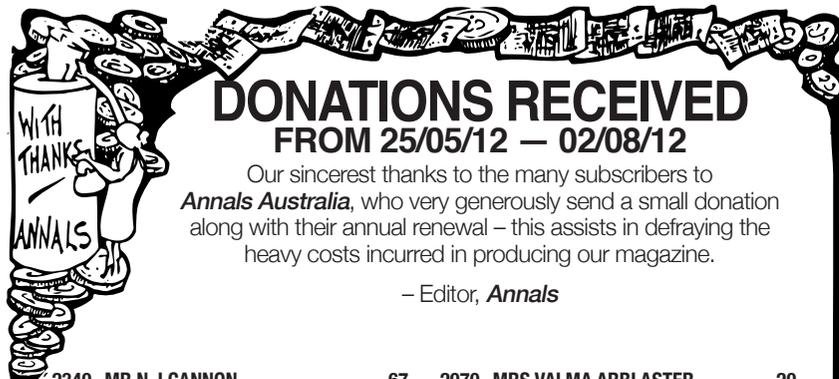
At present Father Luke Joseph, parish priest of the nearby town of Ladysmith, is the priest-director of the Shrine which holds a relic of Saint Faustina. Pilgrims from around Australia have already been welcomed there and have stayed at the cottage [which has a caretaker] and enjoyed the peaceful surroundings to have a time of recollection and prayer.

Also present at the Sydney conference was Suzanne Austin, Divine Mercy Sunday co-ordinator for St Mary’s Cathedral. Suzanne has visited many parishes to give an outline of the history and spiritual significance of the devotion. Her talk was informative, spiritually eloquent and moving.

From Saint Faustina’s convent in Krakow – Sister Gaudi and Sister Caterina gave insights into the saint’s life to conference attendees, such as the story of the nuns palming off the most ‘difficult’ girls whom their order helped, onto the sweet-tempered Faustina who had the girls do some gardening with her to calm them down.

Poland’s convent of Our Lady of Mercy represents a growing order of sisters who receive constant applications from postulants wishing to join from various parts of Europe. The Divine Mercy ‘speaks’ to souls and attracts vocations.

Recently Bishop Julian Porteous, auxiliary bishop of Sydney, accepted the role of Australian co-ordinator for the World Apostolic Congress on Mercy (WACOM) last week. In accepting the role, the bishop met with Father Patrice Chocholski, WACOM general secretary, who was in Australia to attend Divine Mercy congresses in Sydney and Melbourne, outlining future plans for the organisation. Since 2008 WACOM has gained cardinals, bishops and lay



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– Editor, *Annals*

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committee members in many countries around the world.

The rapid growth of Divine Mercy prayer groups across parishes is a phenomenon which gives food for thought to doomsayers regarding the Church.

All that is associated with the Divine Mercy inspires, as if this devotion is the spiritual template for our times, communicating to a damaged, lost world, wracked by wars, genocides, destruction and much personal sorrow. Each age has its spiritual emphasis and the predominant one of our times seems to be that of the Divine Mercy which goes directly to the human heart.

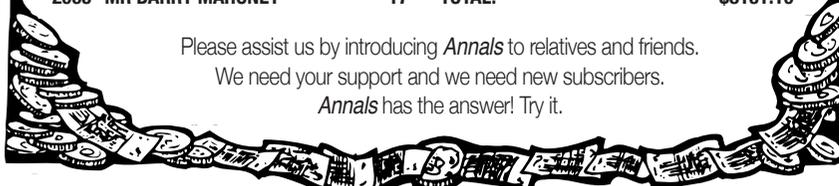
In Faustina's diary, Christ spoke of Mercy as his greatest attribute, the flower of love. He encouraged all to trust in His heart 'which is full of mercy' and said that He desired to 'grant unimaginable graces to those souls who trust in My mercy'. He encouraged priests to speak about His 'unfathomable mercy' saying 'I will give wondrous power...I will anoint their words and touch the hearts of those to whom they will speak'.

He exhorted all to say the Chaplet of Divine Mercy in the presence of dying people saying 'When they say this chaplet in the presence of the dying, I will stand between My Father and the dying person, not as the just Judge but as the merciful Saviour'.

The words of Christ to a simple, primary-school educated nun have spread to cities, towns, mountains, jungles and villages. They point to the greatest mystery which speaks to every human heart – the key to the cosmos, the centre of everything, the unfathomable Divine Mercy which accompanies every breath we take, knows every heartbeat, surrounds us every moment of our existence and invites each soul to union in eternal life.

1. *Divine Mercy in My Soul* (DMS). (Stockbridge MA ; Marian Helpers, 1987), Par. 47 i.e. Paragraph 47).
 2. *Ibid.*, Par. 687.
 3. *Ibid.*, Par. 1521.
 4. *Ibid.*, Par. 1541
 5. To Join the 'Friends of the Divine Mercy', contact Father Luke Joseph, P.O Box 25, Ladysmith. 2652 Email: frlukejoseph@yahoo.com.au

6. WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has recently been awarded a PhD in Psychology/Theology at Melbourne's John-Paul II Institute. She has done voluntary work for the Catholic pro life organisation Family Life International, and is a regular contributor to *Annals*.



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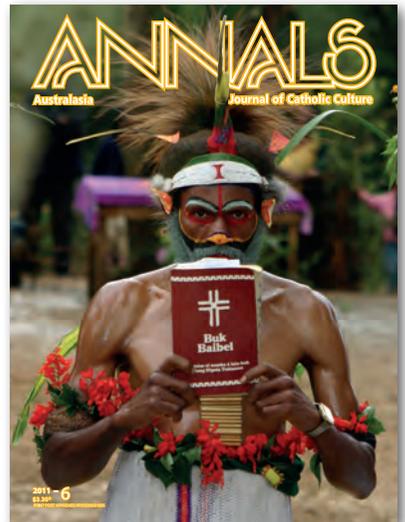
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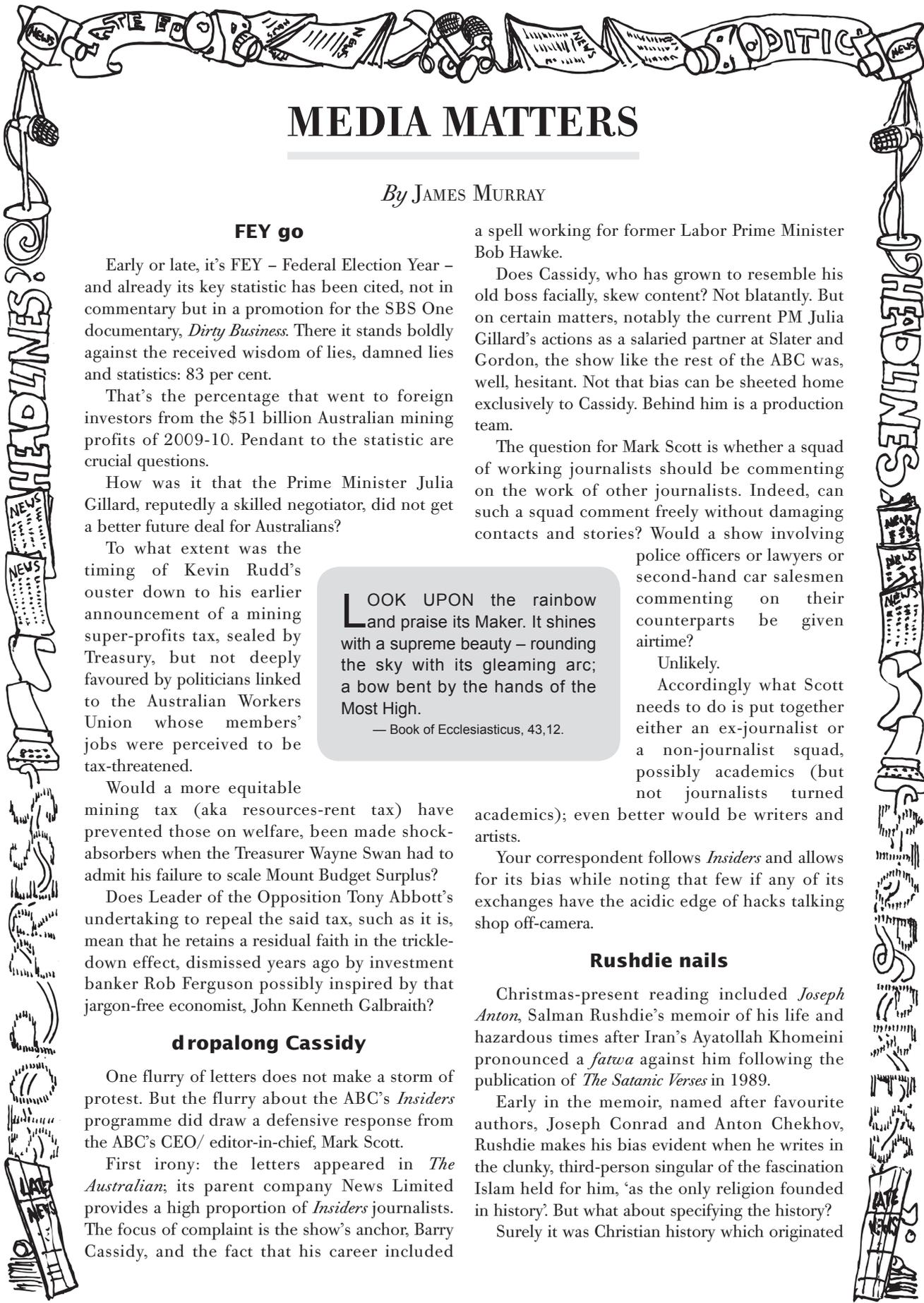
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MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

FEY go

Early or late, it's FEY – Federal Election Year – and already its key statistic has been cited, not in commentary but in a promotion for the SBS One documentary, *Dirty Business*. There it stands boldly against the received wisdom of lies, damned lies and statistics: 83 per cent.

That's the percentage that went to foreign investors from the \$51 billion Australian mining profits of 2009-10. Pendant to the statistic are crucial questions.

How was it that the Prime Minister Julia Gillard, reputedly a skilled negotiator, did not get a better future deal for Australians?

To what extent was the timing of Kevin Rudd's ouster down to his earlier announcement of a mining super-profits tax, sealed by Treasury, but not deeply favoured by politicians linked to the Australian Workers Union whose members' jobs were perceived to be tax-threatened.

Would a more equitable mining tax (aka resources-rent tax) have prevented those on welfare, been made shock-absorbers when the Treasurer Wayne Swan had to admit his failure to scale Mount Budget Surplus?

Does Leader of the Opposition Tony Abbott's undertaking to repeal the said tax, such as it is, mean that he retains a residual faith in the trickle-down effect, dismissed years ago by investment banker Rob Ferguson possibly inspired by that jargon-free economist, John Kenneth Galbraith?

dropalong Cassidy

One flurry of letters does not make a storm of protest. But the flurry about the ABC's *Insiders* programme did draw a defensive response from the ABC's CEO/ editor-in-chief, Mark Scott.

First irony: the letters appeared in *The Australian*; its parent company News Limited provides a high proportion of *Insiders* journalists. The focus of complaint is the show's anchor, Barry Cassidy, and the fact that his career included

a spell working for former Labor Prime Minister Bob Hawke.

Does Cassidy, who has grown to resemble his old boss facially, skew content? Not blatantly. But on certain matters, notably the current PM Julia Gillard's actions as a salaried partner at Slater and Gordon, the show like the rest of the ABC was, well, hesitant. Not that bias can be sheeted home exclusively to Cassidy. Behind him is a production team.

The question for Mark Scott is whether a squad of working journalists should be commenting on the work of other journalists. Indeed, can such a squad comment freely without damaging contacts and stories? Would a show involving

police officers or lawyers or second-hand car salesmen commenting on their counterparts be given airtime?

Unlikely.

Accordingly what Scott needs to do is put together either an ex-journalist or a non-journalist squad, possibly academics (but not journalists turned

academics); even better would be writers and artists.

Your correspondent follows *Insiders* and allows for its bias while noting that few if any of its exchanges have the acidic edge of hacks talking shop off-camera.

Rushdie nails

Christmas-present reading included *Joseph Anton*, Salman Rushdie's memoir of his life and hazardous times after Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini pronounced a *fatwa* against him following the publication of *The Satanic Verses* in 1989.

Early in the memoir, named after favourite authors, Joseph Conrad and Anton Chekhov, Rushdie makes his bias evident when he writes in the clunky, third-person singular of the fascination Islam held for him, 'as the only religion founded in history'. But what about specifying the history?

Surely it was Christian history which originated



in the reign of Caesar Augustus when a census was called and a Jewish husband and his wife travelled from Nazareth to Bethlehem? There she gave birth to a child, Jesus, from whose birth, among many other signs, a new historical calendar was created.

By his non-specification Rushdie makes clear that he is for atheist secular-humanism against all religion, but he appears unaware that in its intransigent rigidity Secularism matches Islamism.

Rushdie's emphasis on the secular-humanist nature of democracy omits the fact that European democracy grew from the parliaments and charters, the religious communities and guilds of the Catholic Middle Ages. The Britain that gave him his education at Rugby School and Cambridge University and his Scotland Yard protection was the Britain that for centuries had a tradition of offering sanctuary in its churches.

Truth does occasionally break through. Rushdie describes how his fellow secular-humanist-atheist, Christopher Hitchens, asked him to be an 'ungodfather' to one of his children. Jokey stuff; it conceals the serious truth that unbelief is intrinsically dependent on belief.

The memoir is long (500-plus pages); it would have been even longer had an index been included. Rushdie doesn't drop names; he broadcasts them. Unfair? Okay, he neither drops them, nor broadcasts them, he uses them to set off his ego, and to demonstrate that a novelist who has hung out with Bono and dined with Nigella is greater than an Ayatollah of Iran; he is an Itellya of Ayam.

Pay back

The commissioners for the Royal Commission into institutional child abuse have been chosen; an initial time-frame of three years has been set. Compensation, raised here in relation to the \$50,000 cap on Defence Force abuse, is likely to be higher if reports from the UK on the Savile scandal are a guide. Plaintiffs there are already seeking compensation from the Savile estate. There is talk of suing the BBC and the National Health Service because of their alleged complicity.

A significant factor in compensation levels is the number of lawyers working not *pro bono* but on a contingency-fee basis. Perhaps the Royal Commission should add to its team a consulting psychologist to advise on the calculus of financial compensation in relation to on-going psychic trauma.

Flying circus

The tax flight of Gerard Depardieu from France to neighbouring Belgium scarcely equals his compatriot Louis Bleriot's air flight from England to France in 1909 but Depardieu's escapade has received almost as much coverage as Bleriot's.

Missing from the coverage has been a key factor: French cinema subsidy. In avoiding the new wealth tax, Depardieu is also avoiding repaying a debt to his compatriots who not only pay to see his movies but subsidise them.

Film distributor Vincent Maraval focused on this when he criticised Jean Reno, Audrey Tautou and Marion Cotillard (but not Depardieu) for negotiating domestic-movie, subsidised fees higher than those they accepted for Hollywood movies.

Apropos, there are moments when Depardieu seems to be making a mockumentary like the one perpetrated by Joaquin Phoenix; he has even secured a Russian passport; having already played Rasputin, he may now be ready to play Nikita Khrushchev bang-bang-banging his shoe at the United Nations.

The Depardieu anomaly is not confined to France; it raises the question of whether those into creative and sporting endeavours should re-pay their subsidies when the fees of success roll in (as university students must when their income reaches a certain level).

Similarly should ex-politicians repay an equitable proportion of their superannuation when they take up lucrative consultancy, commentary and boardroom positions (private or quasi-governmental)?

Such reimbursements could go into a fund to aid those on JobStart, for example.

Gender bias

Spin about Tony Abbott's, 'trouble relating to women' has begotten counter-spin about how simpatico he is; this included a notably wise and balanced piece by Louise Adler, boss of Melbourne University Publishing (*SMH*, January 8).

Nonetheless the counterspin has drawn Abbott off his ground, an effect previously achieved by the PM Julia Gillard and her team in the leadership ballot when her deposed rival, Kevin Rudd, was off-ground (and time-zone) in New York.

In fact, Abbott's trouble with women is as confected as licorice all-sorts or jelly-beans. Every man has trouble with women as every woman has trouble with men. That trouble has been the basis



o UR o LD FLAG



UR FLAG bears the stars that
blaze at night,
In our southern skies of blue,
And a little old flag in the corner
That's part of our heritage, too.

It's for the English, the Scots and the Irish,
Who were sent to the ends of the earth;
The rogues and the schemers, the doers and
dreamers,
Who gave modern Australia birth.

And you who are shouting to change it -
You don't seem to understand.
It's the flag of our law and our language,
Not the flag of a faraway land.

There are plenty of people to tell you
How, when Europe was plunged into night,
That little old flag in the corner
Was their symbol of freedom and light.

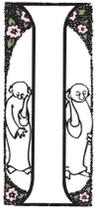
It doesn't mean we owe allegiance
To a forgotten imperial dream.
We've the stars to show where we're going -
And the old flag to show where we've been.

— Author unknown. If any reader knows the origin and can
identify the author of this verse, please let us know at
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That pæderasty, or any other form of child abuse may take the form of an addiction, a sickness, receives very little serious attention and is probably not fully understood.

BUT WHO IS TO CAST THE FIRST STONE?

By Tony Evans



IN A WELL-QUOTED passage in Chesterton's *Autobiography*, towards the end of the book, he describes how various people had questioned him as to why he had joined the Church of Rome; to which he responded with what he termed the 'essential answer': 'To get rid of my sins.'

In defending what might appear to be a rather glib explanation, he goes on to explain that there is no other religious system that really does profess to get rid of people's sins. 'It is confirmed by the logic, which to many seems startling, by which the Church deduces that sin confessed and adequately repented, is actually abolished and the sinner does really begin again as if he had never sinned.... he [the Catholic] believes that in that brief ritual, God has really re-made him in His own image.'¹

Here in this passage and in his following paragraphs, Chesterton expounds the essential teaching of the Church concerning the inherent sinfulness of man and the means by which Redemption is made possible; how the sinner, if truly contrite, can wipe the slate clean and begin a new life.

This is a fundamental doctrine that is not only misunderstood by the majority of non-Catholics, but is also derided as ludicrous by today's militant secularists. And sadly, is it not likely to be at the heart of the Church's present dilemma as it faces accusations of mismanagement of abuse allegations in its institutions, dating back thirty or forty years?

Confidentiality in the Confessional (and in similar confessorial situations akin for example, to an accused client and his lawyer, or a doctor and his

patient), is an absolute requirement, and throughout history priests have had to face imprisonment and death rather than divulge a penitent's sins – and priests may well face this prospect again in these times of fierce and unforgiving retribution if our self-appointed, anti-Church moral guardians have their way.

The corruption and exploitation of children by those in positions of authority and trust is clearly a scandalous crime and is one bringing great shame on the Church.

But strangely it was not always judged as it is now – as the worst of crimes. Less than fifty years ago a proposal was put forward in the British parliament that the Age of Consent between adult and child be lowered to fourteen years. And perhaps some radio listeners will remember the by no-means condemnatory discussion on pæderasty on ABC radio in 1966 which divided opinion and led to a rumpus involving the removal of the program editor.

The point being made here is that such a sympathetic discussion, and the parliamentary proposal

(mercifully rejected), and doubtless other discussions, could not take place in today's changed atmosphere of universal condemnation of child abuse.

We seem to be demanding therefore, that the Church and other institutional authorities understood in those distant times the gravity of the situation which even the majority of intelligent experts evidently did not.

With faulty logic, we demand that they possessed some psychological insight and sagacity which has since only evolved over time and are the fruits of today's experience. Hilaire Belloc in his wisdom understood this anomaly clearly when he wrote, in another context, that 'the standing error which warps nearly all our efforts at historical vision – the error of reading our own times into the past.'²

Illogically we condemn people in the past for not complying with the laws and mores which are in force today.

It was Chesterton again, who pointed out in one of his essays that sin, as it is understood in the secular world, has become very much a matter of fashion: what was sinful behaviour fifty years ago may be commonly acceptable today; old sins are discarded, and new sins, although very few, take their place – except, of course, the one under discussion which we can all condemn unreservedly and in doing so, give us a warm feeling of moral rectitude and solidarity with the intelligentsia.

That pæderasty, or any other form of child abuse may take the form of an addiction, a sickness, receives very little serious attention and is probably not fully understood.

Surely it is strange that we recognise with some sympathy other addictions – problem gambling, drug



taking, alcoholism, and so on, and governments spend millions trying to help those so afflicted, by setting up rehabilitation programs, and funding research in those areas of what religious adherents would call sinfulness. But the pæderast or child molester has nowhere to go for help for his or her addiction, even if he or she wishes it.

In fact the tortures suggested for these addicts by the morally superior are as gruesome today as were the medieval torments perpetrated on witches, heretics and those suspected of treason in Tudor times.³

This is not to underplay the gravity of these shocking crimes, nor to minimise the hurt and damage done to the victims. But it is a plea to look beyond the headlines and the central attack in the media which is levelled at the Church and particularly the bishops.

A religious view must always take into account the infinite mercy of God which is a central teaching of Christ – the necessity of forgiveness. All four Gospels hammer this point and quote Christ's words in various places: For example, in answer to one of Peter's questions as to how often he should forgive his brother if he sin against him – 'as many as seven times?' Peter asks. But Jesus replies, 'I do not say to you seven times, but seventy times seven.'⁴

The consequence of following these teachings faithfully in the past – to some extent at least – is now getting the Church into the headlines; as if its members are the sole cause and perpetrators of these crimes.

Church buildings, and the Church itself have always been sanctuary for the sinner, and it is because the Church has always been a refuge, normally taking the word of a penitent on trust, that it is now receiving so much self-righteous contempt and vilification.

Chesterton was no great admirer of Oscar Wilde and his works, but the two may have found common ground when Wilde, close to death, was received into the Church. Asked why he chose Rome rather than the Anglican Church of his youth, he replied: "Because the Catholic Church is for saints and sinners alone. For respectable people the Anglican Church will do."⁵



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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 the very popular *C.Y.O'Connor, His Life and Legacy*, published by UWA Press. Evans founded the *G.K.Chesterton Society* in W.A. Recently it became the national *Australian Chesterton Society*. He has just completed a biography of William Wardell.

1. C. K.Chesterton, *Autobiography*, p.329, London 1937
2. H. Belloc, *Milton*, p.5, London 1935
3. According to a report in the *Australian* (7/11/12) the nephew of disgraced English disc-jockey, Jimmy Savile, wants his deceased uncle's body dug up and publicly burnt.
4. Matt. 18:15
5. Richard Ellmann, *Oscar Wilde*, p.548, London 1987

Bellarmino has his defenders even in the secular academy.

GALILEO AND THE HEAVENLY SPHERES

Review by Jude P. Dougherty



The facts are indisputable. Aristarchus of Samos (310-230 B.C.) proposed in ancient Greece a sun-centered system. Nicholas

Copernicus (1473-1543) promulgated his heliocentric theory as early as 1510, although publication of his complete work, *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Spheres*, a mathematical defense of the heliocentric system, had to await 1543, the year of his death.

Copernicus showed that all that was required to explain the phenomena in the heavens was to put the sun in the center instead of the earth, attribute motion to the earth, i.e., daily rotation on its axis and orbital motion around the sun. Copernicus calculated that the earth's axis to the plane of its elliptical motion to be 23.5 degrees.

His theory had the merit of simplicity, but it seemed to contradict common sense and Sacred Scripture. In a preface to *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Spheres*, the Protestant editor, Andreas Osiander, wrote that Copernicus's theory should be considered a pure mathematical hypothesis and not a physical explanation of the heavens.

Johannes Kepler was shortly to do away with the assumption of circular orbits assigned to the planets. Copernicus's book sold 500 copies within a short time but did not undergo a second edition until twenty-three years later.

Enter Galileo (1564-1642). With lenses provide by Kepler, Galileo constructed a crude telescope but adequate enough for Galileo to discover the satellites of the planet Jupiter. With that and other observations the Aristotelian principle of the incorruptibility of the heavens was shattered. Ptolemaic astronomy

Fantoli, Annibale. *The Case of Galileo: A Closed Question?*

Trans George V. Coyne.

Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press. 2012. pp. xii + 271.

was soon to be replaced. Galileo's observations convinced him that Copernicus was right, and he published the results of his observations in his book, *The Starry Messenger* (1610). Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), the most famous of the period's astronomers, could not endorse the Copernican theory except as a hypothetical explanation because it lacked proof. Aristotle's cosmology may have been undermined, but his distinction between demonstrative proof and a hypothetical explanation remained then, as it does today.

If one could only measure the parallax of the stars, the heliocentric

claim would be settled. Aristarchus thought as much, so did Brahe, and even Galileo sought the proof that eluded him. The Copernican theory remained just that until Friedrich Bessel's successful measurement of stellar parallax in 1838. Beyond doubt, the earth was shown to move against the background of the remote heavens.

Twenty years after *Starry Messenger*, Galileo published *Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief World Systems* in which he hoped to eliminate, in the light of new astronomical findings, common-sense opposition to the Copernican view.

The *Dialogue* was at once polemical and pedagogical. Galileo was aware that he could not produce a rigorously valid and decisive proof of the heliocentric view, but he nevertheless held that the preponderance of evidence favored the Copernican system. The book drew the renewed attention to Galileo's claims and renewed opposition in spite of the fact that the *Dialogue* ended somewhat ambiguously with Galileo accused by some of playing to both sides of the debate. The story becomes ever more complicated at this point.

In the "Prologue" to *The Case of Galileo* Fantoli opens his book dramatically with Galileo on February 26, 1616, on his knees, in the presence of Cardinal Bellarmine, swearing that "after having been judicially instructed with injunction by the Holy Office to abandon completely the false opinion that the sun is the center of the world and does not move and the earth is not the center of the world and moves and not to hold, defend or teach these false doctrines in any way whatever, orally or in writing, and after having been notified that this doctrine is contrary to Holy Scripture, I wrote and published a book in which I treat this already condemned doctrine and adduce very effective reasons in its favor. . . . I abjure, curse and detest the above mentioned heresies."



With the publication of *Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief World Systems* Galileo seemed to be going back on his sworn word and he was brought to trial again in 1633.

How did it come to this? Galileo had not been able to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system, and, if he had followed the advice of friends and taught the system *ex supposito* as a hypothetical explanation, the trial may not have occurred. On the other hand, if the theologians had not needlessly insisted on a literal interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, the matter may not have come to a head. Serious scholars differ on the assessment of blame.

Galileo had both friends and enemies. He could cite some support from the Collegio Romano, but the Dominicans remained hostile, not only because they were defending an inherited Ptolemaic/Aristotelian worldview, but in the opinion of one commentator because of some offense or slight on Galileo's part.

For a description the personalities and warring factions involved, Fantoli may well be read in consort with Richard Blackwell's *Behind the Scenes at Galileo's Trial* and Maurice Finocchiaro's *Re-trying Galileo*.

In the years after his second trial and condemnation Galileo remained convinced that his downfall had been caused by a plot against him by his enemies. Evidence of a plot may be lacking, but he did have enemies.

His sharpest opponent was Christopher Schneiner, an astronomer, who fell out with Galileo twenty years before the second trial over the issues of priority of observations and interpretations with regard to sun spots. Another critic was Melchior Inchofer, S.J., a theologian with no background in astronomy or science, who was in a position to harm him as advisor to the Holy Office.

Without doubt the *l'affaire Galileo*, as Descartes was to call it, is one of the most studied events in the history of Western culture. By Finocchiaro's account, almost sixty books were written about the trial during the period 1633-1651.

Add to that the vast numbers of commentaries, countless interpretations and evaluations that have been advanced by physicists, astronomers,

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theologians, philosophers, churchmen, historians, and even playwrights over the last four centuries. The trial was seized upon by D'Alembert, Voltaire, and other Enlightenment figures to bash the Church. Domenico Bernini, for one, contributed to the invention and diffusion of myths about the affair when he maliciously asserted that Galileo was held in an Inquisition prison for five years.

Voltaire picked up the theme and either in ignorance or hatred wrote that Galileo was thrown into prison and made to fast on bread and water. Of course, Galileo was never imprisoned in any usual sense. When in Rome, his "prison" was the Palace of the Duke of Tuscany, where he was treated as an honored guest; so too when he endured confinement as the guest of the Archbishop of Siena. As to his house arrest, one might envy Galileo, who in his late sixties, was obliged to live out his last years in his country home at Arceti overlooking a beautiful valley outside of Firenze.

In November 1979 at a celebration to commemorate the centennial of Albert Einstein's birth, Pope John Paul II called for a reopening of the Galileo Affair. A Vatican commission was subsequently appointed with a view to the rehabilitation of Galileo. Paul Cardinal Poupard, thirteen years later in 1992, made the formal report of the commission at a meeting of the Pontifical Academy of the Sciences, with John Paul II in attendance.

In his own speech after receiving the report, John Paul II seemed to be admitting not only that Church authorities had been in error but had acted unjustly, something Descartes in his day would not have conceded. As subsequently reported the condemnation of Galileo was itself seemingly condemned. Whatever its intent, John Paul II's speech has not ended the centuries-old controversy.

Galileo's rehabilitation has merely started a new episode of Galileo studies. Bellarmine has his defenders even in the secular academy.

One must acknowledge that George Coyne has beautifully rendered into English Annibale Fantoli's original Italian text.

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.

MOVIES

The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey

Director Peter Jackson and his team, after years of squabbling with Hollywood which give the sub-title a tinge of irony, once again venture into JRR Tolkien's Middle Earth.

The Hobbit is a shorter work than *The Lord of the Rings* but its story-line is clearer; Jackson stretches it by the use of computer imaging, the plan being to construct three movies from the book.

Martin Freeman and Elijah Wood return as the intrepid Bilbo and Frodo to lead a splendid cast which includes Cate Blanchett, Ian McKellen and Andy Serkis in their accustomed roles as Galadriel, Gandalf and the Gollum.

Barry Humphries as the Great Goblin hides both himself and his alter ego, Dame Edna Everage, under a tipper-truck of latex make-up.

M★★★★SFFV.

Hitchcock

Director Sacha Gervasi and writer John J McLaughlin peg their biopic on the making of Alfred Hitchcock's classic *Psycho* (1960) based by scriptwriter Joseph Stefano on Robert Bloch's novel.

Anthony Hopkins does not – could not – totally mimic the inimitable Hitchcock. He does catch Hitchcock's voice which could make him sound like a more portly Jeeves auditioning for a butler's job at Buckingham Palace; Hitchcock as played by Hopkins is always a Londoner, amused and disdainful in parochial Hollywood. Helen Mirren plays his wife and muse, Alma Reville, as a beguiling red head, reminiscent perhaps of Shirley Maclean in Hitchcock's funniest movie, *The Trouble with Harry*.

Toni Collette as his assistant, Peggy Robertson, is commanding. Scarlett Johansson as Janet Leigh, who played the *Psycho* victim, is less commanding. Jessica Biel, cast as Vera Miles the blonde who rejected Hitchcock's starmaking, would have been more aptly cast as Leigh. James D'Arcy captures the nervous but compelling, Anthony Perkins, who played Norman Bates.

The work is clever, possibly too clever in the liberties it takes with the private lives of the Hitchcocks including the suggestion that Alma Reville flirted

By James Murray

with screenwriter Whitfield Cook (Danny Huston).

Where is the Hitchcock daughter Patricia who had a small part in *Psycho*? Omitted because she would have broken the tendentious symmetry of the Gervasi take? Such queries are part of the movie's fascination as its depiction of Hitchcock's mastery of studio politics and movie marketing.

Ironically, Hitchcock's ability to persuade the Hayes Office that subtle editing of his movie would merely suggest violence created a breakthrough for four, non-Hitchcock sequels and for all those who were into schlock-horror not subtlety.

Trivia disclosure: your reviewer had breakfast with Hitchcock at Claridge's Hotel, London. He agreed to demonstrate the *Psycho* knifing technique on your reviewer and used a butterknife. The photographer missed the shot. Hitchcock did a re-take. The picture can be found in the bound volumes of *The Daily Mirror*, London.

M★★★★NFFV.

Lincoln

Monumental in every sense: monumental in the performance of Daniel Day Lewis as the great American president, Abraham Lincoln, monumental in the style of Stephen Spielberg, *wunderkind*, become old master.

Spielberg's take on the battle scenes of the American Civil War may be relatively short but he does indicate that it was a war where the Union's defeat of the Confederacy overturned Napoleon's dictum that the ratio of morale to materiel was three-to-one. The Confederates may have had the dash, the Union had the armaments factories.

Spielberg is rightly more intent on showing the political nitty-gritty, the vote-counting, the compromises and the petty deals that brought Lincoln to his greatest twin achievements: maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery.

This may not be exactly how it was, it is how it will be remembered. Rumours that Daniel Day Lewis is

to play Lincoln- lookalike Bob Carr in a biopic, *The Golden Years*, can be discounted.

M★★★★NFFV

Life of Pi

Because of its fantastically imaginative premise – teenage shipwreck survivor confined to a lifeboat with a Bengal tiger – Yann Martel's best-selling novel was considered impossible to film.

Then along came writer David Magee. Working from his script, and deploying the full spectrum of 3D computer generated images, director Ang Lee has transcended the impossibility.

As the teenager Pi, newcomer Suraj Sharma is a natural. So, too, are an orang-outang and a zebra which share the lifeboat until they become the tiger's prey – a fate for which Pi seems destined.

Ang Lee and David Magee frame the seafaring between scenes of Pi in Pondicherry, India, where he displays an ecumenism in Islam, Hinduism and Catholicism, and his adult life in Montreal where, played by Irrfan Khan, he relates his adventures to a writer Rafe Spall.

Tempting to suggest that not since Rin Tin Tin has an animal acted more convincingly than the Bengal tiger. Tempting but unfair: Rin Tin Tin was unaided by computer imaging and editing. Nonetheless, *Life of Pi* is an agelessly enthralling movie

PG★★★★SFFV

Les Miserables

Hugh Jackman has been accorded most applause for his singing performance as the hunted Jean Valjean. But Russell Crowe's performance as his nemesis, Javert, is more noteworthy. Where Jackman has to strain for his effects, Crowe, who first showed his vocal talent on stage in *Blood Brothers* back in the 1980s, sings more impressively within his capabilities.

As Fantine, Anne Hathaway is challenged as a singer but is profoundly compelling as an actress. Helena Bonham Carter and Sacha Baron Cohen provide darkly comic relief as the villainous Threnardiens.

Despite the big screen immensities, Cameron Mackintosh's original

theatrical production provides the template for director Tom Hooper; thus the movie maintains the Catholic redemption within revolution theme of Victor Hugo's 1500- page novel.

Hooper might well have cut the theatrical convention of reprising the revolutionary anthem, *Can You Hear the People Sing*, and ended on Valjean's *Take me Home*, a hymn to redemption.

M★★★★SFFV

Gangster Squad

Gangsters, it is said, learned to behave like gangsters by watching early Hollywood movies. Accordingly there is an element of caricature in this latest of the genre: the actors are imitating gangsters who were imitating actors.

Adding to the caricature is what might be called, the Tarantino Effect: multiple references to other movies. The result is a comic book where the frames are I-Max size and the actors conjure déjà vu characters: the squad leader, Josh Breslin, morphs between Dick Tracey and Elliott Ness, as honest cop John O'Mara.

Sean Penn plays mobster Mickey Cohen as a manic cross between Edward G Robinson and George Raft.

In a touch of originality by scriptwriter (and ex-cop) Will Beall, the cool brunette Emma Stone is cast as Cohen's moll and etiquette mentor who falls for the squad's Lothario Jerry Wooters (Ryan Gosling).

Just when you're thinking everyone should imitate Jimmy Cagney and go home to paint, the movie ends with the Police Chief (Nick Nolte) announcing that a chastened Mickey Cohen and his illegal gambling empire have been driven from Los Angeles.

No mention of subsequent mob developments which made Las Vegas the hub of gambling resorts where among other colourful activities money is laundered. How unlike Australia's salubrious, metropolitan casinos.

MA15+★★NFFV

Broken City

More cops and gangsters. This time director Allan Hughes and scriptwriter Brian Tucker set the scene in New York where disgraced cop Billy Taggart (now there's a pre-loved cop name). He is hired by NY mayor Nicholas Hostetler (Russell Crowe) to keep tabs on his errant wife (Catherine Zeta-Jones).

Zeta-Jones's part is underwritten. Mark Wahlberg who plays Taggart is superlative in his shifts from amiability to ferocity. But it is Russell Crowe's performance that makes the movie worth seeing; his bonhomie is that of an undertaker who has already measured you for a coffin.

The plot unfolds in the context of a mayoral election and the skulduggery involves property development (surely not?).

TBA★★★NFFV

Roman Polanski: A Film Memoir

Director Laurent Bouzereau intercuts interviews with excerpts from his friend Roman Polanski's movies, press clippings, documents, exclusive pictures and news footage including footage of Sharon Tate, Polanski's first wife, a victim of the murderous Manson Family in 1969.

Chatiness rather than analysis marks the documentary's account of the events that followed Polanski's being charged in 1977 in Los Angeles with sexual relations with a minor: his jumping bail, his flight to Europe and his arrest when he was on his way to the Zurich Film Festival in 2009.

The chats were filmed while Polanski was under house arrest in Gstaad while US authorities sought to have him extradited; they failed.

Significantly there are no interviews with Jack Nicholson at whose house

the events occurred nor with Angelica Houston who was Nicholson's partner at the relevant time. The drugs Polanski gave the minor? No mention.

Essentially Bouzereau's documentary is a plea in mitigation, based on Polanski's talent as an Oscar-winning director (for *The Pianist*), a plea reinforced by an on-camera statement from the minor, now an adult, that she does not wish court proceedings to continue.

M★★★NFFV

django Unchained

Writer/director Quentin Tarantino turns Sergio Corbucci's spaghetti western, *Django*, into a Texas carpetbag steak stuffed with gory violence – and, in a saucy turn, pairs himself with John Jarratt to play Australian overseers driving a group of slaves to work in a coalmine.

Jamie Foxx stars in the title role of a slave rescued by a bounty hunter/dentist Dr King Schultz, a role to which the great Christoph Waltz adds a sauerkraut relish. Leonardo DiCaprio storms on as an evil plantation owner from whose clutches Django must rescue his betrothed (Kerry Washington). Here Tarantino inserts his most outrageous reference: Uncle Tom's Cabin. He has a heavily made up Samuel L Jackson come on as the plantation owner's faithful major domo named, Tom.

Melodrama, of course, and peppered with references to enough movies to show that Tarantino whatever his merits as a filmmaker must be Olympic class at Trivial Pursuit.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Jack Reacher

Director Christopher McQuarrie takes on the task of launching what could be yet another movie franchise, this one based on the 17 crime thrillers by Lee Child. In the title role, Tom Cruise may not measure up to the physical attributes Reacher, an ex-Military Police investigator, has in the books. But he does have what Spencer Tracy claimed in relation to Katherine Hepburn: the ability to cut people down to his size, an ability he shows in scenes with that master actor Robert Duvall who plays a US Marine Corps veteran.

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Both Cruise and Duvall, it must be said, have done these sorts of parts so often that they come on as predictably as wind-up toys.

There is nothing wind-up up about the playing of Australian actor Jai Courtney as Charlie, an assassin who carries out what appear to be five random shootings – until Reacher detects a pattern masterminded by the mysterious Mr Zec (director Werner Herzog, fronting the camera rather than directing it).

As in *Django Unchained*, the gun violence is extreme. Given the school shooting in Newtown USA, it raises again the question of the effect of movie violence. In one of his essays, *The Fear of the Film*, GK Chesterton was dismissive of the effect

Which brings us back to the question asked in last month's issue: are directors using computer war-games to storyboard action sequences, and from that comes the further question: is the interactive element of such war-games a factor in mass shootings?

M★★NFFV

Zero dark Thirty

Is jargon for the darkest night and the writer-director-producer team of Mark Boal and Kathryn Bigelow emphasise it by opening with a blank screen; over the screen they lay the voices of victims – no, not victims casualties of an act of war: the destruction of New York's Twin Towers on 9/11/01.

The opening sets the context for the most dramatic chase of the century (so far): the hunting and killing of Al Qa'ida

leader, Osama Bin Laden, at his hideout in Abbottabad, Pakistan.

Bigelow's economy of means is consistent with her overall take on such anti-terrorist operations: their success is the result of intelligence gathering and analysis not massive force.

Her protagonist is a CIA analyst named Maya (which means Light) played by Jessica Chastain with a finely honed mix of shock as she witnesses torture and determination as she pushes her intelligence upwards through the chain of command to where the ultimate decision had to be made: in the Oval Office.

Compared to Reacher-Django bang-bang standards, the shooting during the operation is minimal: specialists such as the US Navy SEALs are trained to make every shot count. Bigelow intensifies this by giving us a soldier's view as if seen through green-tinged night-vision goggles.

The actors who play the SEALs are relatively unknown, the exception being the Edgerton brothers Joel and Nash who play the team leader and a comrade. Another Australian, Jason Clarke, is a CIA operative.

Generous casting in a terrific movie..

MA15+★★★★NFFV

I Give It a Year

Writer/director Dan Maser gives us a modern version of the ancient proverb: Marry in haste, repent at leisure.

Nat (Rose Byrne), a glass-ceiling breaker, and Josh (Rafe Spall), a would-be author, marry against the wishes of her mother Diana (Jane Asher).

As first love turns sour, along comes a new, all-too-successful suitor, Guy (Simon Baker, looking as if he's just hurried in from another commercial). As their friends watch, the inevitable occurs, and it includes Josh's first girlfriend Chloe (Anna Faris).

Despite the best efforts of all concerned, this rom-com indicates why the genre is reportedly no longer box-office.

M★★SFFV

Parental Guidance

Given the box-office demise of rom-coms, Hollywood, ever ready to go back to the future, has relaunched the family comedy – a genre so old it would be possible to say it never existed if Mickey Rooney who starred in the Andy Hardy movie series (1937-58) weren't still alive to prove it.

Unhappily, Rooney was not available to play Grandpa Artie, in *Parental Guidance*. But Billy Crystal as a just-sacked veteran baseball commentator is, a lively, amiable substitute who brings to the role the experience of having won a university baseball scholarship.

Perfectly ironic casting as the Grandma would have been Meg Ryan, Crystal's co-star in the rom-com hit, *When Harry Met Sally*. Like Rooney she was not available and Bette Midler was ready, willing and able to play Artie's wife Dianne.

The comedy turns on the difference of attitude between the grandparents and their daughter (Marisa Tomei) and son-in-law (Tom Everett Scott) on how their children, Barker, Turner and



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Harper (Kyle Harrison Breitkopf, Joshua Rush and Bailee Madison) should be raised: risk versus cosseting, icecream versus yoghurt, carefree games versus competitive study.

Andy Fickman directs to the strengths of his main players. Intriguing to see Peter Chernin's main producer credit. Chernin was for years Rupert Murdoch's Number 2. Cinema psychologists may care to analyse the meaning of the inclusion of an imaginary Kangaroo friend who causes Barker to behave embarrassingly.

Chernin does show that he is still a money spinner if not yet a Louis B Mayer, producer of the Hardy movies for MGM.

PG★★★SFFV

The Guilt Trip

Is less a family comedy than a mom-com, the Mom being a widow, Joyce (Barbra Streisand) who joins her son Andy (Seth Rogen) on a trans-America road trip to promote his new cleaning product.

Director Anne Fletcher plays every stop along the way as a laughter winner while working from Dan Fogelman's script which draws on memories of his Jewish mother.

Rogen does his usual goofy oaf until realisation strikes that the road to success is paved with maternal platitudes. Streisand? She shows that she can still be what she was back in 1968: *Funny Girl* – if not quite an Oscar winner this time round.

M★★★SFFV

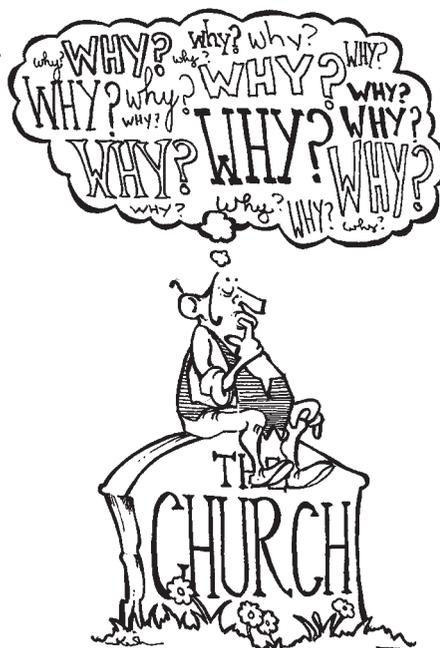
Sightseers

Mercifully director Ben Wheatley keeps the running time down to 88 minutes. But that's the limit of his mercy. He is unsparing in his atrabilious comedy about a homicidal couple loose in a caravan among the tourist resorts of Northern England.

Alice Lowe and Steve Oram play the couple, Tina and Chris; they do not spare themselves; they co-wrote the script with Wheatley's partner Amy Jump.

The result: a cosy, English earthenware pot of arsenic where the only hopeful sign is Tina's mother Carol (Eileen Davies) who is demented with grief after the death of dog. Yes, a look-alike dog turns up during the mayhem. RSPCA rules protect it from harm.

MA15+ ★★★NFFV



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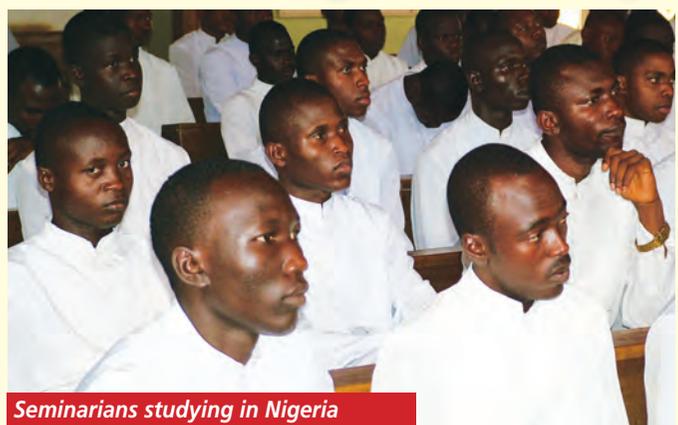
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A CATHo LIC CRy STAL CATHEDRAL?

by Duncan G. Stroik



THREE MILES from Disneyland there is another famous theme park, which proclaims itself as “America’s Television Church.” The Crystal Cathedral, perhaps the first megachurch in the United States, is about to undergo conversion classes so that it can finally get the *cathedra* and bishop it has always wanted.

The Diocese of Orange, California, has purchased the thirty-one-acre property and its four buildings for \$53 million, a steal even in this real estate market.

Realizing that recent cathedrals built from scratch have cost upwards of \$200 and \$250 million on the West Coast, retrofitting sounds like a financially savvy move. However, turning this prismatic beacon of televangelism into a house of God may be easier said than done.

Does this purchase signal a new role for Catholic charity: to buy up properties of bankrupt Protestant ministries? If so, there may be some good opportunities in the future.

How does the bishop encourage full, active, and conscious participation in the liturgy by purchasing one of the buildings most associated with religion as theater? Begun as an openair service at a drive-in theater, the church was designed around Rev. Schuller’s flamboyant preaching. Associated with glitz and money, it was the site of fancy and expensive holiday celebrations including trapeze artists, live animals for Christmas, and a lavish \$13 million production called *Creation*.

Said to be the first all-glass structure built for religious purposes, it is associated with the feel-good theology of the 1980s. How to convert a building like this and at the same time disassociate it from its founder and his theology?

Crystal Cathedral Ministries was a religion about self-promotion, and, appropriately, its main buildings were designed in disparate modernist styles by three well-known architecture firms: Richard Neutra, Philip Johnson and John Burgee, and Richard Meier. Each building is a personal expression of the architect, so that together they create a campus without much to unify them. Perhaps what may be of more concern to its future owner, the Neutra tower (1968) does not meet earthquake codes and the Crystal Cathedral (1980) and the Welcoming Center (2003) are high maintenance glass and metal buildings. This could be an expensive investment.

Can the Crystal Cathedral be converted to a Catholic Cathedral? We shall see. After all, the much noted cathedrals of Oakland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco are all expressionistic modernist sculptures.

The diocese has said that they will not change the exterior of the church and will not compromise the architectural integrity of the 2700-seat interior. Yet, without a radical transformation the building will always come across as a technological megachurch rather than as a sacred place.

It needs to be totally gutted and reconceived. And even if the interior can be functionally retrofitted for Catholic liturgy, many believe that its identity will always be that of the Crystal Cathedral.

One of the major criticisms of Catholic architecture during the past fifty years is that it has incorrectly adopted many of the forms of low-church Protestantism: the theater form, a fear of sacred images, asymmetrical layouts, vacuous sanctuaries, minimalist liturgical elements, prominently placed Jacuzzis



for baptism, and the banishment of the Blessed Sacrament to the baptistry. The altar area becomes a stage with a focus on entertainment alongside praise bands that perform upbeat music.

In response, liturgists have argued that all of these things are simply the outgrowth if not the requirement of Vatican II. Are they finally admitting their agenda by purchasing a ready for TV megachurch complete with a jumbotron and three huge balconies for the “spectators”?

The timing of this is wrong. A whole new generation of priests, laity, and theologians has grown up with this stuff and find these Protestant innovations dated and lacking in substance. They desire an architecture that grows out of the Church’s rich tradition and that will enable them in worship.

Asked what cathedrals should look like in the twenty-first century, they point to Saint Patrick’s in New York, Saint Peter’s in Rome, Notre Dame in Paris, and other obvious suspects. These are buildings constructed hundreds of years ago, yet continue to speak to believers and unbelievers alike today. A timeless architecture built for the ages, a cathedral should be a durable building constructed out of masonry, transcendent in height, and directional in length.

Unfortunately for the new generation and their children, the Orange diocese has chosen the opposite direction and will foist on them a building that is of its time and not particularly suited to Catholic worship and devotion. Twenty years from now, it will not matter that Orange got a really good deal whereas another California diocese quadrupled its budget. People will simply ask if it is a beautiful cathedral, worthy of the Creator.

DUNCAN G. STROIK is a professor of architecture at the University of Notre Dame where he helped implement a new curriculum in classical architecture in 1990. He played a central role in the revival of interest in sacred architecture that led to the formation of the Society for Catholic Liturgy and the journal *Sacred Architecture*, of which he is editor. Stroik received his architectural education from the University of Virginia and Yale University. This article first appeared in issue 21 (Spring 2012) of *Sacred Architecture* and is reprinted with permission.

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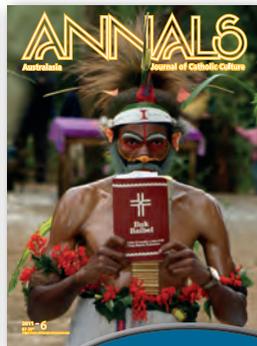
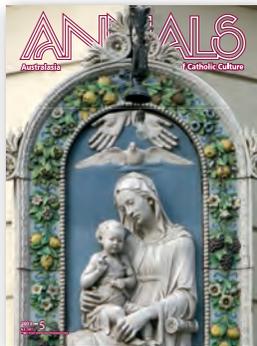
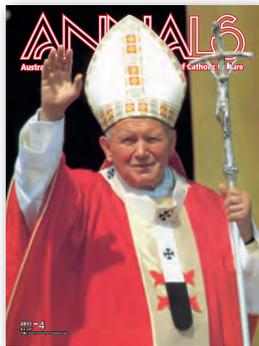
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