

ANNALS

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ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

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[Sunday readings at Mass: Year C / Weekday readings at Mass: Year I]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

Published by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (MSC) since 1889.

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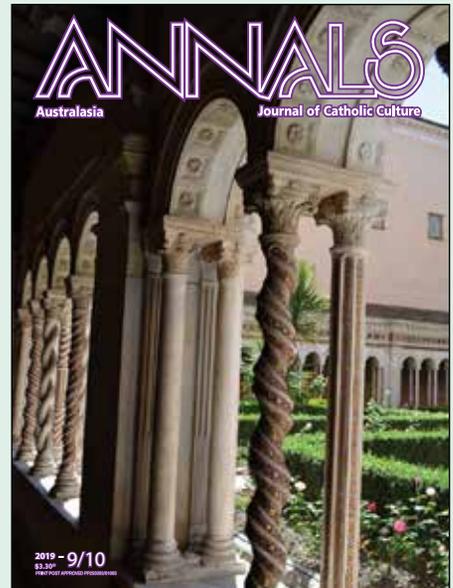
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Front Cover: . Our cover pic is of the cloister of the Benedictine Monastery attached to the Basilica of St Paul Outside the Walls in Rome. The Monastery was erected between 1220 and 1241. And from 1215 until 1964 it was the See of the Latin Patriarch of Alexandria. The basilica was founded by the Roman Emperor Constantine I over the burial place of Saint Paul, where it was said that, after the Apostle's execution, his followers erected a memorial, called a *cella memoriae*. This first basilica was consecrated by Pope Sylvester in 324. Under Pope Saint Gregory the Great (590-604) the main altar and presbytery were extensively modified. The pavement in the transept was raised and a new altar was placed above the earlier altar erected by Pope Leo I. The position was directly over Saint Paul's sarcophagus. In that period there were two monasteries near the basilica: Saint Aristus's for men and Saint Stefano's for women.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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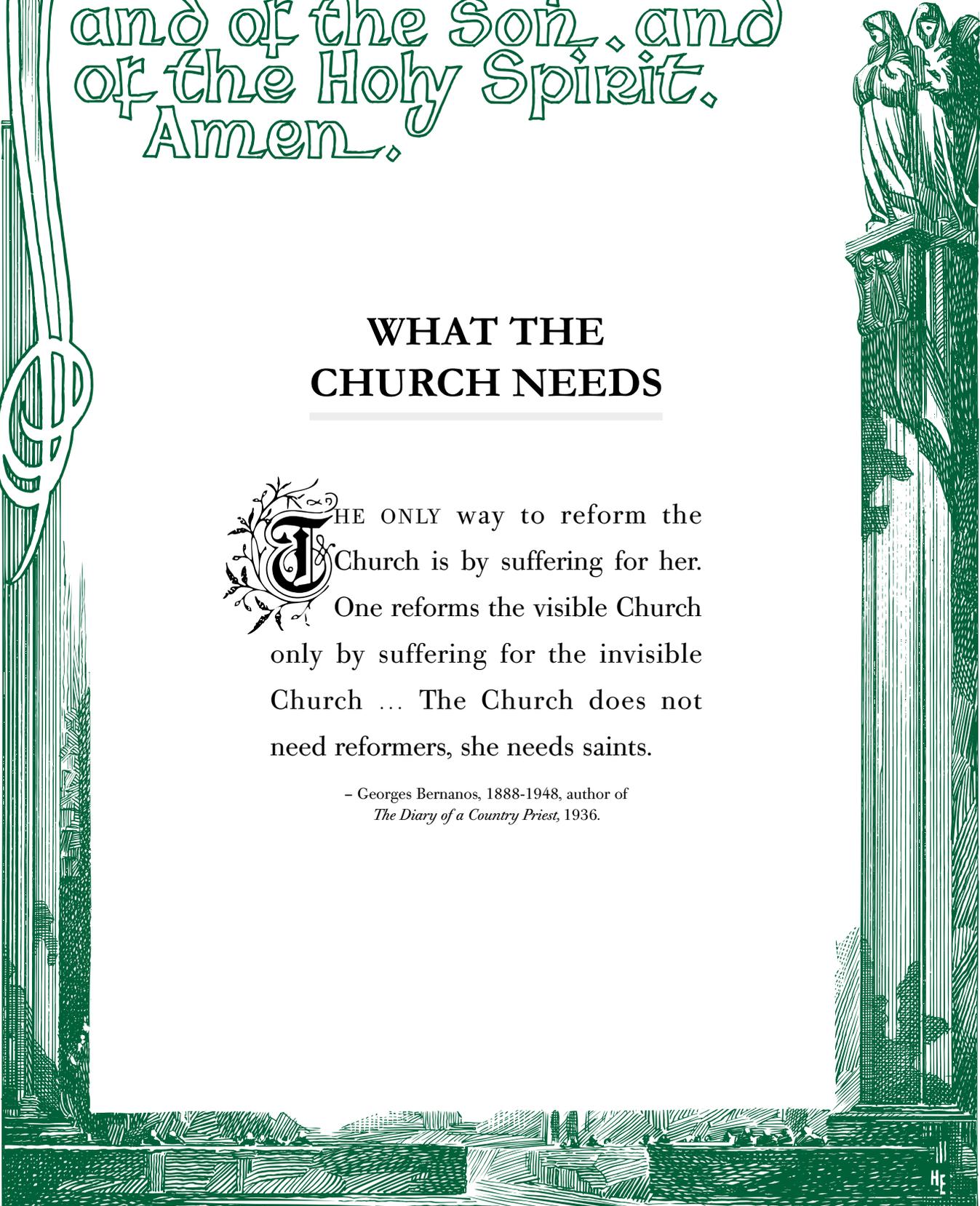
Let us not be dumb watchdogs, or silent spectators; Let us be watchful shepherds, guarding the flock of Christ.

- St Boniface, 672-754
Apostle to the German peoples, Letters, 78.



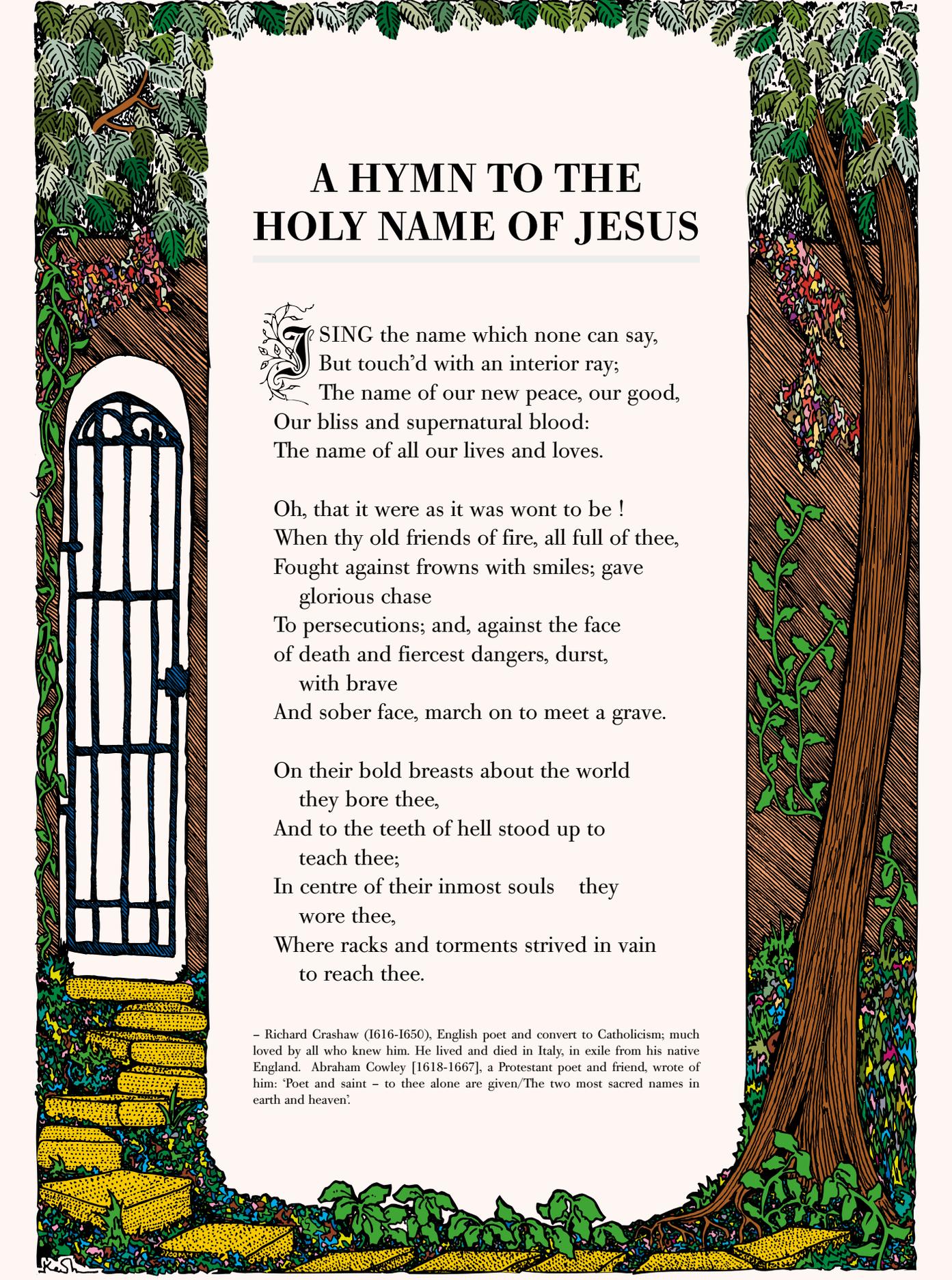
In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

WHAT THE CHURCH NEEDS



THE ONLY way to reform the Church is by suffering for her. One reforms the visible Church only by suffering for the invisible Church ... The Church does not need reformers, she needs saints.

- Georges Bernanos, 1888-1948, author of
The Diary of a Country Priest, 1936.



A HYMN TO THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS

SING the name which none can say,
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The name of our new peace, our good,
Our bliss and supernatural blood:
The name of all our lives and loves.

Oh, that it were as it was wont to be !
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave
glorious chase
To persecutions; and, against the face
of death and fiercest dangers, durst,
with brave
And sober face, march on to meet a grave.

On their bold breasts about the world
they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to
teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they
wore thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain
to reach thee.

– Richard Crashaw (1616-1650), English poet and convert to Catholicism; much loved by all who knew him. He lived and died in Italy, in exile from his native England. Abraham Cowley [1618-1667], a Protestant poet and friend, wrote of him: 'Poet and saint – to thee alone are given/The two most sacred names in earth and heaven.'

CATHEDRAL WORKERS BACK CARDINAL PELL'S APPEAL APPLICATION

By Tess Livingstone



TWO FORMER TEACHERS who were metres from George Pell in Melbourne's St Patrick's Cathedral at the time he has been found guilty of sexually assaulting two choir boys, support his application for leave to appeal to the High Court.

Jean Cornish and Lil Sinozic, who worked in the cathedral in late 1996, said the application lodged last week correctly cast doubt on whether he had the opportunity to commit the offences for which he is serving three years and eight months in jail.

Ms Cornish, a former principal of Good Shepherd Catholic school, at Gladstone Park in Melbourne's northwest, which had about 1000 students, and Ms Sinozic say they wish they had been called to give evidence.

Ms Cornish, who has retired to Tasmania, was seconded to run the cathedral in early 1996 in preparation for its centenary celebrations, which began in late 1996 and stretched across 1997.

Ms Sinozic, who taught in the school run by Ms Cornish, joined her as assistant in 1996 and was also executive assistant to then father (now Monsignor) Charles Portelli, who was Pell's master of ceremonies.

Both women were on duty every Sunday morning in late 1996, after the cathedral had reopened after renovations in November that year.

Ms Cornish told *The Australian* her desk at the back of the cathedral had been metres from the priests' sacristy, where the offences were said to have occurred. "Those hallowed halls were as busy as Bourke Street on a Sunday morning after mass," she said.

As a teacher, she was deeply aware of the importance of safety "from the child's perspective" and would not have hesitated to blow the whistle had she noticed anything amiss. "But this has been a travesty of justice, it could not have occurred," she said.

While her desk looked directly out to the corridor beside the priests' sacristy, she was always "up and about" and "on the alert" around the sacristy area, where the busloads of tourists who visited the cathedral on Sundays were not allowed but sometimes tried to enter.

She said two choir boys swigging wine, as the complainant in the Pell case claimed, would have

been noticed by herself, the sacristan, Max Potter, his deputy, Michael Mahony, and altar servers returning chalices, candles and crosses to the sacristy. At that time, she said, Pell was always outside the back of the cathedral, greeting worshippers for up to 30 minutes.

"Father Portelli was always with him, he never left his side, and they always returned to the sacristy together," she said.

Ms Sinozic, who lives in Melbourne where she is a part-time supply teacher, said: "I am absolutely ropeable about this." She said most of the witnesses called in the case were male, but she and Ms Cornish, who had been in the best position of all to see what was going on, were left out.

"Charles (Monsignor Portelli) never let him (Pell) alone for a second," she said. "There were about 20 people around after mass, including florists who were attending to flowers for the next show (the next mass)."

Victoria Police knew about Ms Cornish's role. Under cross-examination from Robert Richter QC during the cardinal's committal trial in March 2018, Monsignor Portelli gave evidence that the door of Ms Cornish's office, which looked out on to the corridor of the sacristies, was "always open" on Sunday mornings. He said Ms Cornish would be "patrolling the corridor" for tourists and others who were not allowed in that part of the cathedral.

In December, a jury convicted Pell of sexually penetrating a child under the age of 16 and on four charges of an indecent act with a child under the age of 16.

He was jailed on February 27 this year and his appeal against his convictions was rejected in July by a two-to-one majority of the Victorian Court of Appeal.

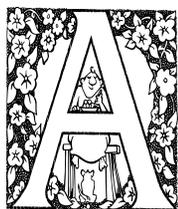
Chief Justice Anne Ferguson and judge Chris Maxwell, president of the Court, accepted that it was "open to the jury" to find that the offending occurred during five to six minutes of "private prayer time" at the end of Sunday mass before the priests' sacristy became a "hive of activity".

— TESS LIVINGSTONE is a well-known journalist and author. This article first appeared in *The Australian*.

Australia on the eve of nationhood was an exciting place to be, and social political and religious issues were more on people's lips and pens than today. Journalism then wasn't as it appears to be now, at the service of an industry where clever marketing and quick returns . . . totally outweigh truth and integrity

THE ANNALS, 1889-2019

By Paul Stenhouse



AFTER *The Bulletin*, first published in January 1880,¹ *Annals Australia* is one of the oldest continuously published magazines, and one of the best-known religious journals in the country. Published by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from Randwick, NSW until 1915, and then from the Sacred Heart Monastery, Kensington, NSW, its history is, in a sense, the history of the Catholic Church in Australia, from 1889 onwards.

It reflects that history, and through its wide, especially its country-wide, distribution it established and maintained contact decade after decade, with isolated rural communities and alienated urban communities, in a way that many Church personnel could not.

Someone less closely involved with the magazine would perhaps be better placed than the present writer, to assess the history of *Annals* and its role in the modern Church. However, until such an independent assessment can be made, the present editor's views may not be entirely without relevance or interest.

The Early Years

The first issue of *Annals* appeared in 1889 - nine years after *The Bulletin*, hot off the presses of the *Freeman's Journal*, first hit the streets. *Annals* was merely one among dozens of literary, political and religious newspapers and journals that mushroomed in the Australia of the 70s and

80s in the nineteenth century.

Almost everyone who had something to say and could write, was either editing, publishing or writing for some new paper.

Australia on the eve of nationhood was an exciting place to be, and social political and religious issues were more on people's lips and pens than today.

Journalism then (if I may quote an ex-editor of a popular mass circulation journal) wasn't as it appears to be now, at the service of an industry where clever marketing and quick returns . . . totally outweigh truth and integrity.

Rather, in the 1880s, truth and integrity were catch cries fiercely, if at times inadvisedly, pursued; not a lot of thought was given to libel laws, so-called sacred cows, or others' feelings.

Readers of *The Bulletin*, with its well-known opposition to Asian migration, organised religion, female emancipation, and the monarchy (to mention but a few of the favourite targets of The Bully's editorial writers cartoonists and versifiers) would have been bemused, to say the least, by issues of *The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* as it was then known.

None more bemused, perhaps, than the present *Annals* editor's own great-grandfather, John Farrell, poet, patriot and social reformer, whose journalistic career was divided between various country newspapers he owned or edited, *The Bulletin*, to which he contributed verse from its earliest years, and the *Daily*



Telegraph (or the 'Daily Twaddlegraph' as it was irreverently referred to by *The Bulletin*) of which he was leader writer and at one time Editor.

Farrell, like many of his literary contemporaries, had little patience for clerical journals, and would not have approved of yet another religious voice being heard around Sydney.

Annals was modelled, in its content and design, on its old-world prototype, *Les Annales de Notre Dame du Sacré Coeur*. This latter was published from Issoudun, once a Roman camp, *Exoldunum*, but in the 1880s a sleepy little provincial town south of Bourges, in central France.

The original *Annales* had been the brain-child of Victor Jouët, MSC, a Corsican priest who could never have dreamed how successful his magazine (first established in 1866) could have become, with a circulation in 1989 of well over 150,000 copies sold per month in France.

Editions had already (by 1889) appeared in Flemish, German, Spanish, Hungarian and American English, so the Australian edition wasn't unprecedented in the relatively short history of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart.

An octavo sized monthly of 24 pages, costing 2/- annually or 2d an issue, *Annals* was printed by O'Hara and Johnson, of 29 Jamieson Street Sydney. It had an elaborate engraving of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart on the front cover, and with its exclusively Catholic news and hefty dose of mainly French piety - even down to citations from French Bishops - and its interest in the mission to the natives of Papua New Guinea, *Annals* must have seemed anachronistic to the liberal minded Sydney *Bohemians*.

One of its most popular features was a regular serial, usually on a devout and edifying theme, that ran for years.

In time, *The Little Blue Book* as it was to become known affectionately to generations of Catholic readers, often surpassed its sceptical and more cynical seniors in circulation, and won an assured place in the written, but largely unresearched, history of Catholic journalism in Australia.



With one exception – the Jesuit Messenger of the Sacred Heart, first published in 1886² – *Annals* alone of the many religious publications of the day, has survived into this first quarter of the 21st century.

Most of its secular contemporaries, too, although numerous and popular at the time, have returned to the pulp, lead and dust out of which they were produced. Even their names have been largely forgotten. How many today have even heard of, let alone mourn the passing of *The Boomerang*, *The Illustrated Sydney News*, the *Picturesque Atlas of Australasia*, the *Australian Standard*, *The Lone Hand*, *The Stockwhip and Satirist*, *The Express*, *The Melbourne Star* or *The Sydney Evening News*?

The first editor of *The Annals* of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was, surprisingly for the time, a woman.

Mary Agnes Finn, a devout member of an old-established Randwick Catholic family, was assisted by Father Emil Merg, MSC, an Alsatian priest whose English at the time was poor and who was, on paper, responsible for the editing and production of the infant magazine.

Because of attitudes prevailing at the time, Mary Agnes Finn was never given the recognition that was her due. Her role as editor was never publicised, and apart from the regular pieces carrying her by-line, she worked in relative obscurity. Yet her role was crucial.

The fairly immediate success of the new journal can be attributed to a number of factors, chief amongst which was the message of hope and love it carried to a Catholic community suffering greatly not just from the physical isolation of the Australian outback,

but from the social and economic isolation that automatically followed from being a Catholic in an Anglo-Saxon and Protestant country.

Annals brought a world where other Catholics lived, closer to home, and lessened the loneliness and despair that often filled the slab huts and below-stairs accommodation that was 'home' to the over-idealised little Irish mother.

Over the period 1889-1966, *Annals* was mainly mission-orientated, with special emphasis on Papua New Guinea and the Australian Aboriginal missions conducted by the Missionaries Of the Sacred Heart; and because of this it is a unique resource for the religious and social historian.

This was its strength, and the magazine reflected the strong self-image of the MSC over those years.

Not that the missions totally dominated the pages of the *Annals* in those years. Devotion to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was a feature, as were the serialised stories referred to above.

After the first World War, *Annals* increased in size by 8 pages, and the circulation increased as well. Some new features were added: The Question Box, and the Children's *Annals*.

For a time the Irish Question became a burning issue during the editorship of Father Michael Davitt Forrest, MSC, who wrote under the pen name of The Wanderer.

During these years devotion to a newly-canonized saint, St Therese of Lisieux occupied a prominent place in the magazine's Children's Page, and a new writer, Agatha le Breton, who wrote under the pen-name of Miriam Agatha, began to contribute short stories and serials.

The Golden Age was probably during the late 1920s, when the magazine grew to 64 pages (but cost only 1d more an issue) and was printed on better quality paper, with a more professional approach to lay-out and design. The size of the pages was still octavo, but the quality of editing improved, especially under the editorships of Fathers Eric Dignam, Mortimer Kerrins and Thomas Ormonde MSC – 1926-1936. The latter increased the magazine's size from octavo to quarto and broadened the editorial outlook to include discussion of contemporary issues like the Spanish Civil War.

Internationally known Catholic writers contributed articles to *Annals* by arrangement with overseas journals: Maisie Ward, G.K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, C. C. Martindale SJ, all appeared

from time to time in *Annals* as did local writers like Dame Mary Gilmore, Susan Gavan Duffy, Beatrice Grimshaw, Dr Leslie Rumble MSC, Dr Pat Ryan MSC, and many others. Frank Sheed, founder of the Catholic publishing house Sheed & Ward, made his debut as a writer in *Annals*.

The News service of the NCWC was a source of Catholic world news, and Catholic Action as a subject was frequent and popular.

The *Annals* and Catechetics

My first association with *Annals* dates from 1953, when an advertisement for the MSC Minor Seminary at St Mary's Towers, Douglas Park, NSW, caught the eye of a 17 year old would-be linotypist/compositor/reporter working at the time for *The Camden News*.

Eleven years later, in 1964, I was appointed Business Manager of *Annals*, thus beginning a career with the magazine that, apart from a five-year absence from 1977-1981, has covered 51 years.

At that time *Annals* was edited by Father Aloysius English MSC, aided by Mr John O'Loughlin of the Lewisham Printing firm. Father English continued the missionary and spiritual emphases of previous editors, adding his own 'light' touch through contributions he included on subjects that ranged from science (biology, botany, astronomy) to biography, theology, history, and (unusual for those days) school counselling and catechetics.

The trend away from 'religious' journalism in the narrowest sense of that word was really set by Father English's predecessor, Father Leo Dalton, MSC, an outstanding radio-broadcaster and a priest unusually gifted in English literature and language.

Numbers of subscribers had started to fall around this time, fluctuating around 30,000; although in its early days *The Little Blue Book* boasted of a regular 45,000-50,000 monthly circulation.

By the time I became editor for the first time (in 1966) the circulation had settled at 25,000 monthly, and there were some who thought that the *Annals* had had her day!



Certainly, TV, still at that time a relative novelty in Australia, and ever-present radio, had captured the market from magazines; pessimists were predicting that, before long, newspapers and books would be things of the past.

However wildly short of the mark that opinion may have proved to be, it can't be denied that the print industry was starting to reel under blows from its sister media, TV and radio. These inexorably attracted eyes and ears from the printed word, no matter how well written or designed, to the magic screen or radio enshrined in what was rather incongruously termed the 'living' room of most homes.

Could any magazine, aspiring even to modest editorial or typographical heights, hope to survive such onslaughts, when the mighty Cinema was closing down in suburb after suburb, and printing and postage costs were on the increase?

Advertising and at times overt exploitation of sexual and violent themes might keep certain kinds of backyard magazines still on the newsagents' shelves, but what future was there for a religious magazine?

In 1967 the 'old lady,' by then 78 years old, looking none the worse for wear (although a little piqued by reports that some readers to the north of Australia enjoyed *Annals* because the paper was excellent for rolling cigarettes!) shook her skirts and strode into the 70s.

The occasion of this rejuvenation was a chance attendance at a talk given by a visiting Belgian writer on catechetics, Father Marcel Van Caster. Visiting Sydney and lecturing on religious education, Father Van Caster assured his listeners that all would be well in this vexed area when he and his colleagues in Europe had finally unravelled the mysteries and made their conclusions available to a waiting world.

Some of us came away from that talk unconvinced that the promised help would arrive soon, but full of enthusiasm and interest in the urgent needs of Catholic parents and teachers for good, locally produced, catechetical material.

From that germ of an idea grew what was to become the major catechetical resource available in Australia to students in the top two years of secondary school for almost the next ten years, namely: The *Annals* Catechetical Supplement, with Teachers' Guide.

The first issue of *Annals* for 1968 carried a new name: *Annals '68*. The former name 'Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart' had not been dropped from any lack of regard for our Lady whose magazine it remained, but from a sensitivity to the kind of language that young people were using in those days. If they were to be helped, then they would have to be attracted to read the material presented to them. And a magazine name that seemed to represent an older religious spirit to which they could not relate so easily at that time of fashionable student revolt, seemed to be an additional burden for the newly redesigned magazine to carry.

This seemed especially valid in the light of the fact that the late 60s and early 70s were times of extraordinary social and political turmoil, with the so-called 'generation gap' ever widening. Religious and family life couldn't help but catch some of the flak that was thrown up by grassroots unrest, none the less real for the difficulty most people – parents and children alike – found in articulating it.

The period 1968-1974 was one of phenomenal success for *Annals*, although it wasn't all plain sailing as anyone growing up at that time will remember.

Our confidence that the underlying optimism and honesty of the youth of that difficult period would prevail over attempts to stifle its faith with 'God is Dead' slogans, the cult of drugs, pornography and revolt against all authority, no matter how moderate, was proven to be well-founded.

In the early decades of the *Annals* its chief supporters had been priests, nuns and laity who willingly undertook to distribute the magazine among Catholic people, and thereby spread devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to our Lady of the Sacred Heart along with it. This



source of generous help in promoting *Annals* was drying up.

In the 60s most copies of *Annals* were distributed not through primary schools, as before, but through secondary schools and via their students to parents, most of whom lived by this time in cities and dormitory suburbs. Many of the topics that were to be discussed in *Annals* over the next ten years or so, reflected the social pressures caused by the exodus from the country, and the growing feeling of insecurity in a society whose Judaeo-Christian foundations were starting to crumble, or perhaps more correctly, to be whittled away.

Most Catholic secondary schools purchased large quantities of *Annals*. Many non-Catholic and even some State schools likewise received bulk copies for class use, or single copies for their libraries.

Chaplains in non-Catholic schools also welcomed religious education material that was thoroughly Australian in content and design, and while non-polemical, was still unashamedly Catholic.

Month by month enough discussion and resource material was provided for a regular series of religion classes. The topics were selected from ones suggested by feed-back from readers, from *Annals* surveys carried out in schools in most states, and from ideas that were put forward by the Board that assisted the editor in the production of the Supplements. The topics were ones that Catholic adolescents were already discussing among themselves, and others that may not have been commonly discussed, but needed to be.

Annals in that first year offered material for class discussion on the following subjects: Friendship; Drug-taking; The search for meaning in life; the Race War; the Changing Church; War; Where are we heading?; Capital Punishment; The Bible Today; Love.

Abortion was presented for the gruesome murder of helpless life that it is (and the *Annals* got publicly burned for its trouble) and future issues carried

material on social justice; theology; history; morality; relationship questions relevant to adolescents at school, at play and at home: with their parents, their peers, and other adults; with authority figures in society, and their teachers; with the Church. Sexual questions that were openly discussed on TV and radio were treated objectively and from a Catholic moral standpoint.

The circulation of *Annals* climbed steadily in those years, from 25,000 in 1966 to over 58,000 in 1972. Some months saw as many as 70,000 copies being sold

As well as providing catechetical material for class use by students, a Teachers' Guide was produced every month. This offered advice on teaching methods, background reading, references to Church Fathers and Documents as well as suggested responses to the many questions there were raised in the students' Supplement, so as to ensure that teachers were helped to make the best possible use of the material.

Nothing was haphazard. At the beginning of the school year, parents, teachers and priests were notified of the course that *Annals* was planning to follow for the new year; and this plan was faithfully followed.

Material for the Supplements and the Teachers' Guide was prepared by the editor. Boards, I quickly learned, may be an invaluable aid and be happy to comment on ideas or material already elaborated, but they are usually too cumbersome to draw up material on a regular monthly basis for a magazine working to a strict deadline.

When the history of religious education in Australia comes to be written, I have every confidence that the contribution of *Annals* will be seen to have been not inconsiderable.

Looking back on those years (1966-1976), when as Editor of *Annals* I was associated with many gifted priests, and religious and lay men and women who were completely dedicated to the cause of communicating the faith to post Vatican



II Catholic youth, I find myself echoing wholeheartedly the remark made a few years ago on French Television by the-then Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Lustiger: ‘We are only at the beginning of the Christian era, not at the end.’ This was our firmly held conviction in the 60s and 70s. It still is, as we approach the third decade of the 21st century.

The quest of religious educators then was not for novelty in doctrine, but for effective ways of making the old and perennial truths reach young people’s hearts, and fuel their life systems, instead of remaining merely on the surface, to peel off in the heat of tension, or under pressure from temptation, or simply from the unexpected.

In these calmer days, it may be possible to say without reopening old wounds that for many older Catholics, the old ways were not entirely successful in providing them with the kinds of faith that could stand up to the rigours of survival in a deeply secularized and materialistic world.

Parents who longed, as many did, for the beauty of the Latin liturgy, also-looked forward to a return to the Penny Catechism, and to the days when Catholic religious were numerous enough to staff our schools without having to employ others, were echoing the sentiments in many hearts during those years.

And when some refused to acknowledge as their son a young man who refused on conscientious grounds to take an active part in [the Vietnam] war, it seemed to many of us that a certain perspective had become obscured, and that sympathetic help was required for all concerned in these terrible human tragedies that were striking our Catholic people.

Many of us went in search of that key link in the chain of faith, that *élan vital* which makes faith come alive with God’s spirit. We were all searching for something to lessen the heartache that many felt in the confusion of those days, and to arrive at a method of presenting the faith for what it is – not just a series of formulae to which we assent with our minds,

but a blueprint for life, that will touch our very being, and sustain us through no matter what difficulties.

Whatever success *Annals* achieved in those difficult but tremendous years was due to the fact that *Annals* policy reflected an overall conviction among Missionaries of the Sacred Heart that the Catholic Faith had a supreme relevance for alienated men and women and youth; and that it filled a desperately felt need.

From 1977-1981, I found myself in Rome as secretary to Father Jim Cuskelly, Superior General of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. My successor as editor of *Annals* was a friend, the gifted son and stepson of two outstanding Australian newsmen. Geoff Baumgartner’s father Charles, and his step-father John Waters were both Editors of the *Melbourne Herald and Weekly Times*. Geoff continued the tradition established for *Annals* in the 60s, but found that the context had changed in the intervening period. His editorship was a time of difficulties, but also one of reassessment.

Overseas catechesis had become acceptable in the Australia of the 80s in a way that would not have been possible in the 60s and 70s. This has been achieved chiefly through European and U.S. trained Australian Religious education teachers and catechists. And with this broadening of the catechetical perspective went a regularising of the matter of religious syllabuses in Catholic Schools. By now each Catholic Diocese had its own RE programme, unfortunately not always co-ordinated with the syllabuses used by other Dioceses. But the need for the *Annals* Syllabus was no longer so pressing.

As a result, the Teachers Guide and Catechetical Supplement ceased at the end of 1976, with my last issue, to be replaced by up-to-date courses in scripture and theology, for students and parents alike.

By 1981 *Annals* was still useful and appreciated, but no longer indispensable; and voices were again raised suggesting that the now 92-year-old lady should be pensioned off.



Circulation had dropped dramatically, and a rethinking of the role (if any) that a Catholic magazine could play in Australia of the 80s seemed called for.

Annals, Journal of Catholic Culture

With what I believe to have been a correct perception, *Annals* was, accordingly, transformed in November-December 1981, into *Annals Australia: A Journal of Catholic Culture*, a vehicle for the transmission of Catholic Culture in all its diversity and richness.

Geoff Baumgartner graciously stepped down as editor, and I found myself editor of the re-designed *Annals* which was and is still aimed at families, at adult-education groups, and at the senior levels in secondary schools.

The need of the 80s and 90s, as I saw it, was for a rediscovery of our Catholic identity within a pluralistic society which gives no one marks for standing out or for being distinctive. And yet, the past, present and future forms of Catholicism are all inextricably bound together. To have an identity is to know where one comes from; to be someone is above all to stand somewhere!

Cult (worship of God) and culture are not simply similar sounding words. Culture in its fullest human sense is worshipful, and mindful of God. It embraces every aspect of our lives, and the reality of Catholic culture is as rich and varied as life itself. Exactly what Catholic culture is, and how it should be appreciated and passed on, is what *Annals* Australia sought to communicate.

This isn't all that different from what we have been trying to do for the past 130 years; only the emphasis has shifted, and the magazine is aimed at a broader audience than secondary school students, although their faith growth is still our concern.

Following on the well-known statement by St Athanasius of Alexandria, 'Christian is my first name; but Catholic is my family name,' *Annals* was becoming more and more a truly family magazine; for the immediate family, but about the wider family which is universal (Catholic) by definition.

Catholicism is not a sect. People who try to turn us into a sect use terms like Roman Catholic which implies that we are simply not Church of England, Uniting Church, not Baptist or Presbyterian, and so on. This is an impossible distortion of the Catholic identity, and when people don't truly understand the nature of Catholicism they naturally become confused and (if teachers or parents) confusing.

There is nothing limited about our Faith. We should be universal in our belief; in our acceptance of others, in our appreciation of the total picture. Partial reality, like partial truth, should be distasteful to us. We belong to the most culturally and linguistically diversified group in the world, We are heirs to traditions which, if properly understood would enrich not just our own lives, but the lives of all our fellow-citizens.

Annals Australia, despite her 130 years, is still convinced that a sense of identity is crucial for survival in a society like ours which is dangerously paternalistic, accepting newcomers (and oldcomers) on condition that they don't rock the boat, and that they blend comfortably into the all too often bland and anonymous background that we call Australian Society.

Too many Catholics these days look sound and act just like everyone else. While this may make for comfortable living it also leads to a loss of a sense of personhood with a resultant weakening of initiative and loss of freedom. If we have no past, or at least are unaware of it or disinterested in it, then we have no present let alone a future; and we are nobody!

To quote Cardinal Lustiger again, from his interview on French Television to which I referred above: 'I think that it is only in our day that humanity has really come face to face with itself: it is only now that we know all the peoples of the earth; we appreciate only now the terrifying and fascinating power and capability of human intellect, it is only now that the human race has articulated certain moral problems to which Christianity alone is able to give an answer.'



That answer cannot be given in or from a vacuum. To be able to respond, as we should, to the deepest cries of humankind, Catholics must know who they are, and where they have come from.

In 1989, after eight years of being produced in its present form, *Annals* built up a circulation of 20,000, most of which went to homes around Sydney, and especially in the Eastern Suburbs, though all Australian states were represented in our data base. The response of Australian Catholics to the as-yet limited promotion, was encouraging.

But we needed a circulation of at least 30,000 to be able to survive the crippling, inflationary, costs associated with postage and magazine production.

The 2d issue of 1889 cost only 3d thirty six years later in 1925, 1/- in 1966, 40c [equivalent to 4/-] in 1976, but \$1.00 [equivalent to 10/-] in 1984, and \$2 six years later, in 1990! We have kept the price at \$3 [plus 30c GST] since 1999 when we had to raise the price to \$3, and, in the millennium year 2000, GST was applied.

The problems facing magazines like *Annals*, and indeed every newspaper and journal that cannot afford to be distributed through the newsagents, are enormous. In 1989, to send one bill to 20,000 subscribers cost \$8,200 simply for the postage stamps required! In 2019 it would cost \$20,000. So billing subscribers became a grave financial burden, and other ways had to be found to encourage readers to re-subscribe voluntarily.

Even some Catholic firms hesitated to advertise in Catholic newspapers and journals often for the very good reason that the typographical and journalistic standards are simply not high enough, but sometimes also out of a reluctance to be associated with a religious journal for fear that all religious journals will approach them for advertising!

Fortunately, over the years, *Annals* has been supported by numerous advertisers whose wares and services *Annals* has been happy to recommend to subscribers.

Annals has always found that an unwillingness to compromise in matters of sound typography, enhances the effectiveness of the magazine. We will never forget Hal English, whose superb, I'm tempted to say unique, artistic talent, all self-taught, he shared with us, month after month, from 1981 until his death in 1986. And after Hal, Cliff Baxter, an old newspaperman friend of years ago, introduced us to Kevin Drumm, who became our caricaturist for many years, and died in 2006, and is still much missed. In what now seems the remote past, in the 60s and 70s our then-printers (O'Loughlin Brothers of Lewisham) would regularly win prizes for their printing of *Annals*, at the Sydney Royal Easter Show.

In 1989 I wrote in *Annals*,

What the future holds for *Annals Australasia* remains to be spelled out. However, I am convinced that it continues to have a critical role to play in the growth in cultural self-awareness of Australian Catholics. To have done useful work in the past is, I know, no reason for being confident that a magazine will still flourish in a world that is aeons away from the one into which it was born. But to have helped mould that future world, to have promoted a love of what is true, good and beautiful in our Catholic heritage, carries with it a certain confidence that *Annals* will survive to be read by future generations of Australian Catholics.

Sadly, owing to circumstances touched on above, this will be the final issue of *Annals Australasia*. That she survived into her 130th year is a tribute to all of you, our faithful subscribers, our benefactors, and to members of our MSC Provincial Councils down the years.

In a poem of Dame Mary Gilmore's 'By the Roadside', printed for the first time in *Annals* (December, 1926) we can find a crystallising of the aims of this most Australian of Catholic Magazines:

'Wonder is dead, you say! /
Wonder can never die.
Not while within a shining pool /
A man can see the sky'

It is as a shining pool reflecting the wonders of God and his creation that *Annals* should be remembered. Age could do little to mar the image that it reflects.³

Kensington, NSW,
November 29, 2019



1. Ceased publication in its 126th year, in 2008.
2. Ceased publication aged 104, in 1990.
3. Ceased publication in its 130th year in 2019.



[Kevin Drumm, Whimsy]

Have a look sometime, say, at the pre-war paintings of a less than famous artist like the English painter Eric Ravilious who was killed in the early days of the Second World War. His utter joy in landscape, atmosphere and detail shines through every mark he made.

MY HEARTFELT THANKS TO ANNALS

By Giles Auty



SINCE YOU HAVE possibly been kind enough to read me at least occasionally in *Annals* over the past seventeen or so years, you may well presume I come originally from a background broadly similar to your own. On the other hand – while admittedly coming to Australia from England – the addition of just a single additional ‘r’ to Giles renders my own name wholly French.

Auty is simply the name, in fact, of a village in South West France just a few kilometres North East of the city of Montauban. The latter, in fact, conceals a significant clue: my paternal ancestors hail from one of the two main areas of Protestant resistance in 17th century France – the other being the island of La Rochelle off the country’s West coast.

Auty is thus simply a Huguenot name and all of us Autys were part of a mass exodus from France occasioned by the Revocation of The Edict of Nantes in 1685. In the case of my father’s forebears they fled to West Yorkshire where they were probably partly responsible for setting up the weaving industry – although many Huguenots were also notable silversmiths.

At a drinks party in London about 40 years ago featuring only about 20 people I was appropriately amazed when the man to whom I had just been introduced told me I was the third person called Auty he had met in the past few minutes. The other two males were television directors neither of whom I previously knew.

The name Auty in Britain today is perhaps disproportionately

me a worthwhile scholarship to an Anglican boarding school in another county just a couple of years later. Ten was, in fact, the age at which I effectively left home for good.

What can I tell you about English boarding schools of my day? They were certainly tough being – among other things – a major source of leaders for Britain’s various armed services. In my own case I found the two years of harsh military service which followed school very little worse in fact than the school itself.

In truth when I was posted to the Russian front in Germany at the height of the Cold War the food I experienced there was so much better than at school that I belatedly grew at last to my full adult height. In my holidays from school I first learned the techniques of a professional painter’s studio and also

first realized what I believed nature intended me to be. At school itself I read just about every intellectually challenging book I could find. By the time I left I was surely better versed in English, French and American literature than all but a few boys of similar age today – not least because my school possessed a remarkable library.

At home my father tended to specialize in alternative writers such as those associated with Bloomsbury



Eric Ravilious, Le Havre, France

associated with academia and the arts. My late father, for example, was formerly a senior reader for the Complete Oxford English Dictionary to which he contributed some 26,000 original entries. Neither of my parents were churchgoers but at my father’s possibly wise insistence I began learning Latin at home at the age of eight and my somewhat precocious skills with languages probably played a significant part in securing

or influenced by Marcel Proust. No wonder orthodox religions held little attraction for him.

In the early 1960s I began painting professionally at last after a move to West Cornwall, England's most South Westerly county which boasted an established arts colony then which had few if any international rivals. It was there, in fact, that I first experienced the stirrings of religious faith myself thanks largely to an eccentric older cousin who had been a much-decorated war hero as well as briefly a lay brother in a Catholic monastery.

No doubt after fighting with much valour at Monte Cassino and elsewhere he needed all the spiritual help he could find. Ironically this most warlike of men had the unusual name John Aquila Peace. His father Gordon was Minister of Labour in the last white Raj government in India. How utterly different the world was in which John and I grew up.

By the time I reached my mid-twenties I knew I wanted to paint the extraordinary beauties of the Cornish countryside and sea fairly directly as previous generations of artists living there had often famously done. I was even lucky enough to rent a vast purpose-built studio which was once the property of the late Stanhope Forbes whose largely late 19th century works feature in a number of prominent Australian collections.

In the meantime most of my own artistic contemporaries had retreated altogether from direct renditions of nature while nevertheless living in one of the more beautiful areas of our world. In fact, my depths of disagreement with their standpoint prompted my first published book: *The Art of Self Deception* (Libertarian Books 1977). Intellectual arguments had little choice of means of exposure in those days which possibly prompted a rather greater clarity of thought and expression.

Some years later I joined *The*

Spectator in London for which I then wrote some 500 articles largely on art over the next 11 years. It was in the course of my worldwide travels for that venerable magazine that I first came to Australia to deliver the Jack Manton Memorial Lecture of 1994 at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. The title of my talk there was *The Meaning of Modern* and my basic theme was that the word modern has two distinct meanings: *of the present and recent times* and *new fashioned not antiquated*.

Just consider for a moment the tremendous bias towards modernism generated by preferring the latter meaning to the first, more 'neutral' one which relates simply to period. These have always been precisely the kind of arguments which most intrigue me and are usually intellectual in nature. Today I do not think that many people involved in our culture even understand the vital importance of an intellectual approach. For me an intellectual is someone who can move relatively effortlessly between unrelated disciplines – a most important life skill.

In my talk I stressed that reference to two distinct traditions can and should provide balance to our lives: in short the continuous as well as the radical traditions. Christianity is here self-evidently part of an essential continuity of thought, belief and behaviour which we abandon at our peril.

Annals has often introduced me to superbly thoughtful writers whom I might easily have otherwise missed. Its retiring editor was one of three truly remarkable men who extended the hand of friendship to me when I was still largely a stranger in this country: the others were Frank Devine and the then Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, George Pell. The latter in fact engaged me to commission the making of the bronze of Archbishop Mannix – and later other works – which dignify some of Australia's more notable religious precincts. This was a general area in which I

had gained considerable experience before ever setting foot in Australia – experience which could otherwise easily have been totally wasted.

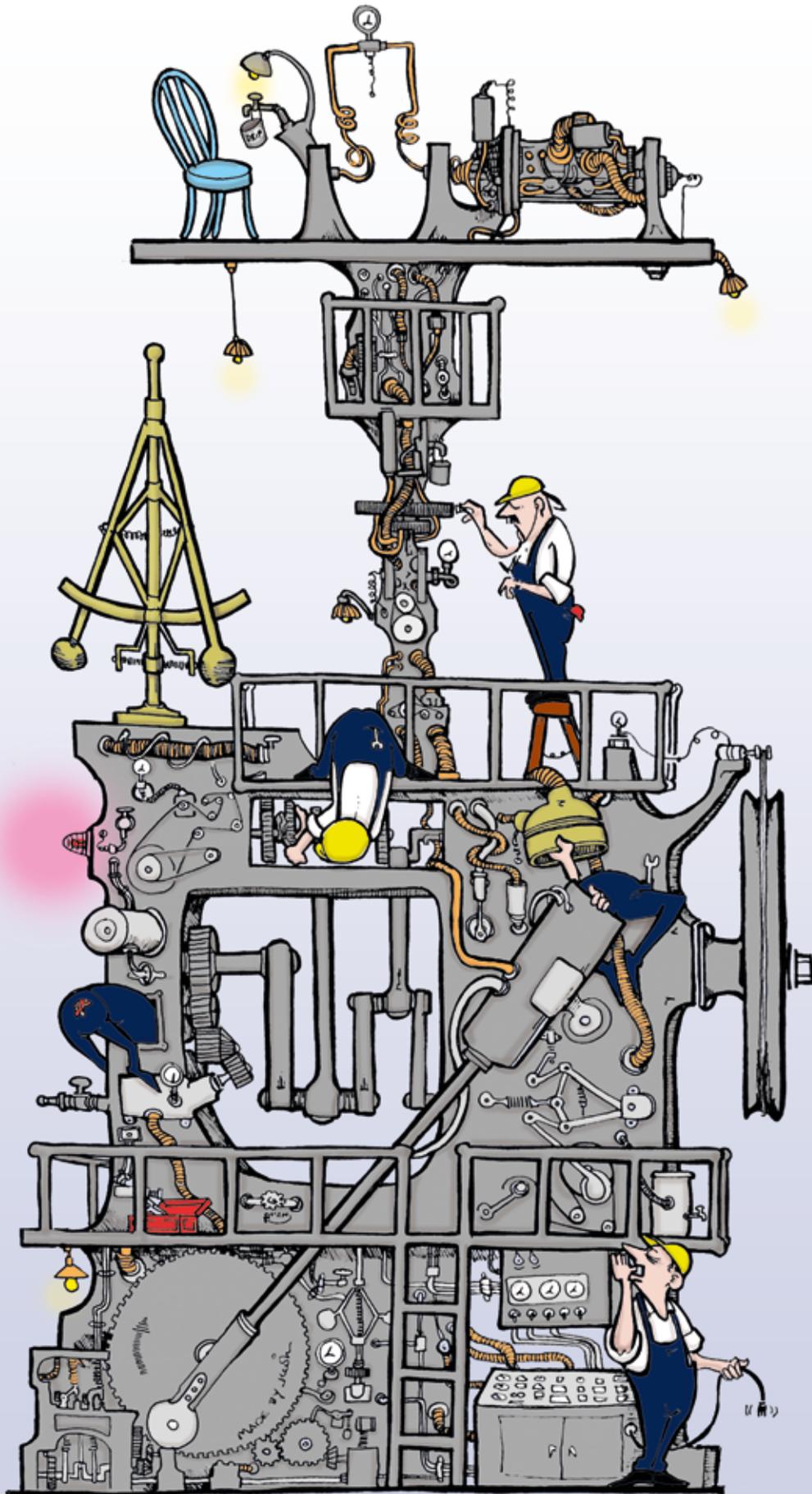
The most damaging assault on our contemporary culture is an attempt to politicize it along post-modernist i.e. neo-Marxist lines. Almost invariably these remove art's most satisfying and inherent reward: the sheer, matchless joy of making. What precisely do I mean by this?

Have a look sometime, say, at the pre-war paintings of a less than famous artist like the English painter Eric Ravilious who was killed in the early days of the Second World War. His utter joy in landscape, atmosphere and detail shines through every mark he made. Who cares what his politics were for his art clearly shows him to have been an extraordinarily nice, gifted and sensitive man. So, too, was his best friend whom I actually did know Edward Bawden who, as a war artist stayed behind to the last moment during the evacuation of Dunkirk at great personal risk drawing almost the very last troops and boats to leave.

I own a wonderful etching by him and took tea with him at the very end of his life accompanied – as a widower – only by his enormous and highly sensitive cat in a house in Essex where he had designed and hand-blocked all the wallpapers.

Such artists connect us with the great truths of life rather than with subsidized, often pretentious rubbish. In my last published anthology *Culture at Crisis Point* (Connor Court 2016) 28 of my 50 essays first appeared in *Annals* illustrating clearly what a kind and important role this magazine has certainly played in my life.

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 has been a regular contributor to *Annals*.



[Kevin Drumm, Whimsy]

The persuasive power, originality, vitality, and lucidity of Chesterton's defence of Christian orthodoxy was, for Knox, a guiding light in a world darkened by Modernism.

THE ORACLE OF OUR YOUTH

RONALD KNOX ON G.K. CHESTERTON

By Charles Fox

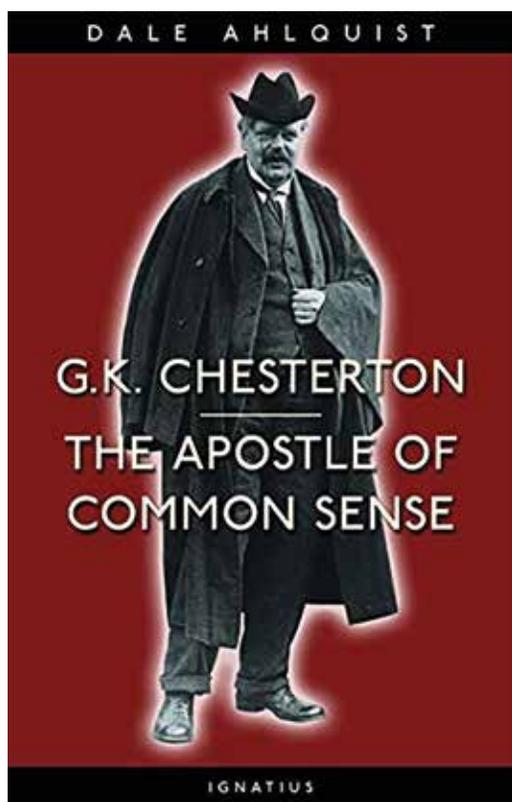


THE HISTORY of the Catholic Church in England during the early-to-middle twentieth century is covered by a fascinating web of interrelationships among prominent converts to the faith. Shared religious, philosophical, and literary interests drew together many of the leading public intellectuals of the age.

One such mutually enriching relationship existed between G.K. Chesterton and Monsignor Ronald Knox (1888-1957). Chesterton and Knox were at the forefront of what has been described as a 'Third Spring' of Catholic intellectual life in England, a period that featured such luminaries as Hilaire Belloc, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Abbot Anscar Vanier, O.S.B., and Evelyn Waugh. Knox, Chesterton, and Belloc have also been referred to as 'three pillars of Catholic wisdom' in the 1930s, 'who together gave their community self-respect, even self-confidence.'

It is not clear exactly when Knox and Chesterton first met. Evelyn Waugh, Knox's first biographer, reports that they had 'met several times on public occasions' by 1922, the year of Chesterton's reception into the Catholic Church. It is certain that long before they met, Knox had looked upon Chesterton as an

intellectual hero. The persuasive power, originality, vitality, and lucidity of Chesterton's defence of Christian orthodoxy was, for Knox, a guiding light in a world darkened by Modernism.



Caption

In a 1940 book dedication to Arnold Lunn, Knox refers to Chesterton as 'the oracle of our youth.' In a letter written to Frances Chesterton in 1936, shortly after her husband's death, Knox referred to Chesterton as 'my idol since I read *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*

as a schoolboy. As Chesterton was nearly fourteen years older than Knox, it was natural that his seniority and brilliance, along with their shared personal qualities and interests, would make him the object of Knox's admiration

As Knox grew into adulthood and began to establish himself as an Anglo-Catholic and later as a Roman Catholic preacher, apologist, and man of letters, it was also natural that the two men would cross paths from time-to-time. The busy work and travel schedules both had established by the time they knew each other prevented them from spending more time together. Also, a significant portion of their correspondence has been lost. The difficulty caused by such demanding schedules became most pointed during the time just prior to Chesterton's reception into the Catholic Church. It was a particularly turbulent period in Chesterton's life, as his father, Edward, died in May 1922, and Chesterton and Frances moved into a new house at Top Meadow in Beaconsfield that summer.

Amid this domestic tumult, Chesterton sought a priest who could instruct him in preparation for his reception into the Catholic Church. He preferred to receive instruction from a priest who was not already a personal friend of his.

At the suggestion of Maurice Baring, a mutual friend of Chesterton's and Knox's who was himself a convert, Chesterton and Knox met and corresponded with each other during this period. At the time, Knox was on the staff of St Edmund's College, Ware. After they met early in 1922, Chesterton wrote to him that the matter of their meeting had 'got into every chink of my thoughts, even the pauses of talk on practical things'. Unfortunately, they were unable to arrange their schedules to allow for Knox to give Chesterton formal instruction.

Nevertheless, Chesterton credited Knox, along with Baring, for giving him the most help during the last stage of his conversion. 'I cannot tell you how much I was pleased and honoured even by the suggestion that you might possibly deal with the instruction yourself,' he wrote to Knox 'It is something that I should value more vividly and personally than I can possibly express.' While Knox was a gifted teacher, Chesterton had long been prepared intellectually for his conversion. What he most needed at that time, one imagines; was the care of a wise and loving pastor.

Chesterton received such care not only from Knox, but later from Father John O'Connor, a West Yorkshire priest and friend of the family. It was Father O'Connor who gave Chesterton his formal instruction and received him into the Church.

Around the time of his reception into the Catholic Church, Chesterton penned a famous quatrain about Knox:

Mary of Holyrood may smile
indeed,
Knowing what grim historic
shade it shocks
To see wit, laughter and the
Popish creed
Cluster and sparkle in the
name of Knox.

Chesterton's words aptly describe the priest whom C. S. Lewis once called, 'possibly the wittiest man in Europe'.

Workplace Conditions in 19th century England

THERE IS no town in the world where the distance between the rich and the poor is so great, or the barrier between them so difficult to be crossed [as Manchester] ... The separation between the different classes, and the consequent ignorance of each other's habits and condition, are far more complete in this place than in any country of the older nations of Europe, or the agricultural portions of our own kingdom. There is far less *personal* communication between the master cotton spinner and his workmen, between the calico printer and his blue-handed boys, between the master tailor and his apprentices, than there is between the Duke of Wellington and the humblest labourer on his estate, or than there *was* between good old George the Third and the meanest errand-boy around his palace.

– Richard Parkinson (1797-1858), *On The Present Condition Of The Labouring Poor In Manchester* (1841). Parkinson was an Anglican clergyman, editor, and poet.

Wit is a quality both Knox and Chesterton had in spades, one that both deployed to great effect in defending the Catholic faith. Graham Greene's description of Chesterton's work fits Knox equally well:

(Chesterton) restated the original thought with the freshness, simplicity, and excitement of discovery: he unearthed the defined from beneath the definitions, and the reader wondered why the definitions had ever been thought necessary.

Chesterton stood alone in conveying the 'excitement of discovery' in his writings, but Knox's works of apologetics, theology, and spirituality also crackle with wit and freshness, simplicity of expression, and the indefinable yet unmistakable authority that accompanies much learning and deep thinking about the highest truths. Both writers had the gift of imbuing ancient doctrines with new life. Here are two passages describing the mystery of the Lord's Resurrection. The first is from *The Everlasting Man*:

On the third day the friends of Christ coming at daybreak to the place found the grave empty and the stone rolled away. In varying

ways they realised the new wonder; but even they hardly realised that the world had died in the night. What they were looking at was the first day of a new creation, with a new heaven and a new earth; and in a semblance of the gardener God walked again in the garden, in the cool not of the evening but the dawn.

The second comes from Knox's *The Creed in Slow Motion*:

Life has triumphed over death in our souls. Grace has been implanted in us, a principle of supernatural life, a seed that sprang from our Lord's tomb. That garden of the Resurrection was the nursery garden of the whole Church. And that's why we must never allow ourselves to grow despondent over our sins, even when we find ourselves falling into them again and again. There is no autumn in your soul; as long as you believe in Jesus Christ and in what his Resurrection has done for you, it is always spring.

Chesterton's influence on Knox is readily apparent. The extent to which this imitation was deliberate hardly matters. What is significant is that Knox's imitation of Chesterton was rooted in his early and ardent admiration for the elder man's writings.

Faith is not a Mood

HE [Hilaire Belloc] did not derive much comfort or consolation from his faith: he simply knew it to be true, and that was that. As he explained in a letter to a friend: 'Praying is not asking but giving. Giving our love to God, asking for nothing in return ... Do you believe in the Incarnation and Redemption in the full historical sense in which you believe in the battle of El Alamein? That's important. Faith is not a mood.' Only his religion could quite ruthlessly put this proud man in his humble place; he realistically accepted that, in a theological perspective, his unique talents, in the end did not amount to much: 'I cannot think of a single Saint who attached much importance to art. The Church and the world need monks and nuns more than they need Writers ... A youth who is inarticulate in conversation may well be eloquent in prayer ... The Church does not exist in order to produce elegant preachers, or artists, or philosophers. It exists to produce Saints.'

— Simon Leys [Pierre Ryckmans] in *The Angel and the Octopus*,
Duffy and Snellgrove, Sydney, 1999, pp.187-188.

Knox's view of Chesterton as a Literary Figure

Knox and Chesterton were both members of the Detection Club, that remarkable gathering of writers who together made up the golden age of detective fiction in twentieth century British literature. Together, they collaborated on the novel *The Floating Admiral* (1931), which included a prologue by Chesterton and a chapter by Knox. Thirteen of the club's members wrote the novel's twelve chapters, each author (or, in one case, pair of authors) making use of the preceding chapters and developing his own solution to the murder for the sake of maintaining authorial discipline.

Yet Knox's admiration for Chesterton's literary work preceded their collaboration by many years. 'To me Chesterton's philosophy, in the broadest sense of that word, has been part of the air I breathed, ever since the age when a man's ideas begin to disentangle themselves from his education,' he wrote. 'His paradoxes have become, as it were, the platitudes of my thought.' He admired Chesterton's youthful spirit for its own sake, but also because the vitality of his writings served as an antidote to Modernism:

In an age which had gone mad over a hundred speculative

fanaticisms, whose prophets had saturated the public with literary cleverness, it was not enough to state the case for sanity in plain terms. You must retort their own methods on the sophists, making truth appear something more dazzling, more daring, more original than error.

Chesterton's conversion was of special interest to Knox. Of *Orthodoxy* (1908), he wrote that it is 'a book which should certainly have been followed by (Chesterton's) immediate reception into the Church, if the gift of faith itself always came with that orientation of the mind which is its natural counterpart.' By his intellectual combat for the Kingdom of God and his personal virtue, Chesterton presented an example for all Catholic authors to imitate 'By us Catholics, who have a long memory, not only for the saints, (Chesterton) will certainly be remembered as a man who fought always on the side of the angels, a great model, to the authors of all time, of two virtues in particular, innocence and humility.'

Knox's View of Chesterton as a Man of Faith

Ronald Knox was often chosen to preach on great occasions, whether for the fiftieth anniversary of Westminster Cathedral, the

patronal feast days of various religious orders, or the Requiem Masses of prominent Catholics. Two of the sermons Knox preached at such Requiem Masses were panegyrics for G K Chesterton in 1936 and Hilaire Belloc in 1953. Knox preached at Chesterton's Requiem Mass at Westminster Cathedral on June 27, 1936. He made clear at the outset of his sermon that he would for the most part be leaving aside Chesterton's literary achievements:

Whether he was a great author, whether he was a true prophet, does not concern him now—he lies deaf to the world's praise and secure from its catastrophes—nor does it concern us here. The most important thing about Chesterton, he would have been the first to say it, the most distinctive quality in Chesterton was a quality he shared with some three hundred million of his fellow men. He was a Catholic.

For the record, Knox left no doubt that Chesterton was a 'great author' and a 'true prophet'. But it was Chesterton's *faith* that occupied the lion's share of Knox's sermon. And these were reflections upon no mere trifles of devotion or charity: 'Chesterton moved, though with the personal simplicity of a child, in a world of apocalyptic images; he saw his religion everywhere; it mattered furiously to him.'

No doubt Knox viewed Chesterton as a critical instrument by which God sought to draw the people of England back to himself. He presented him as a champion for orthodoxy against evolutionary materialism, religious cynicism, and positivism. He was a man 'plainly on the side of the angels.' Interestingly, and somewhat sadly, Knox speculated that Chesterton's defence of orthodoxy would have borne even greater fruit had not World War I wiped out a generation of Chesterton's admirers and intellectual disciples.

Indeed, given his influence on so many conversions, Chesterton's own reception into the Catholic Church seemed long-delayed in the eyes of

those who recognised the faith in him at least since the publication of *Orthodoxy* in 1908. Delayed conversion was a familiar theme for Knox 'To this day I am not certain that I should not have become a Catholic earlier if Catholicism 'were not so glaringly obvious.'

What caused the change in Chesterton's position, from defending orthodoxy to a personal embrace of the Catholic faith? For Knox, such a question is almost impossible to answer: 'I never knew yet a convert who could give a precise answer to that question. To give a precise answer we should have to understand, as we shall never understand it here, the economy of God's grace.' Yet Knox does attempt some sort of explanation:

He had the artist's eye which could suddenly see in some quite familiar object a new value; he had the poet's intuition which could suddenly detect, in the tritest of phrases, a wealth of new meanings and possibilities. The most salient quality, I think, of his writing is this gift of illuminating the ordinary, of finding in something trivial a type of the eternal...If you look at a thing nine hundred and ninety-nine times, you are perfectly safe; if you look at it for the thousandth time, you are in frightful danger of seeing it for the first time. That was all that happened when Chesterton was converted. He had looked for the thousandth time at the Catholic faith and for the first time he saw it.

Knox also used the timing of Chesterton's conversion as a source of consolation and hope for those in attendance at his Requiem Mass. Whatever the length of the journey to the Catholic Church, the fruit of that journey was a man whose holiness exceeded in power all of his considerable literary output. Chesterton's friends found in him 'a living example of charity, of chivalry, of unbelievable humility which will remain with them, perhaps, as a more effective document of Catholic verity than any word even he wrote.'

Conclusion

In 1923, Hilaire Belloc, who at the time did not know Knox very well, nevertheless wrote him a letter filled with an urgent plea to take a more prominent role in promoting the Catholic faith in England. Belloc wrote when Knox would soon become chaplain to the Catholic students of Oxford University. Although he is writing to Knox, there is no doubt that Belloc would have attributed the same virtues and vocation to Chesterton:

Half a dozen talents change the whole of Society – but used at pressure and in the open. It is the unseen force of many prayers, and, more, of accepted sufferings, which furnishes the power: but the power must be exercised by an active and continuous direct and open appeal. You can give this. I do think that now, in your maturity, it would be of decisive effect, and that all occupation uncongenial to that principal affair may well be—or rather ought to be abandoned. It is a waste.

Être Catholique, c'est tout. To remake Europe is our intense and urgent call. Of the higher things I know nothing. I was not called to them. But I know that: and I know that very few men can so act anywhere in England but a dozen, and that you are one of them.

Chesterton began as Knox's intellectual hero, later sought Knox's counsel during the time leading-up to his conversion, and the two remained friends until Chesterton's death. The theological and literary work of each resembled that of the other in both substance and style. Chesterton's work enjoys a continuing popularity and influence unsurpassed among English Catholic authors of the twentieth century, but both Chesterton and Knox belong to the top-tier of Catholic apologists and spiritual writers of the last one hundred years.

CHARLES D. FOX is priest and assistant professor of theology at Sacred Heart Major Seminary, Detroit. He holds an S.T.D. in dogmatic theology from the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas (Angelicum), Rome. Reprinted with permission from *The Chesterton Review*, vol.xlv, Spring/Summer 2019.

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Give yourself
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Come and join me on my
Coral Island paradise,
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and lies of City Life

[Kevin Drumm, Whimsy]

There were many other magazines established in Australia in the nineteenth century, but none survived as long as the *The Australasian*, *The Australian Journal*, *The Bulletin*, *Freeman's Journal* and *Annals Australasia*.

AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES

By Michael Wilding



ONE HUNDRED and thirty years is a marvellous age for a magazine. *Annals Australasia* is one of a select few in Australia that have had such a sustained existence. The earliest to be established and the longest lived of all, *The Freeman's Journal*, was established in Sydney in 1850, modelled on the Dublin Catholic weekly of the same name. Henry Kendall was a frequent contributor in the 1870s. In 1932 it renamed itself the *Catholic Freeman's Journal*, in 1942 it became the *Catholic Weekly*, and it is still published. The National Library of Australia's Trove project has digitized its issues from 1850-1932 and made them available on-line.

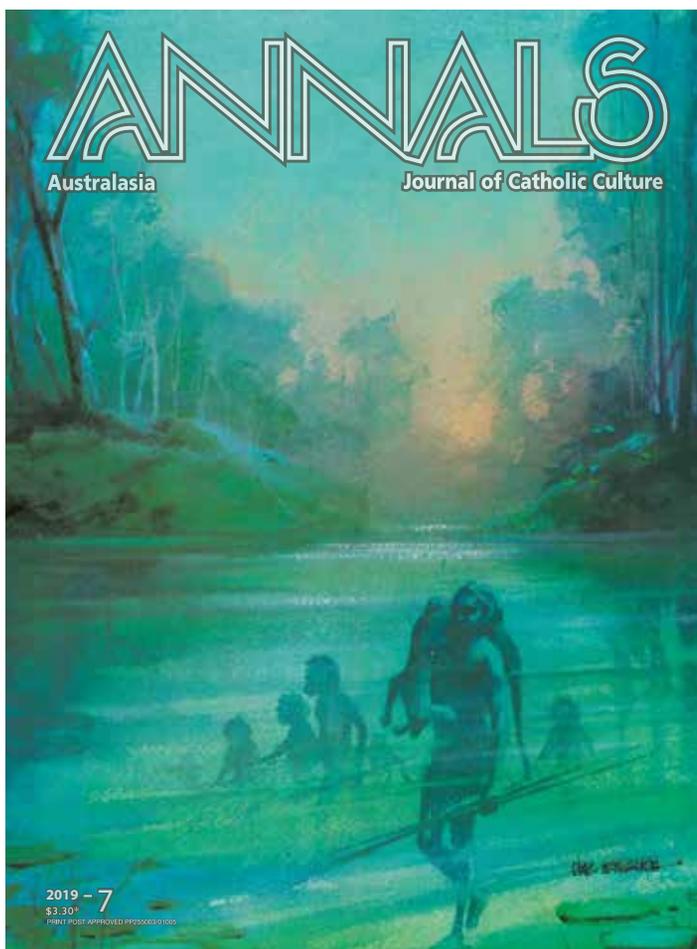
Of the magazines begun in nineteenth century Australia, one of the most significant was *The Australasian*, also available on Trove. It was launched on 1 October 1864, as a weekly companion to *The Argus*, the Melbourne daily newspaper that ran

from 1849 to 1957. *The Argus* originally had liberal sympathies, but after the Eureka uprising it became the conservative paper associated with the squatters' interests. The more progressive *Age* also established a weekly companion, *The Leader*. Alexander Sutherland noted in *Victoria and its Metropolis* that *The Australasian* 'made itself more distinctly a literary organ

than *The Leader*, and soon attained an acknowledged position as the chief literary authority in Australia, occupying in regard to the colonies somewhat the same position as that occupied by the *Spectator* and *Athenæum* in England.'

Adam Lindsay Gordon with poems and racing reports and Father Julian Tenison Woods with articles on the flora and geology of Australia became regular contributors to *The Australasian*. Henry Kendall and Marcus Clarke soon joined them. Clarke's regular column, 'The Peripatetic Philosopher' established his journalistic reputation and a selection from it became his first book. His historical essays on the convict system first appeared in *The Australasian* before being collected as *Old Tales of a Young Country*, and the stories in his two collections, *Holiday Peak* and *Four Stories High*, were similarly collected from the magazine.

The Australasian continued publication until 1946, when it was reconstituted as *The Australasian Post*. The *Post* was a more downmarket, popular magazine, but it revived something of its literary heritage in



the 1990s with the appointment as fiction editor of the novelist Carmel Bird who made a point of publishing quality short stories. It was revamped again as *Aussie Post* in 1997, but ceased publication 2 February 2002 after a run of 138 years.

A year after *The Australasian* had been founded the Melbourne printers Clarson and Massina launched *The Australian Journal* in September 1865. In March 1869 it changed from a threepenny weekly to a shilling monthly. Then as now the postage of magazines to subscribers was a major, and often crippling, expense. *The Australian Journal* began including a selection of news items to qualify for the cheaper newspaper postage rate. It announced: 'the postage of a monthly part of the *Australian Journal* is two-pence, whilst the very same sheets, by being forwarded weekly, would be charged eight-pence postage.'

'All contributions will be treated as voluntary, and inserted or rejected according to their general suitability,' the *Australian Journal* used to announce. Later it declared: 'Our paid staff being complete, no payment whatever will be made for any contributions sent in. Contributors will please bear this in mind.' Nonetheless, some writers were paid if the publishers felt that their contributions would attract a readership. One of these was Marcus Clarke. 25 February 1870 *The Argus* reported: 'We understand that the proprietors of the *Australian Journal* have purchased from Mr Marcus Clarke, the author of *Long Odds*, a new novel, entitled *His Natural Life*, for publication in that periodical. *His Natural Life* is a colonial story, and is intended, we believe, to illustrate the evils of the old transportation system.'

A. H. Massina recalled in the *Melbourne Herald*, 2 March 1909: 'Now Clarke was going to write that story in twelve monthly sections. At first he wrote enough for two months, then enough for one month, and got down to very



little. In fact we had once to put it in pica type, instead of brevier to swell out the size of that month's contribution. But on one occasion he had nothing ready and we had to go to press with an apology to our readers. Finally we had to lock him in a room to get his matter written.' And so *His Natural Life* came into being, ultimately running for twenty-seven episodes, instead of the originally agreed upon twelve.

Clarke not only contributed to the *Journal*, he also for a while edited it. Massina recalled the circumstances: 'On one occasion we determined to improve the *Australian Journal*. We hit upon Marcus Clarke to give the "boost" we had in mind. He ran it for a month, during which time the circulation dropped from 12,000 to 4,000. If we had run it for another month it would have been dead.' A decline of 8000 copies in a month seems in excess of anything even Clarke could have achieved. Possibly it is a mistake for a year. Or even eighteen months. By which time Clarke had surrendered the editorship. But that was all in the future. In which the *Australian Journal* continued, surviving until April 1962. It was, Ronald Campbell noted in *The First Ninety Years: The Printing House of Massina*, 'the oldest monthly publication in Australia, and one of the oldest in the world. In the British Empire, only *Chambers' Journal* and *Blackwood's* have had a longer continuous existence.'

The Melbourne magazines *The Australasian* and *The Australian Journal* were a seedbed of Australian literature, and their

existence helped establish the foundations of a lively culture. But they have been forgotten in comparison with *The Bulletin*, launched in Sydney in June 1880. It was an immediate success. It was soon selling 20,000 copies a week, 40,000 by 1883, and 82,000 three years later. *The Bulletin's* editor J. F. Archibald and its literary editor A. G. Stephens, began publishing exciting new Australian writing by Henry Lawson, A. B. Paterson, Steele Rudd, Miles Franklin, Barbara Baynton, Mary Gilmore, John Farrell, Louis Becke, Louise Mack, Ethel Turner and C. J. Dennis, together with lively cartoons from the likes of Phil May, David Low and Norman Lindsay, whose memoir, *Bohemians of the Bulletin*, helped establish its mythic reputation. Patricia Rolfe records its history in *The Journalistic Javelin*. Arguably, *The Bulletin's* significance was over by the end of the First World War. It survived on its reputation but never regained that initial identity, despite a number of distinguished literary editors like Douglas Stewart and Charles Higham and the quarterly *Bulletin Literary Supplement* that Geoffrey Dutton introduced in the 1980s. The closure of the *Bulletin* on Australia Day 2008 after 128 years of publication came as no surprise. The surprise is that it had lasted for so long. As Peter Coleman, a former editor, put it, 'The old *Bulletin* died decades ago.'

There were many other magazines established in Australia in the nineteenth century, but none survived as long as the *The Australasian*, *The Australian Journal*, *The Bulletin*, *Freeman's Journal* and *Annals Australasia*. In September 1865 the printer W. H. Williams had founded the *Australian Monthly Magazine*. Marcus Clarke's first published story, 'The Mantuan Apothecary' appeared in it in March 1866. It involved those alchemical themes that had fascinated Clarke and his school friend Gerard Manley Hopkins. In 1867 Williams sold the magazine to Clarson,

Massina & Company, who changed its name to the *Colonial Monthly*, to distinguish it from their *Australian Journal* and within three months sold it again. Clarke wrote in his Peripatetic Philosopher column in *The Australasian*, 22 February 1868: 'It is reported that ... the *Colonial Monthly* has changed hands, and will be brought out next month in an enlarged form and under new editorship ... I wish the spirited individual who has taken the thing in hand all the success he deserves.' Clarke was the spirited individual. He was twenty-two. He ran it for eighteen months, before selling it to J. J. Shillinglaw, who kept it going until it folded in January 1870. It had a splendid array of contributors that included Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Kendall, George Gordon McCrae, Father Tenison Woods, Richard Hengist Horne, Henry Gyles Turner, James Smith, J. E. Neild and Thomas Carrington, but the venture proved financially disastrous. In his affidavit of January 1875, when he went into voluntary insolvency, Clarke declared: 'In the year 1868 I in conjunction with some others started in Melbourne a magazine called the *Colonial Monthly*, and spent more than one thousand pounds in endeavouring to establish it; and in consequence of my partners not paying their share the whole of the expense fell upon me and I had to borrow at heavy interest to meet it. And I received no remuneration from the said publication.'

In Adelaide Father Julian Tenison Woods was similarly plunged into financial disaster when *The Southern Cross*, the monthly religious magazine started in 1867, ceased publication in 1870, leaving him responsible for its debts. Daniel Deniehy had earlier established a journal of the same name in October 1859. Henry Kendall recalled that it was 'contributed to by some of the most brilliant men of letters we have ever had on this side of the equator.' It survived less than a year.

In Sydney Frank Fowler established *The Month* in July 1857. When Fowler departed for England to escape his creditors Joseph Sheridan Moore edited it until it folded in December 1858. He had previously edited *The Freeman's Journal* in 1856-7, and later helped found the *Sydney University Magazine* and *University Review*. And then there was Louisa Lawson's pioneering women's magazine, *The Dawn* (1888-1905), which Henry Lawson helped print on the press of another defunct magazine, *The Republican*.

The nearest Sydney equivalent to the *Australasian* was *The Town and Country Journal* established by Samuel Bennett in 1870 – the *Down and Guntree Journal* John Farrell called it. A thirty-two page weekly, it provided a regular outlet for local writers, and was well-known for its serial fiction, which included Rolf Boldrewood's early novels and Charles Dickens' *Edwin Drood*. In direct competition was *The Sydney Mail*, the weekly companion to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. In Brisbane there was the *Boomerang* launched by William Lane in 1887, sold to Gresley Lukin in 1890, and closed down in 1892. In 1890 Lane became foundation editor of *The Worker*, which with trade union backing survived until 1950. Then there were the satiric magazines – the *Melbourne Punch* (1855-1925), the *Sydney Punch* (1864-88) and the *Adelaide Punch* (1878-1884), and the short-lived *Humbug* and *Touchstone* (1869-70).

There was no shortage of magazines starting up in the nineteenth century – nor indeed in the twentieth century. Lurline Stuart's bibliographies *Australian Periodicals* and *Australian Periodicals with Literary Content 1821-1925* provide an invaluable guide. Few survived as long as *Annals Australasia*.

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SAINT LUKE



'St Luke wrote for the Greeks'

— St Gregory of Nazianzus, 329-389 AD

'In the centre, round the throne itself were four living creatures ... the third had a human face' See St John's *Apocalypse*, 4,6-7.

ST LUKE is represented with an ox because his is the Gospel of the priesthood of Jesus, and the ox or young calf was an emblem of sacrifice among the Hebrews. It is a universal symbol of suffering, submissiveness, self-sacrifice, patience and labour. The ox became a symbol of our Lord's suffering and death on the Cross, and is winged to indicate that the message it bears comes from heaven.



GOD: THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS

WHILE WE are still in this world, let us always be learning to repent. We are like clay in the hands of the craftsman and just as a potter shapes and reshapes a vessel he is making if it gets misshapen or broken, but does not occupy himself with it any more once he has put it in the kiln, so it is with us. While we are in this world, we must take every opportunity of repentance for our sins. Our salvation depends on it. Once we have left the world, it is no longer possible to confess one's sins or be sorry for them.

Brethren, if we do the Father's will and lead chaste lives and keep the Lord's commands, then eternal life will be ours. The Lord says in the gospel: 'If you did not look after a small thing, who will put you in charge of a big one? For I tell you that he who is faithful in small things, will be faithful in big things also.' He says to us then, Lead a chaste life and keep the seal of your baptism without blemish, and you will receive the gift of life.

And let none of you say that this flesh does not rise again for judgment. I ask you, in what circumstances did you receive sight and salvation except in the days of this flesh? We must guard our flesh then as God's temple. As you were called in the flesh, so your coming to judgment will be in the flesh. Christ the Lord who saved us was first of all spirit and then became flesh and called us in the flesh. And so we shall receive our reward in the flesh.

Let us love one another then so that all of us may reach the kingdom of God. While there is still time and opportunity for a cure, let us put ourselves in the hands of God, our physician, and acknowledge his care for us. How shall we acknowledge It? – by repentance from a sincere heart. Nothing escapes his watchful eye and he can search our hearts. Let us praise him then not only with our lips but from the heart so that he may give us a father's welcome. As the Lord said: 'These are my brothers who do the will of my Father.'

– THE NAME OF THE AUTHOR of this excerpt from the homily usually referred to as *Second Clement to the Corinthians* [viii,1-ix,11], has been lost to us. Traditionally it has always been linked with the famous Letter of Pope Clement of Rome written around AD 96 to resolve dissensions that had broken out among the Christians of Corinth, and calling for the reinstatement of some priests. There are good reasons for thinking that this homily was written by one such priest, and that it was written before AD 96 and thus antedates the letter of Pope Clement with which it is always associated. From *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Saturday in Week 32 of the Year.



*The Fate of Six Hundred-and-Sixteen Families upon which the
Curse of the Pillaged English Monasteries Fell [Part III]*

THE DIRE FATE OF THE PILLAGERS

By Paul Stenhouse



SIX HUNDRED YEARS before Henry VIII plundered the Monasteries and Abbeys of England and Ireland, a hermit named

Egelredus predicted that dire calamities would fall on the realm as a result of 'the effusion of blood, drunkenness, and contempt for the House of God'.

Sir Henry Spelman, writing in 1632 as one whose family had been involved in the carve up of the monastic lands and possessions, noted what he took to be a confirmation of his conviction that a curse lay on all who participated in sacrilegiously usurping God's rights and abusing places and persons consecrated to Him.

Madness and Evil Rampant

With the exception of some small sums paid for educational purposes at Oxford and Cambridge, and for the establishments of six new bishoprics created out of the ruins of monastic houses at Westminster, Oxford, Chester, Gloucester, Bristol and Peterborough, the whole sum realised by the plundering of the monasteries, acknowledged

officially in the Rolls of the Treasurer of the Augmentation, as amounting to £1,423,500.

This was a fortune unimaginable in those times, and does not include the worth of vestments and the countless precious stones and jewels taken from all the monasteries and Churches of England and largely unaccounted for, and spent for private and secular purposes.

Contemporary writers describe how Henry 'gave a religious house

being at Dice, played Sir Miles Partridge for Jesus's bells, hanging in a steeple not far from St Pauls in London, and as great and tuneable as any in the city, and lost them at a cast.' Partridge was afterwards hanged.

£64,000 went for coast fortifications, £28,000 for naval matters, £137,000 for foreign wars, the defence of Calais, and around £500,000 on the military, one half of that sum for the purchase and manufacture of guns to which also the metal of a large number of the monastery bells was devoted.

Of the remainder, large sums were spent on royal palaces, enclosing royal parks and purchasing land, and £274,086, 19s 3/4d was given as cash to the king.

The fate of the homeless monks, friars and nuns

The Superiors of monasteries and abbeys who agreed to their dissolution, generally appeared to have received a small pension, but most of the religious received little or no support from the Crown after their homes were taken from them.

Some of the estimated 8,000 monks and nuns found their way abroad, like an old monk of Westminster named Henry Stils who had been born blind. After wandering the continent he



to Mistress ... for presenting him with a dish of puddings which pleased his palate.' Another writer (BM. Arund. Ms 151 f.387) describes how a cook who pleased the king with a well-cooked suckling pig had as his reward 'the college of St Edmund, Salisbury, with certain rectories.'

In the same way, Fuller who was the king's agent for Yorkshire in this matter, describes how Henry, 'once,

reached the Abbey of St Ghislain in Belgium. On May 18, 1579 he visited the new seminary at Douai in company with Dr Allen, its founder and on October 17, 1588 he died at St Ghislain where, as the annals of the Abbey relate, 'he had a long time before taken refuge from the religious troubles in England, and the persecutions of Catholics and above all of the religious, a great number of whom came to seek asylum in the Low Countries.'

He had been brought over from London by a youth who remained with him until his death.

Dame Isabel Whitehead had been a nun at the convent of Arthington, in Yorkshire, until it was suppressed. A contemporary account describes her end: 'She lived with Lady Midleton, at Stuborn or Stokell (Stockeld) until she died; and then wandering up and down doing charitable work till she stayed with a Mrs Ardington. She became ill, and whilst in that state the house was searched at Michelmas 1587 for Catholics. The officers took Mrs Ardington and her daughter and also entered the place where Dame Isabel Whitehead, a nun, lay sick in her bed. They did stand over her with their naked swords and rapiers and did threaten to kill her unless she would tell them where David Ingleby and Mr Winsour were. She was carried away to York Castle and died in the following March, and was buried under the castle walls.'

The Fate of the Church-Robbers' Heirs

There is no space to describe even briefly the misfortunes of all the lay possessors of the monastic lands and properties. We can only detail a selection of the material collected by Sir Henry Spelman, and later editors of his work:

Shouldham Abbey, Norfolk: It became the property of Sir Francis Gaudy. He died without issue from a stroke.

Crayland Abbey, Lincolnshire: Owned by Edward Lord Clinton.

Extinct in the male line. St John's Abbey, Colchester. Thomas Lord Darcy: Family extinct.

Castle-Acre Abbey, Norfolk: Sir Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter owned it. His family is extinct in the male line.

Waltham Abbey: Sir Antony Denny. Family extinct.

St Edmonds Bury: John Eyre. Died childless.

Massingham Abbey: Sir Thomas Gresham owned it. He died without male issue. His daughter's son Thomas died without issue. Her other son Francis lived much of his life in gaol and seems to have died there. Her daughter died without male issue. Her daughter's daughter Jane married Sir William Whitpel, and was mad. Her other granddaughter, Elizabeth, married Lord Barkley and also was mad.

Flitcham Abbey: Sir Thomas Hollis got it, but lost it as payment for debt. It came into the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded by Elizabeth and it passed to the Crown.

Cosford Abbey: The Duke of Norfolk took it. Beheaded 1572 by Elizabeth.

Burnham Abbey: Owned by the Southwells of St Faiths. Now extinct.

Mareham Abbey: Owned by Sir Nicholas Hare. Family extinct.

Monastery of the Black Nuns of St Gregory, Thetford: Belonged first to the Duke of Norfolk, beheaded by Elizabeth. Then it passed to Sir Richard Fulmerstone who died without male issue. It passed through his daughter to Sir Edward Clark whose family is now extinct. Clark was a notorious hunter after Church lands and goods. Spelman says of him: 'sewing these unfortunate pieces of new-gotten cloth into the garment of his old inheritance, the new hath not only rent away the old garment, but the family itself which it served.'

Shrewsbury Benedictine Abbey: Thomas Forster. No trace of him can be found. The next grantee was Edward Watson-family extinct.

Evesham Benedictine Abbey: Philip Hobey. Family extinct. The

family of Sir Thomas Hobey his half-brother whom he made his heir, is also extinct.

Selby Benedictine Abbey: Sir Ralph Sadler. Family extinct in the direct line.

St Alban's Benedictine Abbey: Sir Richard Lee, received as a reward for his wife's adultery with Henry VIII. Died childless.

Abingdon Benedictine Abbey: Cirencester Augustinian Abbey: Winchelcombe Benedictine Abbey: Lord Seymour of Sudeley, beheaded 1549.

Glastonbury Benedictine Abbey: Reading Benedictine Abbey: Edward, Duke of Somerset. Beheaded 1549.

St Mary's Benedictine Abbey, York: Thomas Lord Wriothesley: family now extinct.

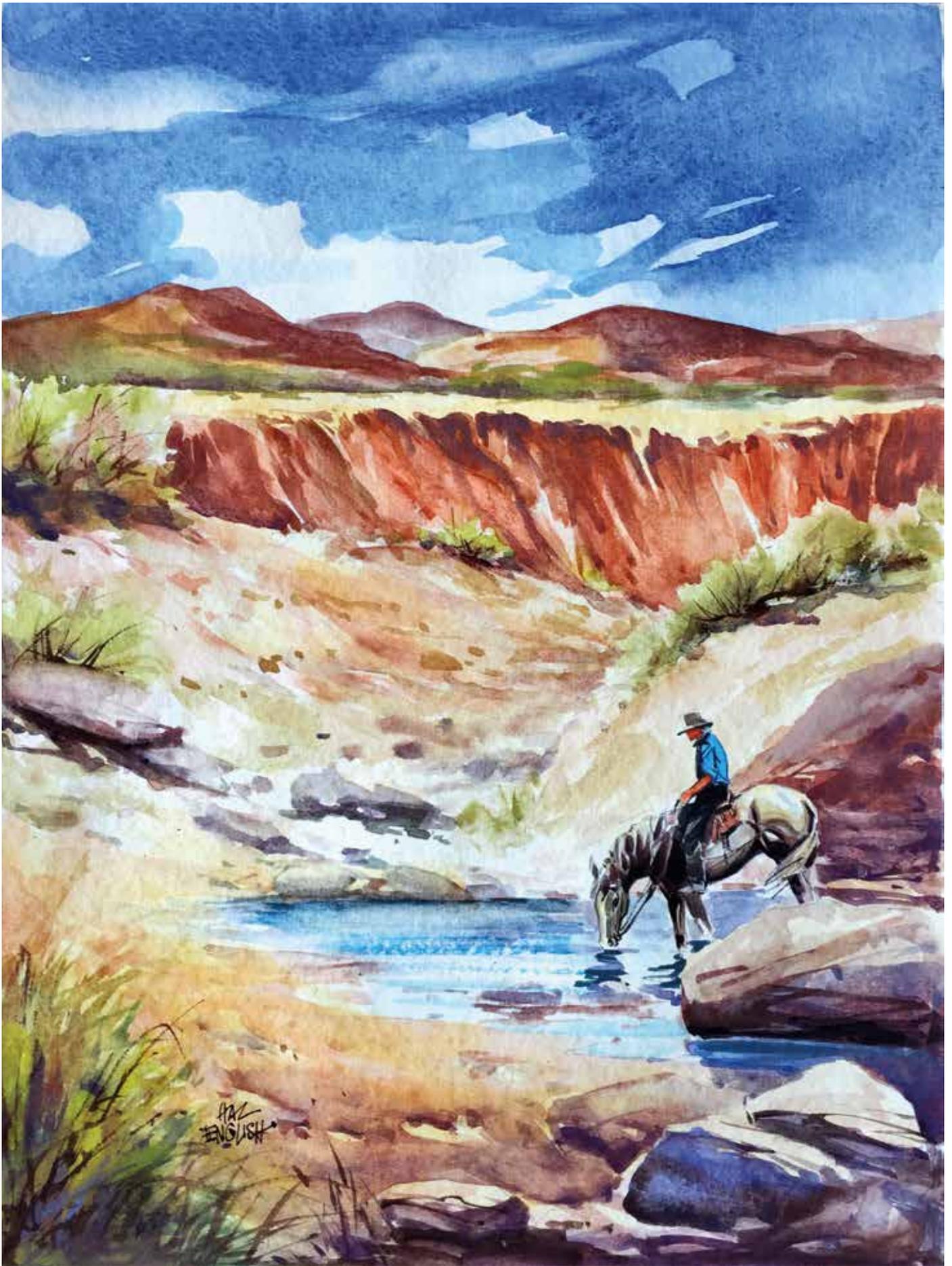
Fourteen out of six-hundred-and-thirty

Of the six hundred and thirty families that were granted or sold Church lands in the time of Henry VIII, only fourteen were not extinct at the time the revised edition of Spelman's work was published in 1895.

Dean Boys of Canterbury, a fulsome supporter of Elizabeth I, still could proclaim: 'Read the Chronicles, examine Histories and show me one Church-Robber's heir that thrived into the third generation?'

Of the 43 noble families implicated with the king at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, 32 are now extinct, of which 15 had become extinct within fifty years. Members of the 9 families that are not extinct have been plagued by misfortunes too numerous to list here, and cannot be said to have 'thrived,' to use Dean Boys's term.

Interested readers are directed to the original work by Sir Henry Spelman, written in 1632, printed in London in 1698 entitled: *The History and Fate of Sacrilege*. Our edition, printed in 1895, has been brought up to date by successive non-Catholic editors.



[Hal English, The Water Soak]
ANNALS AUSTRALASIA 27 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2019

Even in the poorest areas, roads, airports and wireless communication in China are superior to those in the USA. ... a higher percentage of Chinese than Americans own their own homes.

CHINA: WHAT NEXT?

Some reflections on 'China's Crisis of Success,' by William H. Overholt

By Demos



CHINA IS AUSTRALIA'S largest trading partner while the United States is our most important ally, guarantor of our safety. This is

likely to become an increasingly delicate, if not difficult, position for Australia in the decades to come.

I am not claiming that China's spectacular rise will inevitably continue; we used to talk about Japan in those terms thirty years ago. But China will continue to be important for us economically and politically.

Trump's anti-Chinese rhetoric, his tariff wars, are not just representative of his constituency. The entire USA establishment has decided that China needs to be resisted. I believe this is a good development. And I do not believe the USA will withdraw from the Pacific or cease soon to be the world's greatest military power.

These developments mean, however, that the centre of the

world has shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, that the world has become more dangerous, that Australians need to know much more about China and not just from the Chinese government-sponsored Confucius Institutes in their universities.

have become well off by Western standards.

Ten million Chinese migrate each year from the countryside into the cities and therefore into the economy, which needs to keep growing to absorb them.

Not surprisingly population movements are strictly controlled by the government.

In the last fifty years average longevity in China has risen from the low 40s to mid 70s, an achievement unprecedented in human history. Another quirky statistic shows that the Communist party in China has more members than the population of Germany.

It is difficult to overestimate the

lows as well as the highs experienced in China since Mao defeated Chiang Kai-shek in 1949.

As late as 1982 when William Overholt was in north-east China, one-pants families still existed, where the man wore the pants to work in the fields and then gave them to his wife as she went out on her errands.

Twenty years earlier, in the early 60s, 30 million Chinese



Beautiful, Mysterious Guilin, in Southern China

Huge and different

The population of China is around 1,400,000,000 people, compared to our 25 million in Australia. China has 33 million more men than women, due to their one child policy which has now been abandoned. China will soon follow Japan and Europe into population decline, before most of the Chinese

had starved to death in the crazy Great Leap Forward, 1958 to 1961, to be followed by the chaos and barbarism of Mao's Cultural Revolution.

By then, the whole society was exhausted and disgusted, and was open for Deng's reforms. Mao had executed 600,000 Chinese.

One hundred million jobs were created, once again a feat unequalled in history, and the countryside benefited also, so that in 2001 rural production by small and medium size companies was 140 times the value for 1978.

Overholt's claims demonstrate how the world has changed. Even in the poorest areas, roads, airports and wireless communication in China are superior to those in the USA. Privatisers are reluctant to provide infrastructure – the returns are too slow to arrive – which is one reason for the deterioration in the USA.

I was not too surprised to read that the number of Chinese who own homes is almost twice the number of Indians with access to a toilet, but it was completely unexpected to learn that a higher percentage of Chinese than Americans own their own homes, while recognising the lower Chinese living standards.

Even now China is not heaven on earth, even economically. Around the world globalisation hastens the market changes as competitors jostle for advantage. As Chinese wages rose and factories moved out to Vietnam, Bangladesh and Africa, the Chinese government supervised the elimination of 45 million jobs over ten years in the large SOE (State-Owned Enterprises), something which a population in any free society would not tolerate.

In 1993, official statistics showed 8,700 mass incidents, protests or demonstrations, involving more than 100 people. In 2010, 180,000 mass incidents were listed and the statistics are now no longer published. Social unrest is significant, and some claim that half

Appeals for nullity in the Sixteenth century

IT WAS NOT, indeed, that the ecclesiastical courts by which such cases were settled were corrupt. We have no reason to believe that such courts were influenced by the political motives which influenced the parties. On the evidence brought before them they doubtless administered justice according to ecclesiastical law, finding that this or that marriage, celebrated before the Church, was really void *ab initio* owing to some long-concealed impediment. But it was too easy [for the plaintiffs] to dress up cases and intimidate women to give away their rights.

– James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England, An Historical Survey*, Macmillan and Co, Ltd, 4 vols, London 1908, vol.1, p 381.
James Gairdner was not a Catholic.

the Chinese army is primarily used to impose internal controls.

China has formidable challenges and great strengths, not least in the competence of their performance-orientated leaders, civil servants and managers. Their civil service which was introduced around 200 BC, before any Roman equivalent, is still influenced by Confucian ideals and respect for learning, one of the mainstays of their prosperity.

Neither Bush Jnr nor Obama, nor indeed J.F. Kennedy, would have been eligible to lead China because of their inexperience. Competence, guaranteed by examinations and operational success is usually the criterion for promotion. Huge bonuses are not awarded after huge losses. Patronage is real, like corruption, but they build on the foundations of achievement.

The Present Crisis

China is not about to go over the edge, not about to implode or explode, but the pressures are formidable.

Prosperity has risen in China because wages have increased. Hence the flight of manufacturing jobs overseas. It is one price of success. Gains are never permanent nor complete. Hence the elimination of 45 million Chinese jobs in ten years.

The memories of the terrible times under Mao are fading, and some of the fears of failure which spur people to make sacrifices. Hundreds of millions now enjoy a much better way of life, with a higher level of education, and expect this to continue and improve. The 300 million plus in the country areas who are outside the economy are pushing to the cities when they can, anxious to join, and obtain paying jobs. Pride in achievement, even hubris, has replaced fear, so the government is under constant political pressure to continue and enhance the economic miracles.

China has suffered badly in the global financial crisis, especially in the cities along the coast where millions had to return to their villages. To answer the challenge, the government went on a prodigious spending binge which dwarfed Kevin Rudd's school building program, and those of any other country.

Billions, perhaps one trillion, of yuan, was spent, often on unproductive excess, but it provided jobs and stabilised the situation. The engineers then running China abandoned caution, and many visitors spoke of empty office and apartment blocks and even of ghost towns, entire centres or suburbs unused and uninhabited. The result is that China's total debt is now 250% of their gross domestic product. This is not life threatening, but it means China has less scope to confront any future crisis and less room to move in any tariff or trade war with the USA.

A priest friend of mine was in China recently for a week and never saw the sun because of industrial and urban smog. Chinese environmental problems dwarf anything in the Western world

THE SEVEN GREAT 'O' ANTIPHONS

CHRISTMAS was a feast much beloved of our Catholic forebears. It heralds salvation for mankind, and gives meaning finally to tenderness as well as suffering. Among many pre-reformation Catholic writers, Wulfstan the anglo-saxon Benedictine monk who was Archbishop of York and died in 1023 A.D. expresses the wonder of Christmas, and the Incarnation: 'Christ made himself wonderfully humble ... when he was a child they fed him just as other children are fed. He lay wrapped, in a cradle, just as other children do, and they carried him until he could walk . . . The Great 'O's are offered to *Annals* readers in the hope that their sentiments and music will bring Christmas truly into our hearts this 2013th anniversary of Christ's birth. Wulfstan sang them, as did St. Thomas a Beckett and St. Thomas More. They are part of our heritage as Catholics.

What they are

For the seven days before the vigil of Christmas [December 17 to 23] all priests say [and monks and nuns sing] special antiphons before and after the Magnificat during the evening office of vespers. Each antiphon begins with 'O', and contains prayers and sentiments drawn from the Old and New Testaments referring to the hope for the coming of the Messiah.

Their origin

Originally of course they were in Latin, and four of the prayers [O Sapientia - O Wisdom; O Radix Jesse - O Root of Jesse; O Emmanuel, and O Clavis David - O David's Key] are found prefigured in a work by Pope Damasus [366-384 A.D.]. We find St. Ambrose of Milan [339-397 A.D.] also referring to Jesus as David's Key in his *Concerning the Institution of Virginitiy*. The same phrase was used in the ancient Roman Pontifical or Mass Book, during the Mass for the consecration of a King. The Antiphons were always seven in number, and are first found in their present form in the 8th century A.D. although some scholars attribute them to the 7th century.

Artwork: the late incomparable Hal English, RIP.
Transcription of Gregorian Chant: John Colborne-Veel
Text and English translation of Antiphons: Paul Stenhouse

December 17 O Wisdom

O Wisdom which came from
the mouth of the Al-migh-ty God's Red-ding
the world's furthest bounds.
Gent-ly ordering all things, Come
teach us the way of pru-dence. *

December 18 O Adonai

O A-do-nai and royal prince
of Israel: who long a-go revealed; ourself to
Moses in fiery flame and gave to him
the law. Come to save us *



Follow the Magi ->

How they were sung

The music, despite the modern notation, is the ancient Church chant called 'Gregorian' after Pope St Gregory the Great [590-604 A.D.]. During the singing of Vespers in the evening Office of the seven days preceding the Vigil Mass of Christmas, the singing of the Great 'O's, as they were called, was reserved to various dignitaries in Monasteries and Cathedral Chapters. Thus, the first [O Sapientia - O Wisdom] would be sung by the Abbot or Bishop, the second [O Adonai - O Lord] by the Prior; the third [O Radix Jesse - O Root of Jesse] by the Doorkeeper, the fifth by the Cellarer and so on until the last evening. The monastery church or cathedral would have been packed for the Vespers and the Singing of the Great 'O's. The atmosphere of expectancy proper to Advent was heightened by the singing and colour that accompanied the traditional Latin Vespers, and is still to be found in monasteries where the Divine Office is sung.

At the conclusion*

Each of the Antiphons concludes thus: 'You who live and reign with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. Amen.' This is sung in a monotone using the note F for all the syllables until the words 'forever and ever' for which the notes have been provided below. In the music, at the end of each 'O' antiphon, the final note with, an asterisk, is F. In singing the chant, it is important for the music to flow with the words and for that reason there are no bar lines.



Christmas banned!

Christmas was not a holiday in Communist countries, and Christmas is not celebrated in Muslim countries. The fairly general observance of this Catholic Feast in the West is all the more remarkable when we recall that in Britain in the 1600s it was banned! It was declared a fast day by Act of Parliament to stop the people from celebrating it; even eating plum puddings was forbidden! After the Restoration 'Yuletide' was called 'Foolstide' and in the early days of the United States the Feast was forbidden by law. Modern paganism seems intent, today, on reducing the Religious Feast to a time of merrymaking and holidays, without much reference to the birthday of Jesus Christ.

December 19 O Root of Jesse



December 20 O David's Key



Secret message of the Great 'O's

The singing of the O Antiphons was eagerly awaited each Christmas from early mediaeval times right up to the present century, when the liturgy was still exclusively in Latin. When the final antiphon has been sung on the Christmas Vigil, the initials of each prayer, in inverse order, form an acrostic. Thus (reading backwards): O Emmanuel, O Rex Gentium, O Oriens, O Clavis David, O Radix Jesse, O Adonai, O Sapientia form the words, in Latin, ERO CRAS - "I shall come tomorrow". This acrostic was interpreted by the faithful down through the Middle Ages as our Lord's response to the prayers that were offered during the preceding seven days.

The Nativity Of Christ

BEHOLD the father is
his daughter's son,
The bird that built the nest
is hatched therein,
The old of years
an hour hath not outrun,
Eternal life
to live doth now begin,
The Word is dumb,
the mirth of heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is,
and force doth faintly creep.
O dying souls,
behold your living spring;
O dazzled eyes,
behold your sun of grace;
Dull ears, attend what word
this Word doth bring;
Up heavy hearts,
with joy your joy embrace.
From death, from dark,
from deafness, from despairs,
This life, this light,
this Word, this joy repairs.
Gift better than himself
God doth not know;
Gift better than his God
no man can see.
This gift doth here
the giver given bestow;
Gift to this gift
let each receiver be.
God is my gift,
himself he freely gave me;
God's gift am I,
and none but God shall have me.
Man altered was by sin
from man to beast;
Beast's food is hay,
hay is all mortal flesh.
Now God is flesh
and lies in manger pressed
As hay,
the brutest sinner to refresh.
O happy field
wherein this fodder grew,
Whose taste doth us
from beasts to men renew.

- Saint Robert Southwell (1561-1595). A native of Norfolk, Robert was educated by the Jesuits at Douai and Paris and entered the Jesuits in 1580. After working as a priest in England for 8 years, he was betrayed by Anne Bellamy, daughter of Richard Bellamy of Harrow. He was hanged, drawn and quartered as a traitor in 1595. He was canonized in 1929.

December 21 O Morning Star

O Morning star splendour of
light e-ternal and shining sun of jus-tice
Come on-lyigh-ten those who sit in
dark-ness, and shadow of death.

December 22 O King of Nations

O King of nations, hope of all the
peo-ple and corner stone:
Band that unites us. Come and save
man-kind, whom from the earth you formed.

December 23 O Emmanuel

O E-ma-nu-el, King and
Giver of law; the Hope of all na-tio-
ns and their Sa-viour: Come O our Lord
and God and save us.

ANNALS Australasia offers the Great 'O's in an English form, and with musical notation more easily sung by modern-day Catholics, in the hope that families or parish groups or school choirs may be able to join in the choral Preparation for Christmas in the traditional Catholic manner: A suggested format for the preparation, drawn from the Roman Breviary, is as follows:

Family/Parish/Group Preparation for Christmas

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

Leader: O God, come to our aid.

All: O Lord, make haste to help us.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen.

Reading: (From St Paul's letter to Philemon) Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, rejoice. let all men know your forbearance. The Lord is at hand.

Leader: Let your face shine on us and we shall be safe.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

All: Come to us and save us, Lord God Almighty.

Antiphon (depending on the day)

Magnificat: recited by all.

Intercessions:

Leader: The Son of God is coming with great power;
All mankind shall see his face and be reborn.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: You will bring us wisdom, fresh understanding and new Vision.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: You will bring us good news and power which will transform our lives.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: You will bring us Truth, showing us the way to your Father.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: Born of a woman, you will open in our flesh the way to eternal life and joy.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: Our Father, etc.

Prayer: Father, by your will your Son took upon himself that human nature which you fashioned and redeemed. Grant that the Word who took flesh in the womb of the ever-Virgin Mary and became a man like us, may share with us his Godhead. We make our prayer through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Follow the Magi ->

Magnificat

*Song of Blessed Mary
the Virgin*

MY soul proclaims
the greatness of the Lord,
my spirit rejoices in God
my Saviour;
for he has looked with favour
on his lowly servant,
and from this day on
all generations will call me
blessed.

The Almighty as done
great things for me;
holy is his Name.
He has mercy on those
who fear him
in every generation.

He has shown
the strength of his arm,
he has scattered the proud
in their conceit.
He has cast down the mighty
from their thrones,
and has lifted up the lowly.
He has filled the hungry
with good things,
and has sent
the rich away empty.

He has come to the aid
of his servant Israel
for he has remembered
his promise of mercy,
the promise he made
to our fathers,
to Abraham and his children
for ever.



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For the psychologist, the wisdom of the Christian spiritual heritage is inseparable from meaningful reconstruction after a trauma. But it has its own time and needs to be dealt with delicately. It may be the road to a more profound, long-term healing. And with such meaningful reconstruction, post-traumatic growth is possible, with a renewed understanding of God's closeness, of gratitude for those who have helped, and for many gifts of life which remain in a post-traumatic world.

IS IT EVER POSSIBLE TO RECOVER FROM TRAUMA?

By Wanda Skowronska



WE KNOW FROM nightly reports of disasters, sudden deaths, accidents and war, that there are

many traumatised people in the world trying to cope with their losses. While some recover, others remain traumatised for a long time and cannot function in the way they did prior to their traumatic experience. Post-traumatic reactions involve reliving the situation in nightmares; an avoidance of reminders of the trauma, hence an attempt to numb the emotions; but also, a persistent hyperarousal, an unusual startle response. This latter point is central in understanding trauma - hyperarousal indicates that the affected individual has lost an 'internal barometer' for regulating the emotions. While we may flinch at a loud noise, the traumatised person will leap out a chair and get ready to run.

Nowadays with increased knowledge of how the brain functions, there are many approaches that assist traumatised people overcome what is termed 'emotion dysregulation.' American psychologist Bessel van der Kolk, author of *The Body Keeps the*

Score (2011) is a world expert in utilising evidence-backed strategies to help clients calm their nervous systems, process traumatic memories and shift themselves out of such dysregulation. His view is that post-trauma treatment involves the *body along with the mind*. If you calm your body often enough, you will have more chance of this calming becoming a habit.

The Collapse of Big Media

THE FIRST Amendment protects against government abridgment of the freedom of the press. But it doesn't guarantee that today's news media — some would already say yesterday's — will be tomorrow's. Though most existing news organizations will probably survive, few if any are likely to enjoy the prestige and clout they once did. So it's time to write, if not an obituary, then an account of their rise and decline and delicate prospects amid the "new media" of cable television, talk radio, and the blogosphere.

— The Collapse of Big Media, by Terry Eastland. See the Spring 2005 edition of *The Wilson Quarterly*.

The body-mind approach may not totally 'cure' a person, but can help a person manage hyperarousal and other somatic reactions.

Along with physical therapies which help ease the emotional dysregulation, there are various approaches to the 'thinking' aspect of recovery. This is where the fast-growing field of post-traumatic growth enters. Psychologists Richard Tedeschi and Lawrence Calhoun defined post-traumatic growth as the positive changes experienced as a result of highly challenging life circumstances.¹

Most psychologists agree with the notion that for trauma survivors, the pre-trauma world is gone. So, how are trauma survivors to continue life, when all their assumptions about the world have been destroyed? As the world bubbles along, the trauma survivors are suspended in another 'reality', separated from the confident plans of pre-trauma times. And their hearts go 'boom, boom, boom' with every loud noise. As Janoff-Bulman says:

Traumatic life events shatter our fundamental assumptions about ourselves and our world. In the aftermath of these extreme experiences, coping involves the arduous task of reconstructing an assumptive world, a task that requires a delicate

balance between confronting and avoiding trauma-related thoughts, feelings, and images.²

Janoff-Bulman goes on to say that with time, the victim of trauma becomes a survivor:

Over time, with the help of personally meaningful cognitive reappraisals and genuine support from close, caring others, most trauma victims manage to rebuild their inner world. They can move on with their lives, which no longer seem to be wholly defined by their victimization. Victims become survivors.³

Effective coping or recovery from trauma does not mean returning to one's earlier fundamental assumptions, but rather, establishing manageable coping strategies and at times, a newly worked out view of life that incorporates the traumatic experience. Trauma survivors know that a terrible event happened to them, that they could not do much in its aftermath. Even when they tried various things, some failed, some succeeded, and they learned slowly what actually worked for them and slowly moved on from there. Their memory of the trauma becomes a *part* of their life story, not the *dominating part* of their lives. The memory of how they coped with their trauma does, however, become a deeper memory of a different kind for it has involved forging new paths and using resources of the mind and spirit that the survivor did not know existed.

While people may characterise it in various ways, post-traumatic growth is described in psychological studies as building strength through suffering, acquiring better psychological preparedness and existential re-evaluation.⁴ Sounds very much like the accounts of spiritual journeys of some of the saints! But now we know the psychosomatic aspect of post-trauma treatment increases psychological preparedness. But how do you find strength through suffering and enable existential re-evaluation?

This is where the developing of a narrative framework for the traumatic events comes in.

Robert Neimeyer and Heidi Levitt (2011) refer to the 'ubiquity of storytelling' in its many forms - this can range from individual stories to social stories and transcendent ones.⁵ It allows room for the spiritual perspective to enter a person's life, perhaps for the first time. There can be different levels of story-telling - the external events, the internal story and the reflective account. All these levels of narrative serve many functions - but one fundamental one is the organization of inchoate traumatic events into some kind of framework, to incorporate the overwhelming events into one's life, to reassess one's own worldview. Thus a person who has lost a family member to a violent attack, may not be able to mention this without breaking down in tears, but with time, can place the event in a wider context, saying something like, 'there was a tragedy in my life a few years ago' followed by the narrative. The function of narrative is not just to tell the story, but to put what is shattered into some kind of new form from which can grow coping skills and healing.

Thus, where sudden traumatic loss is concerned, Neimeyer and Levitt say that counselling moves in emphasis from being a situation in which an 'expert' might counsel a victim to one in which the victim becomes the survivor-builder who attempts to construct a unique narrative marked by resilience, resourcefulness and hope. The counsellor may be the one who especially sees the resilience already existent in a person's religious beliefs and encourages the growth of those particular qualities in the person in the aftermath of the loss. At this point there could be referral to a priest. For there is much that a priest can do for a suffering person that a counsellor just cannot - and thus there is a role for priestly input

to counselling psychologists, to expand the possibilities for them in this situation.

Thus coping with trauma, when the time is right, becomes 'a storied construction, created and sustained within a distinctively human meaning-making process' - and several people can be involved.⁶ And the time must be right, for if the person still needs to moderate dysregulated emotions, he/she may not benefit from such attempts at reflection. But when the emotions are calmer, the person usually seeks some meaning. As Johnson and Hobfall observe of post-traumatic healing:

...processes including "seeking, using, and asserting" occur rarely, if at all, in the absence of self-awareness or reflection.⁷

How can you reflect if you have nothing yet to reflect about? Here the survivor with religious belief has storehouses of spiritual strength and meaning on which to draw. Philosopher Max Scheler observes that 'an essential part of the teachings and directives of the great religious and philosophical thinkers the world over has been on the meaning of pain and suffering'.⁸ For Christians, there is a new invitation to draw on the richness of wisdom about suffering. Some may not have known it well and derive support from being introduced to it. Others may have known it and have forgotten it.

Fr Benedict Groeschel, himself a clinical psychologist, used to explore biblical and other sources of reflection with the thousands of suffering people he counselled, many of them in the aftermath of trauma and loss. He did not espouse what is termed 'Biblical counselling' where you reject psychology and only refer to the Bible.

Fr Groeschel used the widest range of psychological and spiritual reference available. He reflects on this in his book *Arise from Darkness* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1993). As for Fr Groeschel, so for all Catholic counselling

psychologists, the post-traumatic reconstruction of meaning involves drawing on the understanding of life's injustices, of its being a vale of tears of new connections, in gratitude for life, for deepening spiritual thoughts. This moves beyond the retelling the events – to a more reflective, more spiritual way of thinking.

For the psychologist, the wisdom of the Christian spiritual heritage is inseparable from meaning reconstruction after a trauma. But it has its own time and needs to be dealt with delicately. It may be the road to a more profound, long-term healing. And with such meaning reconstruction, post-traumatic growth is possible, with a renewed understanding of God's closeness, of gratitude for those who have helped, and for many gifts of life which remain in a post-traumatic world. In fact those who reach out to others and express gratitude, fare better psychologically and spiritually. A whole new psychological literature has grown on the theme of gratitude.⁹ Not uncommonly, a person who has survived trauma may develop more meaningful friendships than before, and may want to help others in similar situations - diffusing the light of healing in the world.

WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has a PhD in Psychology/Theology from 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.

1. Calhoun, L. G., & Tedeschi, R. G. "The foundations of posttraumatic growth: New considerations." *Psychological Inquiry*, 2004.

2. Ronnie Janoff-Bulman, *Shattered assumptions: Towards a new psychology of trauma* (New York: Free Press, 1992), 169.

3. Ibid.

4. Ronnie Janoff-Bulman, "Posttraumatic Growth: Three Explanatory Models," *Psychological Inquiry*, Vol. 15, No. 1 (2004), pp. 30-3

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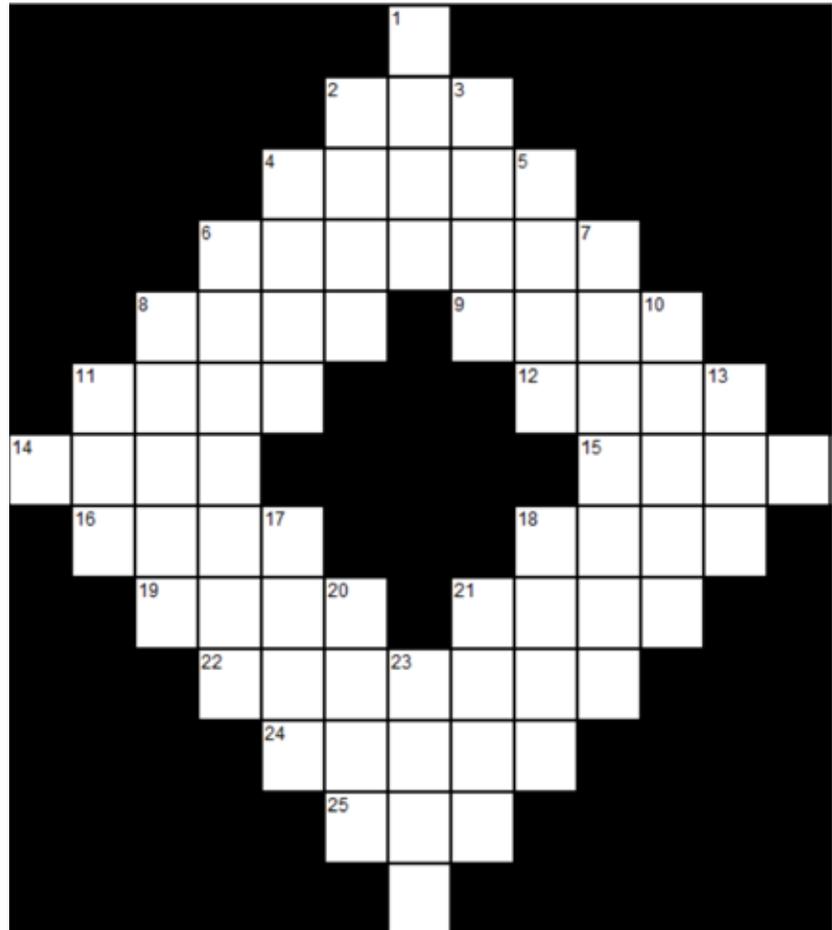
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7. Robert. Johnson, Stevan Hobfall et al., "Posttraumatic Growth: Action and Reaction", *Applied Psychology: an International Review*, 2007, 430. 56 (3), 428-436

8. Max Scheler, "The Meaning of Suffering," in *Max Scheler On Feeling, Knowing and Valuing*, ed. and trans. by Harold Bershady (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1992), 84.

9. The role of gratitude is of increasing interest to psychologists. R. A. Emmons, *Thanks! How practicing gratitude can make you happier* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2008).

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 112



Across clues

- 2 Church bench
- 4 Relating to the countryside
- 6 Ridiculed
- 8 Political leader's assistant
- 9 Prepare for publication
- 11 Monetary unit of the Philippines
- 12 Confess something openly
- 14 Tightly closed hand
- 15 Most southerly of the North American Great Lakes
- 16 Painful swelling of joints
- 18 Boast
- 19 Poke
- 21 A window frame
- 22 A French roll
- 24 Prove that evidence is false
- 25 A small portion of drink

Down clues

- 1 Beautiful fairy-like creature
- 2 Morally good
- 3 Walk through water
- 4 Do something again or differently
- 5 A small satellite of Jupiter
- 6 Make someone anxious
- 7 Widely varied
- 8 Greek author of fables
- 10 Traditional Jewish teaching
- 11 Farm animal
- 13 Artificial hairpiece
- 17 A unit of pressure
- 18 Monetary unit of Thailand
- 20 Legislative body of Japan
- 21 Short tail of animals such as deer and rabbits
- 23 A woodwind instrument

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GERARD MOLLOY

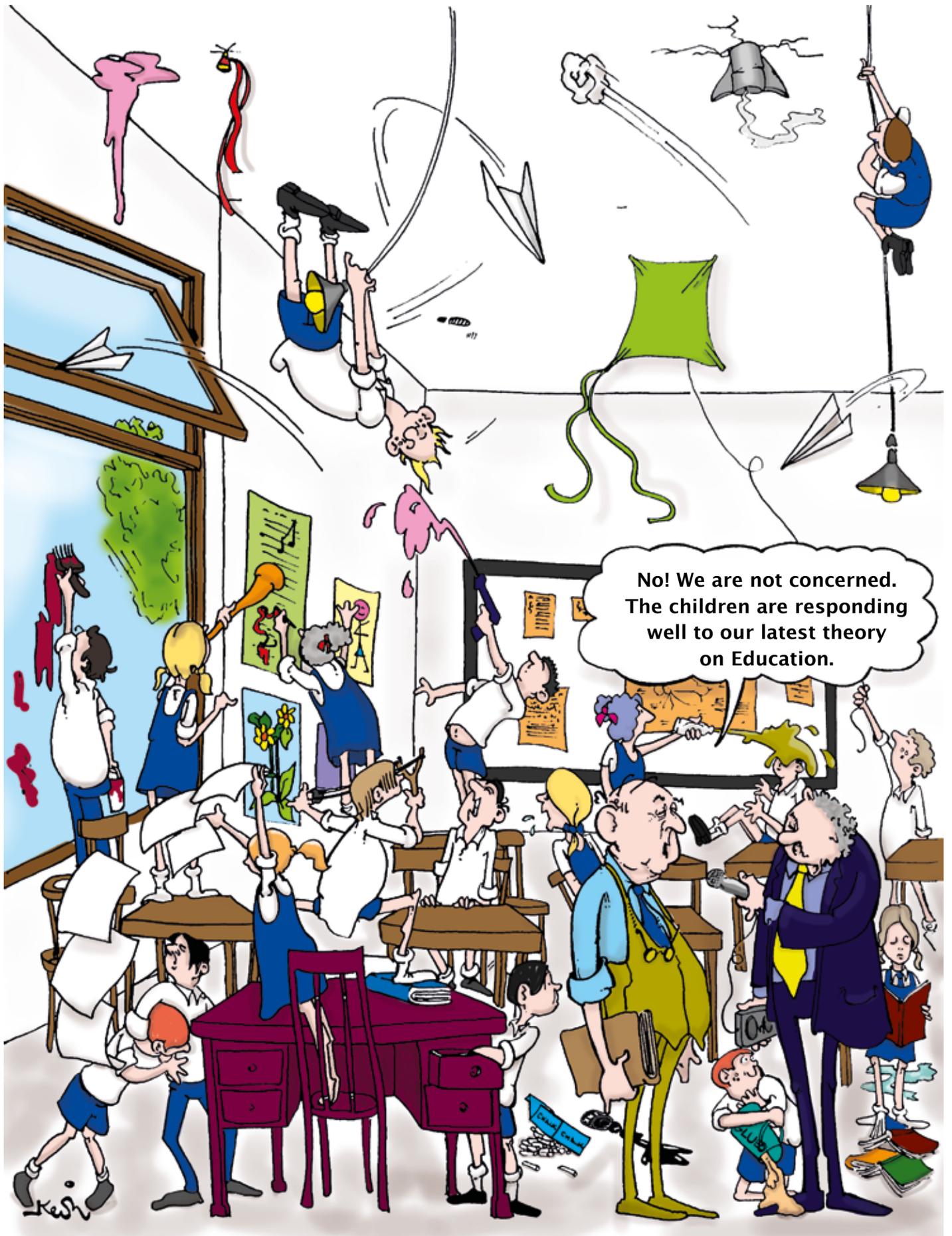
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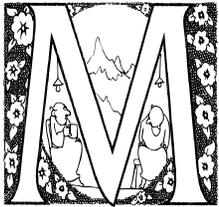


[Kevin Drumm, Whimsy]

All the things that are said these days about the advantages of children being read to by parents and siblings are true from my experience. Picture books are more valuable than TV. And being read to, is a wonderful aid to bonding between adults and children. I loved being read to.

RANDOM MEMORIES

By Paul Stenhouse



MY MEMORIES of growing up in Camden from the late 1930s until 1953 are, on the whole, happy ones. For a while I seemed to spend a long time bed-ridden as I had various illnesses that stopped my getting what you could call a normal schooling, but gave me a unique opportunity to be educated by my mother. I am a product of home schooling more than anything else.

My mother had been taught by Mr Chittick, in the old Cobbitty public school, and later on by Canon Allnutt, at the Rectory in Cobbitty. She loved history and poetry and used to read French fairy tales to me and Richard from old volumes of *Contes et Légendes* which may still be around somewhere. I loved them, and like all children exposed to languages early, I took to French like a duck to water. It's still my favourite foreign language though Italian is a close second.

All the things that are said these days about the advantages of children being read to by parents and siblings are true from my experience. Picture books are more valuable than TV. And being read to, is a wonderful aid to bonding between adults and children. I loved being read to. My mother and grandmother and my brother Richard would read to me

until they discovered that I knew perfectly well how to read, and was exploiting their kind natures.

Neither Richard nor I had many toys – we couldn't afford them. Mostly such presents as we received on birthdays or Christmas, would be books. I'm ashamed when I recall a terrible tantrum I put on when yet another book was given for my birthday or at Christmas.

Richard and I lived in a house in Oxley Street with my grandmother and mother, my uncles Frank and Roy, and two guests – Bessie O'Dwyer and a tall refined old gentleman who kept to himself and whose name escapes me. These had come with us to the old rambling timber house in Oxley Street from the Coaching Inn in Argyle Street close to the Royal Hotel. Before it was bought by my grandmother and mother and paid for by Richard and me when we went to work, the Oxley Street house had belonged to Tamar Watson. It had been built by her father, sometime in the previous century. Tamar was the wife of Anglican Bishop Edward Wilton, the rector of Cobbitty when we were children, and was often to be seen driving the Bishop around the district in their little Morris Minor, or was it a Ford Anglia?

Bessie claimed to hear the wailing of the Banshee whenever someone was about to die. That was enough to give Richard and me plenty to think about whenever Bessie appeared on the verandah, to sit with my grandmother. When

Bessie died, we wondered if she heard the Banshee. We couldn't recall ever hearing it – though we listened hard enough.

My first memory in Camden is of the beautiful old Coaching Inn in Argyle Street where we lived with our grandmother. It has long since disappeared, like Matavai – my mother's old home at Cobbitty, just up from our cousins, the Holzs, at Marshdale – before either could be saved by some Government department interested in preserving vestiges of Australia's remote past.

Matavai's new owners built a modern bungalow in place of the old lathes and plaster convict-brick homestead with its upstairs ballroom for dancing on Harvest Festivals, and our great-grandmother's side saddle slung over one of the rafters. The Coaching Inn was demolished to make room for timber-jinkers and large machinery to enter the yard at the back.

There were large paving stones on the front verandah of the Coaching Inn, and in my mind's eye I can still see Richard walking past me wearing a brightly coloured cap as I sat on a high chair – I guess I was about 18 months old – and I reached out to grab his cap. He hung onto it, and as something had to give, I did. I fell onto the stones. He tells me he recalls that day vividly too.

Our great-great-great-grandfather Thomas Huntley, a farmer from Tenterden in Kent, was born

in 1777, not long after Cook discovered Australia. His son, our great-great grandfather George Huntley was born in 1815 and came to Australia, aged 24, on September 9, 1839 on the *Cornwall*. He married Eliza Willis from Crookwell in 1843.

The story of his family's acquiring Matavai at Cobbitty, and our connection with the Latteys, Vicarys, Watsons, Stapletons, Gregorys, Chappells, Holzs and Ahrenfelds and other local families, has been touched on by my mother in her memories of growing up at Matavai.

When young George left England he was called George Huntley – when he reached Sydney he had changed his name to George Huntley Skinner. That he was a remittance man is clear – as my mother's grandmother would tell stories about the funds drying up when her grandfather died. All his children carried the name Huntley and it has continued almost to this day.

Returning to the eight of us who lived in Oxley Street: from time to time our number would increase. Tramps would come to Camden from Cobbitty and stay with us. They had been accustomed to hospitality in Cobbitty at Matavai, where my grandmother would never turn them away. So they continued to stay with us when the family moved to Camden. They lived in the house, ate with us and used the time to get their few clothes cleaned and ironed and then would set out again on their travels. They were proud men and would always find some work to do around the house while they were with us.

One such was George Blandford. He had become a Jehovah's Witness somewhere on his travels, and he pestered us boys about our being Catholic, but carefully avoided arguing with our mother. He had a beautiful voice, and Richard tells me that he got into the finals of the Amateur Hour on a few occasions.

Over the years I've been many

times to London, and sometimes I stayed at St James' Church, Spanish Place – between Baker Street and Oxford Street. Actually the presbytery where I stayed is in George Street, parallel to Blandford Street. In the light of my own ancestor's name change, I wonder what George's real name was. Or am I being unnecessarily suspicious? It could be a coincidence. But George was a Londoner and he never spoke of his past – at least not to us children.

My memories of Camden are of summer days, unvaryingly, and often unbearably, hot. Some relief was to be had by swimming in the Nepean river, and sometimes when Richard and I were lucky enough we would be given the job of hauling huge [to us youngsters] blocks of ice back home from the ice-works just up from the railway station. We had an ice-box, no refrigerator, and at night I would read voraciously by hurricane lamp. This reading by lamp-light may have affected my eyesight which seems always to have been poor.

The black frosts of winter, too, are burnt indelibly on my memory. I thought I would never feel such cold as I did in those early years in Camden, until I found myself living in Slovenia and Croatia in winter-time during the Tito era with snow piled up by the roadside, and ice on the streets, in temperatures many degrees below zero.

As for wind – however fiercely coldly the August winds blew in Camden when we were children, they were like gentle zephyrs compared to the indescribably bitter *Mistral* blowing from the Alps down the *Couloir du Rhône* at Chateau Gombert outside Marseille, where I used to spend time in the middle 70s and early 80s. I was staying there when Pope John Paul I died, and Pope John Paul II was elected. How the poor farm workers could pick olives in January clinging precariously to ladders in the rapier-sharp wind, with their hands covered in festering chilblains, I'll never know.

Floods seemed to be a fairly regular occurrence in my childhood. Homes a little further down the street from us – the Watsons especially, and the Vicarys – suffered regularly and terribly from the inundations. On occasion we had flood waters right under the floorboards of our home. The police tried to move us out – a futile hope, as anyone who knows my mother's stubbornness and my mother's Faith, would agree. Even if the houses closer to the river were under water, she would never accept the fact that we would be flooded. Nor were we. Sometimes the tops of the stalls of the horses at the showground would be covered with water: and still we stood firm.

My mother wasn't one to give in to mere floodwater. On one occasion, I saw her stare down a charging cow, with head and horns lowered threateningly. She never flinched, and the cow veered away. I think a few people around the town would have thought the cow foolish to try.

The Sisters of St Joseph taught me a lot, especially about generosity and self-sacrifice, and the sight of Mrs Burnell walking past St Paul's Convent School up John Street to do her shopping held out visions of freedom to a young boy who, curiously, never really enjoyed being in a proper school. Fr O'Dea and his cousin Miss O'Connor, who was his housekeeper – the people of Cobbitty, Burragorang Valley, the Oaks, Menangle, Teresa Park – all form part of those memories.

Old Mr Carlon from Burragorang kept us little children entranced with tales of hidden caves in the Valley, bigger and better than those named after the bushranger J.E. Nolan in the Blue Mountains. How I longed to get down to Burragorang on my own, and explore them. A futile hope then, and certainly now, since the Warragamba Dam was built and Burragorang flooded. I recall feeling sad at what seemed the inadequate compensation paid to the pioneering families of Yerranderie and Burragorang who

lost their homes and properties to the dam. Rumour had it that they got the pre-war value. A Paradise Lost – and almost certainly undervalued.

Camden has changed so much now, even though to a superficial eye much may appear to be the same. We had two cinemas – The old *Empire* on the corner of Argyle and Oxley Street which had been turned into a dance hall with a billiard room up top, and the other, the *Paramount*, opposite the tram/train station, in Elizabeth Street. Both belonged to Mr and Mrs Jackie Fox who lived somewhere in Hill Street. Was their name originally Fuchs? I thought so as a child, though I can't be sure.

Certainly the family names of some of our cousins suffered orthographic changes with the passing of time: Holtz became Holz and Ahrenfeldt became Ahrenfeld. I was surprised to learn from an old Scottish lady who was housekeeper to the Parish Priest of Kiama in the early 60s that the Stenhouses, who belong to the clan Bruce, were the bodyguards of the early Scottish kings, and that our name should be pronounced *Stannish*. I can't see our pulling that off.

The train was technically a tram as there was no fence up between it and the road to Campbelltown. Along with the ice-works, the sawmill and the milk-works, it has gone the way of the paddocks where the swimming pool is now. Does Bruce Ferguson still have the nursery down from the old Carrington Hospital, I wonder.

Are there Chisholms, Rapleys, Channells, Stones, and Izzards still in Camden? What about the Heises and Hyneses, the Sidmans, Felds and Bruchhausers, the Thurns, Rheinbergers, Downes and Jefferises?

I owe my good health to the two Drs Jefferis, especially Dr Robert, who used to come home every day to see how I was, for months on end. Dr Crookston took out my tonsils, and Mr Hennings gave me my first watch. Dr Newton-Tabrett

fitted me for my first glasses when I was about four years old, and the painful headaches I used to have ceased miraculously.

Do the Brittons and the Clarks still own chemist shops here? Mr Butler who owned a bike shop in Argyle Street encouraged Richard to become a bike-rider, and gave him a beautiful racing bike with 'conloys and singles' – evocative words to describe magic lightweight tyres made of what seemed like bamboo, and special glued-on tubes. Richard was at one time NSW Junior Country bike-riding champion. I was very proud of him, but never got accustomed to his riding at night up Razorback in winter to keep in trim.

I have fond memories of Mr George Sidman, who gave me my first job, on the *Camden News*, and taught me much. His brother Robert came from Campbelltown most days to work. A fine typographer, Bob, as we called him behind his back, had been gassed during WWI and was ailing. He believed in keeping young printers' devils well-occupied and was sparing in his praise. He impressed this 14-year-old with his ability to have a cat-nap on the benches of the printing office at lunch time,

and was no slouch at setting or 'dissing' type.

Mr George Sidman gave me a little book that I still treasure, entitled *The Law of Libel and the Press*, along with advice about writing that still stands me in good stead – especially about never writing down all that one knows. 'Keep something in reserve,' he would say, 'you never know when it will be needed.'

I have fond memories, too, of Miss Llewella Davies [who worked in the front office of the *Camden News*] and her parents – all of them now gone to God – who encouraged and showed kindness to what must have seemed to them to be a very ideosyncratic child. Miss Davies' father's Christian name was *Christmas*, not uncommon among Welshmen I understand, but it puzzled me mightily. Yet *Noel* didn't. The Manager of the *Camden News* was Mr Noel Behan. It's curious how a French name could sound right to a young Australian's ear, when a good old British name sounded out of place.

A person who took me under his journalistic wing in those very early years in Camden and to whom I look back with gratitude, was Mr Gordon Thomas who reported Camden Council Meetings for the *Campbelltown News*, and on numerous occasions steered me safely around hidden and dangerous journalistic reefs. Gordon had a goatee beard, rare in those days of bewhiskered men, and had vast experience in newspaper work. He was a Canadian who had been on the Klondike, and ridden the rails during the Great Depression. Gordon settled in one of the then run-down yet beautiful old Colonial houses not far from Fisher's Ghost Bridge in the main street of Campbelltown. He died within a year or so of my leaving for Douglas Park aged seventeen, in July 1953.

Mr George Sidman died not long after he had retired. He sold the *Camden News* and the *Campbelltown News* to Mr Sid Richardson from

This Holy Mother of us all

IF THOU should be in foreign cities, do not simply ask 'where is the church [*kyriakon*] i.e. 'The Lord's House?' for the heresies of the impious try to call their caves *kyriaka*; nor simply 'where is the Church [*ekklesia*]?'; but 'where is the Catholic Church?' for this is the proper name of this holy Mother of all."

- St Cyril of Jerusalem [ad 315-387] *Cat.* xviii, 26.

Picton. I seem to recall his telling me that the Sidmans had a printery in Paris in the late 18th century until it was confiscated by the Republicans and its lead type melted down to make bullets during the French Revolution.

All the men who were old to my young eyes, seemed to have long beards. The older women carried parasols and wore broad brimmed black hats. They also wore black or darkish veils, with mysterious dots on them that I thought looked like flies.

Most of my great-aunts and great-uncles kept peacocks on their farms. They were a feature of Marshdale which belonged to our cousins the Holzs and was next door to Matavai – as were the deliciously-strongly scented Muscatel grapes that seemed to be *de rigueur* around most farm houses in those days, along with the mandatory chaff-cutter near the kitchen door. Aunt Mary Vicary, on Cawdor Road, always kept peacocks near the house.

The old saddlery opposite Oxley Street, in Argyle Street, must be long gone. The narrow, two-storey building next to or close to [I can't remember which] Furner's Hardware store, was closed always in my time. We thought that the Misses Stevens [I hope I've remembered their name correctly] lived above it after their brother died, though I don't believe I ever saw them. The shop window in Argyle Street still had some saddles and bridles in it – and maybe some stirrups covered in dust. My cousin Geoff McAleer's father, Hubie, used to say with a smile that Mr Stevens once made a saddle for someone and couldn't remember whom he'd sent it to.

I remember Hubie's dad whom we called grandfather McAleer, well. He used to sit in a rocking chair on the verandah of his house in Menangle and presided over family affairs like Charlton Heston just down from the Mountain top with the Ten Commandments – at least in this child's eyes. He was a

prophetic figure with a long flowing beard; and he probably wasn't all that old.

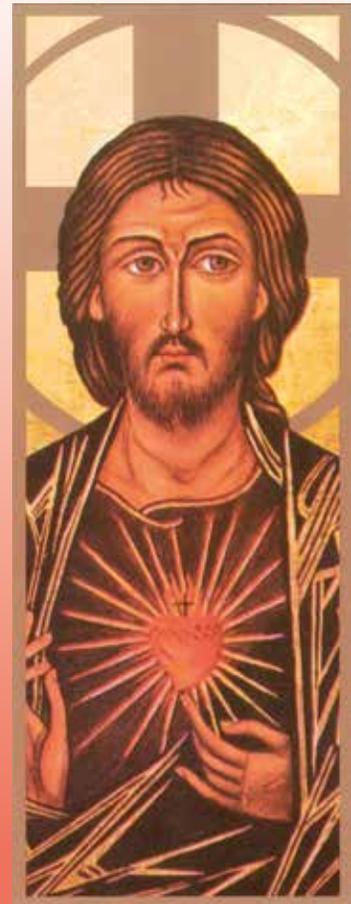
The roads and paths then were populated mainly by horses and sulkies, and if there were cars, they were those exquisite, humanly manageable ones with headlights like eyes set on stalks, and with leather hoods that were retractable, dickie seats for exciting trips to the coast on the occasional Sundays in Summer, and running boards ideal for picnics by the river at Cobbitty. I remember our mother frightening us children when she almost choked on a piece of grass – a paspalum seed, I think – which the wind blew onto a sandwich she was eating one summer's evening by the river at the Grove. Fortunately for all our sakes she coughed up the offending seed.

I learned to swim by being tossed into the Nepean at Cobbitty bridge by my uncle Amos just before he went to the war. Fortunately he pulled his terrified little nephew out – I was around four – before I drowned. To this day I can see the mussels in the sand at the bottom of the stream in what was then sparklingly clear and pure water.

A final thought: I once visited Tenterden in Kent – associated with the *Cinque Ports* – where Huntleys, my mother's ancestors, came from. Around there one can still hear names like Huntley, Newnham [my grandmother's sister Lucy Stapleton married a Newnham] Haffenden, Dengate, Tapley and [if I recall correctly] Clifton and Furner. So I wonder if there was some earlier link between Camden and Tenterden that might repay examination by someone interested in the varied roots that have nourished the genetic tree upon which we all depend.

PAUL STENHOUSE is a Catholic priest, editor of *Annals Australasia* a journal of Catholic Culture in its 130th year of publication. The greater part of his life has been devoted to a study of extant Arabic and Hebrew literature of the few surviving Samaritans in Nablus on the West Bank, and in Holon, Tel Aviv, Israel.

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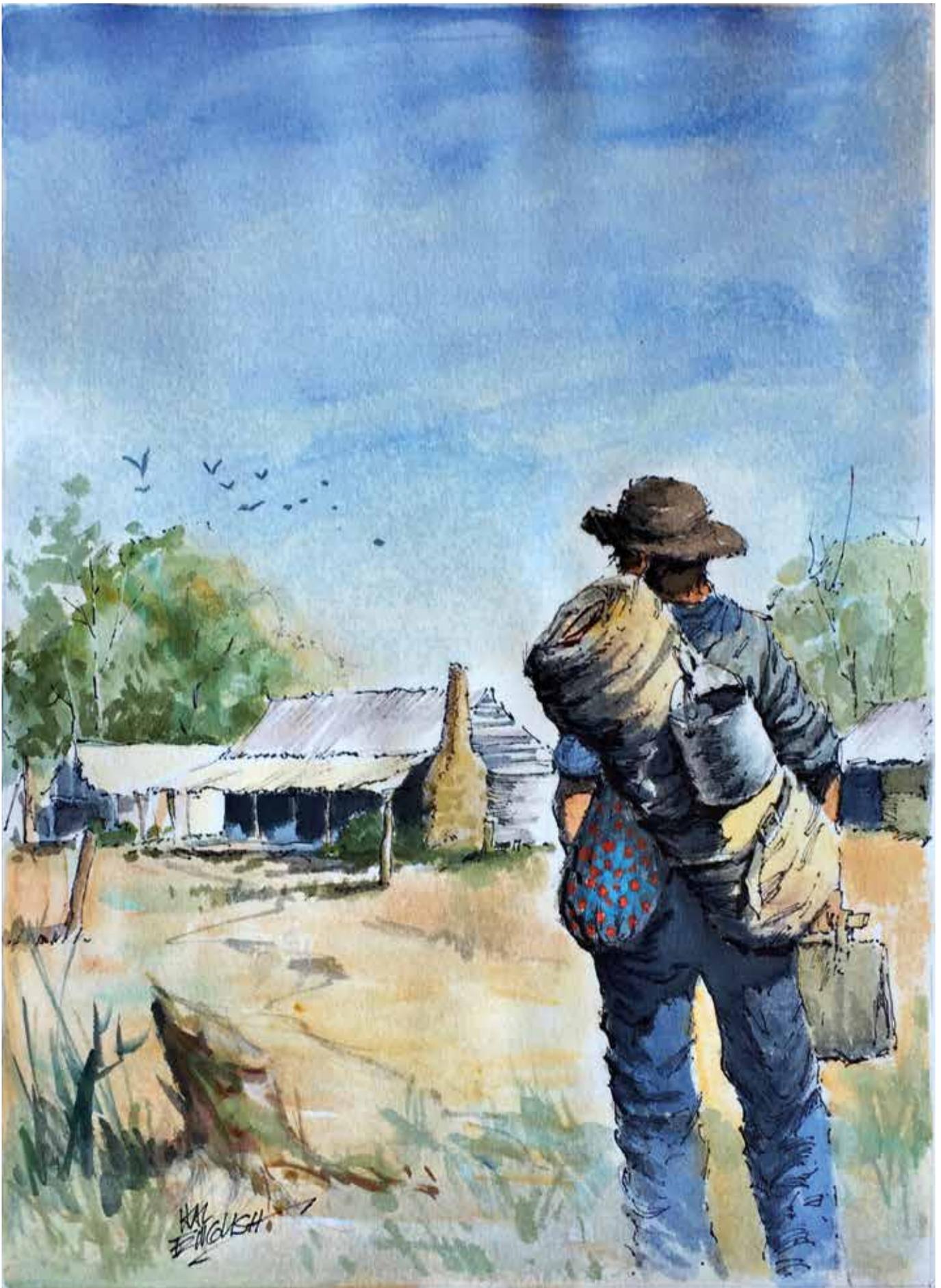
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[Hal English – The empty water bag]

Puzzling happenings in a world allegedly governed only by material and physical laws

THE NOTE IN THE COAT POCKET

By Leslie Rumble, MSC



THE Christian religion teaches that human souls are immortal, and necessarily live on after the death of the body. But many people have drifted from the Christian faith, and wish that they *could only be sure* that their departed relatives and friends have not completely perished. Reason, even apart from revelation, should convince them.

The very power of thought, which is not a material thing, shows that the thinking-self is quite different from the material body and cannot die with it. Then, too, we know that justice is not always done in this world. Although some good people prosper and some evil people suffer for their misdeeds, only too often good people suffer for a lifetime ills they have not deserved, while wicked men flourish. Surely it is logical to conclude that, since justice is not always done in this life, it will be in the next life; and that *we* shall live on there to experience it.

But there are many people who say such reasons only show that it is likely that we live on. Give us proof, they say, real proof that anyone *has* lived on after death. We want facts, not theories; certainty, and not merely guesswork.

On 27th September, 1921, James L. Chaffin, a North Carolina farmer in U.S.A., died suddenly from a heart attack. Although he had four sons, by a will dated 16th November, 1905, he had made his third son, Marshall, sole heir to

the whole of his property, leaving nothing whatever to his other three sons.

The three dispossessed ones could think of no reason of any kind why their father should have thus ignored them. Perhaps Marshall had put pressure on his father at the time the will was made, although he stoutly denied it.

However, there were no grounds for challenging the 1905 will, and there was no other. So the whole of the property went to the third son, Marshall; and the three brothers had to betake themselves elsewhere.

The sad truth

BOUNDLESS WEALTH and vast domains compensated the Arabs for their submission to the Law of the Prophet of Mecca. Apostasy was unknown, it was unthinkable, it meant death – upon this point the law of Mohammed is inexorable – but sincere piety and zeal for the faith were almost equally rare. By the most horrible and atrocious means the outward conversion of the Bedawin had been effected. ... it was indeed all that could fairly be looked for on the part of those unfortunate people who had witnessed the death of their fathers, brothers, and children beneath the sword of Khâlid or the other pious executioners who were his rivals.'

– Spanish Islam, by Reinhart Dozy, London, Chatto and Windus, 1913, pp. 22-23.

Yet there was another and later will, of the existence of which not a living person in this world had the slightest idea.

On the night of 16th January, 1919, farmer James L. Chaffin was sitting alone at home reading an old Bible that had belonged to his father. He was a deeply religious Protestant.

On this particular evening he happened upon the 27th chapter of Genesis which contains the story of Esau and Jacob. Esau's complaint about his scheming brother – "he took away my birthright" – profoundly impressed itself upon farmer Chaffin's mind, and he knew that he would have no peace of soul unless that 1905 will was changed;

So he took his pen. Dating the new document 16th January, 1919, he wrote: "After reading the 27th chapter of Genesis, I, James L. Chaffin, do make my last will and testament and here it is. I want my property to be equally divided between my four children..."

Not wishing any family disturbances to develop, he determined not to say anything about this new will. He hid it between the pages of the Bible where he had been reading the story of Esau and Jacob, and put the Bible away in the drawer of an old, unused writing-desk.

Then he wrote on a separate slip of paper: 'Read the 27th chapter in my father's old Bible'. That slip of paper he carefully stitched inside an inner pocket of his overcoat, where it would not be seen, but where he evidently hoped it would be found after his death.

One night in June, 1925, four years after James Chaffin's death in 1921, James Pinkney Chaffin, for some unaccountable reason, began to have vivid dreams of his father.

Night after night his father seemed to come to him. Each morning he woke with an ever-growing conviction that his father had visited him during his sleep and had wanted to tell him something.

The dreams ceased as abruptly as they had commenced, but in the last of them he seemed to hear his father say clearly: "You will find my will in my overcoat pocket".

The words were indelibly impressed upon his mind. Remembering that another brother, John, had been given the father's overcoat, he went to see him. The vital note was found, stitched into the inner pocket.

James, with his daughter, his brother John and another witness, then went to the old home. Marshall helped in the search, and the Bible was found in the drawer of the old writing-desk, the will at chapter 27 of Genesis.

In December, 1925, the case was taken to court in order to test the validity of the second will, It was unwitnessed, but according to American law it would be valid if proved to be in the farmer's own handwriting.

All the details of the case were subjected to a most thorough scrutiny.

There could be no question of forgery. Conspiracy was ruled right out. The court declared the second will valid. Marshall Chaffin yielded with good grace. There was no bitterness; and by agreement all four brothers took over the original farm as equal partners.

No explanation of this strange case is possible, except that the soul of James L. Chaffin had returned to see that justice was done. There is no reason why, after a four year delay, the second son, James, who was fully reconciled to the existing stage of affairs, should suddenly begin dreaming about his father. Nor is there any reason why, if he had to dream, he should not have dreamt about the Bible itself rather than about his father.

Nor would a dream about his father account of itself for his having obtained the information about the note in the overcoat pocket. Only his father knew of that. Only his father could have supplied knowledge of it.

The only possible explanation is that the father's soul in purgatory could find no rest until the injustice of his first will was rectified. When the finding of the second will was delayed, his soul more and more felt the need of hastening the discovery of it, and with God's permission he was allowed to return that he might find a peace – at least in that particular matter – which had not been his throughout the

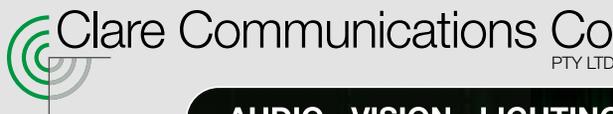
whole of the four years since his departure from this earthly scene.

We Catholics do not share the doubts and hesitations of people whose faith is weak and who will not listen to reason. We have absolute certainty of the divinely-revealed truth that "it is appointed unto men once to die, and *after this* the judgment." (Heb., 9-27).

Nor do we believe that, even if we produce the kind of proof these people ask, they will necessarily be brought any nearer by it to the Christian religion. For there are those who accept it as a fact that the survival of human souls has been experimentally proved, yet who still believe neither in the existence of a personal God, nor in the Divinity of Christ.

Still, even if Christians do not need them, it is something to be able to produce facts we are constantly challenged to produce by the "when-you're-dead-you're-dead-and-that's-the-end-of-it" type of people. Let them ponder the "Chaffin Will Case" – and think again.

DR LESLIE RUMBLE was, in his day, one of the most widely-known priests in the English-speaking world. His two-volume Radio Replies sold many millions of copies world-wide, as did his numerous pamphlets on aspects of Catholic faith and doctrine and on various non-Catholic Churches and sects. He died in 1975. In response to many requests we print the fourth of his fourteen articles on psychic phenomena which first appeared in Annals in 1958. The remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues.



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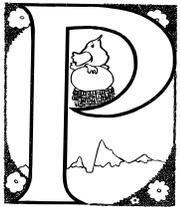


[Hal English – Bush life]

That evening Peter's wife Paula brought their two children to the prison. He cuddled them for the last time and reluctantly sent them home. He asked Paula to bring him his white laplap, his good shirt and his rosary beads. He wanted to face his persecutors dressed as a catechist.

THE JAPANESE ARMY DOCTOR

By Mary R. Mennis



PETER TO ROT was a catechist in Rakunai Village near Rabaul and died for his faith in July 1945. The Japanese in

Rabaul were becoming increasingly agitated as they faced defeat by the allies.

Peter To Rot became a scape-goat accused of praying for their defeat even though he denied this. Furthermore he continued to hold religious meetings which had been forbidden and he took a stand against bigamy which the Japanese encouraged.

Some of the local leaders had taken more wives and Peter was angry about this and preached about the sanctity of marriage. This was reported to the Japanese by spies and he was imprisoned several times for disobeying the Japanese orders but he did not give up his duties.

Blessed Peter To Rot could be likened to St Thomas More who was martyred for his strong belief in the Church of Rome founded by Jesus, himself. Both men were ready to die for their strong beliefs. They knew that their ultimate reward was

eternity in Heaven. It was worth the torture and the short-term agony for this ultimate goal.

St Thomas More's wife pleaded with him over and over again to give into King Henry VIII's demands so he could return home



to his family. So too Peter To Rot's wife, Paula Ia Varpa pleaded with him to give into the Japanese demands and return home to her and their children.

One day Peter was told that a Japanese doctor was coming the following day to give him an injection. He knew then this would be their way of killing him.

That evening his wife Paula brought their two children to the prison. He cuddled them for the last time and reluctantly sent them home. He asked Paula to bring him his white laplap, his good shirt and his rosary beads. He wanted to face his persecutors dressed as a catechist.

In the weeks before his death he had told Luisa Ia Kabai (later Sister M. Adriana FMI) "If God allows my enemies to persecute me, I will die for the Church. I am a man of faith in God's goodness and love. I am willing to die for Him in gratitude and obedience for Christ's sake and His people in the Church."

Peter knew that now only his soul mattered. His Japanese tormentors could attack his body but not his soul and he did not want to jeopardise his soul by giving into their orders.

Dressed in his catechist's garb he faced his prosecutors, placidly holding his rosary beads. He saw them arrive: two police officers and a doctor dressed in his white coat.

The Japanese doctor

The Japanese doctor came from a nearby hospital. Not a normal hospital with wards and a theatre but in a tunnel hospital near Tavuiliu Village.

He was an experienced doctor enlisted to help the wounded in the Japanese army. Now he had received orders to bring a syringe filled with poison to kill a man in the nearby prison.

He put on his white doctor's gown filled the syringe with the poison and accompanied by two police officers travelled to the prison.. On the way he learnt that the young man had disobeyed orders from the Japanese and now must die.

The doctor knew that if he, himself, disobeyed this order and refused to poison the prisoner then he too would be punished even to death. Orders - always orders that had to be obeyed.

As the allied bombing was getting worse every day, the three men had to travel to the prison in the evening when the bombing was over for the day.

They could hear the other prisoners enjoying a free night in the full moon away from the prison. The authorities wanted no witnesses that evening. But one prisoner, Arap To Binanak disobeyed this order and witnessed how Peter To Rot was killed. His evidence was crucial in the months that followed.

When the police officers and the doctor entered the prison, the doctor saw the prisoner for the first time - such a young man - a good-looking man and he must die. Usually, as a doctor, his work was to heal wounded soldiers, victims of the bombing but now he had to use his skill to kill this young man.

He decided to get it over with quickly. He injected Peter To Rot with the evil smelling poison and suffocated the dying man. After a short time it was all over. They laid the body on the wooden bench and vanished into the night.

The doctor returned to his tunnel hospital, with its cupboards of

Caveant Reformers

BUT THE assailants of an old system undoubtedly incur a great responsibility, and a man should be fortified with the most crushing arguments before he arraigns of error doctrines that seem to have received the very highest sanction of ecclesiastical tradition. Dogmatism is only increased by attacks that cannot be fully sustained, and a man who did not quite know his ground, whether to build upon the Scriptures, on the authority of the Fathers, or upon simple reason, was not the man to win the battle of a purer and more spiritual theology. The Church, it was felt, must give some guidance; it must teach either one doctrine or another. And to say that it should allow a doctrine like transubstantiation to be held in suspense, so as either to be believed or rejected without blame, was simply to call upon the Church to abdicate all pretension to guidance.

— James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*,
Macmillan and Co, London, 1908, vol.1, p.p.416-417

medicines and beds of patients in dark tunnel recesses.

When the doctor had injected that poison-filled syringe into this young man, his action would soon cause ramifications around the world, reaching even to St Peter's Basilica in the Vatican where this young man, another Peter, would one day be declared a saint of the church.

Of course the doctor had no idea! He had seen many people die in this terrible war: dead from bombs or starvation or at the hands of soldiers and to him this was just one more death.

But to the people of Rakunai Village, it was not just one more death. It was their Peter To Rot who had died. As they gazed on the body of their beloved catechist, they saw the mark where he had been injected and smelt the acrid odour of the poison. They knew then he had been murdered and declared him to be a martyr and a saint.

Twenty years after the war ended, one of the Japanese doctors from that Tavuiliu tunnel hospital decided to return to Rabaul - to the hot and humid place where he had spent the war years.

A driver took him to Tavuiliu Village where, accompanied by some local guides, he walked around in the jungle-covered hills saying, "I must find my hospital, yes my hospital is here somewhere".

The many tunnels in the hills, still bore witness to the violence of the war. At last the doctor found what

he was looking for. "Here it is! My hospital!" he said excitedly pointing to one of the tunnels. "This was my hospital!" and he bent down and entered the tunnel fingering the rough walls where he had once stored his medicines during the war.

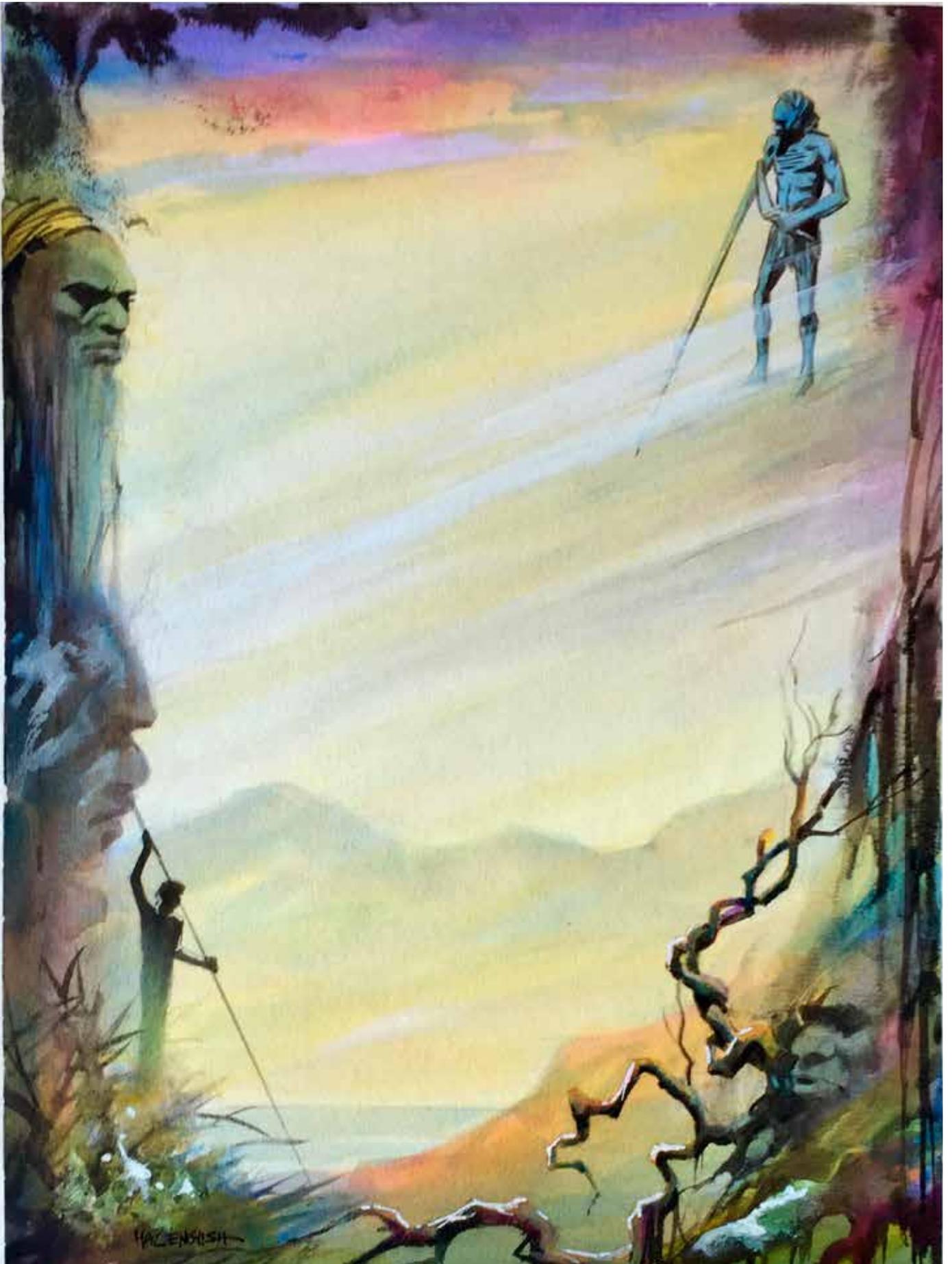
The villagers looked at each other and whispered. "Was this the doctor? The one who had injected Peter To Rot with the poison?" They looked closely at this man but they did not ask him for any details.

The story of this doctor's visit in the 1960s is still told in Rakunai Village where Peter To Rot died, and where today his relics rest in the Blessed Peter To Rot Chapel.

In January 2020, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his beatification by Pope John Paul II in 1995, and the 75th anniversary of his death from that lethal injection, many thousands of people will gather in special processions at the Rakunai Church, in Port Moresby and in the Marian valley near Brisbane.

It is hoped that one day soon Peter To Rot will be canonised for surely he was a man of God.

MARY MENNIS was one of the nine children of Sir John and Lady Eccles. She married Brian Mennis and they spent over twenty years in Papua New Guinea where she wrote at length on the culture of the people and the history of missionaries. She also collected family history particularly of her father. His biography is available as a PDF on the web under the title: *Mary Mennis, The Book of Eccles - Yumpu*, which is the Australian Neuroscience Society site. Sources for this article: Mary Mennis, Interviews in Rakunai Village, September 2019. Adrian Meaney, MSc, *Sincere gift of Self, Blessed Peter To Rot*, 1996. Caspar Tovanninara, *The Life of Peter To Rot Catechist, Church Leader and Martyr*.



[Hal English – Legend]

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA 50 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2019



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Redaction reaction

What a wonderful ploy: the redacted pages of the nation's newspapers in protest at Government secretiveness, further redacted to the running stand-first, 'Your right to know.'

Untoppable – unless the Government gazettes similar redactions of corporate, commercial-in-confidence secrets such as why the ABC did not break the story of its underpaid casual staff, or why *The Australian* and/or the Seven Network did not clarify whether Rupert Murdoch said to Kerry Stokes, 'Malcolm must go.'

The on-going ploy is reportedly costing at \$20 million. Breaking this down, we are looking at 40 currently unemployed (or underpaid) journalists on \$500,000 a year; 80 on \$250,000, 160 on \$125,000 – that's a lot of active service press-freedom fighters.

But that's not where the \$20 million appears to be going.

Yet to be tackled: the extent to which spin-doctoring has intensified secretiveness. Case in point: the Department of Defence refusal to release reports on Australian Army culture (including that of the Special Air Services Regiment).

The refusal is based on potential social media reaction to the reports, not the possibility that they might induce a response similar to Arthur Wellesley

reviewing his forces in Spain: 'I don't know what effect these men will have on the enemy but, by God, they frighten me.'

Traditional national security focused on keeping secrets from the enemy. Spin-doctor security has shifted this via social media to possible electoral reaction.

And the shift is bi-lateral since PMs Emeritus Gough Whitlam and Malcolm Fraser increased spin-doctoring to such an extent that a stint in Canberra (or a State capital) is a means of boosting a career back in journalism (print, TV, radio).

Victoria Premier Emeritus Jeff Kennett intervened re separation of powers. But we are no longer dealing with traditional separation. Corporate power, including its media variant, must be taken into account.

As middlemen, journalists expect to make money, and the companies make even more when advertising revenue is added.

The advertising, as another ingenious press ploy made clear, derives its value from the tension between

the truth of copy and the general tendentiousness of ads.

But again, anyone with a computer or indeed a smart phone can call himself or herself a journalist.

This in turn has led to an expectation among gatekeepers that journalists will write for nothing to see their work in print.

In Praise of Simple English

THINK NOT that strength lies in the big, *round* word, Or that the *brief* and *plain* must needs be weak. To whom can this be true who once has heard The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak, When want, or fear, or woe, is in the throat, So that each word gasped out is like a shriek *Pressed* from the sore heart, or a *strange, wild* note, Sung by some *fay* or fiend?

– Dr J.A. Alexander, quoted by Alfred H. Walsh in his *Development of English Literature and Language*, 1888.

HEADLINES?
NEWS
NEWS
PRESS
STOP

HEADLINES
NEWS
NEWS
PRESS
STOP



Danish blue

The great Dane, Bjorn Lomborg, is renowned for extracting the rare element, commonsense, from the idiocies of climate change.

Has the clarity of his thinking been affected - through a kind of mental infection - by contact with such idiocies?

The question arises from his piece, headlined, FERTILITY CONTROL IS AN ECONOMIC BONANZA. (Project Syndicate/*The Australian*, Oct 23).

In it, Lomborg rhapsodises on statistics showing the benefits of family planning, gathered from developing countries by the Copenhagen Consensus Centre.

Unspecified: whether the family planning is artificial or natural (as pioneered by the Australian Doctors John and Evelyn Billings).

Either way, a minim of caution would've been helpful given the monstrously negative impact of China's neo-Malthusian, artificial-method policies and the unintended consequence of an ageing population.

China is cited not because it has been alone in these policies but because as a developing country, it implemented them ruthlessly to the level of one child per couple, increased to two when the disastrously results became apparent.

The brilliant Lobbecke cartoon accompanying the piece shows a stork carrying a bundle of the globe featuring Australia. Apt: Australia continues to endure the unintended consequences of birth control as do European and Asian nations.

Ironically not the least is Britain which, Lomborg reports, aims to spend £600 million (\$1.133 billion) 'to provide 20 million more women and girls in the developing world with access to family planning'.

Targets: African, Asian and Caribbean countries. Is the £600 million/20 million females statistic a misprint? Otherwise, it seems excessively munificent for a country faced with borrowing (Borising?) its way out of Brexit.

Tactless question. If the Copenhagen Consensus Centre's statistics become the basis of family planning schemes with the usual unintended consequences, where to do the carers of Copenhagen's aged come from? Australia's cities can't spare its carers. Nor can Europe's.

The footnote to the piece: *Bjorn Lomborg, a visiting professor at the Copenhagen Business School, is director of the Copenhagen Consensus Centre.*

Yabberoo Fest

We all know, 'There's no business like show business'. Irving Berlin told us so in his rousing anthem where he also told us, 'Everything the traffic will allow/ Especially when you are stealing that extra bow.'

Apropos, there's a new show business in town - Big-biz-showbiz. Its main title is *The Australian Strategic Forum*, an echo of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*.

The production is no farce. It's more of a romantic comedy in the light of its subtitle: *How should we manage our relationship with China?*

Its impresario is Judith Nielson, multi-millionaire founder of The Judith Nielson Institute for Journalism and Ideas based in Sydney who has already forked out considerable sums to news organisations.

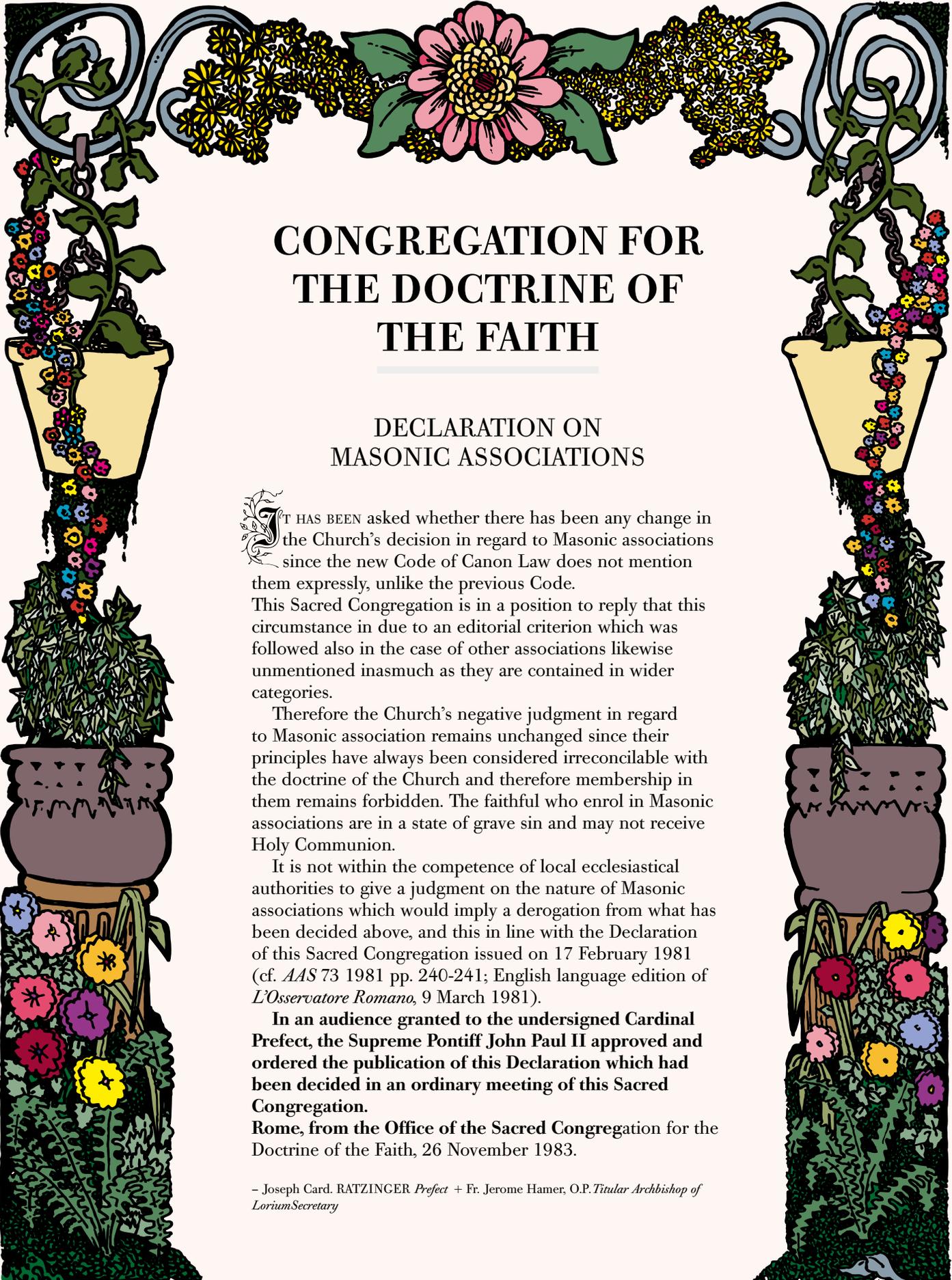
What a line-up she has assembled. The rising star, Josh (The Treasurer) Frydenberg, gets lead billing. But can he outshine Paul (Treasurer-PM) Keating who knows how to switch to vaudeville.

Freedom

CONFUSED? If so, take heart, because in that confusion is a lesson about the danger and the opportunity that lie before us. God made the human person for the dignity of freedom. Americans built a great nation on freedom, and we still love freedom's vocabulary. Our marketing campaigns are filled with it. But freedom is hard. It implies responsibility.

- Charles J. Bishop Chaput, *Deus ex Machina: How to Think About Technology, CRISIS/* Oct.1998.





CONGREGATION FOR THE DOCTRINE OF THE FAITH

DECLARATION ON MASONIC ASSOCIATIONS

IT HAS BEEN asked whether there has been any change in the Church's decision in regard to Masonic associations since the new Code of Canon Law does not mention them expressly, unlike the previous Code.

This Sacred Congregation is in a position to reply that this circumstance is due to an editorial criterion which was followed also in the case of other associations likewise unmentioned inasmuch as they are contained in wider categories.

Therefore the Church's negative judgment in regard to Masonic association remains unchanged since their principles have always been considered irreconcilable with the doctrine of the Church and therefore membership in them remains forbidden. The faithful who enrol in Masonic associations are in a state of grave sin and may not receive Holy Communion.

It is not within the competence of local ecclesiastical authorities to give a judgment on the nature of Masonic associations which would imply a derogation from what has been decided above, and this in line with the Declaration of this Sacred Congregation issued on 17 February 1981 (cf. *AAS* 73 1981 pp. 240-241; English language edition of *L'Osservatore Romano*, 9 March 1981).

In an audience granted to the undersigned Cardinal Prefect, the Supreme Pontiff John Paul II approved and ordered the publication of this Declaration which had been decided in an ordinary meeting of this Sacred Congregation.

Rome, from the Office of the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, 26 November 1983.

– Joseph Card. RATZINGER *Prefect* + Fr. Jerome Hamer, O.P. *Titular Archbishop of Lorum* *Secretary*

The Canon of the Mass ... "is believed to have been arranged in part, by Saint Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in the 4th century, but the Preface and Sanctus are much older". The formula of Consecration (of course) is the oldest of all.

IN PRAISE OF THE LATIN MASS

By Tess Livingstone



s 30 to 40 minute spiritual infusions go, this one packs a powerful punch, like no other I've experienced.

On Wednesday afternoons at 5.30 pm, in the Sacred Heart chapel to the right of the main altar in St Patrick's Cathedral in Melbourne, those in the know, and passers-by who happen upon it, join in the celebration of the traditional Mass of the Roman Rite. This is also known as the Old Latin Mass, the Extraordinary Form of the Mass, the Tridentine Mass or the Mass of the Ages.

Whatever one's preconceptions or expectations, if any, it has amazing spiritual "cut-through", connecting the mind and heart to the great truths and mysteries of the Faith. The gravitas and precision are an antidote to daydreaming and distractions. As a regular attendee of the ordinary Mass, which I also love, these can be a problem, especially if I'm tired or preoccupied.

A sense of transcendence seems to fall like gossamer over the traditional Mass that compels one's attention. It stirs a sense of God's infinite love, an awareness of the need for repentance and the promise of boundless forgiveness, provided we ask for it.

As the priest says before Holy Communion: "Let the reception of your Body, Lord Jesus Christ, which I, though unworthy, dare to receive, not result in my judgement

and condemnation; but through your kindness, let it be a safeguard and a healing remedy for my soul and body: you who, with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, are one God living and reigning throughout all ages. Amen."

The devotional prayers before Mass set the scene and focus the mind: "Eternal Father, I offer you the Sacrifice wherein your dear Son, Jesus, offered himself upon the Cross and which he now renews upon this altar:

"To adore you and to render to you that honour which is your due, acknowledging your supreme dominion over all things and their absolute dependence upon you, for you are our first beginning and our last end; To give you thanks for countless benefits received; To

appease your justice, provoked to anger by so many sins and to offer you worthy satisfaction for them; And finally to implore your grace and mercy for myself, for all those who are in tribulation and distress, for all poor sinners, for the whole world and for the blessed souls in purgatory... Amen."

This and many prayers that touch one's heart, hopes, anxieties and fears, are contained in a booklet available in the Cathedral chapel.

The Order of Mass, published by Ignatius Press, is an ideal introduction to the old Mass. It unlocks centuries of our heritage which tragically, is unknown to generations of Catholics these days.

While Pope Pius V published his Missal in 1570, the Mass evolved over the centuries, from the time of the Apostles. The Canon of the Mass, for example, the booklet reveals "is believed to have been arranged in part, by Saint Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in the 4th century, but the Preface and Sanctus are much older". The formula of Consecration (of course) is the oldest of all.

The sequence of readings was mainly set in the 6th century, although parts of it were probably arranged by Saint Jerome, who died in 420.

Because I had a Catholic education in the 1970s Latin was not offered when I was at school (although my daughter learned it at a secular Grammar school for five years from 2004). The language, however, is emphatically NOT a problem to newcomers to this Mass.

Jesus, the Everlasting Priest

JESUS continues forever, and His priestly office is unchanging: that is why He can give eternal salvation to those who through Him make their way to God, He lives on to make intercession on our behalf.

— Epistle to the Hebrews, 7:23-25)

To the contrary, it adds to the sense of mystery and above all, encourages concentration. The text also offers plenty of scope to join in the responses. I felt a bit intimidated, initially, the first time I attended; it was easier to join in the second time. And yes, there will be a third time and more.

The usual celebrant of the Wednesday afternoon Mass at St Patrick's, Father Glen Tattersall, Parish Priest of the Parish of Saint John Henry Newman at Caulfield North, has a clear, resonant voice, which makes it easy to follow the text in the booklet.

This contains the order of the Mass in Latin, with the English translation beside it. It probably helps that in the Sacred Heart Chapel the priest is quite close to the people. Only the Canon is inaudible, which is the tradition, but its words are compelling to follow in the translation.

Father reads the Epistle (there is no second reading) and the Gospel in English, which is wise. It makes them accessible without needing to rely on a Missal. And many people prefer listening to the Word of God proclaimed than reading it.

Most of the Mass (but not the readings) is said "Ad Orientem" – with the priest facing east, in the same direction as the people. As the Ignatius Press booklet explains: "Many have forgotten that from earliest Christian times, Mass was celebrated looking towards the rising sun (a great symbol of the Resurrection and of Christ's Second Coming in Glory): everyone faced this direction. Furthermore, the Mass is not limited to the confines of the building in which it is being celebrated, but is a cosmic event, involving the angels and saints and the souls of the faithful departed who are yet to receive their eternal reward."

In other words, the Mass evokes a strong sense of the Sacred. As the late afternoon light pours through the Cathedral windows, and with the main altar and Tabernacle so close, it is impossible not think of

The Church Teaching

THE CHURCH is not stationary;
she marches on.

But we must keep rank . . .
and go the Church's way,
not according to any
premature initiative
of our own.

– Achilles Cardinal Lienart,
Lille, Northern France

the generations gone before us, in Australia and around the world, for whom this Mass was the norm until 1970.

The Mass concludes on an uplifting note, with the "last Gospel" (the beginning of St John's Gospel): "At the beginning of time, the Word already was, and that Word was God . . . The Word is the true light, who enlightens every soul born in to the world."

This Low Mass, in its brevity and succinctness, offers newcomers a catechetical experience that can be transformative. As the Ignatius booklet explains: "This sacrifice, offered by Christ alone, was perfect and no other could add to it, but it is Christ's wish that we who are members of His Mystical Body should be able to take part in this Sacrifice and make our own offering of it to the Father. And so we join our self-offering to Christ's; this is what we do in the Mass".

This, of course, is equally true of the Ordinary rite. The Extraordinary rite, however, personifies it with startling clarity.

Why explore the Latin Mass more than 50 years after the Second Vatican Council ushered in the *Novus Ordo*? And why now?

First, it is our heritage. We, the faithful, are entitled to know something about it. Second, even after a couple of encounters, open-minded Mass goers recognize why it stood the test of centuries,

taking attendees straight to a vast repository of Grace. Third, far from dying out with those who knew it before the Council it is drawing a fresh generation of adherents, especially young people, since Saint John Paul II opened the way with his 1988 *Motu Proprio Ecclesia Dei*, appealing to bishops to be generous in making it available.

This was followed up in 2007 by Pope Benedict XVI's *Motu Proprio Summorum Pontificum*, pointing out the 1962 Missal was always permitted and making the Extraordinary Rite freely available. "In the history of the liturgy there is growth and progress, but no rupture," Benedict wrote. "What earlier generations held as sacred, remains sacred and great for us too."

In answer to "Why now?" another reason also presents itself. In light of the child sexual abuse crisis, the devastating fallout of which will continue to play out for decades, we are in an era of upheaval and desperate confusion. As Archbishop Mark Coleridge, president of the Australian bishops' conference, said recently: "We are so far from business as usual"

We are. And while the church in Australia and elsewhere searches for guidance from the Holy Spirit through synods and plenary councils, the traditional Mass is there to take us back to basics, to reconnect with the essence of why Our Lord founded His church.

As darkness falls on Wednesdays and the cathedral is locked for the night, schoolboys in blazers, older ladies in shawls, sharply dressed city workers, young couples and families step back out into to the city lighting up around them.

Emerging from what G.K. Chesterton once described as "an exciting glimpse of the real case for the iron immortality of the Latin Mass", the experience leaves a strong sense of Christ's Sacrifice through which He redeemed us.

Tess Livingstone is a senior writer for *The Australian*.

TO ALL ANNALS LOYAL SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS

1. Re: Annals Online

God willing, I hope to commence an online edition of Annals starting in Jan-Feb, 2020, which will continue into her 131st year in digital form.

My health, however, is extremely poor at present. But that is my plan.

Should it not prove possible, then I don't doubt that some new online and truly Catholic journal will arise to promote and defend Catholic Faith and culture. That is my prayer.

2. Email addresses, please.

It would greatly help us if all our readers and subscribers who wish to keep in touch with Chevalier Press and Annals archives, could send us their email address. We realise that not all our readers will have an email address, in which case your phone number would be a valuable link with you, our faithful readers and subscribers.

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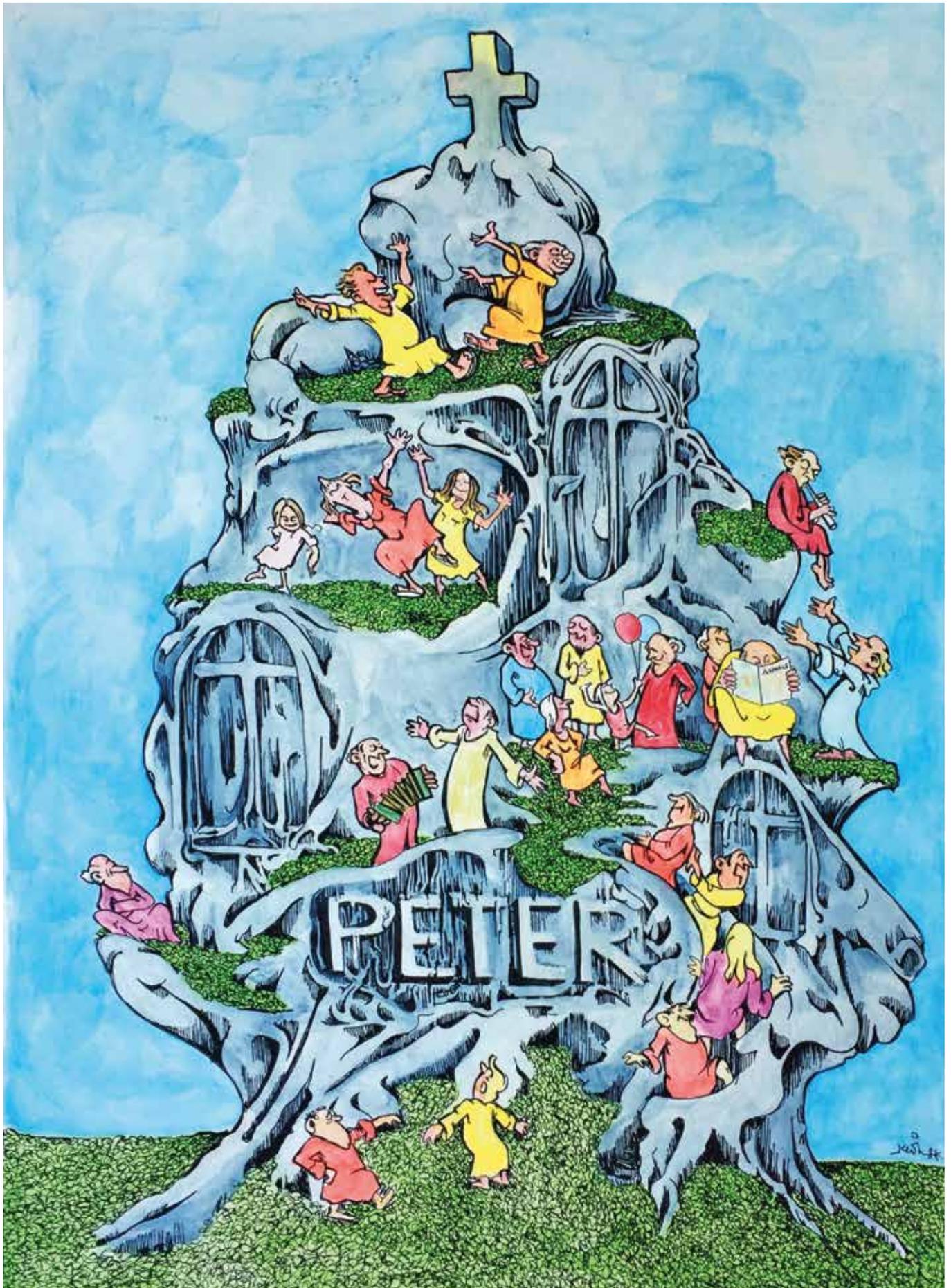
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Catholicism is not European, or Western

WHATEVER injures Catholicity injures Christ. It is the last hope of the human race. It would be a deadly error to confuse the universal cause of the Church with the particular cause of a civilisation, to confuse, for example, *Latinism* with Catholicism, or *Westernism* with Catholicism. Catholicism is not linked to the culture of the West. Universality is not confined to one part of the world. Christ died for East and West. His Divinity embraces East and West in one same uncreated love. As Man, He was born 'a Jew by excellence of nature' in the centre where East meets West. I am well aware of the dangers to the mind latent in the confused syncretism which decks itself in the colours of the East, and the encounter between the ideology with which Europe poisons the world, and from which we can free ourselves only with difficulty.

– *The Things that are not Caesar's*, Jacques Maritain, London, Sheed & Ward, p.93.



[Kevin Drumm, Whimsy]

THE publication of a new book about the life of Mother Theresa McLaughlin and the early years of Our Lady's Nurses for the Poor, will further increase interest in Australia's 'saint in waiting,' Eileen O'Connor.

HIDDEN IN THE SHADOW OF LOVE

By Jim Lindsay



OUR LADY'S NURSES for the Poor was founded in 1913 by a young Sydney woman, Eileen O'Connor, and a

Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart priest, Rev. Timothy (Ted) McGrath, MSC.

Both shared a deep devotion to Our Lady and the desire to establish a ministry of compassionate service to the sick poor in their own homes in her honour. At the time, there was limited Government assistance for healthcare, meaning that illness was an added burden for the poor.

In 1913, a small community of Catholic women gathered by Eileen and Fr Grath began their mission from rented premises in the beachside suburb of Coogee, NSW. Theresa 'Cissie' McLaughlin was the first to hear their call.

Born at Sodwalls, near Lithgow, NSW, in 1890 and educated by the Good Samaritan Sisters at Rosebank College, Five Dock, NSW, she was introduced to Eileen by her cousin, Fr Alphonsus Coen CP, who had asked if she'd like to meet 'a saint'. Cissie later said that a tremendous joy settled upon her

as she waited for the tram after one of her early meetings with Eileen – and that this joy never left her.

The seven foundation nurses and those that followed became affectionately known as the



'Cissie,' and the now Servant of God, Eileen O'Connor

'Brown Nurses' because of their flowing brown cloaks and pillbox hat, chosen by the co-founders in honour of St Joseph. Cissie quickly became Eileen's loyal deputy and played a central role in keeping

the fledgling community together during the difficult early years and after Eileen's death in 1921.

Revered for her kindness, humility, good humour and prayerfulness, Cissie proved herself to be scrupulously loyal to the ideals of the co-founders and gently guided the society towards becoming a religious congregation some 40 years later. As the congregation's first Mother Superior, she oversaw the establishment of ministries in Brisbane in 1956 and Newcastle in 1962.

Speaking at a function held recently at Our Lady's Home, Coogee, Bishop Anthony Randazzo described Dr Jocelyn Hedley's new book, *Hidden in the Shadow of Love*, as a number of works rolled into one.

'This is a work of history, a subtle spiritual biography and an inspiring work of mission in action, he said. The moment you begin reading this book, you have a sense of being

transported to another time, to another Sydney. You can imagine yourself being with Cissie as she wakes up for the first time as a member of Eileen's community. You can see yourself riding the trams

The Decline of Europe

AT THE HOUR of its greatest success, Europe seems hollow, as if it were internally paralyzed by a failure of its circulatory system that is endangering its life, subjecting it to transplants that erase its identity. At the same time as its sustaining spiritual forces have collapsed, a growing decline in its ethnicity is also taking place. Europe is infected by a strange lack of desire for the future. Children, our future, are perceived as a threat to the present, as if they were taking something away from our lives. Children are seen as a liability rather than as a source of hope. There is a clear comparison between today's situation and the decline of the Roman Empire. In its final days, Rome still functioned as a great historical framework, but it practice it was already subsisting on models that were destined to fail. Its vital energy had been depleted.

– Joseph Ratzinger, 'The Spiritual Roots of Europe: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow,' in *Without Roots*, Basic Books, New York, 2007, pp. 66-67.

with the sisters as they seek out those in need of care. Dr Hedley writes with such tenderness that one can catch a glimpse of Christ in Sydney's poor?

'It is possible to taste the poverty in which Sydney's poorest lived and feel the great suffering of the illnesses borne by their bodies and souls as a result of that poverty. One can imagine their anticipation of relief from suffering as they waited for the encounter with Christ in the Sisters that fed, dressed and tended to their medical and spiritual needs. We talk a lot about the sisters' care for the poor, blind and lame, but Dr Hedley also shows in vivid colour how Eileen, who was herself poor, blind and lame, became a vital channel in the economy of salvation for the poorest of the poor in Sydney.'

Bishop Randazzo said Cissie's dependence on God was both encouraging and refreshing. 'There is an overwhelming sense of intentional smallness, intentional humility and rushing to the shelter of God's providence, he said. God gives Cissie the strength to be herself a shelter for others, a rock of refuge for the less fortunate and a rock of stability amidst all the changes and challenges that beset Our Lady's Nurses for the Poor. In Cissie, you find no boast and no airs, even when she must bear the responsibility of leading the community. One simply finds

faithful service and sharing in the simple joys and challenges of the little band of sisters?'

The sisters' tireless efforts are wonderfully reported in a 1951 journal entry: *1008 sick visited; attention given 10,233 times, 2920 meals provided to the poor at the Home; 608 parcels of food distributed; 918 parcels of clothing issued; 67 lapsed Catholics brought back to their faith; five souls converted* – all this by the hands of 12 women.

Dr Jocelyn Hedley, who is also the author of *And here begin the work of Heaven: The spirituality of Eileen O'Connor*, says absence was a common theme in Cissie's life.

'From childhood through until her final days, she is slowly stripped of so much that is of profound importance to her: her parents, her siblings, her home; then her spiritual father – Fr McGrath – and Eileen O'Connor herself, she said. When Eileen passes away in 1921 at the age of just twenty-eight, each of the Nurses writes their account of Little Mother's death, each of the Nurses but Cissie. Given the closeness of the two women, this silence, this absence, speaks of a tremendous sense of grief, a tremendous sense of loss.

'When some of the Nurses are sent to begin a new foundation in Brisbane, their leaving is described by Fr McGrath as creating 'a big gap'—and perhaps no one felt this more so than Cissie. Yet despite that

sense of absence, Cissie, said Dr Hedley, 'was yet present to so many, and was a mother to so many', as Mother Theresa McLaughlin.

Dr Hedley likened Cissie's vocation to that of the 'Little Way' of St Thérèse of Lisieux. Her days, she said, were 'little, hidden, made up of a thousand, tiny, ordinary moments – although what is little in an historical perspective bulks large in a person's life. Cissie's life, said Dr Hedley, is rightly praised for its beauty in selflessness, for its utter surrender to the service of others, for its faithfulness in the little things. Her contribution to Eileen's journey towards very possibly becoming Australia's second canonised saint is really beyond compare,' she said.

Cissie died in 1965 without seeing the wave of novices that were to enter Our Lady's Nurses for the Poor in the late 1960s and 1970s.

At one stage, the congregation had almost 40 novices and sisters ministering throughout Sydney, Brisbane, Newcastle and Wollongong. Today, the mission of Our Lady's Nurses for the Poor remains as important as ever. Assisted by the ongoing generosity of benefactors and volunteers, the sisters continue to assist the sick poor in Sydney, Newcastle and Macquarie Fields.

The Brown Nurses, a work of the Society of Our Lady's Nurses for the Poor, conducts a mission for the poor and disadvantaged in the local government area of Sydney. In 2017, the Congregation of Our Lady's Nurses of the Poor came under the governance of the Sisters of Charity of Australia, thereby ensuring the charism of Eileen O'Connor and the legacy of the Brown Nurses is carried into the future.

Eileen O'Connor was proclaimed a Servant of God in 2018 and the Archdiocese of Sydney is continuing its investigation into the cause for her canonisation.

JIM LINDSAY provides media relation services to Our Lady's Nurses for the Poor.



[Hal English – Sugar Glider]

The King

Director David Michod (*Animal Kingdom*) and his co-writer, co-producer star Joel Edgerton have essayed a bold film. It does not quite come off, yet it is a magnificent failure in line with the poet Robert Browning's remark: 'Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp. Or what's heaven for?'

Or, for that matter, what's an Oscar for? Michod and Edgerton's script is based on William Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Parts I and II*, as well as *Henry V*.

They call it a re-imagining which is slightly better than the legendary Hollywood credit, *Additional dialogue by William Shakespeare.* As a result there is no mimicry of either Laurence Olivier's patriotic nor Kenneth Branagh's bravura *Henry V*.

Their reimagining does turn Shakespeare's original on its head. Edgerton's Sir John Falstaff is a tough veteran, not Shakespeare's swashbuckling poltroon.

As for Timothée Chalamet, a rising star, his Henry is a teenager waiting for the graduation costume ball, an impression strengthened by his Catherine (Mary Rose Depp).

Ben Mendelsohn (cosmetically aged, to play Henry IV) has the aura of danger that would have made him a more convincing Henry V.

Michod and Edgerton go for a plain language version which caused your reviewer's other reservation: without the rhythm of Shakespeare's language, their dialogue tends to be boring, reaching its nadir at what appears to be Agincourt.

Henry: 'Thanks, Sir John.'

Sir John: 'For what?'

Henry: 'For being here.'

Cinematographer Adam Arkapaw shoots the main battle scenes with appropriate panache. Some, however, may wonder at the manner in which The Dauphin is done to death, not in single-

MOVIES

By James Murray

combat by Henry but on his nod by men-at-arms without thought of ransom.

Here Robert Pattinson is excellent (if a touch caricature 'froggy').

Incidentally, from certain angles Edgerton (an Elizabethan name) looks as if he would make a convincing Henry VIII). This is not to suggest another Shakespearean project though it might reveal the secret of Henry's true relationship with Anne Boleyn (touched on in your reviewer's play (*The Gazer: Shakespeare By Himself*)).

MA15+★★★NFFV.

Camille Claudel

Hyberbole to say they don't make films like this any more. Nevertheless it's fortunate they can be digitally restored as the premier 1988 version of *Camille Claudel* has been.

Appropriately the restoration leader has been its eponymous

star Isabelle Adjani who makes her redoubtable co-star Gerard Depardieu, playing the sculptor August Rodin, look, if not like a tabby cat, then a shabby lion.

Director Bruno Nuytten and co-writer Marilyn Goldin give full play to the tempestuous lives of the couple who came together (collided?) when she became his prodigiously gifted pupil assistant amid the Belle Epoque (1871-1914).

Theirs was a relationship, it might be said, which foundered on rock cake, his de-facto being a great cook.

But the lunacy, in which their split was a factor, was no passing phase. Initially it drove her to tremendous creativity, then iconoclasm of her own work.

This to such an extent she was committed to an asylum by her beloved brother Paul Claudel (Laurent Grévil), Sister and brother were both children of a prosperous free-thinker whose stance she maintained while he found Catholic faith listening to a choir in Notre Dame Cathedral.

Rarely visited, she died in obscurity though some of her best work lives on. His profession was diplomat. His verse-play *The Satin Slipper (Le Soulier de Satin)* tells a love story keyed to sin and redemption. Though it has been staged and filmed, its length and magnificence means that it is now seldom produced.

But if anyone could play its heroine, Dona Prouheze, it is Isabelle Adjani, embodiment of Camille Claudel who may well have inspired her brother's heroine. As to the hero of the play Don Rodrigue, a sinner he may have been inspired by Paul Claudel who was not perfect in his own private life.

Possibly the most intriguing aspect of *Camille Claudel* is that it's based on a biography by her great niece, Reine-Marie Paris. Now there's trans-generational talent for you.

MA15+★★★NFFV.

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
PG: parental guidance
recommended for
persons under 15 years;
M 15+: recommended for
mature audiences 15 years
and over; MA 15+: restrictions apply
to persons under the age of 15;
R 18+: Restricted to adults,
18 years and over.

Annals supplementary advice

SFFV: Suitable For Family Viewing;
NFFV: Not For Family Viewing.
TBA: classification to be
announced

A Working Woman

Director Michal Aviad's humdrum title conceals the reality that his film is about an extraordinary woman Orin as played by the high definition actress Liron Ben-Shlush who makes dusting look like the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy.

Orin, in Aviad's script, co-written with Michal Vinik and Sharon Azulay, lives with her chef-restaurateur husband Ofer (Oshri Cohen) and their three children in a suburban flat.

But Ofer's restaurant is under-capitalised. Orin becomes a project manager with a rich developer Benny (Menashe Noy).

They become a duo for whom the champagne corks of success pop. Benny wants more and to get it brings Orin and Ofer into his

life while intruding into theirs by using his influence to help Ofer in his dealings with local bureaucrats.

No need to detail the inevitable. When it happens it is both ambivalent and brutish. It splits Ofer from Orin and leaves her with a double challenge: regaining his trust and getting from Benny the letter of recommendation she must have to remake her life.

Michal Aviad, his cinematographer Daniel Miller, and editor Nili Feller compress the drama into 93 minutes of running time with a consequent increase in tension.

As always, an Israeli movie shows aspect of life not noted in other media: the development and sale of luxury beachside blocks to elderly, prosperous people (in this case French) wishing to return to what is generally seen as a divided constantly war-ravaged country.

MA15+★★★★NFFV.

The Report

This work of writer/director/co-producer Scott Z Burns is

being marketed as a docudrama; its main settings support the genre type: the magnificent buildings of Washington, the glassed in offices of agencies reminiscent of the CIA's James Angleton's 'wilderness of mirrors'.

In the city's subterranean tunnels and rooms it becomes a horror movie, and not gory, popcorn horror, the horror of the covert torture program the CIA conducted through private contractors in the aftermath of the 9/11/2001 Twin Towers jihadist infamy during the Republican presidential tenure of George W Bush and vice president Dick Cheney.

But no matter how secret a program may be, especially in a

Catholicism and Science

THE CHURCH and its theology have wasted too much time on small back-guard skirmishes, getting lost in debates over details, and they have not invested enough effort in asking the basic questions: What is Revelation? How does Revelation coming from God link with the development of human history? On the long road of history, so littered with troubles, how is the guidance of the Other manifested—the Other who acts on and renews history in a way beyond the capability of human action?

—Josef Ratzinger, 'Letter to Marcello Pera,' in *Without Roots*, Basic Books, New York, 2007, pp. 126-127.

'War Against Terror', rumours get around.

Following these Democratic Senator Dianne Feinstein (Annette Bening) gave Senate Intelligence Committee staffer, Daniel J Jones (Adam Driver), the means to conduct an investigation and write a report.

It needs to be said that in a formidable ensemble, Bening and Driver deliver *tours de force*.

Scott Burns intensifies them by intercutting sequences of Jones and his team at computers with scenes of the contractor torturers – water-boarding, making coffins, subjecting suspects to insects – that are hyper realistic.

Jones did complete his report

only to face a new challenge, its total suppression or redaction in a style now familiar to readers of local newspapers.

Eventually the report was published and laws against torture were passed. In an end-credits note, Burns informs us that no CIA operative was imprisoned. He also quotes President George Washington on the need to arrest those guilty of shameful conduct in war.

Ironic: Washington faced allegation of ill-treatment of French prisoners as militia officer serving alongside British forces.

Tiny point: shots of Abu Graib are in a montage of other places, other tortures. Your reviewer thought Abu Graib was a military POW facility, not CIA.

And where is Daniel J Jones now? He heads a number of advocacy groups, his slogan, Human Rights First.

TBA★★★★NFFV.

After the Wedding

Writer/director Bart Freundlich opens with a shot of a shrouded woman Isabel (Michelle Williams) meditating.

On what? On whether she should leave India and return to her birthplace New York to receive a millionaire's donation for her orphanage.

Meditation over, she takes off for New York and a comfortable hotel where she is kept waiting.

Eventually she meets her would-be patron. Theresa Young (Julianne Moore) mother of 21-year-old daughter Grace (Abby Quinn) and much younger twins.

Seemingly as part of an assessment, Theresa invites Isabel to her luxurious home.

No crowded-room cliché for Freundlich. But in the drift of Grace's wedding party, Isabel's eyes meet those of Theresa's artist husband Oscar Carlson (Billy Crudup).

To write more would be to spoil the melodrama, splendidly played by the ensemble cast: Williams with fraught stillness, Crudup sardonically and Moore with an outburst of grief that tops Barbara Stanwyck and Bette Davis combined.

Enjoyment of the work depends on the extent to which you recall Susanne Bier's original version (2007). This had Mads Mickelson in the role of the orphanage runner summoned home by a philanthropist.

Kolkata/Calcutta, is, of course Mother Teresa country, as Freundlich acknowledges in calling the Moore character, Theresa. But all in all, there's something unsettling about fiction reliant on the life of the heroic and saintly Mary Teresa Bojaxhiu, born 1910 in Albania, then part of the Ottoman Empire, died 1997, Calcutta/Kolkata.

M★★★NFFV

Judy and Punch

Superlative players Mia Wasikowska and Damon Herriman undertake the title roles of puppeteers in a township called Seaside though it is inland – a whimsy by writer/director Mirrah Foulkes which inspired the use of 'undertake' since her movie is something of a funeral as Judy and Punch go from co-operative puppeteering to bickering, violence and gory revenge.

Not only is the township called Seaside, it has a Constable Derrick (Benedict Hardie) but no Magistrate unless he is the great Terry Norris, *Cop Shop* and Parliament of Victoria survivor whose ruff (and that of his dog) gives the work an Elizabethan air.

Beyond the township live woodland folk who display aspects of the 21st century: the women chop the wood, the men hang out the washing. All indulge in Tai-chi style exercises and drinking to excess.

Is Mirrah Foulkes over indulging in Ben Elton distilled *Blackadder* view of history?

Advice: running time 105 minutes. Shut your eyes for 100 minutes, open them, you should catch the end credits and accompanying archival footage.

This shows a group of children watching a traditional Punch and Judy Show, their reaction - laughter, fear, anxiety, relief – may be what Mirrah Foulkes, her cast and crew were hoping for but did not quite achieve.

M★★★NFFV.

The Terrible Truth

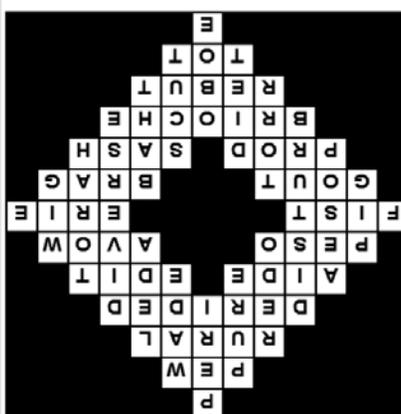
READING Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's brilliant and depressing book, *The Thirties*, I thought of a rather cruel trick I once played on a wasp. He was sucking jam on my plate, and I cut him in half. He paid no attention, merely went on with his meal, while a tiny stream of jam trickled out of his severed esophagus. Only when he tried to fly away did he grasp the dreadful thing that had happened to him. It is the same with modern man. The thing that has been cut away is his soul, and there was a period—twenty years, perhaps—during which he did not notice it.

– George Orwell, 1903-1950, *Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters*, written in 1940.

Maleficent: Mistress of Evil

Of all the Hollywood dream factories, Disney now has the fastest production lines as shown by its treatment of the *Star Wars* franchise. The *Maleficent* fantasy franchise is not such a quick takeaway. With its subtitle, *Mistress of Evil*, the current sequel comes five years after the original.

SOLUTION TO QUICK CROSSWORD NO. 112



Balloon (Ballon)

Escape movies, like heist movies, are in a sub-genre of their own – *The Wooden Horse* (1950), *The Great Escape* (1963), *Papillon* (1973), *Escape from Alcatraz* (1979).

Perhaps that's why director Michael Herbig avoided the obvious word: in 1979, two families led by Peter Strelzyk (Friedrich Mucke) and Gunter Wetzel (David Kross) actually flew from East Germany to the West in a hot-air balloon of their own design and stitching – a second attempt.

Herbig, his cast and crew catch superbly the way the failed attempt alerted the East German Stasi. High tension reaches its peak in the multiple question: will the Stasi, commanded by the cynical Oberstlieutenant Seidel (Thomas Krestschmann), arrest the would-be fugitives before they finish the balloon, crash again, or be shot down?

Herbig also intertwines the East German regime's pervasive surveillance not only by neighbours and seeming friends but by Stasi officers (previously seen in the classic, *The Lives of Others* (2006)).

The fresh take shows a shop assistant reporting family members for buying large quantities of fabric.

In such circumstances the only hope resides with those brave enough to conceal, at risk of severe penalties, what they know.

Again Herbig offers an example: a kindergarten teacher who does not betray a child who has told her his father spent a lot of time sewing.

The East German regime's social aspects are fascinating: its apparatchiks offered free beer to those joining its political arm; a Stasi officer was bribed with a gismo that enabled him to watch *Charlie's Angels*, beamed in colour from the West.

Eloquent incidental: the film's release coincides with the 30th anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall.

G★★★★SFFV.

Pain and Glory (Dolor y Gloria)

Read writer/director Pedro Almodovar's title as *Regret and Celebrity* and you may get a clearer insight into the autobiographical yeast to his new film, a stand-alone that can be seen as the capstone of a trilogy with *Law of Desire* (1987) and *Bad Education* (2004).

Its star is Antonio Banderas, playing Salvador Mallo, a once famous film maker, now ageing, pain-ravaged and an ambulatory pill box.

Yet he is still up for a Q&A that goes with the revival of his film *Sabor (Flavour)* that has attained cult status.

In Hollywood Banderas was one in a long-line of Latino heroes starting perhaps with Rudolph Valentino (*The Sheik*, 1921).

In his birthland Spain, Banderas is a player of the first rank, subtle, wry, philosophical as *Sabor* puts him touch with its star Alberto Crespo (Asier Etxeandia) with whom he quarreled over the latter's heroin-addled interpretation.

Mallo himself takes to the drug for pain relief. Despite his placing the drug users in a cautionary context, Pedro Almodovar does make it too much of a commercial, showing details avoidable without loss of impact.

In a mode similar to Banderas, Penelope Cruz doffs Hollywood glamour to play a city girl, Jacinta, brought by her feckless husband (Raul Arevalo) to the village of Paternas to live in an underground house with her son, the young Salvador (Asier Flores).

He is a child so prodigious that he teaches a local labourer Eduardo (Cesar Vincente) to read and a write, a process Pedro Almodovar extends in ways that, predictably, shock the boy Salvador and eventually beguile the adult Salvador.

Ambivalence, it might be said, is so much an Almodovar trademark, he should register it.

The autobiographical elements make it clear that he resisted entering a seminary to become a priest yet benefited from education there.

Ironically, he still preaches, albeit a forbidden life-style, but not in the strident terms of strict political correctness.

At a restrained departure point in a re-union with a former partner, Federico (Leonardo Sbaraglia), Mallo utters a line to the effect that they now live in the way God intended.

As it turns out the film's most eloquent scenes are between Salvador and his elderly mother, thankfully not played by Cruz in a wig and wrinkly latex cosmetics, but by the marvellous Julieta Serrano.

She briefs Mallo on her funeral details (half, black mantilla, a sign she died a widow). She also makes clear her disappointment in him.

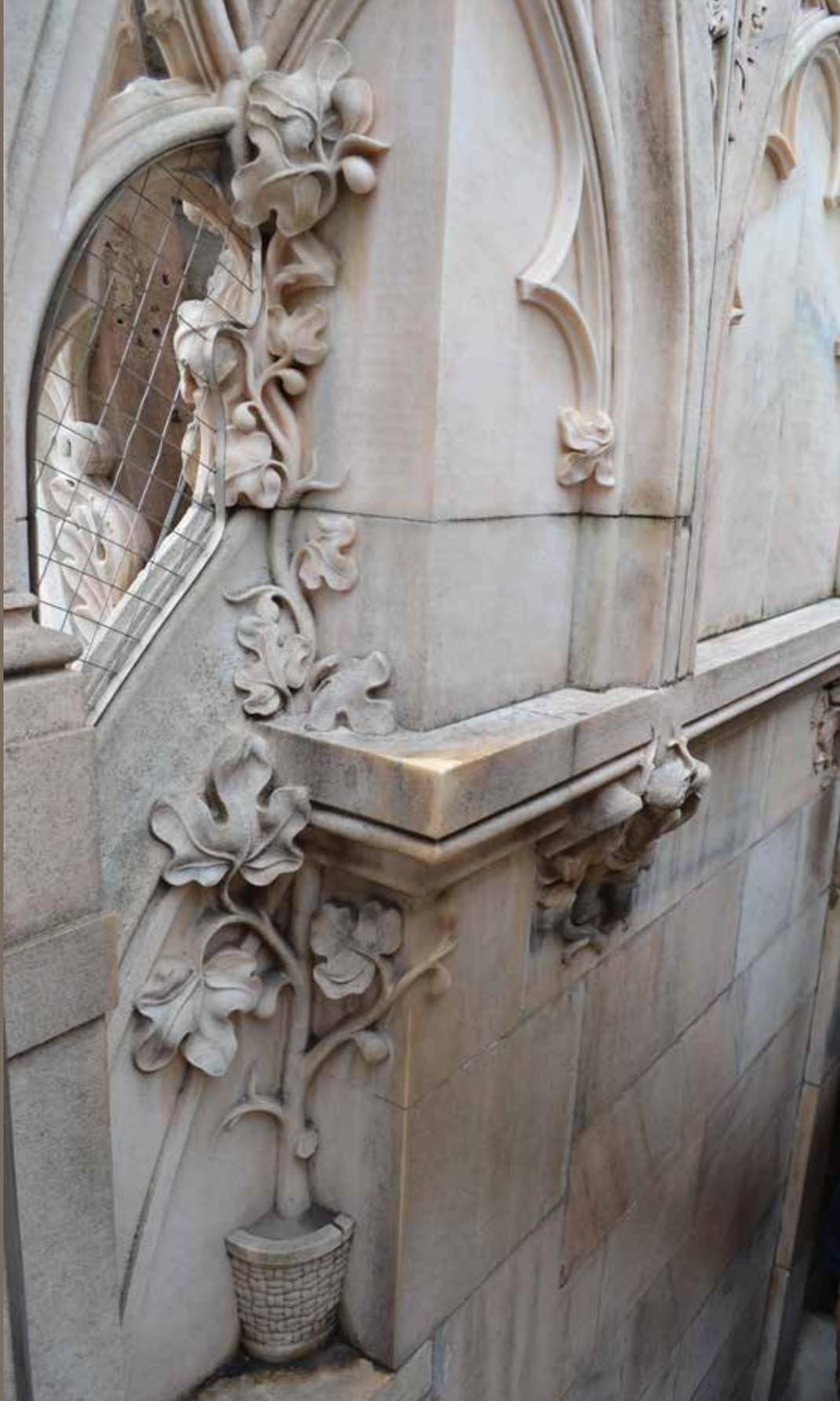
Despite his conjuring talent Pedro Almodovar does little to conceal that he has sliced his personal jamon thin. Indeed he exults in making his film memoir as melodrama – a Dickens relishing his shifts in the boot-blackening factory.

Thus, *Pain and Glory* is less an apologia than a self-exculpation, an egoistic game epitomized in a scene where the boy prodigy, Salvador triumphs playing draughts (for Pedro Almodovar Snakes and Ladders might be more apt).

He is an auteur who has yet to attain his apogee. His use of the name 'Salvador' begets thoughts of his compatriot, Salvador Dali. He transcended his nihilistic surrealism using his painterly skills to produce his masterwork, *The Christ of St John of the Cross* (based on a sketch by the mystic).

The painting hangs in the Museum and Art Gallery of Glasgow (Motto, 'Let Glasgow Flourish by the Preaching of the Word') – a potent response to iconoclastic elements of the Scottish Reformation.

MA15+★★★★NFFV.



HOW THE CATHOLIC MASONS AND SCULPTORS must have relished being asked to decorate the walls of the stairwell leading to the wondrous roof of Milan's Duomo, the second-largest Cathedral in the world, after St Peter's in Rome. Though St Peter's is technically not a Cathedral but a Shrine to the Prince of the Apostles whose remains are buried under the High Altar. The Cathedral of Rome, or the Pope's Seat or See ['cathedra'], is St John Lateran. The Duomo is popularly known as the Cathedral of the Madonnina, or the 'little Madonna,' the statue of our Lady stands 108.5 metres above the ground.