

ANNALS

Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture



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ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

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[Sunday Year B/weekdays Year I]

Australia's Leading Catholic Magazine

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

3

Religious 'Stings,'

Smoke, Pulleys and the Falling Australian Dollar

There are junk bonds, there is junk history, junk music and junk religion. Our Editorial considers how hype has emerged as a factor in modern religion.

12

Religious Pluralism

The recent Vatican Document 'Dominus Iesus' has been given a mixed reception in the media. FATHER DENNIS MURPHY continues his analysis of this long-awaited re-statement of traditional Catholic teaching on the uniqueness of Catholicism.

18

A true source of worry

Wherever truth or reason are suppressed, power tends to fill the vacuum.

GILES AUTY looks at some of the subtler kinds of power exercised in modern western democracies to enforce lies, distortions and intellectually dishonest theories.

25

Annals History of Carols

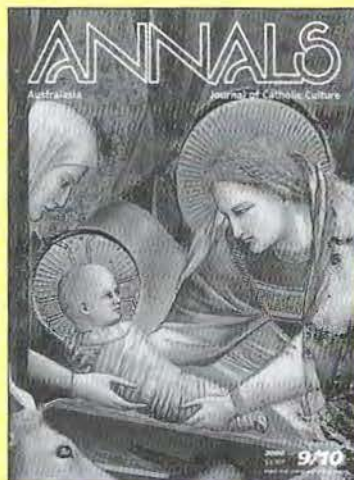
For ten years we have carried each year a special Carols Supplement in our final issue. JOHN COLBORNE-VEEL continues his history of old favourites and relatively unknown carols that are part of pre-Reformation Catholic tradition, and many others that have been written since the 16th century.

44

The Survivors

Not for the faint-hearted, this article looks at the lives of alleged 'blobs of tissue' who survived 'botched' abortions. WILLIAM F. JASPER offers grim background to the growing debate over abortion – especially late-term abortions.

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In the Name of the Father	1
Letters to the Editor	7
Thought from the Liturgy	11
Dame Nellie Melba	16
Holiday Homes for the Popes	21
The Confraternity of Mercy	39
Amnesia at the 'Paper of Record'	41
Media Matters	42
Well-informed citizens rare in the IT Age ...	50
Pampered Pets and Merry Maids	53
Keeping it in the Family	56
Movies	58

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

LORD JESUS BE OUR GUIDE



mortal man remember well,
When Christ our Lord was born,
He was crucified between two thieves,
And crowned with the thorn,
And crowned with the thorn.

O mortal man remember well,
When Christ died on the rood,
'Twas for our sins and wicked ways
Christ shed his precious blood,
Christ shed his precious blood.

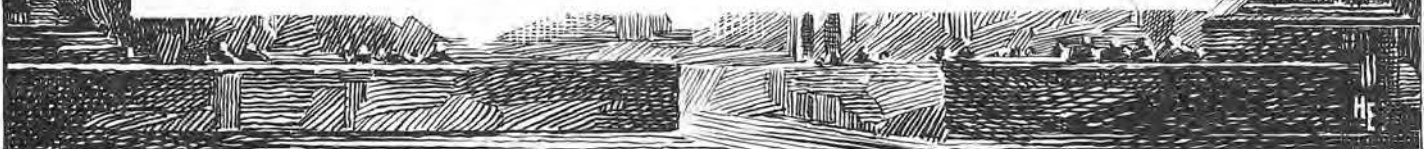
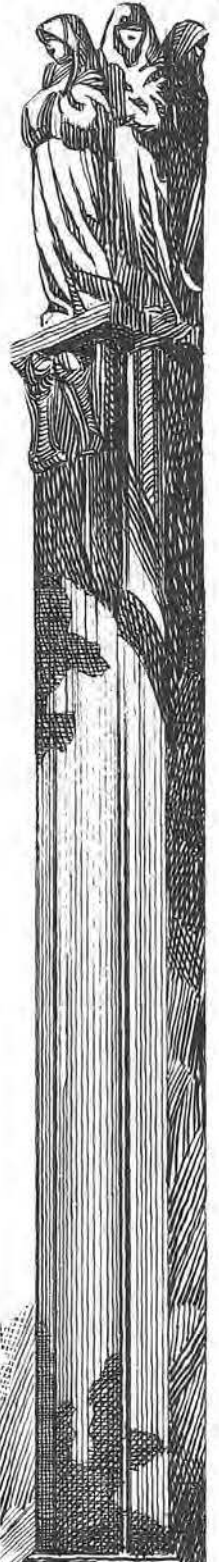
O mortal man remember well,
When Christ was wrapped in clay,
He was taken to the sepulchre
Where no man ever lay.

God bless the mistress of this house
With gold chain 'round her breast;
Where e'er her body sleeps or wakes,
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless the master of this house
With happiness beside;
Where e'er his body rides or walks
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless your house, your children too,
Your cattle and your store;
The Lord increase you day by day,
And send you more and more.

- The Sussex Mummers' [Actors] Carol, 14th-15th Century.



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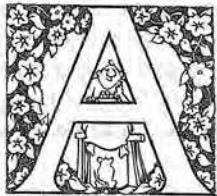
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RELIGIOUS 'STINGS', SMOKE, PULLEYS AND THE FALLING AUSTRALIAN DOLLAR

Hype too often prevails over reality in business. PAUL STENHOUSE considers how hype has emerged as a factor in modern religion. There are junk bonds, there is junk history, junk music and there is junk religion. Caveant emptores – let 'buyers' beware.



T the very moment, almost to the second, that Australia was exulting in the heady triumph of the

Opening Ceremony of the Olympics, the Australian dollar was being sold off in stockmarkets world-wide like shares in some phony dot.com company. 'What's wrong,' asked plaintive newshounds urgently ringing around to US and European commentators, 'this shouldn't be happening. People should be rushing to invest in a country as talented as ours. Aren't investors impressed by the image of our country that was presented last Friday evening when the Games opened? Can't they see that Australia is a country with a future; that investing here is a good idea?'

The answer they got should have sent a chill along the spines of those whose catch-cry since the 60s has been 'If it looks good, smells good, sounds good – it is good'.

Is Truth Relative?

Hard-headed money managers don't care about images. Virtual reality is their stock-in-trade: they popularised it. They know the world of images too well to trust it.

They want *real* dollars. They don't care if we Australians down-under think we are as talented as Henry Ford or as rich as Croesus. What we think doesn't matter unless we can back up our opinion with hard facts. Until we do, we will always be in danger of turning into the 'banana-republic' that one of our former Treasurers saw lurking inside his crystal ball.

Luigi Pirandello's short play entitled *Così è se vi pare* ['It is so, if you think it is'] was written in 1917. Ruggedly pessimistic, it is based on the premise, now widely accepted, not to say promoted, that truth is relative: that is, if you think or better still, 'feel,' something to be true, or good or useful, it is.

Pirandello's play explores the dangerously anti-intellectual position taken these days by a large percentage of our population with results more harmful, in the long-term, than the much lamented drop in our dollar.

In the vanguard of this world-wide 'sting' are 'professionals,' among whom are many professedly

religious people, including Catholic bishops, priests and religious who like Demas [2Timothy, iv,9] have been suckered into thinking that by watering-down the Faith it will be more acceptable to the world.

Whatever these latter choose to consider to be Catholic Faith and practice, *is*, they insist, by that very fact, Catholic Faith and practice, and must be accepted as such by all of us.

The question no one is game to ask

Usually they see no need to explain their very personal reasons for 'feeling' as they do about matters of Faith and Morals. If they can articulate these reasons for their opinion, and are willing to share them with you, and even if you are able to show them to be wrong, they shrug their shoulders and pityingly explain that they are as entitled to their opinion as you are to yours.

At this point the smoke clears a little and you can see the strings and pulleys. This is the crux. So let's not continue to beg the question; let's pluck up courage and ask it: why should your opinion be as good as, say, the teachings of Pope John Paul II? Why should the opinion of a 'liturgist' in some Australian diocese concerning the celebration of Mass and the Sacraments be as good as, say, the clearly stated rules from the Roman Congregation? Why should your opinion on abortion, contraception, euthanasia or the existence of Purgatory or Original Sin be preferred to traditional Catholic doctrine?

Like those who think the Australian dollar should be going up to around 0.65 cents to the US\$,

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instead of collapsing to around 0.53 cents and still fluctuating, those who think that they are as entitled to their opinion as you are to yours, need to be asked, 'Why?'

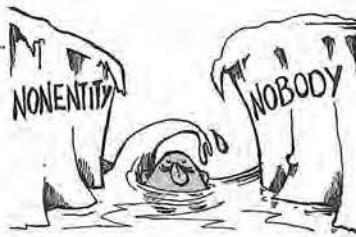
Hype often prevails over reality. A US-based dot.com company that was a veteran at *losing* money [it had operating losses of \$5 million] took only a month to be bid up to \$1.3 billion in 1999 before the crash. Others had no trouble selling themselves to gullible investors because of their impressive web-site and elegant graphics: this despite their having no product, no office [other than the internet chat-room] no assets, and no profit. Religious hype is just as seductive – but the losses are more enduring and harmful. There are junk bonds, and there is junk religion. Investors beware.

If wise investors need *reasons* before they will sink their money into the Australian economy, wise believers need reasons before following spiritual guides who, contradict the clear teaching of the Church and are leading them along paths rejected long ago by Papal decrees and Church Councils.

Not 'wrong,' only 'bad'

Amongst people who feed on half-truths, opinions flourish. 'Right' and 'wrong' have become meaningless terms in a world where individuals assert their politically-correct right to do and think as they wish. Such people could live more comfortably with being thought 'bad,' than with being thought 'wrong'. 'Bad' just means that you don't share their 'value system,' with overtones of sour-grapes on your part. 'Wrong,' however, suggests that their lives are built on the deadly quicksand of self-deception. This cuts closer to the bone of human vanity and phoney self-esteem.

For many of us, our being 'wrong' seems too improbable a scenario to be taken seriously. It is easier to think that 2000 years of Catholicism, the teachings of Church Councils and the lives and teachings of innumerable saints are all irrelevant, than to confront the possibility that we could be wrong. 'Who cares what St Augustine or St Ambrose thought



Seeds of self-destruction

HOWEVER, my hopes for sympathy with the people of Java do not go so far as to make me expect that the description of the theft, in broad daylight, of the last buffalo stolen from the village without scruple under the protection of Dutch authority... the description of the owner and his weeping children following the animal as it is driven off... of that owner sitting down on the steps of the robber's house, speechless and stunned and sunk in sorrow... the description of him chased away with insults and scorn, with the threat of *rattian* stripes and prison in fetters... no, I neither expect nor demand O fellow-Dutchmen, that such a picture will move you as much as if I were to sketch for you the lot of a Dutch peasant whose cow has been taken from him. I ask for no tear to flow with the tears on such dusky faces, no noble indignation when I speak of the despair of the victims. Nor do I expect you to rise and go to the King with my book in your hand, and say: 'See, O King, this is what happens in your Empire, in your lovely Empire of Insulindel!'

No, no, no, I do not expect any of that! Too much of your sympathy is absorbed by suffering-close at hand to leave you so much to spare for what is so far off! Is not your whole nervous system kept on the rack by the distressful task of choosing a new Member of Parliament? Is not your torn soul tossed between the world-renowned merits of Nonentity A and Nobody B? And do you not require your precious tears for more serious matters than... but what more need I say? Weren't things slack on the exchange yesterday, and isn't over-supply threatening the coffee market with a slump?

—Max Havelaar, or the Coffee Auctions of a Dutch Trading Company, by Multatuli, pen-name of Eduard Douwes Dekker. First published 1860.

centuries ago! who cares what the Successor of St Peter thinks in Rome! This is what we think today, in Australia, and we have a right to follow our conscience.' True, we have a right and in fact are obliged to follow our conscience, but only when it is correctly informed. Is it? And what steps have you taken to find out if it is?

Pirandello who died in 1936 grappled with these very problems which daunt the strongest character amongst us. The picture he paints of a relativistic world [in which, it should be stated, he 'believed'] is of one where primacy is given to emotionalism and subjectivity in the name of 'openness,' 'honesty,' or even 'empowerment' of others.

That way lies madness

It was the madness of his beloved wife that led him to enter this world; and one can only regret the fact that once entered, it leads inexorably to grievous hurt and even to shared madness.

Our being priests or religious does not entitle us to enter the quagmire of relativism and subjectivity – dripping with sympathy for people in trouble [or, more often, preoccupied with personal demons] – and insisting that the cure lies in denying the disease or, worse still, blaming the doctor.

We have not been ordained to reinvent Catholicism, but to be its servants. This will involve the 'aggiornamento' called for by the Council, but not the wholesale destruction wreaked by many on the Body of Christ, in the name of 'making the Faith relevant'.

For Catholics to act this way is to drive [not lead] the Church down paths that end, predictably, in collective religious dissolution and personal spiritual disfunction.

Not Insensitive – Caring

Rejection of the tempting comforts of a religion based on relativism and subjectivity should not be equated with insensitivity or lack of care or feeling for suffering humanity. On the contrary, it is because we know that relativism in doctrine and morals spells the end of true Christian belief and practice that we feel obliged to speak out.

For the same reason concerned scientists who see the need to regulate the use of gene therapy in the curing or prevention of disease resist the argument by James D. Watson, co-discoverer of the structure of DNA: 'Never postpone experiments

that have clearly defined future benefits for fear of dangers that can't be quantified'.

Our pity for the sufferer from Parkinson's disease cannot blind us to the moral and spiritual danger of experimenting with embryonic tissue. Demonstrations, and talk-back radio notwithstanding, the end does not justify the means in 2000 any more than it did in the time of Jesus.

**Argue from Principle
not Feeling**

Proponents of the 'my opinion is as good as St Augustine's' school consider the saintly bishop of Hippo to be irrelevant simply because he lived and wrote so long ago - 354-430 AD - and because, among other things, he had no knowledge of modern physics and biology.

Nigidius, a mathematician in St Augustine's day who dabbled in astrology, argued that even minute differences in time of birth can create large differences in people granted the great speeds at which the celestial spheres revolved. A relativist could only reply 'You are entitled to your opinion; I however have my own'.

St Augustine who knew how to argue from principle rather than from feeling, took no such facile path. He launched out into what has been described as a psychometric argument: 'If such small differences have such a great effect on the outcome,' the bishop of Hippo wrote in *The City of God*, 'and as no one measures the time of birth normally with sufficient precision, then *ipso facto* all astrological predictions are seriously wrong.'

I agree with Thomas Bouchard, professor of psychology at the university of Minnesota that 'today Augustine seems the clear winner in the debate'.

We may not go to St Augustine for advice on mathematics, or pharmaceutical and biological lore. On matters of logic and faith, however, he is a more reliable guide than those of our contemporaries who spurning logic are guided by feelings and whims; and do their damndest to force the rest of us to follow them. Give me St Augustine any day.

1. *The Sciences*, September/October 1997, p.57.



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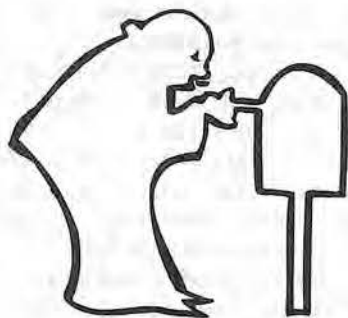


THROUGH A LACE CURTAIN

I watch him slowly walk each day
A smallish man in faded suit,
She rides, her gaze fixed far ahead,
Serenely tall, but strangely mute.
The face beneath the wide-brimmed hat
Expressionless, save where the years
Have scored deep lines upon pale skin,
Retracing tragedy and tears.
He walks behind to wheel the chair,
Now guides it to a nearby space,
There resting on the low brick fence
Beneath a tree, dear favourite place.
He takes her limp hands in his own
Her fingers to recall his face,
As one might kiss a photograph
Recapturing a past embrace.
No sound or touch can penetrate
The silence of the sleeping mind
Now locked away in nothingness,
Nor even fleeting response find.
To still the anger, bear the grief
Turned to despair few can deny.
Dear God he needs you at his side
Because to-day I saw him cry.

– Anastasia Cuddy

Letters



Blessing

Dear Father *Annals* Editor, I write to renew my subscription to *Annals*: I would hate to miss a number.

With every possible blessing in your wonderful, sophisticated witness to the Gospel.

Melbourne Vic. 3002 +ERIC D'ARCY
ARCHBISHOP EMERITUS OF HOBART

Helpful

I offer you some words of appreciation for the contents of *Annals* No. 4, 2000.

I appreciate information about Westminster's new Rev. Archbishop Murphy-O'Connor. I had not been able to find information about him.

Movies Review – I was interested in the review of the film *Angela's Ashes*. James Murray revisited 'Catholic Bashing' as 'politically correct in certain media' also *Media Matters*. I found the information helpful.

Nth Adelaide SA 5006 SR SHEILA McNALLY L.C.M.

Cricketing Clerics

James Murray's comments in the July issue of the clerical cricketers bring to mind a much loved parish Priest who in the early 1930's was in charge of the Stockton Parish in Newcastle.

Father Paddy Youall played cricket for Stockton in the Newcastle District Competition, under an assumed name, as I believe it was frowned upon by the Diocesan authority of Bishop Gleeson.

As kids we would watch the games at the Stockton oval and our 'good on you Father' would be met with a wink and a smile.

He was a great man and was responsible for instructing my Presbyterian father and receiving him into the church.

We moved from Stockton in 1934 and lost contact, however I do know that he became a chaplain to the 6th Division A.I.F. and was in the Greece and Crete debacle. I think he may have become a P.O.W. but I am not sure of that. Maybe one of your older subscribers will be able to enlarge on this.

Keep up the good work.

Mountain Creek Qld 4557 TERRY TURNER

Government Concern

Regarding *Annals* 4/2000, there are a couple of minor technical corrections to the editorial 'Internet boom or Trojan Horse.con' – which was a great title, and excellent item! The mouse, windowing software, personal computer and network were all developed at the Xerox Palo Alto Research Center (PARC); Steve Jobs saw them and saw that they were good, so to speak. Xerox Corporation never understood what they had, and never managed to profit from the great ideas they developed. Ultimately I think

Special Notice for our Readers

As we prepare to commence the 3rd Millennium since our Lord's birth, *Annals* wishes all our faithful readers a Happy and Blessed Christmas and New Year, and thanks you for your long years of loyal support.

2000 has been especially difficult for us, principally because of adjustments to our various computer programmes caused by the GST. There are not many of us – our staff consists of one full-time [your editor] one talented part-time manager [Hendrikus Wijono] our gifted artist [Kevin Drumm] and generous and talented contributors, volunteers and Board members.

If you have already paid your subscription and receive a red label this issue, please don't worry: we have a large back-log of mail that we have not been able to process in time for this final posting for the year. Thank you for your support and your patience.

A special word of thanks to all our contributors, advertisers, and those subscribers who pay on the yellow card inserted in *Annals*. With your support we are able to continue into our 112th year of publication.

Recommend *Annals* to all your friends.

they sued Apple over patent or copyright infringement (I don't recall which), but lost the case in court.

Microsoft's part in all this was to imitate what Apple had done, and eventually make it work well enough. And in the interest of full disclosure, I should add that I worked for Microsoft for 8 years.

I also had trouble with the article 'Whose Children Are They' in issue 3/2000. I read some of the article before giving up – perhaps it ends better than it begins. There is a number of Americans (both commentators and citizens) whose belief appears to be that we would all be better off without any form of government, and that we good meaning and civilised citizens would just make everything perfect for all of us. As is common for people with this view, the author sees nothing positive about any government. Not that I hold the view of cradle to grave government control – far from it.

Yet again, the sad and horrendous trouble in Waco comes to the fore. By pure chance, yet another independent inquiry has just released its report finding no evidence of government cover up or malfeasance. None of which can ever undo the sad episode; nor is it to say that neither side is free of guilt. But in the end, the people died (mostly were shot) at the direction of David Koresh and his crew.

As for the gist of the article as far as I reached, I would love to live in a country where children were all brought up in a home with two parents who showed nothing but love and concern for their children. The USA, at least, is not such a country. While it is a poor idea to have a government organisation 'looking after' families, the reverse side of the coin is the effect on children growing up in families who don't/won't care for the child. There are far too many cases where children are abused – physically or emotionally. Is there no justification for monitoring such events? What is the long term effect (and cost) to society? To the child? I don't have an answer; I don't know how to make people good parents.

Otherwise, *Annals* maintains its excellent nature. It is a joy to read.

Kenmore 98028 WA USA LINDSAY HARRIS

Twilight of Olympic age

The late Malcom Muggeridge, eminent English writer, prophesied repeatedly that 'western civilisation' – like so many civilisations before it – had entered its twilight age.

The late Bishop James Fulton Sheen pointed out that great civilisations often accomplish their greatest physical achievements, such as building works, on the eve of their decline, not at the zenith of their ascent.

These thoughts arise, nagging, in the midst of the euphoria and the orgy of self congratulations over the Sydney Olympics.

And the catalyst was a simple vignette, related by the 'Mayor' of the Olympic Village, Graham Richardson.

'It was quite bizarre', he said, chuckling, and explained that the village staff – his staff – had made condoms available in bowls, like *Smarties*, into which the athletes could dip and choose their colour preference.

'Girls, too?' asked the ABC TV interview.

'Yes, girls too.'

By my count, the bulk delivery of condoms to the Olympic Village would enable each athlete to acquire fifty. Did SOCOG have some other form of gold medal in mind.

Drysdale Vic. 3222

FRANK COLYER

Misrepresenting the facts

It is unfortunate that *Australian Catholics* (Spring 2000) did not check its facts before printing the letter claiming that the 'two gay guys who founded (Courage)' ... 'found that it did not work for them and now live in a loving gay relationship.'

Courage is a Catholic ministry providing support for those dealing with same-sex attractions who seek to live in accordance with Catholic teaching on sexuality. Fr John Harvey, International Director of Courage writes of the history of Courage in his book *The Homosexual Person*, Ignatius Press 1987: 'In late 1978 Terence Cardinal Cooke requested a committee, of which I (Fr John Harvey) was a member – together with Father Benedict Groeschel, OFM Cap, Monsignor Edwin O'Brien and Dr. Kenneth Wapnik – to plan a spiritual support group for homosexual



Prayer needed

REMEMBER in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.

– Church Bulletin.

persons in the archdiocese of New York. After four workshops for priests and professionals in archdiocesan agencies, the first meeting took place in Manhattan during the last week of September 1980, p 121. '... Courage ... began in New York City ... in September 1980 .. with five men.' *ibid* page 141.

The letter in *Australian Catholics* appears to be referring to a widely spread story regarding *Exodus International*, a coalition of mainly Protestant ministries for those with same sex attractions seeking to live in accordance with traditional Christian belief against homosexual practice. The story is often presented suggesting that Mike Bussee and Gary Cooper, who later formed a relationship, founded the whole idea of the *Exodus* type of ministry.

In the early 70s such ministries began forming independently of each other in various parts of the world, mainly in North America. Mike Bussee was on staff with one of these ministries in Los Angeles. Bussee's significant role, along with others, was in the organising of a conference of these ministries in 1976 where the



Freedom from God – freedom to fail

POSITIVE freedom also implies the principle that there is no higher power than this unique individual self, that man is the centre and purpose of his life; that the growth and realisation of man's individuality is an end that can never be subordinated to purposes which are supposed to have greater dignity.

– Erich Fromm, *The Fear of Freedom*, 1960, p. 228.

umbrella organisation *Exodus International* was formed.

Gary Cooper attended that conference along with about 40 others. His role was such that other *Exodus* founders could not even recall his presence at the conference. A few years after the conference Bussee and Cooper recanted of their belief in the principles of *Exodus*, and formed a relationship. Some years later Cooper died of AIDS.

Maggie Heinemann from the pro-gay organisation *Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG)* has researched this issue and written 'It is important to be accurate about the roles of Bussee and Cooper. When those who know the history of *Exodus*, hear the Bussee/Cooper half-truth being used to discredit (*Exodus*) ministries, it reinforces a belief that those who dismiss (such) ministries have trouble with truth.'

When the book of *Alcoholics Anonymous* was released in 1935 it wrote of 'the first hundred alcoholics who have recovered'. The fact that the majority of those founding members returned to drinking has not stopped AA developing into an organisation that has been lifesaving to many people.

I am just one of many who has benefited from the *Courage* and *Exodus* ministries. Some of us have lived the gay lifestyle for many years. Some were involved in gay activism. Some have never acted out sexually. Many of us began to see other issues underlying our same-sex attractions. Many of us found the emotional, physical and spiritual cost of active homosexuality was too high. We began to see the full meaning of the church's teaching against homosexual practice to be life-affirming rather than homophobic.

Some AA members relapsed intermittently for years before reaching prolonged periods of sobriety. This is also the case in *Courage* and *Exodus* with some members' pursuit of chastity. Is this not a reflection of the human condition that all of us face? The place of reconciliation and penance in Catholicism acknowledges that the possibility of relapse into old patterns of behaviour and thinking is an integral part of life.

Canberra ACT 2601

PAUL CHRISTOPHER

New Feminism

Your item on St Edith Stein (1891-1942), nominated as Patroness of 'The New Feminism', reminded me of Leontine Zanta (1872-1942). She was one of several women, starting with his own mother, who most profoundly influenced the life and spirituality of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin SJ (1881-1955). Like St Edith who qualified in Germany as a Doctor of Philosophy in 1916, Mademoiselle Zanta was the first woman to achieve that award in France - in 1914.

They were both pioneers for 'the new feminism'. Having focused on 'The Revival of Stoicism in the Sixteenth Century' for her doctoral thesis, Leontine Zanta published 'The Psychology of Feminism' at the end of World War I. By 1919 she was being invited to other countries to lecture on 'her great theme: modern woman and the social problems of the twentieth century' ('Letters to Leontine Zanta,' introduced by Robert Garric and Henri de Lubac, Collins, 1969).

Just back from his first journey to China, Teilhard met Zanta in 1925 at a *soirée* at her home in Paris. Considering their mutual interest in the philosophy of stoicism, they established immediate rapport. When Teilhard returned to China in 1929, their letters kept them in touch.

'Neo-Stoicism in Teilhard de Chardin' was amply discussed by Professor R. Godfrey Tanner of the University of Newcastle (New South Wales) in 'The Desire to be Human' (pages 124-142), an International Teilhard Compendium edited by Leo Zonneveld and Robert Muller, published in 1983 by Mirananda Publishers in the Netherlands.

Woody Point Qld 4019 GRAHAME FALLON

Devoured

I devour your magazine immediately it arrives, usually late into the night but I never 'drop off'. As everything is just so interesting and informative. I love the articles on the relics of our Lord's passion and if it is ok by you, will pass them on to my parish Priest - would make great material for use during Lent, I think.

West Brunswick Vic. 3055 LETTY MORRISON

Sensible

Dennis Murphy's article in *Annals* [7/2000] was excellent. The 'with-it' trendies are forever attempting to water down the Faith. His article hits them right between the eyes. Why should we even be embarrassed by what and who we are? And what we believe in most dearly. It's always a pleasure to read good, sound, sensible, Catholic literature.

Sefton NSW 2162 (FR) TONY MAHER, OMI

For Many Years

We have received the *Annals* for many years now and think it is the best magazine dealing with our religion.

Macgregor ACT 2615 MR & MRS RAY BERGSMAN

Website of Interest

Please find enclosed a cheque for \$40 includes subs to *Annals* and small donation. Sorry it's so small. Love the truthful editorials!

You may be interested to know I have recommended *Annals* on the 'Current Issues' page of my website written for the Central Queensland Catholics Cooperative Library at <http://www.crosswinds.net/~cqcl>

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North Rockhampton Qld 4701 MRS ANNA CASEY

Real Situation

Greetings from Vanimo! I read your Editorial of August 2000 with great interest and appreciation. The article called 'The Two-Edged Sword of Hate and Violence' is the clear picture of persecution of Christians in Indonesia. I appreciate your courage to enlighten many ignorant people, about the real situation of our Christian Brethren in Indonesia.

I also went through the other articles and reached a conclusion that *Annals* magazine is very constructive and interesting. A magazine which is full of love and dedication for the Church. I wish you all the best, and assurance of prayer and blessing to go ahead with such ministry with courage and enthusiasm. This magazine would inspire many people to be faithful to Church and its mission. God bless you.

Vanimo WSP PNG

+CESARE BONIVENTO,
BISHOP OF VANIMO, PNG

Favourite

'*Annals*' is still my favourite reading and each copy is passed on to others.

Roseville NSW 2069

(MRS.) BETTY SULLIVAN

At the coal pit

For some time I have been intending to add my appreciation to the vast amount of letters you receive from subscribers to *Annals*. Your editorials are superb, and other articles you choose to print are always excellent. The critique by Tracey Rowland in the May edition on Cardinal Ratzinger's book, 'A New Song for the Lord' spoke precisely of the problems we have in this parish.

At a parish meeting last week, I spoke of the lack of reverence, therefore the lack of focus on God in the Mass, and reminded those present that God is the object of our worship

and the reason for our being there at all. I was 'corrected' by our assistant priest to the effect that God is not only in the Blessed Sacrament, but is in each and every one of us, therefore community is the essential thing, with sausage sizzles being an important way of bringing people together after Mass!

This last Sunday, Father preached about the need for us all to become modern day prophets. This means (he said) not listening to what the Pope has to say, but to pray about issues within the Church and then to make our own decisions according to our conscience. We must be prophets even though it may not be easy. I kept muttering 'dear me! dear me!' and took up something to read. We are constantly being subjected to this sort of thing. Last time we were advised to exercise our conscience in terms of abortion and euthanasia. Father loves to preach about the humanity of Jesus (who made human mistakes just like himself) because he cannot really relate to the divinity side!

In our situation, we have given up contacting the Bishop, because he concurs with whatever Father says or does. If appeals for help are sent to the Nuncio, the letters are sent back to the Bishop within days, and then those who wrote them are blacklisted.

So you see why having contact with orthodox Catholics and their writings is so important for survival here. Father tells me that it is time I stopped reading 'all that rubbish', and started to read relevant stuff – like Fr Paul Collins and Michael Morwood et al.

NAME SUPPLIED

Personal Note

Just a note to tell you how much I appreciate, indeed, enjoy – the more personal note which has lately echoed in your editorial, especially No.7.

Moss Vale NSW 2577

DENISE ANTAW

The Tower of Babel

The miracles of God fade into insignificance against the miracles man has wrought in the 20th and 21st centuries, and there are more



Ancient puppets

THE Puppet – called *neurospaston*, by the Romans – was common in ancient times and very popular among the Greeks and Romans. Aristotle speaks of some puppets or marionettes that could move their heads, eyes, hands and limbs in a very natural way. (*De Mundo*, vi). It was the Chinese who came up with the ingenious way of making puppets move independently by means of quicksilver, although Aristotle does speak of a wooden statue of Venus that could move by means of quicksilver.

– Ed

yet to come, our scientific pundits confidently prophesy amidst all the misery and want in this hell-camp of modern civilisation. Progress is progress: wonders piled upon wonders, world without end, is the cry. Read all about them in the 'Daily Miracle' and be comforted!

Hawthorn VIC 3122

JOHN L. MAPLESTON

Excellent

Annals Magazine is always a good read, but in the issue for August 2000 you excelled yourself. First, your biting editorial on 'Ethnic Cleansing' (hateful phrase!), then the brave and lucidly expressed article, 'Homosexuality and Catholicism', by Paul Christopher, striving to retain new-found sanity, after twenty years of so-called 'gay' life.

Emer. Prof. Alan Crown's critical essay on Michael Drosnin's book 'The Bible Code' is a feast of scholarship and wit.

Anne Lastman's article, 'Fighting Back in the War Against Drugs', is wide-ranging in its scope.

I have found your articles about the relics of Our Lord's Crucifixion extremely enlightening. I hope you will incorporate them into a booklet, in the not-too-distant future.

Longueville NSW 2066

FRANCES HACKNEY

Destruction of country towns

The Nationals' threat to use 'examples of the parliamentary performances of One Nation and independents' in an attempt to win back the bush, obviously came from an unintentional humourist.

During an extended business trip in country areas, I found what worries many rural people, is the hard evidence of the performance of the federal National Party in the calculated destruction of country towns. Milk deregulation, rising fuel costs, bank closures, and yes the GST (contrary to conventional wisdom) are just some of the long list of grievances with the major and minor parties, such as the Nationals and Democrats.

The people I spoke with, were of the opinion that the political parties, listed above, are so much on the nose, they could do no worse than vote for an independent – any independent, who didn't have two heads.

Petrie Qld 4502

FRANK BELLET

Boorstin

A better Catholic publication than *Annals* – I'd like to see that!

And by the way, the author quoted from on page 33 of the May issue is Daniel Boorstin not Boarstin – his book 'The Discoverers' is a great favourite of mine.

Coogee NSW 2034

JACK MASON

Encouraging

The continual appeals in *Annals* to help boost the circulation cause a bit of heartburn. In my years as a subscriber I have recruited only one that I know of. His and my copies are read by about 10 other people. This does not do much for the circulation but the knowledge of the additional readership might give you a bit of encouragement.

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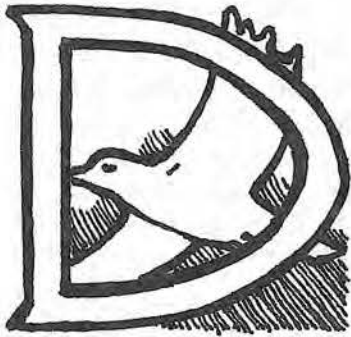
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THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY



DECEMBER

1 Friday *Week 34* Apoc 21:2
I saw the new Jerusalem ... as beautiful as a bride dressed for her husband.

2 Saturday *Week 34* Apoc 22:5
It will never be night again ... the Lord will be shining on you.

3 Sunday *Advent 1* Psalm 25:1
To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul.

4 Monday *Advent 1* Isaiah 4:6
The glory of the Lord will be a canopy over you, a shade, a shelter and a refuge.

5 Tuesday *Advent 1* Isaiah 11:9
The country is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters swell the sea.

6 Wed *Advent 1* Isaiah 25:8
The Lord will wipe away the tears from every cheek.

7 Thurs *Ambrose* Mat 4:4
We do not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God.

8 Fri *Immaculate Conception* Eph 1:4
Chosen in Christ to be holy and spotless, and to live through love in his presence.

9 Saturday *Advent 1* Psalm 17:3
He heals the broken-hearted. He binds up all their wounds.

10 Sun *Advent 2* Psalm 126:2
The Lord has done great things for us.

11 Mon *Advent 2* Isaiah 35:
Look, our God is coming to save us.

12 Tues *Advent 2* Mat 18:1
It is never the will of your Father that one of these little ones should be lost.

13 Wed *Lucy* Psalm 31:5
Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit. You have redeemed me, O faithful God.

14 Thu *John of Cross* Gal 6:14
I glory only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

15 Fri *Advent 2* John 8:12
Anyone who follows you, Lord, will have the light of life..

16 Sat *Advent 2* Psalm 80:3
O God, bring us back; let your face shine upon us and we shall be saved.

17 Sun *Advent 3* Zeph 3:17
God will rejoice over you and renew you in his love.

18 Monday Psalm 72:12
He shall save the poor when they cry and the needy who are helpless.

19 Tuesday Psalm 71:17
It is you, O Lord who are my hope; my trust, O Lord, since my youth.

20 Wednesday Luke 1:28
Rejoice, so highly favoured! The Lord is with you.

Thoughts compiled by Father Michael Fallon, MSC.

21 Thursday Canticle 2:1
Show me your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet and your face is beautiful.

22 Friday Isaiah 56:7
Morning star, radiance of eternal light, sun of justice, come and enlighten those who live in darkness and in the shadow of death.

23 Saturday Luke 21:28
Stand erect, hold your heads high, because your liberation is near at hand.

24 Sun *Advent 4* Heb 10:6
I have come to do your will, O God.

25 Mon *Christmas* Luke 2:19
Mary treasured all these things and reflected on them in her heart.

26 Tue *Stephen* Ps 31:7
I trust in the Lord. Let me be glad and rejoice in your love.

27 Wed *John* 1John 1:1
What we have seen with our own eyes, watched and touched with our hands.

28 Thu *Imocents* Mat 2:18
Weeping for her children, she refused to be consoled.

29 Friday 1John 2:8
The night is now over. The true light is already shining.

30 Saturday Hebrews 1:2
God has spoken to us through his Son.

31 Sun *Holy Family* Col 3:14
Love binds the other virtues together and makes them perfect.

Speaking Together

RELIGIOUS PLURALISM

The recent Vatican Document 'Dominus Iesus' re-stated traditional Catholic teaching about the uniqueness of Catholicism. FATHER DENNIS MURPHY continues his analysis of this long-awaited 'correction' to the trajectory that some who have lost sight of the Church's true course, have tried to impose on her for the sake of 'dialogue'



LUKAS Vischer was a man completely dedicated to dialogue. He was director of Faith and Order, a Commission of the World Council of Churches, and invited as an observer to the Second Vatican Council. It was in 1969 that he expressed misgivings about the word 'dialogue' because it had become overloaded with conflicting ideas and expectations.

For some people, effective 'dialogue' was requiring at least an element of indifference and relativism – even a full-blown acceptance of the principle that one religion was as good as another. In other cases, efforts were being made to bypass differences and formulate a 'super' religion to satisfy everyone.

In this context, discussing religions tended to be like discussing different colours or music. It was a matter of individual taste, not of truth. And as the Latin tag had it, 'it doesn't make sense to dispute about differing tastes': *De gustibus non disputandum est*. And, of course, an acknowledged, full commitment to one's own position was an absolute 'no no'.

A matter of truth

All religions use poetry, at times sublime poetry, but they themselves are not poetry. At the back of each, either implicitly or explicitly, one finds a philosophy – an objective understanding of the meaning of the universe. On this level, where they contradict each other they cannot each be true.

The late R. C. Zaehner, with his encyclopaedic knowledge and universal empathy for the religions of

the world, wrote in his book *Foolishness to the Greeks* (Oxford University Press, 1953) '...to maintain that all religions are paths leading to the same goal, as is so frequently done today, is to maintain something that is not true. Not only on the dogmatic, but on the mystical plane, too, there is no agreement... Indian and Semitic thought are, I will not say irreconcilably opposed; they are simply not starting from the same premises'.

Yet in the midst of this diversity human beings have the ability to know truth, and the obligation to search for it and to live according to it

when it is found.¹ Truth is not something we create, but something we discover, submit ourselves to and put into practice.

The problem of irreconcilable differences

Granted the great differences between religions, some who are well experienced in the field of inter-religious dialogue consider it more probable that the goal of unity is beyond history and to be found only in God's ultimate establishment of his Kingdom.² They do not, however, see this as a reason for neglecting dialogue.

That there is no or little hope in this life of settling religious differences may be too pessimistic, but at least it counteracts the naive optimism one finds at times which is unaware of the profound differences between religions and assumes some adroit rephrasing can solve everything.

In facing this problem, perhaps Lukas Vischer's comment about 'dialogue' has some merit. Through constant use, words can become diverted from their original meaning and setting. At times substituting another word can help us see the matter in a new light and make us more realistic. What if we used 'conversation' rather than 'dialogue'? Would our statements begin to sound strange? Exaggerated?

A return to the origins of the present use of the word 'dialogue' may help us. For a Catholic, this involves a return to Pope Paul VI and Vatican II. This is not to claim that there have not been significant developments since then. There have been and will be. Dialogue is as complex



Age of progress

MEN with medieval sympathies are sometimes accused, absurdly enough, of trying to prove that the medieval period was perfect. In truth the whole case for it is that it was imperfect. It was imperfect as an unripe fruit or a growing child is imperfect. Indeed it was imperfect in that very particular fashion which most modern thinkers generally praise, more than they ever praise maturity. It was something now much more popular than an age of perfection; it was an age of progress.

– The New Jerusalem, by G.K. Chesterton, 1874-1936.

as human relations are complex, but every now and then it is useful to return to simple basics so that we can assess better what is happening, get our bearings and hopefully clear away unwarranted confusion.

A Vatican Council II breakthrough

Opinions rightly differ about the most significant breakthrough of Vatican II. For myself, it was the Church's realisation that it did not only have an obligation to communicate God's words to others, it also had an obligation to listen to them – whether these others were inside or outside the Church; whether believers or atheists; whatever their Christian denomination; whatever their religion.

Listening to others seriously does not necessarily mean agreeing with them; but it does imply that others can see we understand and even appreciate their position although we cannot make it our own.

This was not simply a ploy used to get a message across. It was based firmly on 'the dignity of the human person', fittingly chosen as the title of Vatican II's Declaration of Religious Liberty. But in allowing freedom of speech to others, the Church did not exclude itself. Church authorities also had the right to express their point of view publicly – a point overlooked at times even by some Catholics. It might be added that even departments of the Vatican Curia are not excluded. They also have the right to the respect and courtesy that is due to every human being – the right to be listened to seriously. And this involves, as with everybody, an understanding of particular statements in their context and not in isolation.

Pope Paul VI

Pope Paul VI's first Encyclical *Ecclesiam Suam*³ (6 August 1964) was written towards the end of Vatican II. Its English title, *Paths for the Church*, was taken from the Latin sub-title and clearly indicated its main thrust. The opening sentence of the Letter



Politics of Envy

WHAT then can be the moral basis for objecting to economic inequality and asserting that condemnation of great wealth, backed up with political action, is essential to any defence of the free market? The obvious candidate is envy. It is impossible to see any objective harm done to the less wealthy by another's greater wealth. It is not, after all, the case that the richer man's income is extracted from the poorer man. Vacationing at the shore, I see a large yacht at anchor in the harbor. Though I may wish I had one, it is quite clear that I do not lack a yacht because another man has one. The economy is not a zero/sum game. A Rockefeller's or a Bill Gate's or a Michael Jackson's wealth does not diminish my wealth or anybody else's. (It is irrelevant to the present point to note that political action to deprive such folks of their luxuries would, because of its adverse effects on incentives, make the rest of us poorer.)

– Judge Robert H. Bork, *Slouching towards Gomorrah*, Regan Books, 1996.

shows that the emphasis is on *His* Church – not *ours*, much less *mine*, but the *Lord's* Church. There are many things we can legitimately change in the Church and even compromise on, but we have no right to tamper with what we see as particularly *His*. The principles that guide a Catholic in making such a judgement are basically clear.

The third section of the Encyclical – its longest (nn. 58-116) – deals with the path of 'dialogue'. The word 'dialogue', however, does not appear! The Pope always uses the

Latin word *colloquium* – 'speaking together'. From common experience we know the difference between being told something and being spoken *with* about it, particularly when some decision is required on our part.

The success of this 'speaking together' is not measured by getting rid of diversity – the beauty of creation itself is its unity in diversity⁴ – but by discovering what we have in common and how people with different, even irreconcilable, points of view can live and work together as friends and even be mutually enriched by their different points of view.

Speaking Together

'Speaking together' is not the same as 'chatting' together. Its aims are more serious. Nor is 'speaking together' merely an opportunity to air one's own views independently. 'Speaking together', where religions are concerned, involves speaking on behalf of a definite tradition. It has to accept the role of legitimate authority and obedience (113-116). Over the years the fruits of 'speaking together' have become clearer and can now confidently be understood as its main aims. Ulrich Schoen⁵ lists five:

- to dissolve misunderstandings;
- to improve relationships;
- to lessen fear and suspicion;
- to deepen faith in one's own religion;
- to create greater unity and cooperation.

Some may find it surprising that one of the results and aims of 'speaking together' is the deepening of their understanding of their own religion. They may have suspected exactly the opposite. But when different religions speak together people frequently come away with a new look at things they had taken too much for granted or even forgotten in their own religion.

Experience has also pinpointed four areas in which we can profitably speak together:

- first, simply by living as friendly neighbours;
- second, by working together for the common good;
- third, by theological discussion;

- fourth, by sharing religious experience.⁶

Paul VI's vision

Paul VI's first Encyclical, according to custom, outlined the basis on which he wanted to build his service of the Church as Pastor. For him, 'the Church is a word; the Church is a message; the Church is communication' (65). From this point of view, the logic of *Ecclesiam Suam* is clear. The Church had to 'speak together' with everyone. He sees this in three circles: first, the world, particularly the secularised and atheistic world; second, with the religions of the world; third, with other Christians both those united with the See of Rome and with others.

Speaking with others could at times be a painful and slow process (77); it could even be impossible (he was thinking of the communistic block of that time), but 'For the lover of truth discussion is always possible' (102).

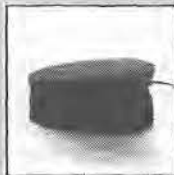
There was always a danger that 'speaking together' could run the risk of 'a relativism that would falsify its (the Church's) moral and dogmatic truth' (87). Furthermore 'an immoderate desire to make peace and sink differences at all costs, is fundamentally, a kind of scepticism about the power of the Word of God which we desire to preach' (88). Yet the risk has to be taken because 'how else can it (the Church) fit itself to approach all people according to the example of the Apostle: I became all things to all people that I might save all?' (1 Cor 9:22)

Honesty

In speaking together honesty is essential. Otherwise one party is, practically speaking, absent. Therefore, the Paul VI felt obliged to admit to the religions of the world that 'honesty impels us to declare openly our conviction that there is but one true religion, the religion of Christianity' (107). He admits the same regarding the Catholic Church when he considers other Christians (109, 110).

It is clear from reactions to *Dominus Jesus* that many consider such admissions to be the death knell of

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dialogue. But is it really the end of 'speaking together'? Three comments may be in order.

Firstly, the statement is not primarily about the Church, but about the nature of God who is Father, Son and Spirit, who is present in history, above all in the incarnation and the activity of the Spirit – a God who makes promises. It is not based on the Church's own powers – organisation, thinkers or even saints – but on faith in the indefectible nature of God's promise. This gives the Church a sense of security despite its many failings, sins and mistakes throughout history. On this basis, it can confess its weakness before the world, as it did recently through the words of Pope John Paul II, without feeling that its identity is at stake. The Church's strength is not found in itself or its own supposed superiority: 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels, to show that the transcendent power belongs to God and not to us' (2 Cor 4:7).

Secondly, while the stand regarding true religion is firmly set in Scripture and Tradition, and hence is not new; there is another aspect that is new and extremely important – the stress on the positive values in other religions. 'We recognise and respect the moral and spiritual values of the various non-Christian religions' (108). Truth is to be found and acknowledged outside the Church. 'People must be understood and where they merit it – agreed with.' (87). More importantly, the Church has to be ready to change: 'We are ready to study how we satisfy the legitimate desires of our Christian brothers and sisters still separated from us' (109). And the Catholic Church will not cease by prayer and repentance to prepare herself for the longed-for reconciliation' (109). Though the reference is to other Christian denominations, the whole tenor of the Encyclical implies that the same attitude extends to other religions.

Thirdly, the pessimistic reaction seems to me to be based on a too narrow concept of dialogue, as though it were between members of some exclusive, inward looking religious club interested in some esoteric ideas of their own. In the vision of Paul VI, Vatican Council II and John

Paul II 'speaking together' is not simply for the good of religions, but for the good of the world. If religions cannot live together and continually enrich each other despite differences, what hope is there for the world? As John Paul II said in his concluding address on the World Day of Peace held at Assisi on 27 October 1986: 'Either we learn to walk together in peace and harmony, or we drift apart and ruin ourselves and others'. If any damage is ever done in 'speaking together' it has to be measured in this wider context.

Recognising the activity of God's Spirit in other religions continued after the Council particularly in the writings and discourses of John Paul II, and opened several paths towards a more positive understanding of religious pluralism. A number of theologians and Church documents are following this line very profitably.

Vatican Council II

In writing *Ecclesiam Suam* Paul VI made it clear that he did not want to preempt the documents of the Council (89), but he was well aware of the direction these were taking as the Council drew to a close.

Three months after the Encyclical the Council approved the Decree on Ecumenism, *Unitatis redintegratio* and the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church, *Lumen gentium* (21 November 1964). The following year saw the Declaration on the Relation of the Church to Non-Christian Religions, *Nostra aetate* (28 November 1965) and a month later the Declaration on Religious Liberty, *Dignitatis humanae* (7 December 1965) and on the same day the Decree on the Church's Missionary Activity, *Ad gentes*. All these documents threw light on Paul VI's *Ecclesiam Suam*. In them the word 'dialogue' started to appear, but the use of colloquium continued.

The Pastoral Constitution of the Church in the Modern World *Gaudium et spes* (7 December 1965) helped put interreligious dialogue or 'speaking together' into the wider context that Pope Paul VI had suggested, namely the responsibility of all religions together to help build up a better world. At the end of the Interreligious Assembly, Vatican City,



Wheels within bigger wheels

I... believe that two or three great establishments, all really under one directorate, do exercise in... this country [New Zealand] a... dangerous influence... [and] the existing Government is maintained in its place by these bodies... I go further and say - and in saying this I know, of course, that I create... a great many enemies - I firmly believe that the same persons, by monetary power in New Zealand oppress it from end to end. That central power is moved by the Premier, and the Premier is the solicitor of these great moneyed corporations... As long as this continues I see no hope for... our country.'

- Sir George Grey, 1812-1898, former Governor of New Zealand (1861) writing in 1875 when he was a member of the NZ House of Representatives.

25-28 October 1999, Pope John Paul II stressed this wider context: 'The task before us therefore is to promote a culture of dialogue. Individually and together, we must show how religious belief inspires peace, encourages solidarity, promotes justice and upholds liberty'. If that is forgotten, interreligious dialogue will be greatly impoverished and even misguided. For religions will learn as much about themselves in how they react to the world around them as they will in listening exclusively to each other.



1. See Vatican Council II, Declaration on Religious Liberty, *Dignitatis humanae*, n.2.
2. For example Jacques Dupuis, *Toward a Christian Theology of Religious Pluralism*, Maryknoll N.Y.: Orbis Books, 1997.
3. That is, 'His Church'. Encyclicals and other Papal documents normally take the first two or three Latin words as their title.
4. This point is made at the very beginning of the Pontifical Biblical Commission's Statement *Unity and Diversity in the Church* Vatican City: Libreria Editrice Vaticana, 1997.
5. List taken from Ulrich Schoen's 'Dialogue' in *Dictionary of Mission* Ed. K Müller et al Maryknoll, N.Y. Orbis Books, 1997
6. See *Dialogue and Proclamation: Reflections and Orientations*, Instruction issued by the Pontifical Council for Interreligious Dialogue and the Congregation for the Evangelisation of Peoples, 19 May 1991.

FATHER DENNIS MURPHY, MSC is a graduate of the Biblicum in Rome. He taught Scripture for many years in Australian seminaries. He was for six years Provincial Superior of the Australian Province of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, and for twelve years Assistant General of the Order, based in Rome. He is now stationed in India.

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Australia's former Queen of Song

DAME NELLIE MELBA

Regarded by critics as the greatest Prima-Donna the world has heard, Dame Nellie Melba was an enigma to all who knew and loved her. LANCE HOBAN describes the talent and bitter-sweet life of this remarkable Australian.

DAME Nellie Melba, born in Richmond, a suburb of Melbourne, in 1861 as Helen Porter Mitchell, spent most of her vocal career in Europe, paying tribute to her early association with the City of Melbourne, by adopting the name of her birthplace as her stage name.

Melba has long been remembered as Australia's first super-star, and arguably the greatest prima-donna the world has ever seen or heard. She was often regarded by her contemporary peers as something of an enigma, on one hand, mean, imperious, volatile and ruthless – on the other, compassionate, kind and generous. Whilst her vocal artistry delighted and charmed audiences world-wide, her private life often perplexed and bewildered them.

Melba was the daughter of a strict wealthy Presbyterian who had emigrated from Scotland in 1882, to establish a brick construction company, to help build his adopted city. He willingly paid for his daughter's early singing tuition, but as she commenced to make an impact in Melbourne's musical circles, became horrified at the thought of her establishing a career which meant displaying and disporting herself upon the public stage. In December 1882, at an early age, Melba married Charles Nesbitt Armstrong, younger son of an Irish baronet, the owner of a remote sugar plantation in North Queensland. Armstrong wanted his wife to settle down and raise a large family, but Melba, a very determined person, nurtured other ideas, being intent upon proceeding to Europe to establish her vocal aspirations.

In a vain attempt to re-unite his family, her father took Charles, Nellie

and baby son George to London in 1886. Within a year however, Nellie left London and proceeded to Paris with baby George without her husband and father, and commenced vocal tuition under the guidance of Madame Mathilde Marchesi, at the time one of the world's renowned singing mentors.



Water for Baptism

AT first any running water was utilised for the purpose, as we see in the story of the baptism of the eunuch by St. Philip; but very soon, as the ritual became more settled, it became usual to administer the sacrament within doors and usually in a special place appointed for the purpose. In those cases when the sacrament was given, as we know was not unusual, in private houses, total submersion would have been impossible, and some such method as that which is depicted in the catacombs must have been followed, for want of a bath sufficiently large and deep to make submersion possible. Thus in the Acts of St. Lawrence (Surius, *Vit. Sand.*, Aug. 10, § 16) the Saint is said to have baptized Lucillus, a fellow-prisoner. 'He blessed the water, and, when he had undressed him, he poured the water over his head saying...' So again in the story of the boy Athanasius baptizing his playmates on the seashore: he did it by pouring water over them, not by immersing them in the sea (Rufinus, *H.E.*, i. 14). That this method was the only one possible in the case of clinical baptisms is also obvious.

— *The Early Church in the light of the Monuments*, Arthur Stapylton Barnes, London, 1913.

Melba made rapid progress and by 1890, had become a rising star in Brussels, Paris and finally London, where she came under the influential patronage of Lady de Gray, a close friend of the Prince of Wales. It appeared now that nothing could prevent her soaring to great vocal fame until however, at the conclusion of one of her performances, she was introduced to Louis Philippe Robert, the Duke of Orleans.

The Duke took his role as pretender to the French throne very seriously, yet here was Melba, with whom he had become totally infatuated, a commoner and married. The Duke was a Catholic, just 21, who could not entertain divorce whilst Melba was a mature designing lady now approaching thirty. Nevertheless, they travelled Europe together, London, Paris, Brussels, and St. Petersburg, until they arrived in Vienna, where news of their infatuation finally surfaced and was reported then by every newspaper right throughout the world.

The Duke's father was furious, reminding his son that he was betrothed to Marie Dorothea, the Archduke Joseph's daughter. Equally furious her husband Charles Armstrong, immediately filed a petition for divorce. There was no solution, no other option, the lovers sadly had to part. The Duke married the Arch-duchess and Charles withdrew his petition though he later divorced her on the grounds of desertion. Melba however, defied public criticism, and with great determination, re-established her vocal reputation, and the story quickly subsided. Upon her return to London, she was invited to sing for the very austere Queen Victoria and then became a close friend of her less sedate son, at

the time the Prince of Wales, and later Edward VII. In 1918, King George V. appointed her a Dame of the British Empire.

After the affair, her artistic reputation and finances assumed majestic proportions. She lived a life of great opulence, with magnificent houses in London, Paris, San Francisco and Melbourne. When a Duchess one day inquired whether she would prefer to be a Duchess or just plain Melba, she quickly retorted: 'There are plenty of duchesses my dear, but only one Melba'. On another occasion, in a Paris hotel, she passed a celebrated soprano of the times, Madam Jenny Lind, then known as the Swedish nightingale 'How is the world's greatest diva this morning' Lind inquired, to which Melba replied: 'When you become, my dear, the world's leading contralto'. It was a condescending reply, for Melba, ever ready to lend assistance and advice to younger singers, rarely eulogised the vocal attainments of other celebrated contemporaries.

Yet like many wealthy people in those decades, Melba espoused an unreal fear that one day, she might lose her small fortune. On one occasion, she asked her secretary to sell her his typewriter so that she could learn to type, if necessary, to earn a living. Melba was not joking – she never joked about money.

At a time when she was commanding vast fees, she used to visit an old post-mistress friend in Melbourne, sit beside her battered piano and accompany herself as she sang to her lonely friend. On special occasions, social hostesses would invite her to exclusive gatherings in the hope that she would oblige with a song, but Melba, aware of their intent, was never one to be enticed into singing for her supper. Yet at the conclusion of a recital, she would sometimes perform for the stage hands, the enchanting little ballad, 'Comin thru the Rye'. In gratitude, they repaid her with little gifts of flowers and sweets.

In 1834, the first opera performance in Sydney was presented by Henry Bishop's production of the 'Maid of Milan' which became famous because of one single composition, Home Sweet Home, to be later

immortalised by Melba at many of her farewell concerts appearances.

During 1911, Melba made three visits to her homeland, initially as a member of the Quinlan's Opera Company under the promotion of J.C. Williamson, again the following year under similar direction, and in 1924, under similar management. All three Melba-Williamson productions proved record-breaking, in both stage extravaganza and box office sales. The number of tickets sold for the 1924 season in Melbourne alone equalled a quarter of the city's population. Melba's performances in works by Puccini, Donazetti, Massenet, Leoncavallo and Verdi, were received everywhere with rapturous delight and estatic acclaim.

Upon her return to London in June 1926, Melba made her final appearance at Covent Garden in the presence of King George V. The following year, she made a farewell Australasian tour which included two recitals during April at the Sydney Town Hall in association with Stuart Robertson, basso, John Lemmone, flautist and Lindley Evans, accompanist, both joyous and unforgettable occasions.

During 1929, she returned briefly to London to further the cause of the Sussex Eye Hospital. Later that year, she returned to Australia, and as the boat train departed St. Pancras station, Tilbury bound, to join the R.M.S. Moldavia, she wept openly, realising that she would never now

return to her beloved London and Covent Garden, the scene of so many of her greatest triumphs.

On February 23rd, 1931, Melba passed away at St. Vincents Private Hospital, Darlinghurst, where she had been treated for paratyphoid, an infection of the blood which her medical consultants could not cure. Her body was conveyed to her home city where a service was conducted at the Presbyterian Scots Church, which her father had helped to build, and where Melba had sung as a little girl in the church choir.

Thousands lined the city streets in a sad and final farewell as the cortege proceeded to the Lilydale cemetery where Melba was buried, close by the grave of her parents and three family members. Her headstone bears the words of Mimi from Puccini opera, La Boheme, a work of human sympathy and pathos which Melba, during her long and distinguished career, loved to perform and adored. *Addio Senza Rancore*. 'Farewell without bitterness'. She was 70.

HOME, SWEET HOME

(A song composed by Henry Bishop in 1834, rendered and immortalised by Melba at many of her farewell concert appearances)

*'Mid pleasures and palaces though
we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no
place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to
hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is
not met with elsewhere.*

*An exile from home, splendour
dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched
cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at
my call,
Give me them, with the peace of
mind, dearer than all.*

*Home, home, sweet, sweet
home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.*



Garden Toads

ONE creature you should keep in the garden is a toad. No green house, or cucumber or melon frame, should be without one. It will serve you well by eating noxious insects, so give it a mate that it may not be bored in its captivity. And do check to see whether it 'wears yet a precious jewel in its head', as Shakespeare says in *As You Like It*.

— Briget Bolard, *Gardener's Magic*.

LANCE HOBAN was born in Young NSW and joined the Police Force in 1940. He retired as an Inspector First Class in 1978. He is a regular contributor to *Annals Australasia*.

A TRUE SOURCE OF WORRY

Wherever truth or reason are suppressed, power tends to fill the vacuum.

GILES AUTY shows the subtler kinds of power employed by western democracies to enforce the lies, distortions and intellectually dishonest theories that are grist to our post-modern liberal mill.



OUR brave new millennium gets up steam and proceeds on its way, possibly the greatest consolation which remains for those of us who are considered unfashionable thinkers is to imagine or invent conversations which might take place within the homes of our more modish counterparts.

'Cathy and Andrew, we would like to know which of you broke your little brother's space-gun. We want you to tell the truth'.

In the homes of would-be intellectuals and throughout present-day tertiary education in western countries the fundamental concept of singular truth has taken a continuous battering during the past 20 or so years. Philosophical relativists have, of course, never cared overmuch for truth in the singular and to their number must now be added all the legions of followers of a variety of post-modern fashions: deconstructionists, post-colonialists, historical revisionists, feminists, multiculturalists, gender theorists and others of such stripe. What all have in common is a belief that language of agreed meaning – or apparently agreed facts in general – are simply tools for domination forged by powerful and self-interested sections of society: e.g. capitalists, imperialists, racists, conservative theologians, heterosexuals and, of course, men.

The other central creed which the various groups of post-modernists share is that more or less anything thought, said or written more than 30 years ago is automatically misguided. This certainly seems to put followers of the teachings of Jesus, the Buddha or Mohammed somewhat on the back foot for the supposed backwardness of their thinking but this is not

to say that moral teaching in itself has been abandoned or neglected in our wonderful new, post-modern age. That is very far from the case. However, in place of the teachings of major religious leaders we now have the apparent moral imperatives of political correctness which seek not just to monitor our outward social

behaviour but also to influence or undermine our innermost thoughts and feelings. Often this process takes place in ways which run counter to our collective consciences, convictions or commonsense.

In spite of the seriousness of the latter problem, many continue to regard political correctness simply as a subject for laughs or as a major joke in itself. This is partly because the more extreme antics of its zealous followers have never been hard to parody. One has only to invent fictions such as steeplejills or plough-person's lunches to guarantee at least a guffaw.

For others, unfortunately, the realities of politically correct codes and the would-be enforcers of these are anything but amusing as many extremely able teachers and lecturers who have lost their livelihoods through opposing them could confirm. Of course if truth can no longer be held to exist – since all is apparently subjective opinion now – there is little chance such injustices will ever be brought to light.

Indeed, dragging matters of any kind into the light presupposes that a search for a single truth or established facts is not only desirable but possible. One major problem with the present sustained assault on the basic concept of truth is that it undermines vital areas of our social fabric, not least in terms of justice and the law.

To the best of my belief, detectives investigating criminal cases are not trying to establish several truths but just one. Where was the body buried? Who ran off with the missing millions?

While the truth relating to either of these matters might be known currently to only one person – the criminal – this cannot affect the truth of what really took place in the slightest. Murders and embezzle-



Excluded from the Mercy Seat

AFTER Joe Lyons I regarded General Booth as the newspaperman's most reliable source of 'copy'. His sayings, with their rugged Old Testament flavour and homely wisdom, went down well with the public which thought him a good sort, while the lower classes approved the primitive simplicity of his salvation methods. We noticed a gradual change in the ways of his Army. Gradually the old sensational shock tactics with sin were curbed; hysteria in storming Satan gave place to a more disciplined, more subtly appealing, propaganda. The wild, martyred type began to be replaced by calm, well-balanced women who, in their Salvation Army bonnets, looked comely and sensible. Men of education, not so demonstrative as the old bodyguard, joined forces with the movement, and, whereas once Salvationists had been regarded by us as a joke, now we found both profit and pleasure in talking to them. Whether General Booth thought journalists beyond redemption – permanent exiles from the mercy-seat – I did not know, but there went about the piquant story that, inviting a great gathering of Salvationists to kneel in prayer, he hastily added: 'Gentlemen of the Press, of course, can consider themselves excluded.'

— He Laughed in Fleet Street, by Bernard Falk, London 1933.

ments may be the subject of endless speculation or opinion but none of these views provides any useful substitute for the truth. Whatever theories experts in crime detection might advance, only one of these theories can possibly be correct. Indeed, even if the murderer or embezzler takes his secret with him to the grave, this does not affect the truth of what happened either. Truth does not depend for its existence on being seen or known.

Discovering the truth about any aspect of anything may often be an arduous process but until recent, post-modern times, had generally been considered to be a thoroughly worthwhile and potentially rewarding aim in almost any field of human endeavour. Clearly setting out on any piece of research in a spirit of prejudice or prejudice would negate the entire purpose of the enterprise. That is why, in former times, students of history were encouraged to undertake their researches in a spirit of objectivity. Unfortunately, the very idea of objectivity or disinterested diligence has become another casualty of the post-modern climate which holds that unprejudiced viewpoints are impossible.

Truth, objectivity, altruism, reason, religious faith ... in an academic climate where all are regularly derided as impossible aspirations we provide very fertile soil instead for the proliferation of lies, rumours and historical distortions.

Wherever truth or reason become suppressed, power becomes an ugly substitute. Lies, distortions and intellectually dishonest theories require power to enforce since they run counter to fundamental human instincts. Hitler, Stalin and other 20th century dictators were well aware of this fact: all suppressed truth through intimidation and propaganda. In the meantime, in post-modern liberal democracies we prefer means which are much more comfortable-seeming - but hardly less effective.



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 when he became national correspondent for *The Australian*.



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— Editor, *Annals*

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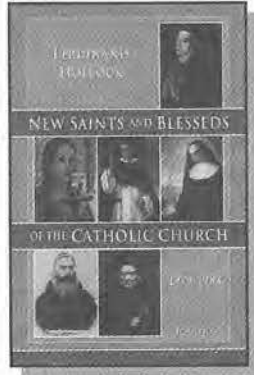
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HOLIDAY HOMES FOR THE POPES

To escape the summer heat of Rome, Pope Eugene III had a summer residence constructed in 1145 AD at Segni on the road from Rome to Naples. Segni's 2km wall that dates from the 6th century BC survives until today. PAUL STENHOUSE looks at Papal summer residences built since that time, and some of the extraordinary history that unfolded in their lakes and tree-covered mountain hills and glades.



TO ESCAPE the summer heat and summer-borne pestilence that afflicted Rome for thousands of years (and the summers are still an affliction for those who are unable to quit the Eternal City for the cool of the lakes and mountains) all who could do so among the emperors, popes and residents, sought relief in the surrounding hills.

In the summer of 1287 during a conclave that had to be held in Santa Sabina to find a successor to Honorius IV, six Cardinals died of the plague, and others either were too sick to remain or fled out of fear of the excessive heat. The only Cardinal to remain was a Franciscan friar, Girolamo Masci. When the Conclave re-assembled in February he was elected Pope, and took the name of Nicholas IV.¹

Summer Palaces of the Popes

Pope Eugene III in 1145 AD had a summer residence constructed at Segni on the road to Frosinone and Naples. Segni is the ancient city of Signia famous for its wine which was used in ancient times for medicinal purposes. Most of its 2km town walls have survived from the 6th century BC into the beginning of the third millennium, and Pope Eugene's choice of a summer retreat was well-made.

Anagni, Rieti, Terni were all, at some time, places where Popes retired to in summer to escape the heat of Rome. The summer palace of Boniface VIII (1294-1303) can still be visited in Anagni. It was in Frascati, from the papal summer Palace of Mondragone, that Pope Gregory XIII

issued the Bull on February 24, 1592 that reformed the Julian Calendar by dropping ten days (October 5-14) and proposing a new rule for leap years.

Pope Paul III (1534-1549) had a summer villa built on Campidoglio, in the centre of Rome, near the convent of the Aracaeli. Pope Julius III (1550-1555) had one built on the

Via Flaminia just outside the Porta del Popolo. That famous Villa is still where Julius built it, but was one of the numerous properties belonging to the Church that were confiscated by the Italian government in 1870. It is now an Etruscan Museum.

Pope Sixtus V had the Quirinal Palace (now the official residence of the President of Italy) extended and used it as his summer residence. He died there in 1590. Pope Paul V spent the summer of 1605 there, but usually preferred to go to Mondragone in Frascati.

Pope Paul II (1464-1471) spent his summers in the Palazzo San Marco (in the Piazza Venezia) and Pope Clement VII (1523-1534) preferred the Villa Madama built in the Foro Italico in 1518 by Giulio de' Medici and now the property of the Italian Government.²



Ice Saints, Frost Saints

THIS term was applied in England during its pre-reformation Catholic centuries, to those saints whose feasts fell on what were called the 'black thorn days' – the second week of May: 11, 12, 13 and 14. *St Mamertus* (11) Archbishop of Vienne 461-475); *St Pancras* (12) died a martyr in 304. In the 7th century Pope St Vitalian sent relics of St Pancras to England and he was much venerated there; *St Servatus* (13) died 384, Bishop of Tangres in the Low Countries. He gave hospitality to St Athanasias of Alexandria (297-373) when he was exiled to the West; *St Boniface* (14) sixth century Bishop of Ferentino, in Tuscany, written about by Pope St Gregory the Great (590-604).

– Ed.

Castel Gandolfo

Pope Urban VIII, the same who, on November 18, 1626, consecrated the just completed new Basilica of St Peter's (whose planning started in 1450 and whose foundation stone was laid in 1506) was the first Pope to use the imposing Villa at Castel Gandolfo, a small town in the Alban Hills about 18 miles south-east of Rome as a summer residence.

That Villa, a short distance away from the Castle of the powerful twelfth century Gandolfi family which is where the Pope actually resides and around which the tiny hamlet of Castel Gandolfo grew, had been built by Taddeo Barberini. The Pope's nephew, Taddeo was Prince of Palestrina, the old Praenestina, famous for the Temple to the goddess Fortune, around and inside of which the town had grown.³ The Villa is residence of the Papal entourage

who accompany the Pope to Castel Gandolfo; the Pope himself stays in the Castle on the brink of the crater named *Castello* – when he is not visiting the alps.

From the time of Urban VIII many Popes have spent their summers in the Castle and the Barberini Palace: Alexander VII, (1655-1667); Clement XI (1700-1721); Benedict XIV (1740-1758); Clement XIII (1758-1769); Clement XIV (1769-1774); Pius VII (1800-1823); Gregory XVI (1831-1846); Pius IX (1846-1878); Pius XI (1922-1939); Pius XII (1939-1958); John XXIII (1958-1963); Paul VI (1963-1978); John-Paul I (1978); John-Paul II (1978-present).

Situated against a backdrop of the spectacular scenery of the Alban Hills, the Barberini Villa has in its grounds the remains of a Palace of the emperor Domitian (81-96 AD),⁴ set in formal gardens and terraced fields that are covered with centuries-old olive trees.

The Lakes of the Alban Hills and the Naumachia

Castel Gandolfo overlooks magical Lake Castello, a symmetrical volcanic crater, filled with water and as popular a venue for youngsters and families in 2000 AD as it was in the time of the emperors when it was used for the mock sea battles so popular among the Romans, and which they called *Naumachia*, (from the greek for 'sea' and 'fight').⁵

On summer evenings, sitting on verandahs perched precariously about 400 metres over the water, modern visitors can enjoy an unforgettable meal of pasta and fish; and take in the breathtakingly beautiful sight of the Pope's Castle and its crater. No battle cries resound through the hills these days; the only shrill sounds are the calls of the myriad birds that fly in formation over the lake below.

Sometimes mock battles were fought in the Circuses or

Amphitheatres of Rome. Both the Colosseum and Circus Maximus were equipped with the complex engineering devices needed to turn their gladiatorial or chariotteering arenas into mini-seas – complete with fish and large marine animals.

Julius Caesar had an artificial lake dug in the Campus Martius in Rome in 46 BC in which an Egyptian and Tyrian fleet with biremes, triremes and quadriremes, 1000 sailors and 2,000 oarsmen, fought to the death. In 43 BC the lake had to be filled in because of malaria caused by the stagnant water in it.

Lake Albano

Natural bodies of water like Lake Castello (the name is probably derived from *Castellum*, the name

close by Castel Gandolfo. According to tradition it was built by the Romans in 397 BC during the siege of Veii when the lake water rose to an unusual height. It is thought to be much older than 397 BC. The tunnel is between 7 and 10 feet high. It carries the water almost a mile down to the village of La Mola, where the water was used to turn mills, and finally run into the Tiber.⁷ Castel Gandolfo and Albano, the town of the same name as the lake which it also overlooks, are within 20kms of Rome, to the SE. Along with Rocca di Papa, Grottaferrata and Aricia, all these little towns in the Alban Hills which are reached from the Via Appia, were popular summer retreats for the Roman Patricians during the height of the Empire. The Church of San Pietro in Albano is built on the

remains of the Baths of the Roman garrison there.⁸

I can't find a contemporary description of a Naumachy (as these mock sea battles are called in English) associated with Lake Castello or Lake Albano. However, two well-preserved galleys from the time of Caligula (37-41 AD) were recovered in remarkably good condition from nearby Lake Nemi – the tiny crater that nestles 318 metres below the town of the same name, in 1928-1931; only to be destroyed by German soldiers in 1944.⁹

Fortunately detailed accounts of Naumachys in other lakes have survived and these give a good impression of what

the spectators on the tufa cliffs of Castel Gandolfo would have seen.

The Naumachy of Claudius on Lake Fucinus

Lake Fucinus, the site of one of the most spectacular Naumachys, was, in ancient times, Italy's third largest lake: 47 miles in circumference but not more than 12 feet deep on average. The people who lived



given to reservoirs, especially those from which the water brought in by aqueducts was siphoned off for domestic use, though some trace it to the Castello of Castel Gandolfo on the heights above) were also used for the Naumachia. Castello is the name given to the part of Lake Albano 400 metres below Castel Gandolfo.⁶

Few visitors ever see the famous *Emissarium* which drains Lake Albano

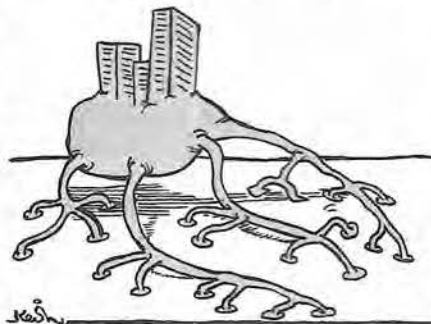
around this lake were called *Marsi*. People of Germanic origin who settled in Italy, they were forever fighting the Romans (whom they frequently defeated). By the time of the Empire they were living in peace. Growing tired of the annual flooding of the lake when the mountain snows melted, and the malarial mosquitoes that bred in the lake (Julius Caesar had thought to eliminate malaria by draining the lake¹⁰), they petitioned Claudius (41-54 AD) to build a six kilometre tunnel through the mountains to drain the lake into the river Liris. He agreed, and employed 30,000 men over eleven years to dig the tunnel.¹¹

When the day came to drain the lake, Claudius organised a Naumachy with Sicilian and Rhodian fleets, each of twelve triremes or three-deckers, and quadriremes, or four deckers, manned by 19,000 condemned criminals. The signal for the battle to commence was given with a trumpet by a silver Triton (half man-half dolphin) that rose by mechanical means from the centre of the lake.

Tacitus¹² records that the lake was surrounded with rafts, to stop the combatants swimming ashore to freedom. Divisions of the Praetorian Guard stood on the rafts. Roman soldiers occupied the rest of the lake in covered ships. Countless multitudes of spectators from Rome and the surrounding towns crammed the hills around the lake which formed a natural theatre. When those who were forced to fight raised the customary cry, '*Ave Caesar; morituri te salutamus*' 'Hail, Caesar, we who are about to die salute you,' Cladius in his flippant fashion commented, 'Or aren't, as the case may be'.¹³ The combatants took this remark to mean that they had been pardoned, and refused to fight. Claudius jumped up, and waddled around the lake raving and ranting at them until they agreed to fight.¹⁴ They butchered one another until one side or the other was killed. The victors, if they fought bravely, might be granted their freedom. Claudius, unfortunately for the combatants, had a sadistic side that delighted in seeing men kill one another. On one occasion he had more than 33 Senators and 300

What Cobbett saw

COBBETT was *not* merely a wrong-headed fellow with a knack of saying the right word about the wrong thing. Cobbett was *not* merely an angry and antiquated old farmer who thought the country must be going to the dogs because the whole world was not given up to the cows. Cobbett was not merely a man with a lot of nonsensical notions that



could be exploded by political economy; a man looking to turn England into an Eden that should grow nothing but Cobbett's Corn. What he saw was not an Eden that can exist but rather an Inferno that can exist, and even that does exist. What he saw was the perishing of the whole English power of self-support, the

growth of cities that drain and dry up the countryside, the growth of dense dependent populations incapable of finding their own food, the toppling triumph of machines over men, the

sprawling omnipotence of financiers over patriots, the herding of humanity in nomadic masses whose very homes are homeless, the terrible necessity of peace and the terrible

probability of war, all the loading up of our little island like a sinking ship; the wealth that may mean famine and the culture that may mean despair; the bread of Midas and the sword of Damocles. In a word, he saw what we see, but he saw it when it was not there. And some cannot see it – even when it is there.

– G.K. Chesterton, *William Cobbett*, London, Hodder & Staughton.

Roman knights executed, then promptly forgot that he had killed them, and invited some of them to dinner and complained when the dead men didn't turn up.¹⁵

At the end, when the lake banks were breached to allow the water to escape, the tunnels proved too narrow for the immense volume of water that poured out, and thousands of spectators including the imperial party who were standing near the tunnel entrance at ground level barely escaped with their lives.¹⁶

Post-script

After 1870 the Popes remained in the Vatican, even in Summer. Pius XI went to Castel Gandolfo on August 1, 1934 and remained there until September 22. He returned there each year until his death. Pius XII went there in 1939 but during the war the Castle and Villa (which are extra-territorial – part of the Vatican City State) were home to refugees

and others sought by the Nazis. In 1946 Pius XII again spent the summer there, and he died there on October 9, 1958. Pope Paul VI also died there on August 6, 1978.



1. P. J. Chandlery, *Pilgrim Walks in Rome*, London 1924, p. 280.
2. Italo del Tuodo, *I Diavoli del Pantheon*, Rome, 1980 pp. 105-107.
3. Virgil, *Aeneid* vii, v.680
4. M. N. Bouillet, *Dictionnaire universel d' Histoire et de Géographie*, Paris, 1854, pp. 324, 325.
5. William Smith, *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, London 1875, pp. 792, 793.
6. Bouillet, loc. cit.
7. Baedeker's *Central Italy*, 1886, Castel Gandolfo, pp. 366, 367.
8. See Ros Belford et al. *Italy – the Rough guide*, London 199, p. 713.
9. Baedekers *Italy*, 1999, Nemi, p. 430.
10. Will Durant, *Caesar and Christ*, Simon and Schuster 1944, p. 193.
11. J. Lempriere, *A Classical Dictionary*, London, 1855, p. 270
See also Ivar Lissner, *Power and Folly*, London 1958, pp. 112-113.
12. *Annales*, xii, 56.
13. Suetonius, *Claudius*, xxi.
14. Ivar Lissner, loc. cit.
15. *ibid* p. 114.
16. See Ludwig Friedlander, *Roman Life and manners under the early Empire* 4 vols. London 1913, vol. 2, pp. 74-76.



Papal Decree defending Indians in the Americas



AUL III, Pope to all faithful Christians to whom this writing may come, health in Christ our Lord and the apostolic benediction.

The sublime God so loved the human race that He created man in such wise that he might participate, not only in the good that other creatures enjoy, but endowed him with capacity to attain to the inaccessible and invisible Supreme Good and behold it face to face; and since man, according to the testimony of the sacred scriptures, has been created to enjoy eternal life and happiness, which none may obtain save through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, it is necessary that he should possess the nature and faculties enabling him to receive that faith; and that whoever is thus endowed should be capable of receiving that same faith. Nor is it credible that anyone should possess so little understanding as to desire the faith and yet be destitute for the most necessary faculty to enable him to receive it. Hence Christ, who is the Truth itself, which has never failed and can never fail, said to the preachers of the faith whom He chose for the office 'Go ye and teach all nations.' He said *all*, without exception, for all are capable of receiving the doctrines of the faith.

The enemy of the human race, who opposes all good deeds in order to bring men to destruction, beholding and envying this, invented a means never before heard of, by which he might hinder the preaching of God's word of Salvation to the people: he inspired his satellites who, to please him, have not hesitated to publish abroad that the Indians of the West and the South, and other people of whom We have recent knowledge should be treated as dumb brutes created for our service, pretending that they are incapable of receiving the Catholic faith.

We, who though unworthy, exercise on earth the power of our Lord and seek with all our might to bring those sheep of His flock who are outside, into the fold committed to our charge, consider, however, that the Indians are truly men and that they are not only capable of understanding the Catholic faith but, according to our information, they desire exceedingly to receive it. Desiring to provide ample remedy for evils, we define and declare by these our letters, or by any translation thereof signed by any notary public and sealed with the seal of any ecclesiastical dignitary, to which the same credit shall be given as the originals, that, notwithstanding whatever may have been or may be said to the contrary, the said Indians and all other people who may later be discovered by Christians, are by no means to be deprived of their liberty or the possession of their property, even though they be outside the faith of Jesus Christ; and that they may and should, freely and legitimately, enjoy their liberty and the possession of their property; nor should they be in any way enslaved; should the contrary happen, it shall be null and of no effect.

Given in Rome in the year of our Lord 1537. The fourth of June and of our Pontificate, the third year.







ANNALS HISTORY OF CAROLS

[CONTINUED FROM OUR CHRISTMAS EDITION 1999]

By John Colborne-Veel • Illustrated by Kevin Drumm

CHRISTMAS MUSICAL FOLKLORE



THE history of English language carols presents an interesting study in cultural diversity, assimilation, destruction and regeneration.

A similar study of carolling customs associated with the songs, suggests that ancient rites that are handed down by word of mouth have the ability to survive political interference. Between the two studies, it can be readily seen that, while the words to countless Celtic, Saxon, and Norman Catholic church carols have been lost because of political and religious upheaval, many of the melodies and customs associated with them have survived as pagan relics; some having been deliberately altered for the purpose of preservation.

Generally speaking, for study purposes, carolling can be said to fall into the following categories: pagan customs from prehistoric times converted to Christianity; customs from the ancient Celtic Catholic Church; Saxon customs; Danish Customs; Norman attempts to suppress and influence vanquished subjects customs; the destruction of Catholic customs in the reformation; the paganisation of Catholic customs; the destruction of surviving Celtic Catholic customs during the Methodist Revival; the reappearance of old carols; modern carols; and, in our own era, the paganisation of carols and carolling customs for commercial exploitation.

THE FEAST

WRITING in 386 A.D. St John Chrysostom states that the celebrating of Dec 25 as Our Lord's birthday was 'known from the beginning' to the Church of Rome. He refers those curious about the date to Archives in Rome which contain unimpeachable evidence and adds that 'it was from those who have an accurate knowledge of these things and dwell in Rome that we received this Feast'. [ii, p.354 ed. Montfaucon] St John Chrysostom called Christmas Day 'the Chief of all Feasts' [In B. Philogonium 4, vol. 1, 497]. Ed

The Origins of Carolling

Carolling is an ancient custom that originated in prehistoric times. Carolling is common to all Christian nations – western and eastern – as is its companion, the sacrificial scapegoat style of folk play. Both of these activities were linked to an agrarian calendar, calculated from the Sun's position in relation to various seasons.

It is possible to gain some insight into the original purpose of carolling customs by placing the Mediaeval farmer's year in perspective and showing how the Sun and Seasons were used to fix the time for various festivals.

The ancient Irish of the Celtic Religion before the coming of Catholicism divided their year into quarters. Macmillan's Encyclopaedia of Religion states, 'The summer half (of the year) began at Beltene or Cedsamhain, the first of May, and the winter

half at Samhain, the first of November. These halves were further subdivided by the quarter days of Imbog, the first of February and the beginning of spring, and Lughnasadh, the first of August and the start of the Harvest festival associated with the god Lugh.'

Other important dates in the farming year occur when the Sun reaches its Winter Solstice [the shortest day], Vernal Equinox [when day and night are equal], Summer Solstice [the longest day], and Autumnal Equinox [when day and night are again equal]. All of these dates were thought to be significant and therefore had festivities attached to them.

Pagan and Catholic Feasts

The agrarian year of the Ancient Britons is aligned to Christian Feast Days (in brackets) in the following outline:

March 20/21: The Vernal Equinox

March 25: Lady Day (The

Annunciation) This was also

New year's Day in Britain until

1752 when the old Julian

Calendar was replaced by the

Gregorian. Farms change

hands, tenants pay the rent and

servants sign contracts with

their masters.

May 1: Beltene (St Joseph)

Mayday or the first day of

summer. Maypole dancing,

plays, processions, fertility rites

and singing.

June 22: The Summer Solstice.

June 24: Midsummer Day

(Nativity of St John the Baptist)



Dancing and singing. Sheep shearing and hay making.

August 1: Lughnasadh (St Peter's Chains) The Start of the Harvest Festival. Many customs are attached to this date. In Australia it is still treated with some reverence being the race-horse's birthday.

September 22/23: Autumnal Equinox.

September 29: Michaelmas (Dedication of the Church of St Michael the Archangel). This marks the end of the farm year. Harvest Festivals, farms change hands, and tenants pay the rent. From this time until Plough Monday, folk dances and plays on the theme of life, death and rebirth predominate in the festivities.

October 31: Halloween [evening before All Saints].

November 1: Samhain (All Saints) The first day of winter.

December 22: Winter Solstice. The most important day of the Sun-based cultures. Many customs relate to this date.

December 25: Christmas Day - Birthday of Jesus Christ

January 6: Epiphany of Our Lord. Plough Monday is the first Monday after January 6. This is the traditional date of the Sword dance. The farm workers last holiday before they return to work. From this time onwards the fields are ploughed in readiness for the coming Spring.

February 1: Imbolg (Candlemas Eve) The first day of Spring. Singing and dancing.

The Feast days aligned to the date of Easter should be added to the above list.

In 325AD the Council of Nicaea ruled: 'The Easter festival should be celebrated throughout the Christian world on the first Sunday after the vernal equinox; and



'Political conviction [is] supplanting religious faith ...'

- Beatrice Potter [1858-1943] Fabian socialist, trade unionist. She and her husband Sidney James Webb founded the *New Statesman* in 1913. She is speaking here of the late nineteenth century. We can only agree with her assessment. - Ed.

if the full moon should occur on a Sunday and thereby coincide with the Passover festival, Easter should be commemorated on the Sunday following'.

This ruling affects the dates for Shrove Tuesday, the day before Lent; Pentecost, the seventh Sunday after Easter, and Corpus Christi, the Thursday after Trinity Sunday: all important days that occasioned carol singing.

The agrarian calendar and many of the customs associated with it were in general use before the Roman invasion of Britain.

After the Romans had abandoned Britain, there was an ongoing series of invasions by many different tribes, including: the Angles; Saxons; Jutes; and Danes. The invading tribes introduced individual solstice and seasonal customs to the locations where they settled. This variety is evident in the many different

forms of Solstice customs recorded in Britain since 1800.

Kennedy gives interesting information about carolling customs by showing the geographical distribution of British ceremonial dance (post 1800) based on a map by Joseph Needham, that indicates the ceremony's location in relation to the old kingdoms of, Northumbria, Danish Mercia, Saxon Mercia, Wessex, Cornwall, Wales and Ireland. From the map, it can be seen that, the various rituals are directly related to the inhabitants of the old kingdoms. This information throws light on the history of Christianity in the old kingdoms.

The Catholic Church in Britain

According to Welsh tradition, Catholicism was introduced to

Britain in Roman times by Joseph of Arimathaea who founded Glastonbury Abbey. After the Roman withdrawal, the new Celtic church was strengthened and developed by an influx of Christian refugees seeking shelter from the invading Angle, Saxon, and Jute pagans. Monasteries were established in Wales by Dewi, Pardarn, Teilo, Cadog, Illtud, and Cymbi.

In the secluded valleys and hills of wild Wales the foundation was laid of that great Irish Celtic Catholic Church which for hundreds of years aroused the admiration, the wonder, and the emulation of the Christian world of the west.

In 597, Pope St Gregory I, called the 'Great', sent St Augustine of Canterbury to convert the Anglo-Saxon peoples to Christianity. On his arrival in Britain, St Augustine told the Celtic Catholic church that their observance of Easter should be changed to conform with those of the rest of the Catholic world and asked for their help in converting the Anglo-Saxons. The Celtic Church refused both requests; in the first instance because they followed the eastern method of calculating Easter [the 14th day after the first full moon after the 21st of March] and in the second because the Welsh considered the Anglo-Saxons to be enemies.

St. Augustine warned that the failure of the Celtic Church to convert the Saxons would bring about the demise of their influence and customs and this eventually came to reality after the church was continually ravaged by Vikings.

In regard to the Celtic Church's resistance to the authority of Rome in this matter of the date of Easter, by the end of the sixth century the Irish Church accepted

Nova, Nova Example 1

No - va, no - va A - ve fitt ex E - va,
 Ga - bri - ell of hygh de - ge, He cam down from the Try - ny -
 te, From Na - za - reth to Ga - iz - lye, No -
 va, no - va, No - va,
 no - va A - ve fitt ex E - va.

followed by Strathclyde, Cornwall and Devon. The Welsh however lingered on until 768 and even then, while they accepted the Spiritual leadership of the Pope, still clung to many of their old customs.

As a result of Pope Gregory's instructions to St Augustine, Mediaeval and renaissance carols could be said to be a cultural by-product of an easy-going merger between Christianity and Europe's primitive agricultural societies. How this merger came about and the reasoning behind it may best be explained by the words of its author, Pope St Gregory I. His letter to St Augustine included the following:-

'...the temples of the idols among that people should on no account be destroyed. The idols are to be destroyed, but the temples themselves are to be aspersed with holy water, altars set up in them, and relics deposited there. For if these temples are well-built, they must be purified from the worship of demons and dedi-

cated to the service of the true God. In this way, we hope that the people, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may abandon their error and, flocking more readily to their accustomed resorts, may come to know and adore the true God. And since they have a custom of sacrificing many oxen to demons, let some other solemnity be substituted in its place, such as a day of Dedication or the Festivals of the holy martyrs whose relics are enshrined there. ...They are no longer to sacrifice beasts to the Devil, but they may kill them for food to the praise of God, and give thanks to the Giver of all gifts for the plenty they enjoy. If the people are allowed some worldly pleasures in this way, they will more readily come to desire the joys of the spirit.'

In the light of Gregory's wisdom, wherever possible, pagan folk plays, songs, dances, and customs, were converted to Christianity; as a result, Britain began to develop a rich and diverse Catholic culture.



For some two hundred years, the Anglo-Saxons were illiterate, but with guidance from the church they eventually learned to read and write and used this knowledge to develop a very efficient society.

One interesting aspect of Anglo-Saxon society was their administrative system which divided England into shires, boroughs and parishes. In England, the system was retained after the Norman invasion (1066) and lasted for over 1000 years until 1970. The Anglo-Saxon system is still evident in Australian Land Titles.

On Christmas day 1066, William Duke of Normandy was crowned King in Westminster Abbey. But, there was no time for carol singing on that occasion because, in a moment of misplaced enthusiasm William's new subjects cheered loudly. On hearing Anglo-Saxon applause within, and assuming that William had been assassinated Norman troops surrounding the Abbey set fire to as many of the neighbouring houses as they could.

A Norman monk wrote of the debacle:- 'As the fire spread rapidly, the people in the church were thrown into confusion and crowds of them rushed outside, some to fight the flames, others to take the chance to go looting. Only the monks, the bishops and a few clergy remained before the altar. Though they were terrified, they managed to carry on and complete the consecration of the king who was trembling violently.'

It has been estimated that there were 10,000 Normans occupying a country with a population in the region of one to two million. To counteract this imbalance, the Normans set about destroying and Normanising Anglo-Saxon and

Celtic culture. The harsh measures taken to achieve this purpose are typified by the example of Abbot Thurston of Glastonbury, who, stationed archers in the clerestory of the chapel with orders to shoot at any Celtic monk who failed to sing Divine service in the new French manner.

Christianising words and music

The art of recycling a tune by changing its words and meaning for educational purposes had been used by the Church for some time.

Writing of Thomas Archbishop of York (1070), William of Malmesbury says:-

Agincourt Carol Example 2



I Saw Three Ships Example 3



I Saw Three Ships Example 4 [Traditional]

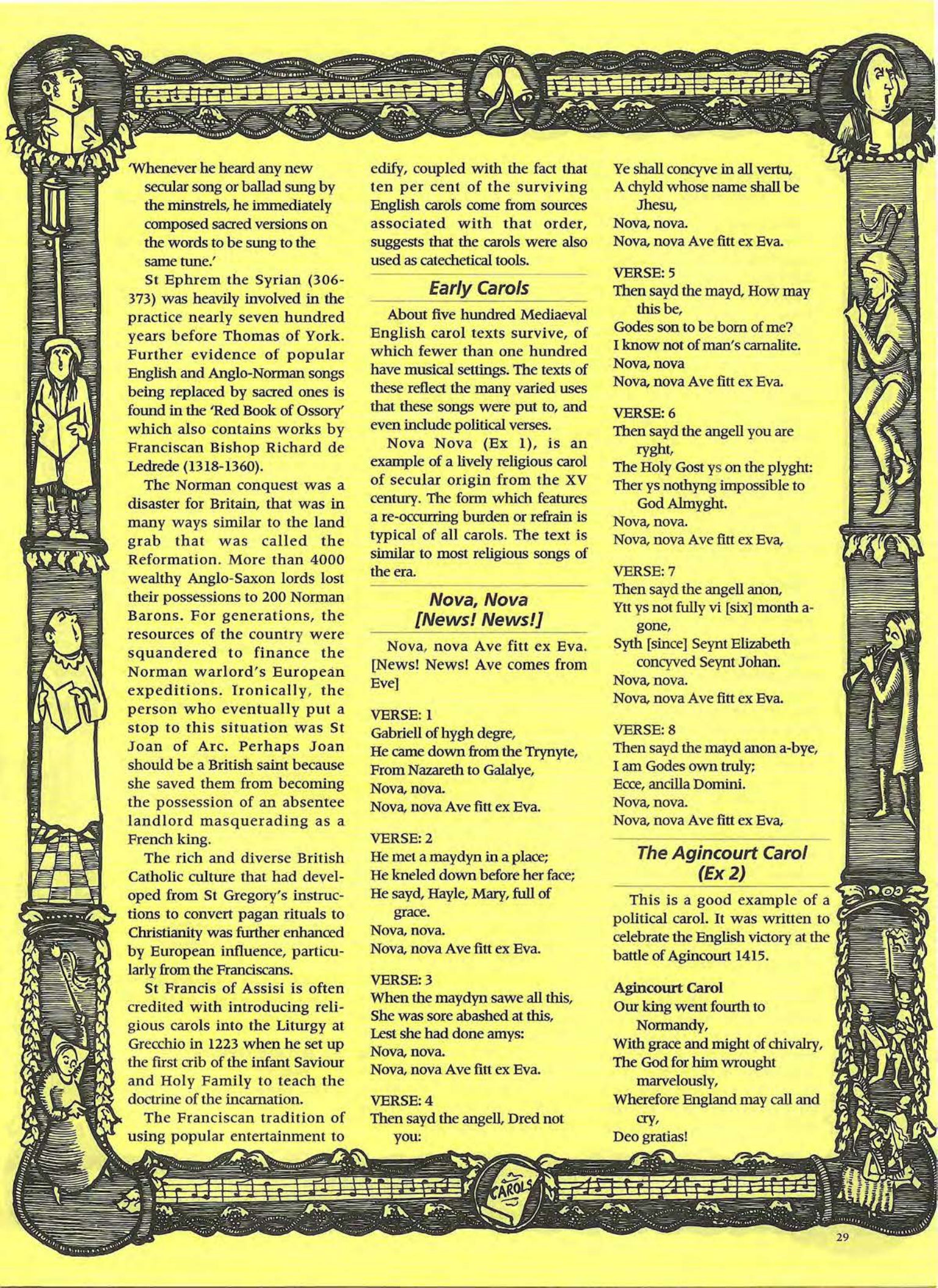


Sunny Bank Example 5 [Stainer's version]



Dame Get Up And Bake Your Pies Example 6





'Whenever he heard any new secular song or ballad sung by the minstrels, he immediately composed sacred versions on the words to be sung to the same tune.'

St Ephrem the Syrian (306-373) was heavily involved in the practice nearly seven hundred years before Thomas of York. Further evidence of popular English and Anglo-Norman songs being replaced by sacred ones is found in the 'Red Book of Ossory' which also contains works by Franciscan Bishop Richard de Ledrede (1318-1360).

The Norman conquest was a disaster for Britain, that was in many ways similar to the land grab that was called the Reformation. More than 4000 wealthy Anglo-Saxon lords lost their possessions to 200 Norman Barons. For generations, the resources of the country were squandered to finance the Norman warlord's European expeditions. Ironically, the person who eventually put a stop to this situation was St Joan of Arc. Perhaps Joan should be a British saint because she saved them from becoming the possession of an absentee landlord masquerading as a French king.

The rich and diverse British Catholic culture that had developed from St Gregory's instructions to convert pagan rituals to Christianity was further enhanced by European influence, particularly from the Franciscans.

St Francis of Assisi is often credited with introducing religious carols into the Liturgy at Greccio in 1223 when he set up the first crib of the infant Saviour and Holy Family to teach the doctrine of the incarnation.

The Franciscan tradition of using popular entertainment to

edify, coupled with the fact that ten per cent of the surviving English carols come from sources associated with that order, suggests that the carols were also used as catechetical tools.

Early Carols

About five hundred Mediaeval English carol texts survive, of which fewer than one hundred have musical settings. The texts of these reflect the many varied uses that these songs were put to, and even include political verses.

Nova Nova (Ex 1), is an example of a lively religious carol of secular origin from the XV century. The form which features a re-occurring burden or refrain is typical of all carols. The text is similar to most religious songs of the era.

Nova, Nova [News! News!]

Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.
[News! News! Ave comes from Eve]

VERSE: 1

Gabriell of hygh degre,
He came down from the Trynyste,
From Nazareth to Galalye,
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.

VERSE: 2

He met a maydyn in a place;
He kneled down before her face;
He sayd, Hayle, Mary, full of
grace.
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.

VERSE: 3

When the maydyn sawe all this,
She was sore abashed at this,
Lest she had done amys:
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.

VERSE: 4

Then sayd the angell, Dred not
you:

Ye shall concyve in all vertu,
A chyld whose name shall be
Jhesu,
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.

VERSE: 5

Then sayd the mayd, How may
this be,
Godes son to be born of me?
I know not of man's carnalite.
Nova, nova
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.

VERSE: 6

Then sayd the angell you are
ryght,
The Holy Gost ys on the plyght:
Ther ys nothyng impossible to
God Almyght.
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva,

VERSE: 7

Then sayd the angell anon,
Ytt ys not fully vi [six] month a-
gone,
Syth [since] Seynt Elizabeth
concyved Seynt Johan.
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva.

VERSE: 8

Then sayd the mayd anon a-bye,
I am Godes own truly;
Ecce, ancilla Domini.
Nova, nova.
Nova, nova Ave fitt ex Eva,

The Agincourt Carol (Ex 2)

This is a good example of a political carol. It was written to celebrate the English victory at the battle of Agincourt 1415.

Agincourt Carol

Our king went fourth to
Normandy,
With grace and might of chivalry,
The God for him wrought
marvelously,
Wherefore England may call and
cry,
Deo gratias!

Mediaeval carols and folk-melodies

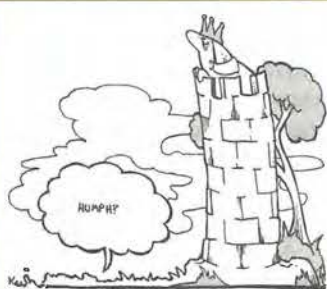
While there were tunes that were especially composed for carols, it is unclear as to whether they were in general use or not.

From the time of St. Francis of Assisi up until 1644 many religious carols were written to an existing repertoire of folk melody that may have formerly been used to celebrate the Celtic agrarian festivals.

The practice of writing Christian words to an existing body of folk-carols and wassailing songs was very sound, for it enabled the Church's teaching to be conveyed to the populace in a form that they accepted and understood.

Traditionally, the stock of carol melodies were more or less interchangeable. It was possible for a group of 'waits' [carol singers] to sing a pious carol on Christmas morning, then, that night, use the same melody for a drinking song. This apparent utilitarian use of melody is probably the reason for many carols being associated with more than one tune. For instance, the carol, *I Saw Three Ships*, has a number of interesting variations in both words and tune. The tunes associated with this carol are closely related to those that were formerly used for ritual dancing, which suggests that they are very old, and, possibly of Celtic origin. The carol itself has long been associated with a form of chain dance which was in use before the Christian era.

In *England's Dances*, Douglas Kennedy gives a description of an old style chain dance (carol) that is still performed in the Faroe Islands. The dance starts with a song sung by the leader, who decides his own steps and dances these as he sings. With his right hand he grasps the hand of any



If the land could speak

LORD God! how the ground, on which a prince buildeth his palace, would loud laugh his lord to scorn, when he saw him proud of his possession, and heard him boast himself that he and his blood are forever the very lords and owners of that land! For then would the ground think the while in himself: Oh, thou silly poor soul, that weenest thou were half a god, and art amid thy glory but a man in a gay gown: I that am the ground here, over whom thou art so proud, have had a hundred such owners of me as thou callest thyself, more than ever thou hast heard the names of. And some of them that proudly went over my head, lie now low in my belly, and my side lieth over them: and many one shall, as thou doest now, call himself mine owner after thee, that neither shall be sib to thy blood, nor any word bear of thy name.

— St. Thomas More, 1478-1535 Lord Chancellor of England. He was hanged drawn and quartered by order of Henry VIII because he could not accept the King's creation of a new church in England. From his *Dialogue Against Tribulations*, written in 1534 in the Tower of London, while imprisoned.

chance person who happens to be standing by. Other dancers link on haphazard, irrespective of age and of sex. All join in the singing and, following the step sequence set by the leader, the chain develops into a living community united in one purpose.

The seasonal melodies that were used for this dance later became Christian carols for the same season (ie. Candlemas, Eastertide, May, Michaelmas, Christmas).

I Saw Three Ships (Ex 3)

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Our Saviour Christ and His lady,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

Our Saviour Christ and His lady,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?
On Christmas Day in the morning.

The other episodes in this sequence are as follows:

5. O, they sailed in to Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; etc.

6. And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; etc.

7. And all the angels in Heav'n shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; etc.

8. And all the souls on earth shall sing.
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; etc.

9. Then let us all rejoice again!
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Then let us all rejoice again!
On Christmas Day in the morning.

The International Book of Christmas Carols by Walter Ehret and George K. Evans gives a different tune for I Saw Three Ships (Ex 4); also the following piece of curious information : A legend with a long history lies behind this carol. It begins with the Magi. After their deaths, the remains of the Three Wise Men were reportedly transferred to Byzantium by the Empress Helena, mother of Emperor Constantine. Later, they were transferred to Milan. And still later, in 1162, three ships carried their skulls to Cologne at the command of Frederick Barbarossa. With time, the three skulls were transmuted into the persons of Christ, his mother and St Joseph. I Saw Three Ships, had them sailing into Bethlehem on Christmas morning.

Another carol that is closely related to I Saw Three Ships is Sunny Bank.

The Sunny bank Carol (Ex 5)

As I sat on a sunny bank, a sunny bank, a sunny bank;
As I sat on a Sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

The Wren Example 7



The Praise of Christmas Example 8



I spied three ships come sailing
by, come sailing by, come
sailing by;

I spied three ships come sailing
by on Christmas Day in the
morning.

In abbreviated form, the other
episodes in this carol are as
follows:-

3. And who should be with those
three
but Joseph and his fair lady!

4. O he did whistle, and she did
sing,
On Christmas Day in the
morning.

5. And all the bells on earth did
ring,
On Christmas Day in the
morning.

6. For joy that our saviour He was
born, that he was born, that he
was born;
On Christmas day in the morning.

In the middle ages singers seemed to be equally at home singing a tune in either a major or a minor key. Because the tunes were sung either unaccompanied or with a unison accompaniment their ears were probably more attuned to the subtle possibilities of changes of mode. So far, we have only examined versions of the tune for I Saw Three Ships that are in the ionian mode. An interesting variation of this melody in the aeolian mode is the tune used for Dame Get Up and Bake Your Pies (Ex 6). Another good example of a carol that is sometimes sung in a major key, and in other times the minor is God Rest You Merry Gentlemen.

There seems to be an interesting relationship between, I Saw three Ships and the ancient Scottish traditional song

The Wren (Ex 7)

Perhaps this relationship is best demonstrated by quoting the following verses:-

The Wren she lyes in care's bed,
In cares bed, in care's bed,
The Wren she lyes in care's bed,
In meikle dule and pyne, oh;

When in came robin redbreast,
When in came robin redbreast,
When in came robin redbreast,
Wi sugarsops and wyne, oh.

Apart from having similar metres the two carols would seem to share a common theme. In British folk-lore the Robin and the Wren were said to be sacred birds. Chamber's Popular Rhymes of Scotland (1842) qualifies this with the following:-

The robin and the wren;
If ye harry their nests,
Ye'll never thrive again.

The Seven Joys of Mary Example 9



The Cherry Tree Carol Example 10



Another old rhyme from Hampshire throws further light on the subject:-

Little Cock Robin and little Jenny Wren
Are God Almighty's little Cock and Hen.

In using a similar rhyme, it is possible that the author of I Saw Three Ships was trying to attach to St. Joseph and St. Mary, some of the mystical significance that folk-lore had long associated with the robin and the wren.

Apart from the Scottish Wren song, all of the tunes associated with variations on the rhyme of I Saw Three Ships, appear to be in some way related; probably by sharing a common ancestor.

As children in Melbourne in the early fifties, we only ever used to sing the first verse of I Saw Three Ships, and this was sung to the traditional melody (Ex 3), however, the last two bars of the tune had the same melody as those in Sunny Bank. We were told that the three ships were, ships of the desert [camels]

carrying the Magi to see the Infant Jesus.

Ex 3 The traditional tune to which the carol is usually sung.

Ex 4 This version given as the traditional tune by Stainer.

Ex 5 Sunny bank another variation on the same theme.

Ex 6 Dame get up and bake your pies is a similar tune in the aeolian mode.

Ex 7 Traditional Scot's melody for The Wren.

English Mediaeval carol writing

Mediaeval carol writing in England produced a style of lyric that was both original and essentially English. I Syng of a Mayden, is a good example of English Mediaeval carol writing at its best; unfortunately the original melody of this beautiful old song has been lost. The following literal modernisation is by J.L.Melton:-

I sing of a maiden who is matchless;
The King of all kings for her son she chose.

He came as still, where His
mother was.
As dew in April, that falleth on
the grass.
He came as still, to his mother's
bower,
As dew in April that falleth on
the flower.
He came as still, where His
mother lay,
As dew in April that falleth on
the spray.
Mother and maiden was never
one but she;
Well may such a lady God's
mother be.

In his critical appraisal of this song Melton wrote: To point out a few of its suggestions: the explicit contrast in the picture of the Blessed Virgin as simultaneously virgin and mother is matched by the implicit contrast in the picture of Christ as at once King of all kings and a newborn infant, which in turn suggests the whole mystery of the incarnation. The imagery, too, is carefully chosen. The silence and mystery of the dew, for instance, leads one to think of the dew as an actual symbol of Christ, coming to save man as manna came to save the Israelites. The shape of the dew drop, too, and its mirroring of both earth and sky in miniature, remind us of the microcosmic-macrocosmic relationship. The threefold repetition in the centre of the poem suggests the Trinity, while the five-part structure of the whole work brings to mind the five joys of Mary.

From the time of the Reformation there was a deliberate attempt to paganise Christmas as a means of trivialising and destabilising Catholic tradition. A comparison between I Syng of a Mayden given above and *The Praise of Christmas* given below will show the extent to which Christ had been written

out of Christmas after the Reformation. It also shows the source of modern day materialistic-sentimentalism that is successfully manipulated every Christmas by multi-national retailers to merchandise their wares.

The twelve verses of *The Praise of Christmas* also give a good insight into the age that it was composed for. In fact, the carol provides an accurate account of seventeenth century English Christmas celebrations.

In twelve verses, ninety six lines and 800 words there is not a single reference to Christ, our Lady, Bethlehem, prayer or religion.

The Praise of Christmas [Ex.8]

All hail to the days that merit
more praise
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights that
double delights
As well for the poor as the peer!
Good fortune attend each merry
man's friend
That doth but the best that he
may,
Forgetting old wrongs with
carols and songs,
To drive the cold winter away.
Let misery pack, with a whip at
his back,
To the deep Tantalian flood;



Making a virtue of envy

SINCE the end of the Second World War, however, a new 'ethic' has, astonishingly, come into being, according to which the envious man is altogether acceptable. Progressively fewer individuals and groups are ashamed of their envy, but instead make out that its existence in their temperaments axiomatically proves the existence of 'social injustice', which must be eliminated for their benefit. Suddenly it has become possible to say, without loss of public credibility and trust, 'I envy you. Give me what you've got.' This public self-justification of envy is something entirely new. In this sense it is possible to speak of the age of envy.

— Helmut Schoeck, *Envy, A Theory of Social Behaviour*, Liberty Press 1987, p. 179.

In Lethe profound, let envy be
drownd
That pines at another man's good;
Let sorrow's expanse be banded
from hence,
All payments of grief delay,
And wholly consort with mirth
and with sport
To drive the cold winter away.

Tis ill for a mind to anger inclined
To think small of injuries now;
If wrath be to seek, do not lend
her thy cheek,
Nor let her inhabit thy brow.
Cross out of thy books malevolent
looks,
Both beauty and youth's decay,
And wholly consort with mirth
and with sport,
To drive the cold winter away.

The court in all state now opens
her gate,
And bids a free welcome to most;
The city likewise, tho somewhat
precise,
Doth willingly part with her cost:
And yet by report from city and
court,
The country will gain the day;
More liquor is spent, and with
better content,
To drive the cold winter away.

Our good gentry there, for cost do
not spare,
The yeomanry fast not till lent;
The farmers, and such, think
nothing too much,
If they keep but to pay for their
rent.
The poorest of all do merrily call,
When at a fit place they can stay,
For a song or a tale, or a pot of
good ale,
To drive the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow of solitude
now,
But merrily greets the time,
To make it appear, of all the
whole year,

That this is accounted the prime:
December is seen appareld in
green,



Scotland in 1798

SCOTLAND in 1798. - It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music: 'What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the abstract, but -' here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost. No nation has so large a stock of benevolence of heart: if you meet with an accident, half Edinburgh immediately flocks to your door to inquire after your *pure* hand or your *pure* foot, and with a degree of interest that convinces you their whole hearts are in the inquiry. You find they usually arrange their dishes at dinner by the points of the compass; 'Sandy, put the gigot of mutton to the south, and move the singer sheep's head a wee bit to the nor-wast.' If you knock at the door, you hear a shrill female voice from the fifth flat shriek out: 'Wha's chapping at the door?' which is presently opened by a lassie with short petticoats, bare legs, and thick ankles. My Scotch servants bargained they were not to have salmon more than three times a week, and always pulled off their stockings, in spite of my repeated oburgations, the moment my back was turned. Their temper stands any thing but an attack on their climate. They would have you even believe they can ripen fruit; and, to be candid, I must own in remarkably warm summers I have tasted peaches that made most excellent pickles; and it is upon record that at the siege of Perth, on one occasion, the ammunition failing, their nectarines made admirable cannon balls.

- Sydney Smith, Anglican Clergyman and wit, in his *Memoir*. [Need I point out that Sterhouse is a Scot's name? Ed.]

And January, fresh as May,
Comes dancing along, with a cup
and a song,
To drive the cold winter away.

THE SECOND PART

This time of the year is spent in
good cheer,
And neighbours together do meet,
To sit by the fire with friendly
desire,
Each other in love to greet;
Old grudges forgot, are put in the
pot,
All sorrows aside they lay,
The old and the young doth carol
his song,
To drive the cold winter away.

Sisley and Nanny, more jocund
than any,
As blithe as the month of June,
Do carol and sing, like birds of the
Spring,
(No nightingale sweeter in tune)
To bring in content when summer
is spent,
In pleasant delight and play,
With mirth and good cheer, to end
the old year,
And drive the cold winter away.

The shepherd and swain do
highly disdain
To waste out their time in care,
And Clim of the Clough hath
plenty enough
If he but a penny can spare,
To spend at the night in joy and
delight,
Now after his labours all day,
For better than lands is the help of
his hands,
To drive the cold winter away.

To mask and to mum kind neigh-
bours will come
With wassails of nut-brown ale,
To drink and carouse to all in the
house,
As merry as bucks in the dale;
Where cake, bread and cheese, is
brought for your fees,

To make you the longer stay;
At the fire to warm will do you no
harm,
To drive the cold winter away.

When Christmass tide comes in
like a bride,
With holly and ivy clad,
Twelve days in the year, much
mirth and good cheer,
In every household is had;
The country guise is then to
devise

Some gambols of Christmas play,
Whereat the young men do the
best that they can,
To drive the cold winter away.

When white-bearded frost hath
threatened his worst,
And fallen from branch and briar,
Then time away calls, from
husbandry halls
And from the good countryman's
fire,

Together to go to plough and to
sow,

To get us both food and array;
An thus with content the time we
have spent
To drive the cold winter away.

In part, this carol dates from the
reign of Elizabeth I. Although
earlier authors must have been
involved, the words are usually
attributed to Thomas D'rfey
(1653-1723), who was one of the
most popular characters of his age.
The tune for the carol is a very old
black-letter ballad melody.

In regard to the second line of
verse five The yeomanry fast not
till lent, Chappell noted 'For the
support and encouragement of the
fishing towns, in the time of
Elizabeth, Wednesdays and
Fridays were constantly observed
as fast days, or days of abstinence
from flesh. This was by the advice
of her minister, Cecil; and by the
vulgar it was generally called
Cecil's Fast'. Verse nine's Clim of
the Clough is Clement of the

Take care what you love

LOVE is never idle. What
is it but a kind of love
that drives even evil men?
Show me a love that is idle
and doing nothing.
Abominations, adulteries,
crimes,
murders,
deeds of
lust -
isn't some
kind of
love the
prime
motive
behind all
these? So

purify your love; redirect
the stream that now runs
into the sewer, into your
garden. Am I saying to you,

'Love nothing'? Not at all. If
you have no love in you
you will be lazy, dead,
detestable and miserable.
Of course you must love.
But be careful what you

love.
Love for
God and
love for
neigh-
bour is
called
'charity'.
Love for
the
world

and love of this life is called
'cupidity'. So arouse your
'charity' and restrain your
'cupidity'.



- St. Augustine of Hippo, 354-430. From his sermon on Psalm xxxi, preached
at Hippo in 392.

Cleft, an archer from the North of
England who was famous.

The Joys of Mary

In the fifteenth century, the five
joys of Mary was an extremely
popular subject. Early manuscript
versions of carols about the joys
of Mary, use the following
subjects: the Annunciation; the
Nativity; the Crucifixion; the
Harrowing of Hell; and the
Ascension. Numeral carols have
always been popular in Britain,
and the Joys of Mary was no
exception, during the eighteenth
and nineteenth centuries it was
annually reprinted on broad-
sheets, some of which went so far
as to extend the joys to twelve.
The following version of The
Seven Joys of Mary is very old, it
would appear to have been trans-
lated into modern English at some

distant time by person or persons
unknown:

The Seven Joys of Mary (Ex 9)

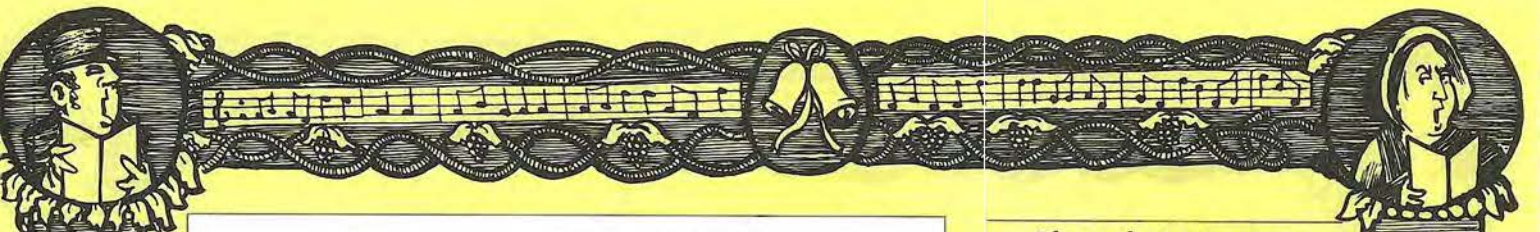
The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one;
To see the blessed Jesus Christ
When he was first her son:

When he was first her son, good
man:
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two;
To see her own son, Jesus Christ
To make the lame to go:

To make the lame to go, good
man:
And blessed may he be,





'Vices' are not 'virtues'

JUST as there is a 'folie à deux' there is a 'folie à millions.' The fact that millions of people share the same vices does not make these vices virtues, the fact that they share so many errors does not make the errors to be truths, and the fact that millions of people share forms of mental pathology does not make these people sane.

— Eric Fromm, *The Sane Society*, 1968 edition, p. 15.

Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three;
To see her own son, Jesus Christ
To make the blind to see:

To make the blind to see, good man:
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own son, Jesus Christ
To read the Bible o'er:

To read the Bible o'er, good man:
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own son, Jesus Christ
To bring the dead alive,

To bring the dead alive, good man:
And blessed may he be,

Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six;
To see her own son, Jesus Christ
Upon the crucifix:

Upon the crucifix, good man:
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven;
To see her own son, Jesus Christ
To wear the crown of heaven:

To wear the crown of heaven,
good man:
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

In the verse, 'and happy may we be' is sometimes substituted for 'blessed may he be'. A harmonised version of Joys Seven may be found in the Oxford Book of Carols.

Plays that are sung to carols

The resourcefulness and originality that Mediaeval playwrights and poets displayed in their Mystery Plays, carols and other Liturgical works, provided the foundation upon which Elizabethan literature and theatre was built. The idea of singing a little play to the tune of a carol is very old but it can still be used to good effect.

The Cherry Tree Carol comes from the Middle ages. There is no evidence that this carol was ever performed in a Mediaeval Mystery play, however, its simple style and straight forward language is typical of songs that were written for that medium. In fact, the Cherry Tree Carol is in the form of a small, one act oratorio, in three scenes; to be used as such, it only needs a choir to sing the descriptive verses, and soloists the dialogue. This carol was probably originally designed to be enacted so, it would seem to be a pity not to use it for this purpose.

The Cherry Tree Carol (Ex 10)

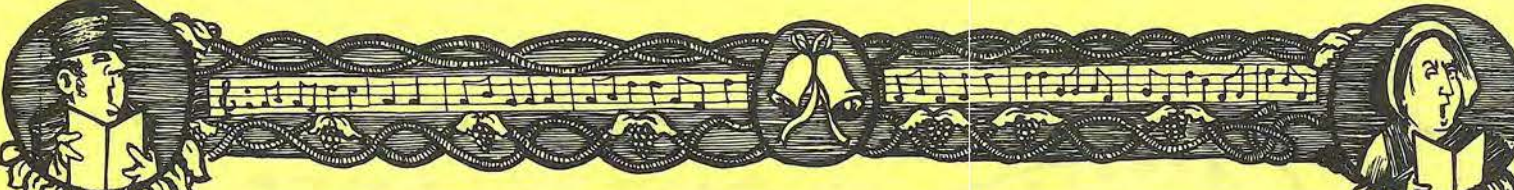
Part One:

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.


Joseph and Mary
Walked through an orchard good.
Where was cherries and berries
So red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary
Walked through an orchard green
Where was cherries and berries






As thick as might be seen.
O then bespoke Mary,
With words so meek and mild
Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
For I am with child.



O then bespoke Joseph
With answer most unkind.
Let him pluck thee a cherry
That brought thee now with
child.



O then bespoke the baby
Within his mother's womb
Bow down then the tallest tree
for my mother to have some.


Then bowed down the highest
tree,
Unto his mother's hand.
Then she cried, See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command.

O then bespoke Joseph -
I have done Mary wrong;
But now cheer up, my dearest,
And do not be cast down.

O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough.

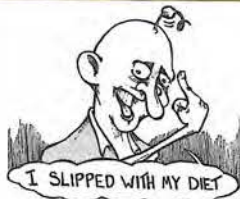
Then Mary plucked a cherry,
As red as any blood;
Then Mary went homewards
All with her heavy load.

Part Two:



As Joseph was a walking,
He heard an angel sing:
This night there shall be born
On earth our heav'nly King;

He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.




You are what you eat

NO doubt about it: Eat meat, or eat your vegetables, and it shines through in your hair. A few years ago Stephen A. Macko, a professor of environmental science at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, began asking students to bring in samples of their hair and fingernails for chemical analysis. The analysis, he promised, would show what kind of foods they had eaten - and sure enough, it unmasked most of the self-proclaimed vegetarians as carnivores. When the chemical evidence pointed to unconfessed meat consumption, Macko says, 'a student would reveal that, well, occasionally she likes Virginia ham.'

Now Macko is applying his gumshoe technique to those who can no longer lie about their diets. He recently analysed hair from the Neolithic Iceman of the Italian Alps. The Iceman's body was discovered in 1991, lying next to a bow and arrows, and many archaeologists therefore concluded he was a hunter. But Macko's chemical analysis shows he was a vegetarian - at least in the weeks while the hair was growing. (It takes about six days for what you eat to show up in your hair; each strand continues to record the diet as it grows.) 'We had a hair, a real molecule generated by a living organism 5,200 years ago,' Macko says - and it was remarkably well preserved. The abundance ratios of the stable carbon and nitrogen isotopes in the hair show whether a person ate different kinds of grains, meat or fish - or some combination. The isotopic ratios in the Iceman, Macko says, were almost identical to ones characteristic of contemporary European vegetarians.

- Ellen Walterschied, 'By a hair', in *The Sciences*, Jan. Feb. 1999.



He neither shall be clothd
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As ware the babies all.

He neither shall be rockd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks upon the mould.

He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water
As we were christen'd.

Part Three:

Then Mary took her young son,
And set him on her knee:
Saying, My dear son, tell me,
Tell how this world shall be.

O I shall be as dead, mother,
As stones are in the wall;
O the stones in the streets,
mother,
Shall sorrow for me all.

On Easter day, dear mother,
My rising up shall be;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
Shall both arise with me.

The simple songs and customs that carry the message of Christmas are regarded with special affection by Christians. In 1538 Saint Ignatius of Loyola wrote, 'I went at Christmas, to Santa Maria Maggiore, and said there, with the help and grace of God, my first Mass, in the chapel which contains the crib where the Infant Jesus was laid.'

We wish all our *Annals* readers a joyous, rewarding Christmas full of love the Christ-child brings to a world desperate for understanding and forgiveness.



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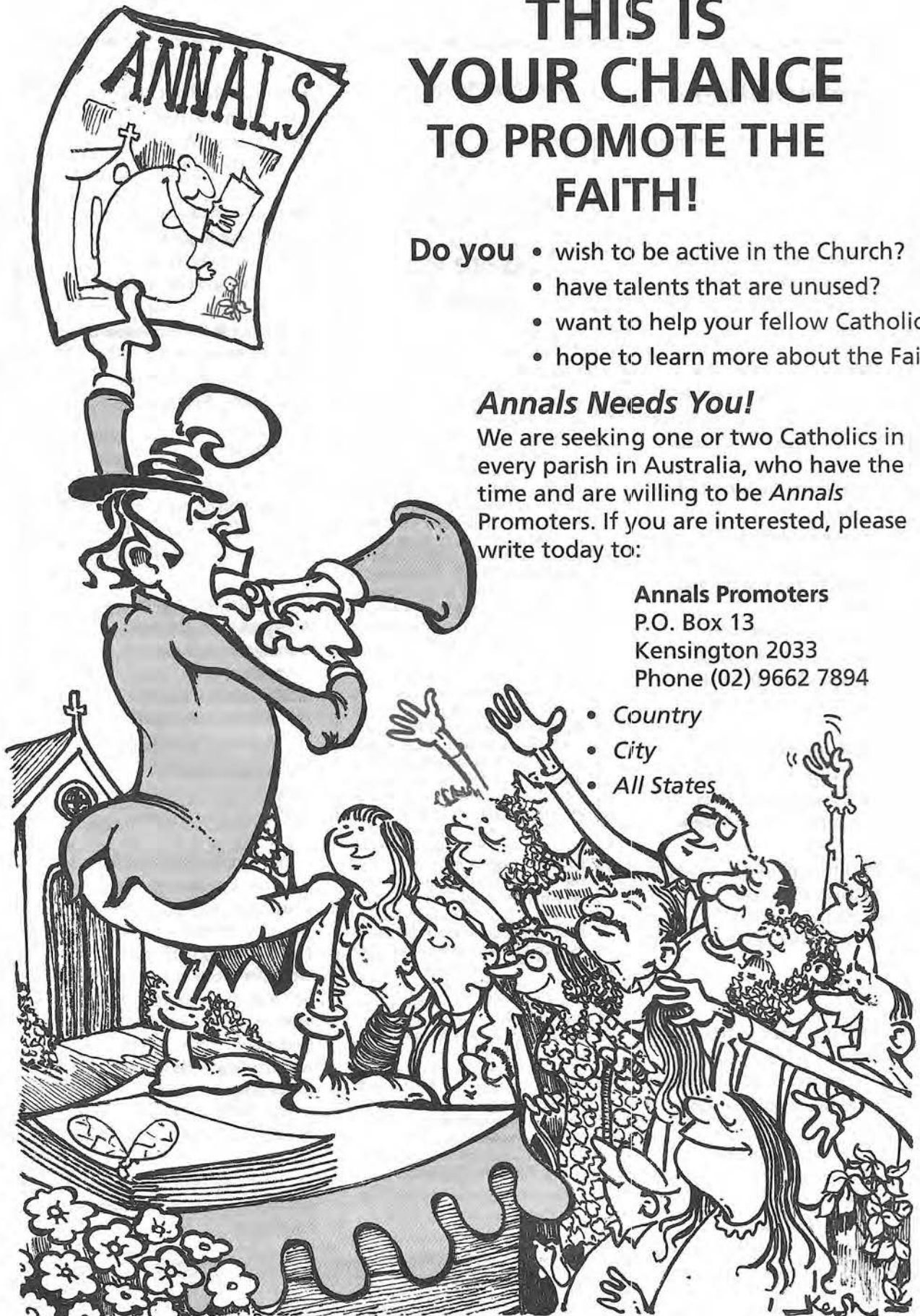
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Jubilee discoveries for all who love mercy more than vengeance

MICHELANGELO, AND THE CONFRATERNITY OF MERCY OF ST JOHN WHO WAS BEHEADED

By PAUL STENHOUSE, MSC, PhD



OST pilgrims and tourists who visit Rome see the strange mask of stone in the

portico of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, built on the site of the Imperial Corn Exchange (Statio Annonae). Called the *Bocca di Verità* (or Mouth of Truth) it gives its name to the piazza nearby. The yarn the tourist are spun is that if they have told a lie the marble face will bite their fingers. The guide never hesitates to put his/her hand in, for the story is itself a whopping fib.

The Mouth of Truth

The marble disc – five feet in diameter – is, scholars think, in fact the cover/inlet of a surface drain from Roman times, ornamented with the face of the river god. Some think that it is the cover of the well sacred to Mercury to which Ovid the poet refers.¹ This well was close to the Porta Capena, or the beginning of the Appian Way which until 272 AD (before Marcus Aurelius built his wall that still stands at least in part) was situated near the Church of Pope St Gregory, not far from the Bocca di Verità.

Whatever be the case, on the opposite side of the street, adjacent to the Tiber, are two beautiful little temples, remarkably well-preserved because they were used as churches in early mediaeval times; the rectangular one with four ionic columns was a Temple to Fortune built by Servius Tullius (died 534 BC), and is the most perfect pre-Augustan temple remaining in Rome. The smaller round one with its girdle of white fluted corinthian columns was dedicated to the Dea Matuta, the goddess of Dawn, that watched over childbirth and therefore over women.

The Street of Mercy

Running off the Piazza della Bocca di Verità and quite close to the fifth century Church of St George in Velabro is a little street – Via San Giovanni Decollato – that contains a remarkable if hidden treasure. To see it you have to knock at the door of Number 22 and hope that your knock will be heard.

Part of this complex of buildings that, I understand, still belongs to the *Confraternità della Misericordia di San*

Giovanni Decollato (The Confraternity of Mercy of St John Beheaded) includes an Oratory that has been described as *The Sistine Chapel of Mannerism*. 'Mannerism' is the name given to the style of late renaissance painters and sculptors who copied the work of the great masters like Raffaele, Bramante and Michelangelo, and sometimes distorted it.

The Confraternity was founded in Tuscany in 1488 devoted to the care of criminals condemned to death. Members would visit them in prison, accompany them to execution, receive their bodies, and bury them on their property, and have Masses offered for the repose of their souls in their little Oratory. The Confraternity was brought to Rome in 1490 at the request of Pope Innocent VIII, and in 1540 Pope Paul III granted it the privilege of requesting and obtaining pardon each year for one person condemned to death.

Michelangelo joined the Confraternity, and participated in its apostolate among the condemned criminals of Rome. Many famous artists adorned its Oratory with their work.

First Hand account of the Brotherhood

The following account of the Confraternity² will throw much needed light on a little-known charitable work carried on from early renaissance times until now, by dedicated lay people.

'Within the limits of this region (of the Tiber) the ancient Brotherhood of St John Beheaded have had their church and meeting place for centuries. It was their chief function to help and comfort condemned criminals from the midnight preceding their death until the end.



Convenience Kills

THE systematic killing of unborn children in huge numbers is part of a general disregard for human life that has been growing for some time. We are crossing lines, at first slowly and now with rapidity: killing unborn children for convenience; removing tissue from live fetuses; contemplating creating embryos for destruction in research; considering taking organs from living anencephalic babies; experimenting with assisted suicide; and contemplating euthanasia. Abortion has coarsened us. If it is permissible to kill the unborn human for convenience, it is surely permissible to kill those thought to be soon to die for the same reason. And it is inevitable that many who are not in danger of imminent death will be killed to relieve their families of burdens. Convenience is becoming the theme of our culture. Humans tend to be inconvenient at both ends of their lives.

– Judge Robert H. Bork, *Slouching towards Gomorrah*, Regan Books, 1996.

Candlemas Day 2001

All our readers and their friends are invited by
The House of Mary, [The Archconfraternity of our Lady
of the Sacred Heart of Jesus],

to a

Solemn Mass

to celebrate the feast
of

The Presentation of our Lord in the Temple

in the

Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart

Avoca Street Randwick, NSW

on

Saturday February 3, 2001

at 12 noon

Mass will be celebrated by the Director of the
House of Mary Father Paul Stenhouse MSC for all the
living and deceased members of the Archconfraternity
and for all those who attend the Mass.
Supper will be provided after the Mass.
Concelebrants are welcome to attend.

'To this Confraternity belonged Michelangelo among other famous men whose names stand on the rolls to this day. Doubtless the great master, hooded in black and unrecognisable among the rest, and chanting the Penitential Psalms in the voice that could speak so sharply, must have spent dark hours in gloomy prisons from midnight to dawn beside pale-faced men who were not to see the sun go down again. In the morning he must have stood upon the scaffold with the others and seen the bright axe smite out the poor life. But neither he nor others of the brethren spoke of these things except amongst themselves and they alone knew who had been of the band when they bore the dead man to his rest at last...they wrote down in their journal the day, the hour, the name, the death: no more than that. And they went back to their daily life in silence.

Interceding for the Condemned

'For their good deeds they
obtained the right of saving one

man from death each year, conceded them by Paul III while Michelangelo was painting the Last Judgement – a right perhaps asked by him as one of the brothers, and granted for his sake. 'Baracconi' has discovered an account of the ceremony. At the first meeting in August the governor of the Confraternity appointed three brethren to visit all the prisons of Rome and note the names of the prisoners condemned to death, drawing up a precise account of each case but ascertaining especially which ones had obtained the forgiveness of

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those whom they had injured. At the second meeting in August the reports were read and the brethren chose the fortunate man by ballot.

'Then the whole dark company went in procession to the prison. The beadle of the Order marched first, bearing his black wand in one hand and in the other a robe of scarlet silk and a torch for the pardoned man; two brothers followed with staves, others with lanterns, more with lighted torches and after them was borne the crucifix, the sacred figure's arms hanging down perhaps supposed to be in the act of receiving the pardoned man, and a crown of silvered olive hung at its feet – then more brothers and last of all the governor and the chaplain.

'The prison doors were draped with tapestries, box and myrtle strewed the ground and the governor received the condemned person and signed a receipt for his body. The happy man prostrated himself before the crucifix, was crowned with the olive garland, the Te Deum was intoned and he was led away to the Brotherhood's church where he heard High Mass in the sight of all the people. Last and not least, if he was a pauper the brethren provided him with a little money and obtained him some occupation; if a stranger, they paid his journey home.'

The beauty of the frescoes by Francesco Salviati, Jacopino del Conte, Jacopo Zucchi and others of like talent in the Oratory of the Confraternity are testimony to the faith and hope of the brothers. These prayed that those whose lives they saved, or those who were executed and whose remains they buried in the seven round covers set in the pavement of the cloister leading to the Oratory, might attain everlasting life through the merits of our crucified Lord, and by their good example. There is good reason to think they did.



1. *Faith*, v. 673.
2. Francis Marion Crawford, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, vol.ii, 1899 ed. p.129-130.
3. G.Baracconi, *Rioni di Roma*, Turin, 1905. two volumes ed.

AMNESIA AT THE 'PAPER OF RECORD' THE NEW YORK TIMES

By JOSEPH SOBRAN



ONE of the persistent big lies of our time holds that the Catholic Church, and Pope Pius XII in particular, failed to oppose Hitler and were 'silent' during the Holocaust. This would have come as news to Hitler.

The myth has been repeated in two recent books and is often echoed in the New York Times, our semi-official 'paper of record'. But in fact, the Times is flatly contradicted by its own reporting before and during World War II.

A new study, 'Pius XII and the Jews: The War Years,' by Stephen M. DiGiovanni, shows that Pius and his bishops engaged in a prolonged duel with Hitler's regime. Far from being secret, the tension between the Third Reich and the Church was quite public – and DiGiovanni describes it almost entirely from stories published in the *Times* while it was going on.

Pius's predecessor, Pope Pius XI, had condemned the German National Socialist philosophy because its exaltation of race and nation was opposed to what the Church calls 'the natural law', the eternal moral order that even God cannot change. No race or nation has the right to subjugate another. Pius XI and Pius XII both condemned Communism for similar reasons: no state may put itself above the divine law.

Upon becoming Pope in March 1939, Pius XII issued an encyclical reiterating that the state must respect the divine law, without prejudice to any race. This was taken by everyone as a rebuke to Hitler. In 1940, over the protests of Hitler's ally Benito Mussolini, the Vatican appointed two Jewish scholars to its academy of science and another to its library. Louis Finkelstein, a prominent

Jewish theologian, praised the Pope for these measures. All these facts appeared in the *Times*, which also praised the Pope generously in several editorials.

In 1942, Pius intervened to save French Jews from deportation; two French cardinals and several bishops also made what the *Times* called a 'spirited written protest against racial and religious persecution.' The following year Pius assured the chief rabbi of Jerusalem that he would, as the *Times* puts it, 'do all in his personal power to aid persecuted Jews in Europe.' Throughout the war Catholic leaders sheltered Jewish children in France, producing what the *Times* called 'an open rift between the Vichy government and priests.' After the war, Pius removed several French bishops who had cooperated with the German and Vichy governments; this too was reported in the *Times*.

In June 1943 the *Times* ran a story headlined 'Reich Churches Resist Nazi Rule,' relating that the Catholic bishops in Germany had protested the persecution of Poles and Jews. The Nazi press fired back with charges that the Church was instigating unrest. A month later the German regime put three Catholic

bishops under house arrest and seized several convents, hospitals, and other Church property. Thousands of priests and nuns were eventually arrested, many of whom died in concentration camps.

In December the Vatican protested the internment of Italy's Jews; in early 1944 Rome's Fascist police forced entry into a basilica and arrested Jews taking sanctuary there along with the priests who had sheltered them, over Pius's protests. Again, you could have learned all this from the *Times*.

When the Allies conquered Rome in June 1944, the city's chief rabbi formally thanked the Pope on behalf of the Jews. After the war the World Jewish Congress gave the Vatican a gift of \$20,000 'in recognition of the work of the Holy See in rescuing Jews from Fascist and Nazi persecution.' Early in the war, Albert Einstein had testified: 'Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing the truth.'

This is just a sampling of what the *Times* told its readers during the war years. It also quoted both Nazi and Soviet authorities blaming the Church for the war they had started together before their falling out, each accusing Pius of favouring the other side. Later the victorious Soviets and Communists within Western Europe charged the Pope with indifference to the mass murders of Jews.

The *Times*, in a 1944 editorial, severely criticised the Soviets for their 'reckless,' 'unjust,' and 'intemperate' anti-Vatican propaganda. Since then, for some reason, the Paper of Record has forgotten its own meticulous contemporary accounts and adopted the crude Soviet version.



JOSEPH SOBRAN writes for *The New American*, *Chronicles* and edits *Sobran's Monthly*. Reprinted with permission.



MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

Prometheus Jeff

In being ticked off the Nine Network's *60 Minutes*, Jeff McMullen did the nation a greater service than he ever did on the program: he fired up a debate about the quality of journalism with his odd criticism that *60 Minutes* had run to tabloid and cheque-book journalism.

Odd because *60 Minutes* was tabloid when acquired stopwatch and all by Kerry Packer from America's CBS. As to cheque-bookism, there have always been adventurers, including authors and artists, who expect to be paid for appearing on current events programs, particularly for interview by rich reporters who have learned the first secret of television success: the simulation of sincerity in their stance that they're not in it for the money.

The jewel in the debate was *Media* (*The Australian* Nov 23). Its front page showed Orson Welles who played Citizen Kane above the lines: FLIGHT FROM QUALITY *Citizen Kane* collars journalism again.

Citizen Kane was, of course, based on William Randolph Hearst, once sensational journalism personified. But more recently the sobriquet Citizen has also been bestowed on Rupert Murdoch.

Did *Media* use Welles/Kane/Hurst as a surrogate for a dig at its own chief proprietor? Certainly both Hearst and Murdoch are Tabloid Titans.

Hearst gave America the Spanish-American War. Murdoch give Britain Thatcherism and pushed its variants in Australia and New Zealand.

This surely makes Murdoch the mightier Tabloid Titan. As he famously remarked after deciding to publish and be lampooned over the publication of the phoney Hitler diaries in the broadsheet *Sunday Times*: 'It's all entertainment.'

The line might cheer the newish ABC boss Jonathan Shier. There again it might not. Caught in crossfire from his own staff and outside commentators as he clings to a steep learning curve, he must occasionally yearn for the peace of Glasgow.

There he helped the former leader of the Clydeside apprentice strikers, Gus MacDonald, to remake Scottish Television's fortunes (and their own). Even Shier's sane suggestions are rejected, including linking the ABC and SBS as BBC 1 and BBC 2 are linked.

The outside commentators' fire is intriguing. They seem to be seeking ethical standards from the ABC not always practised by their own organisations.

No program sponsorship: Newspaper and magazine supplements are replete with what is effectively sponsorship.

And no print boss has been subjected to the level of criticism Shier has for his lack of creative experience, not even the Fairfax Group's Fred Hilmer who came to his top job, saying insouciantly that he would have to start reading newspapers.

Or are the outside commentators saying that because the ABC is tax-payer funded a different ethic should prevail there? If so, what does that say about objectivity and truth in print media?

Elected Monarch

Collateral damage from the US presidential election includes Australia's own republican aspirations. No one, viewing the American dream turn to chad farce, can fail to have doubts about the mechanics of presidential elections.

Furthermore, both Al Gore and George W. Bush strengthen the view that presidential candidates can be the useful dolts of a plutocratic establishment. Bush in particular is a candidate by inheritance not talent, a crown prince who, if elected, will bear the monarchical title: President George Bush II.

Swinging Abbott


The risk involved when religious bodies accept government funds has already been mentioned in this column. The risk went critical when the St Vincent de Paul Society pointed out the increasing number of Centrelink emergency references to its offices of people who believed they had a quasi-statutory right to money.

The point had Technical Knock-Out power. The Employment Services Minister Tony Abbott, an Oxford Blue for boxing, came out swinging with a flurry of counter punches involving both Marx and papal teaching on subsidiarity which suggested a pug in trouble.

He was then joined in a kind of tag-team wrestling bout against the society by the mighty Padraig Pearse McGuinness who deserves World Heritage status because he can be wilder than the Blue Mountains.

Abbot's reference to subsidiarity needs specific comment. Operation of the subsidiarity principle depends upon a common viewpoint, philosophical, social moral or ethical (tick adjective of choice).

That shared viewpoint does not exist between the St Vincent de Paul Society and Centrelink. The former is inspired by gospel charity, the latter is practising a modern version of Dickensian grad-grindism, imposed by the ideological ukase of a government, hard on individuals in need but soft on big business in general and the banks in particular.



It is part of folklore that you need a long spoon when you sup with the Devil. Church representatives who sup with the Government should study the small print on the menu.

Sage Wales

Not everything said by Charles Prince of Wales has been wise. But just as his ancestor James VI of Scots and I of England was correct about tobacco's dangers, Prince Charles is correct about the written word:

'Ours is the age of miraculous writing machines but not of miraculous writing. Our banalities are no improvement on the past, merely an insult to it and a source of confusion in the present. In the case of our cherished religious writings, we should leave well alone, especially when it is better than well; when it is great. Otherwise we leave ourselves open to the terrible accusation once levelled by the true master of the banal Samuel Goldwyn: "You've improved it worse".'

Prince Charles was speaking about *Common Worship* the new book of prayer for the Church of England (of which he is potentially head). This replaced the 1980 *Alternative Service Book* which had replaced the 1662 *Book of Common Prayer*.

Few will dispute the validity of his words in the wider context of written English.

Lid Off

The Reith phone affair followed by reports of electoral chicanery which began in Queensland's Labor but did not remain in either place or party have an enduring message for all organisations, government, business and ecclesiastical.

The first law of media dynamics is: the longer the lid is kept on a scandal or scam, the more destructive the eventual and inevitable explosive fall-out.

What makes such cover-ups ironic is that they tend to be the work of hacks who know the law but ignore it because they are in political service for more money.

And career advantage, it being one of the rules of the game, that a hack with a stint in political service can expect advancement if and when he or she returns to media.

In all this, both the Prime Minister John Howard and the leader of the Opposition Kim Beazley have failed to dismiss culprits. Thus, they turn on themselves the most eloquent criticism aimed at the Press: that it seeks power without responsibility, the prerogative of the harlot down the ages.

Withering Aussies

Now that the Third Millennium AD is truly upon us, it is time to look at where Australia and

Australians will be when the millennium ends. On present trends give or take an earthquake and *tsunami* or two, Australia as a geographical entity will be there.

Australians? As now known, they will have vanished on the incontrovertible basis that people who do not reproduce themselves in sufficient numbers, er vanish.

It might even be argued that Australians, as now known, will not even exist to celebrate the second anniversary of Federation in 2101.

Views on optimum population range from former Prime Minister Malcom Fraser's call for 50 Million Australians by 2048 to NSW Premier Bob Carr's suggestion that the nation already has six million people too many although he has yet to give a lead by heading for Tierra del Fuego.

The Australian National University's emeritus professor Jerzy Zubrycki argues cogently for a shift of focus from immigration to births.

Without this, millennium's end may see the establishment of Australians Day when the world at large remembers the mysterious people who were so marvellously vigorous in everything except reproduction of themselves.

Bradmania

The row over the sale of some of his letters (now in the National Library, Canberra under a forty year embargo) drove to new heights adulation of Don Bradman, knighted for his deeds with a willow sword that left no ball unbelted.

But not always. In the coverage, your correspondent noted a reference to Bradman's heroic exploits during the 1930s Bodyline Series. The series hero was not Bradman but Stan McCabe, Bradman's teammate across the Catholic-Masonic divide.

Trivial pursuit question: What did England's Bodyline skipper Douglas Jardine and Don Bradman have in common? A: They both made their biggest scores off-field as stockbrokers.

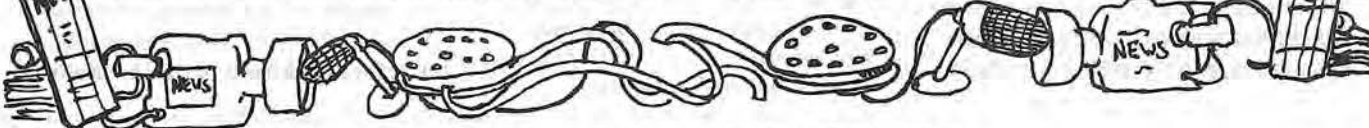
Idiot Village

Funny, both ha-ha and peculiar, to read New York's *Village Voice* criticising the Mel Gibson icon production *Bless the Child* in the following terms: 'As jaw-droppingly close to Christian propaganda as Hollywood is likely to get.'

Funny because *Village Voice* has been a propaganda sheet since its foundation. What it propagandises, of course, is the 'alternative lifestyle'.

Except, of course, for the perennial alternative lifestyle as lived by Jesus Christ.

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Witnesses for the defence of children with no rights

THE SURVIVORS

In the wake of the outcry against Melbourne's Royal Women's Hospital for its abortion of a foetus with dwarfism, comes the admission by its Chief Executive Professor Glen Bowse that late term abortions in the hospital average 32 annually. WILLIAM F. JASPER tells here the amazing stories of alleged 'blobs of tissue' in the U.S. who survived 'botched' abortions. Warning: what follows is not for the squeamish. It provides a voice for the ghosts of the children aborted annually in Australia who would almost fill the Sydney Olympic Stadium.



GIANNA JESSEN, Jim Kelly, Sarah Smith, Sarah Brown, Ana Rosa Rodriguez, Baby Claire, Baby Grace, Baby Hope.

These are not names well known in America. But they should be. They are the names of a few of the survivors of the longest, deadliest war in U.S. history: the 30-year Abortion War.

Wars are brutal, terrible things, inflicting death, destruction, and misery on whole populations. One of the most terrible and common features of war is its destructive impact on moral conscience and common decency. The 'enemy' is frequently reduced through propaganda to subhuman status to justify the most atrocious behaviour by 'our' side. In the past three decades of the Abortion War, nearly 40 million children have been brutally murdered in the womb in the United States alone. This has been possible, largely, because of the effectiveness of an insidious propaganda campaign that has succeeded in convincing millions of Americans that the defenceless, unborn child is not a baby, a human, a tiny person, a gift from God, but merely a depersonalised blob of 'tissue', to be disposed of if it interferes with one's life plans or career trajectory.

Sarah Smith, Ana Rosa Rodriguez, Gianna Jessen, and their fellow survivors are unanswerable, living refutations of this incredible lie. They are 'blobs of tissue' who survived 'botched' abortions. Against all odds, their lives were preserved to bear

witness against the spirit of this age which counsels that convenience, self-indulgence, and self-worship are the highest good. The refusal of the pro-abortion Establishment media to report their stories is understandable; any coverage of these survivors devastatingly exposes the lie. Any photograph of these miraculous survivors instantly, visually establishes the fact of their humanness.



No Simple Solution

MAN remains a problem to himself and this problem, in its various aspects, is symptomatic both of his relationship with God and with his fellows and of the fact that there is something wrong with these relationships. This wrongness has to be understood in a wider variety of contexts and aspects than any one discipline or approach might suggest. There are problems about guilt, responsibility, freedom, and potentiality which must not be reduced to the insights and information of any one scientific or philosophical approach to the human situation.

— E.W. Kemp (Ed.), *Man, Fallen and Free*.

Defending Life

Gianna Jessen is a beautiful, bubbly, talented young lady whose singing and testimony have delighted, moved, and inspired audiences world-wide. Twenty-two years ago, Gianna was scheduled for an appointment with death. Because her mother was already in the 24th week of her pregnancy, the abortionist opted for the saline method. The doctor injected a saline (salt water) solution into the amniotic fluid surrounding baby Gianna. In this type of abortion, the caustic, toxic saline solution slowly poisons the baby while burning its tender skin. Gianna was supposed to be delivered dead the following day. But God, apparently, had other plans for this little one. Gianna was born alive, though small, premature, and badly burned and injured from the saline abortion. A nurse rushed her from the abortion clinic to a hospital, where she spent the first three months of her infancy. She was then placed with a foster family specialising in high-risk babies.

The doctors said Gianna would never be able to sit up by herself, let alone walk, run, jump, and play like 'normal' children. The abortion procedure had deprived her brain of oxygen and had left her with severe cerebral palsy. But at the age of three she was defying the medical experts and walking with the aid of a walker. She has undergone a number of painful operations that have enhanced her muscular control and co-ordination. This writer first interviewed Gianna in 1991, when

she was 14 years old ('The Lone Survivor,' December 31, 1991). 'I still limp,' the effervescent teenager said, 'but I can walk, run, dance, and jump. Maybe not as well as you or a lot of other people, but I do OK for me'. In a recent telephone interview, Gianna told *The New American* that she has added rock climbing to her repertoire of athletic skills.

For the past decade, since the age of 12, when she discovered the truth about her birth, Gianna has been a highly effective champion for the pro-life cause. With an angelic singing voice, a winning personality, and a uniquely compelling and heroic survival story, she has dramatically impacted audiences world-wide. She has spoken at schools, churches, and pro-life conferences throughout the United States and in England, Ireland, Spain, India, Australia, and Mexico.

She also testified before the Constitution Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee on April 22, 1996. On that occasion she said: 'I am happy to be alive. I almost died. Every day I thank God for life. I do not consider myself a by-product of conception, a clump of tissue, or any other of the titles given to a child in the womb. I do not consider any person conceived to be any of those things.'

Gianna continued:

I have met other survivors of abortion. They are all thankful for life... When I speak, I speak not only for myself, but for the other survivors... and also those who cannot yet speak...

Today, a baby is a baby when convenient. It is tissue or otherwise when the time is not right. A baby is a baby when miscarriage takes place at two, three, four months. A baby is called a tissue or clumps of cells when an abortion takes place at two, three, four months. Why is that? I see no difference.

'The best thing I can show you to defend life is my life,' Gianna told the lawmakers. 'It has been a great gift.' Yet only two of the 13 congressmen on the subcommittee were on hand to hear Gianna's moving testimony. Abortion supporter Patricia Schroeder

(Democratic Congress- woman from Colorado) who boycotted the hearing, protested that it was intended to 'undermine the public's consistent and overwhelming support for *Roe v. Wade*'.

But other audiences have been more interested in, and more receptive to, Gianna's story. Teen audiences, especially, have responded enthusiastically to her Christian testimony and her courageous advocacy of teen chastity in an age of 'safe sex' promiscuity. Although her amazing story has been largely censored by the pro-abortion media, thanks to *The Maury Povich Show*, *The 700 Club*, and *Focus on the Family*, Gianna's story has reached national television and radio audiences. In 1995, Dr James Dobson's *Focus on the Family* published a biography of Gianna, entitled *Gianna: Aborted and Lived to Tell About It*.

Gianna continues to polish her singing talents. She is currently working on an album with

renowned guitarist Phil Keaggy, due out this year. It is exciting work with a musician, composer, and lyricist of Mr Keaggy's stature, she told *The New American*, but becoming a recording 'star' is not her ambition. 'My real ambition is to become a fearless Christian,' she said. Gianna was schooled at home by her adoptive mother, Diana DePaul, and is planning to begin taking correspondence classes from Moody Bible College.

And what does Gianna Jessen see herself doing ten years from now? 'Being a good wife and mother,' she says unhesitatingly. 'Not that I'm in a rush to get married now, but a good husband and children - that's what I want.'

A Representative of the Dead

All babies are miracles, or course, but Sarah Smith's birth, like that of Gianna Jessen, was doubly miraculous. Sarah's near-death experience

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preceded Gianna's by several years, in 1970, before *Roe v. Wade*. Sarah's mother, Betty, did not know she was carrying twins when she went to the abortionist in Los Angeles. The abortionist, apparently, did not realise it either; his search-and-destroy mission yielded only one tiny victim.

'Somehow, miraculously, I survived!' says Sarah. 'My twin brother wasn't so lucky. Andrew was aborted and we lost him forever. Several weeks later, my mother was shocked to feel me kicking in her womb. She already had five children and she knew what it felt like when a baby kicked in the womb. She instantly knew that somehow she was still pregnant.' Sarah's mother went back to the doctor and told him she was still pregnant, that she had made a big mistake and that she wanted to keep this baby.

'To this day, my mother deeply regrets that abortion,' says Sarah. 'I know the pain is unbearable for her at times when she looks at me and knows she aborted my twin brother. Mom says "the protective hand of Almighty God saved my life," that God's hand covered and hid me in her womb, and protected me from the scalpel of death.'

Sarah survived the abortion, but was born with bilateral, congenital dislocated hips and many other physical handicaps. Nine days after her birth she was taken to an orthopaedic surgeon who applied a cast to each of her tiny legs. 'My mom would remove these casts with pliers every Monday morning and take me to the doctor to have new casts put on,' she recounts. 'At six weeks I was put into my first body cast. Many surgeries and body casts followed over the next few years.'

Sarah's life has been painful in many ways, and her future holds more painful surgeries for her. Yet Sarah says she continually thanks God she survived the abortion. But the pain is not hers alone and not merely physical. The emotional pain continues, she says, for everyone in her family. 'In memory of my brother Andrew, we bought a memorial gravestone and placed it in a cemetery in Southern California. It reads: Andrew James Smith, Twin Brother



Inner conflict and its consequences

LUTHER as a person was a typical representative of the 'authoritarian character' as it will be described later on. Having been brought up by an unusually severe father and having experienced little love or security as a child, his personality was torn by a constant ambivalence towards authority; he hated it and rebelled against it, while at the same time he admired it and tended to submit to it. During his whole life there was always one authority against which he was opposed and another which he admired – his father and his superiors in the monastery in his youth; the Pope and the princes later on. He was filled with an extreme feeling of aloneness, powerlessness, wickedness, but at the same time with a passion to dominate. He was tortured by doubts as only a compulsive character can be, and was constantly seeking for something which would give him inner security and relieve him from this torture of uncertainty. He hated others, especially the 'rabble', he hated himself, he hated life; and out of all this hatred came a passionate and desperate striving to be loved. His whole being was pervaded by fear, doubt, and inner isolation, and on this personal basis he was to become the champion of social groups which were in a very similar position psychologically.

– Eric Fromm, *The Fear of Freedom*, 1960 pp 55,56.

of Sarah – in our hearts you'll always be alive – November 1970.'

On April 24, 1996, Sarah Smith delivered a powerful address at the international 'Congress for Life' in Rome, organised by the Legionaries of Christ to celebrate the first anniversary of Pope John Paul II's encyclical letter *Evangelium Vitae* – The Gospel of Life. Sarah told the conference how she came to discover the dreadful secret that she had somehow intuitively felt;

I did not know of the abortion until I was 12 years old. I grew up feeling that I was the same as my friends, except for having numerous surgeries and physical

complications. The only difference I felt was an incredible loneliness and a knowledge that something was missing. I never felt whole.

I battled with severe depression and found myself dying of anorexia nervosa at age 12, when my mother knew it was time to tell me the truth. She sat next to me and took my hand and looked me in the eyes and said, 'Sarah, you are a twin. I aborted your twin brother and tried to abort you. Please know I did not know what I was doing and I pray someday you are able to forgive me. I love you and need you to know that you are a welcome part of our family.'

At that moment I knew what I had been missing all my life and that I was called to something much greater than I had knowledge of. Immediately I felt the overwhelming pain of the knowledge that I should be dead.

'As I stand before you today,' Sarah told her Rome audience, 'I am painfully aware that this is only possible because my twin brother took a scalpel for me, and I stand in his place and memory, giving him honour and a face.' Statistics are coldly impersonal and cannot convey the human tragedy of the abortion slaughter. 'Thirty-two million babies (have been) killed in the United States alone,' she noted. 'Yet every one had a face, a life, a Creator who loved them and created them in His image. As you look at me today, you realise that I am no different than you, yet I stand before you today a representative of the dead – a representative of the innocent lives who today may lose their lives. Who will speak for them? The words of Christ are clear – 'What you have done to the least of these you have done unto me.' You and I are called and commissioned to care for these little ones just as we would care for Jesus Himself. To walk away and say this is not my problem is to walk away from Jesus Himself.'

Sarah Smith challenged her listeners with these moving words;

Many people upon finding out about the abortion ask me how did I feel, or to what can I compare this to. The only thing I can compare

my life to is that of an innocent Jew being made to walk down the streets of Germany naked in front of many people and into a room he knows he will never come out of. In my case, unfortunately, the people leading me into that room are my mother and father. Yet the people looking on at the sidelines are people like you. And I ask you today, will you speak up or will you silently look away as another person who needs your help is led to their death? I have forgiven my parents long ago as I remember the words Jesus spoke as he hung bleeding and bruised from the cross. 'Forgive them Father for they know not what they do.'

His words pertain to the sins of abortion. Most men and women who involve themselves with abortion don't know what they're doing, as (was the case with) my parents. Many women who demand the right to an abortion say, 'Its my body, it's my choice.' Let me make one thing very clear to you today – my mother's choice was my death sentence. It is not only a woman's body we are discussing in an abortion. It is the entire flesh and blood of someone just like me.

Like Gianna Jessen, Sarah Smith has travelled to many countries to speak out against abortion and the culture of death, and to call people to the Gospel of Life in Jesus Christ. This courageous warrior for Life is currently undergoing more painful surgery and requests the prayers of fellow believers.

The Oldest Survivor

Unlike Sarah Smith and Gianna Jessen, Jim Kelly is largely unknown, even to the pro-life community. Although he is the oldest abortion survivor we are aware of, he has only told his story publicly once, to a pro-life rally on the steps of the state capital in Sacramento, California. Like Sarah Smith, Jim Kelly is a surviving twin. His twin sister, Katherine Marie Kelly, was killed by his mother in a self-inflicted abortion 50 years ago, in 1949.

Although he did not suffer his sister's cruel fate, Jim Kelly's life has

Was Our Lady baptised, and if so, by whom?

IN a Eulogy of St Sophronius of Jerusalem (560-638) and in certain MSS of the Pseudo-Dorotheus we find the following: 'The Lord baptised with his own hand only Peter. Peter baptised Andrew, who then baptised James and John. The latter baptised the other apostles. John, with Peter, baptised our sovereign Lady, the mother of God'.

The same tradition is to be found slightly modified in the Chronicle of Hippolytus of Thebes: 'Peter baptised Andrew and the sons of Zebedee, and Andrew and the sons of Zebedee baptised the other apostles and the 70 disciples. Peter and John baptised the mother of God.'

Nicephorus Callistus (1256-1335), in his Ecclesiastical History (II, 3) quotes a fragment of a letter by Evodius (a friend of St Augustine, died 424): 'Christ baptised with his own hands only Peter. Peter baptised Andrew and the sons of Zebedee. Andrew and the sons of Zebedee baptised the other apostles. Peter and John the Theologian baptised the other disciples.' – Ed.

not been an easy or cheerful one, by most standards. His mother was a troubled woman who had nine children (including the aborted Katherine Marie) by five different men, only one of whom she ever married. Jim Kelly never met his father. Although he was too young to remember, Mr Kelly told *The New American* he was physically abused by one of the men his mother lived with (his ankle was broken and his hands burned). His mother placed him in foster care while he was still very young and he was raised in a series of foster homes and institutions, where he also suffered physical, emotional, and sexual abuse.

The greatest pain for him, however, was the lifelong feeling of rejection and the craving for his mother's affection and approval. Jim learned of his mother's abortion and the death of his twin sister when he was 27 years old. He had become a Christian

several years earlier and had intellectually forgiven his mother for abandoning him and for her continued rejection of him, but he still struggled with feelings of anger, resentment, and loss. He worked untiringly to bring his dysfunctional family together and succeeded, in large measure, with his brother and half-brothers, but was unable to break through his mother's estrangement toward him. 'I always tried to be the good son, and to help her and win her love,' but she would not allow that, he says. 'I think her cold, unloving attitude toward me was a projection of the guilt she felt over the abortion, and her expectation that I would feel negatively toward her because of it. But that was *never* the case; I just wanted to be loved and accepted by her.'

Although he did not hold it against his brothers, it compounded his grief to see his mother extend affection to them while continuing to keep him at arm's length. In the final hours of her life, however, Jim Kelly says he thinks his mother 'finally found resolution.' She died in February of 1999 from cancer of the throat. 'My brothers and I were there and I held her hand and she held mine,' he



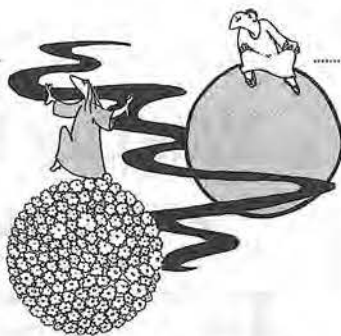
recounted, his voice swelled with emotion. 'She couldn't speak, but there was a difference in her eyes and the way she looked at me. I think that at the threshold of death she realised that I did love her, and she really did have some love for me.'

Does Jim Kelly ever wish that he had been spared his tumultuous and painful life, that he had also been aborted with his sister? Although he did try to commit suicide once as a teenager, while in an institution, he says he is glad to be alive. And, he adds, 'Thank God there were no Planned Parenthood abortion clinics at the time I was born or I wouldn't have survived; they would have finished the job.'

According to Jim Kelly, his life is proof of the truism that God works in mysterious ways. 'As negative as so many of my life experiences have been, I wouldn't trade any of them now,' he says. Those experiences have given him compassion and psychological insights that are invaluable to his vocation as a social worker. 'I can build bridges. I can reach people who can't be reached by your so-called 'professionals', because I've been there, I know what they're going through. And they can see that I'm not just relating something I read in a psychology textbook.'

Snow Baby and Vacuum Child

Twenty years ago Christelle Morrison was aborted and left to die naked and helpless in the snow. At 28 weeks of gestation, Baby Christelle was a mere two pounds, a difficult entry into life under the best of circumstances. But after surviving the abortion, she was abandoned on a bitter cold, 15-degree, Nevada winter night. She was blue and lifeless when found and rushed to a rural emergency clinic. Like Lazarus, however, she came back to life when the clinic physician placed her in a tub of warm water. She was rushed to the Medical Centre in Reno, where Registered Nurse Susan Walker and other personnel gave her intensive, loving care. Three months after her traumatic 'birth', the tiny, three-pound Christelle underwent and survived heart surgery.



Count our Blessings

PEOPLE from a planet without flowers would think we must be mad with joy the whole time to have such things about us.

— Iris Murdoch

Susan Walker and her husband adopted this throwaway miracle baby, who is now a young lady. According to Mrs Walker, Christelle is 'bright, beautiful, strong and healthy, and probably the most loving person you could ever meet. She is a living testimony of God's tremendous power and love and of the value of each and every unborn child'.

In 1978, Tina Huffman was a pregnant, unwed 17-year-old from a broken, dysfunctional home. Her mom and dad, as well as her boyfriend's parents, adamantly insisted she had only one option: abortion. Tina yielded to their demands and had a suction abortion. But the abortionist 'missed' Baby Heidi, even though he took most of her placenta and amniotic fluid. Heidi was delivered by C-section several months later. From her earliest years, Heidi attended pro-life rallies, programs and conferences with her mom, and then graduated to picketing and sidewalk counselling at abortion clinics. She is now 21 years old.

Tiny Witnesses

Lauren Pulliam was never supposed to leave the Planned Parenthood abortion mill alive. She was supposed to leave as lifeless 'tissue' in the trash. However, as in the case of Heidi Huffman, the would-be assassin in the medical frock 'goofed'. When Lauren's mom,

an unmarried teenager, returned to the abortuary for a check-up, she learned she was still pregnant; Lauren was still there. The Planned Parenthood vultures tried to reschedule her for another session to kill the baby, but she fled their deadly clutches. The troubled teen went to a 'respected' obstetrician who, after conducting an ultrasound informed her that the baby had 'abnormalities' and suggested she should consider re-aborting. But Lauren's mother refused and carried her almost to full term. Lauren was born one month early. Lauren's grandparents, who had tried to stop their daughter from having an abortion in the first place and had earnestly prayed for their baby's life, had their prayers answered. 'Our daughter was in labour only twenty minutes', says Lauren's grandmother, Pat Pulliam. 'The baby was six pounds and absolutely perfect in every way... Our daughter has been chosen to know the fullness of Christ's love, care and forgiveness. Our lives will never be the same.'

Nine-year-old Ana Rosa Rodriguez was a 32-week-old 'foetus' when her mother, Rosa, went to the New York City abortion chamber of 'Doctor' Abu Hayut, the notorious 'Butcher of Avenue A'. Even though abortions after the 24th week of pregnancy are illegal under New York law, this was going to be just another of the thousands of routine, late-term abortions performed annually in the state. According to Rosa, who was then 20-years-old, she told Hayat that she had changed her mind and didn't want to go through with the abortion. 'He said that it was impossible to stop, that I had to continue,' she told New York *Newsday*. According to Rosa, Hayat's assistants held her down while he sedated her. When she awoke, she was told the abortion was incomplete and that she should come back the following day. That evening, however, she experienced increasing pain and bleeding. Her mother took her to Jamaica Hospital by taxi, where, five hours later, Baby Ana Rosa was born. But Hayat had left his mark upon her, Ana Rosa's tiny right arm had been

torn off in the brutal abortion attempt. Ana Rosa has disappeared from public view, but when last reported, in 1996, she was a perfectly healthy, beautiful, little girl, aside from the abortionist's stigmata, which she will always bear.

Little Baby Claire is also missing her right arm. Like Ana Rosa, it was wrenched from her helpless body in the sanctuary of her mother's womb. Her Korean mother was unmarried and considered abortion to be the only 'solution' to her problem. Claire, considered undesirable and 'unplaceable' in Korea, was adopted and brought to the United States by an American couple whose warm and loving family already included their own four biological children – triplet boys Joshua, Jonathan, and Jeremy, and their sister Caitlin – and a severely disabled, daughter from Taiwan named Carissa.

Claire was one year old when she came to America. A year later she 'celebrated' her second birthday by having hip surgery. For six weeks the energetic two-year-old was immobilised in a body cast. As her adopted grandmother, Jean Garton, says, it could have been a 42-day-long 'Maalox moment' for the whole family. But that's when sister Carissa came to the rescue. Carissa was born with severe head deformities. She has a severe cleft palate, and no lower jaw, making speech difficult, and difficult to understand. but there's nothing wrong with her loving heart. With infinite patience, she took care of her little cast-bound sister. 'What could have brought chaos to the family turned into something wonderful,' Mrs Garton relates. 'Carissa became Claire's missing hand and Claire became Carissa's voice'. When others in the family can't understand what Carissa is saying, Claire pipes up with the translation.

On August 4, 1999, 'Baby Grace' was born at Good Samaritan Hospital in Dayton, Ohio. She was a victim of an abortion clinic run by Martin Haskell, who helped 'pioneer' the partial-birth abortion procedure. She was born when her mother went into labour prematurely, during the early phase of that barbaric procedure, which, according to Dr Haskell,

A balanced education

NO hope of the last century has been more patently falsified than that of a speedy millennium through universal education. We have turned out a generation able to read and write. But we have taught no one a just standard of values nor a capacity for judgement.

— Christopher Hollis, *The American Heresy*

happens in one out of one hundred cases. Baby Grace was born during her mother's 28th week of pregnancy. She survived and is now in foster care.

In addition to these still-living survivors, there are also other little victims who struggled valiantly for hours, weeks, or years, before called from their mortal coils. Four months before Baby Grace's miraculous arrival 'Baby Hope', a 25-week-old little girl, was born at Bethesda North Hospital in Cincinnati, on April 7, 1999. Like Baby Grace, she was a victim of Martin Haskell's abortuary. The hospital doctors on duty claim they were unable to do anything for her. Emergency room technician Shelly Lowe held the baby until she died three hours and eight minutes after her birth. Lowe said her whole view of abortion has changed since that experience. 'I was always pro-choice, and I've changed to pro-life,' she said. 'This is a baby that could be alive right now.'

The same could be said for Sarah Brown. Sarah Brown's mother had carried her to full term, 36 weeks, when she decided to abort her baby. That was on July 13, 1993. The abortionist stabbed Sarah in the brain three times with a needle filled with poison. but something went 'wrong'; two days later she was born live in a Wichita, Kansas, hospital. Bill and Marykay Brown obtained temporary custody of the baby within 24 hours of her birth and adopted her 30 days later. 'For the first few months she seemed to be progressing normally, although she was blind,' said Marykay Brown in a 1998 interview with *National Right to Life News*. 'She had acute hearing, and was beginning to try to speak.' But at about six months Sarah suffered a stroke and

never fully recovered. Mrs Brown says Sarah never spoke or walked, but 'she recognised us and learned to smile'.

Sarah was a constant joy to the Browns' seven other children, ranging in age from 18 to 12. 'I can't remember a time when someone wasn't holding her, talking to her, playing with her,' Marykay Brown told *NRL News*. Sarah died at home on September 28, 1998, surrounded by her loving family. While still alive, little Sarah Brown helped save other babies whose mothers decided not to abort after seeing her and hearing of her story. She continues to help save lives through Sarah Ministries, which the Brown family started to help pregnant women in need.

There are, undoubtedly, many other infant survivors like Baby Hope and Baby Grace whom we will never hear about. Most of these 'mistakes' that are born alive are callously allowed to die from exposure and neglect in a sink or a trash can in the abortuary. Or, sometimes, the abortionist 'assists' nature by strangling or drowning those babies who cling too tenaciously to life. Then, too, there surely are others who, like Jim Kelly, have reached adulthood and still do not know the truth surrounding their birth, or having learned of it have elected to keep this personal matter private.

But we are not *really* in need of more survivor examples to 'prove' what should be blindingly obvious even to the most stonehearted and obstinate. Sarah and Andrew Smith, Gianna Jessen, Sarah Brown, Ana Rosa Rodriguez, Jim and Kathryn Marie Kelly, Claire, Baby Hope, Baby Grace – these witnesses provide more than sufficient proof of the truth of the bumper-sticker slogan that 'An abortion stops a beating heart,' that abortion kills defenceless human beings, that abortion is an unmitigated evil and an inhuman, ghastly crime that cries out for justice. And woe unto us if we fail to listen to those cries and allow this dreadful slaughter of the innocents to continue.



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WELL-INFORMED CITIZENS INCREASINGLY RARE IN INFORMATION AGE

By GARY CHAPMAN



LAST MONTH, the National Science Foundation released its report 'Science and Engineering Indicators 2000' (<http://www.nsf.gov/sbe/srs/seind00/>),

which revealed some data about Americans' understanding of the world that are strikingly at odds with the ubiquitous hype about our 'Age of Information'.

'Most Americans,' the report says, 'know a little, but not a lot, about science and technology.' Given some of the findings, even that may be generous.

While more than 70% of the people the NSF surveyed knew that the Earth revolves around the sun and not the other way around, and that humans and dinosaurs did not coexist, only 16% could define the Internet and only 13% could accurately describe a molecule. At least those numbers are going up, the report's authors noted diplomatically – five years ago, only 11% could define the Internet and only 9% could describe a molecule.

'Science literacy in the United States [and in other countries] is fairly low,' says the report with typically measured understatement. Only about a fifth of the Americans surveyed

could describe what it means to study something scientifically.

In a classification of the level of interest in science and technology among Americans, the NSF study used a category labeled 'the attentive public,' meaning people who 'express a high level of interest in a particular issue, feel well-informed about that issue, and read a newspaper on a daily basis, read a weekly or monthly news magazine, or read a magazine relevant to the issue.' A mere 10% of Americans fit this description, according to the report.

About 40% of the survey population reported being very interested in science and technology, but only 17% thought they were personally well-informed. About 30% thought they were poorly informed.

These discouraging data fit with other patterns in Americans' knowledge about things, like current events. In 1997, researchers at the Pew Research Centre for the People and the Press in Washington said, 'An analysis of public attentiveness to more than 500 news stories over the last 10 years confirms that the American public pays relatively little attention to many of the serious news stories of the day.'

Last month, the Pew Research Centre reported that 84% of people

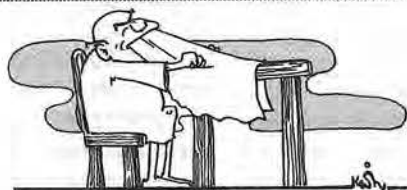
surveyed 'are not paying a lot of attention to the Microsoft breakup,' perhaps the most important antitrust case of the last 80 years. Over 70% were unaware that there is a federal budget surplus, and 56% had 'no idea who Alan Greenspan is.' (Greenspan is chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.)

Ten years ago, Andrew Kohut, director of the Pew Centre, said 'The ultimate irony of [our] findings is that the Information Age [has] spawned such an uninformed and uninvolved population.' There doesn't appear to be sufficient reason to change this assessment even five years into the boom of the Internet.

Such surveys of American knowledge seem to paint a picture of us that is reflected in many of our more popular political leaders: optimistic, generally untroubled by the world's woes, but manifestly ill-informed. We have tended to accept this because of our faith in native pragmatism and common sense. But with the world getting increasingly complex, technologised and competitive, such faith may verge on the delusional.

'After a steady series of breakthroughs in information technology,' wrote David Shenk in his 1997 book 'Data Smog,' 'we are left with a citizenry that is certainly no more interested or capable of supporting a healthy representative democracy than it was 50 years ago, and may well be less capable.'

Improving education is the most common knee-jerk plan of action for perceived deficits in American understanding and knowledge, especially in math and science. No doubt there is vast room for improvement in U.S. education. But as political philosopher Benjamin Barber of Rutgers University has pointed out, young people tend to learn what society teaches them to value.



Problem Eaters

THE chronicler for the year 354AD informs interested readers that 'in the reign of Nero there lived a glutton named Arpocras, an Alexandrian by birth who consumed the following trifles (pauca): a boiled wild pig; a live hen with its feathers; 100 eggs; 100 stone-pine kernels, hobnails, broken glass, the twigs of a palm-broom; four tablecloths, a sucking pig and a bundle of hay – and then seemed hungry'. (Suet. Nero, 37) Another glutton, exhibited under the auspices of Alexander Severus, performed similar feats of eating. A third, named Phagon, who lived under Marcus Aurelius, highly delighted the emperor with his massive eating bouts.

— See Ludwig Friedländer, *Roman Life and Manners*, 1913, iv, Ed.

The simple truth is that deep study of science, math, history, literature, art or familiarity with current events cannot compete with celebrity gossip and scandals, large calamities, TV and video games, voyeurism, consumerism, instant fortunes, advertising and popular but ephemeral fascinations.

University educators, like me, are constantly astonished at the depth and breadth of students' knowledge about popular culture and consumer products and by the weakness of their grasp on valuable and vital subjects. They are learning, but not what we usually think of as 'learning'. Too many are learning answers to the questions on the runaway hit TV quiz show 'Who Wants to Be a Millionaire', instead of the answers to life's most important questions.

Studies have shown that U.S. parents have much lower expectations of their children and much higher opinions of their children's educational achievements than parents in other countries. It's very common for American parents to mistake their child's deep knowledge of some idiosyncratic fixation for general educational competence.

This is perhaps the true ultimate irony of the Information Age: As high-tech leaders persistently, almost desperately, call for more educated workers, the 'info-tainment' business that is rapidly absorbing the Internet and all other media makes well-informed citizens even more rare than unusual. The constant 'dumbing-down' and vulgarisation of the culture industry, driven by mass marketing and profits, is clearly at odds with educational excellence, but few high-tech leaders can bring themselves to admit their role in this depressing decline.

Until we sever education from beeps, clicks, dancing cartoons, games, celebrities, ads, trivia and marketing hype, the idea of living in an Age of Information will continue to be something of a cruel joke.



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The plundered 'Regal of France'

THE history of this great jewel is interesting. In 1179 Louis VII of France came to visit the shrine of St Thomas à Becket in Canterbury in company with King Henry II. He offered at the tomb his golden cup and a rent of a hundred measures of wine yearly. Having passed the night in prayer before the saint's relics, he in the morning asked and received the 'fraternity' in the chapter-house. Amongst his offerings is supposed to have been the great glory of the shrine, 'the renowned precious stone that is called the Regal of France.' From the thumb-ring, for which Henry VIII used the jewel, it was apparently transferred to a collar. In the inventory of precious stones delivered to Queen Mary the 10th of March, 1553-54, was 'a collar of golde set with sixteen faire diamountes, whereof the Regal of Fraunce is one, and fourtene knottes of perles, in every knotte four perles'. Regal was a diamond. Does any *Annals* reader know what happened to it after the death of Queen Mary in 1554? *Ed.*

- See: Brit. Mus. Harl. MS, 611, 22.

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WANXIAN DIOCESAN APPEAL TO REBUILD CATHOLIC CHURCHES SUBMERGED BY THE THREE GORGES DAM

THE YANGTSE RIVER cleaves its way through the centre of China from the highlands of Central Asia down to the Pacific Ocean. Half-way down the river tower the Three Gorges, the gate between Sichuan province and the outside world. For thousands of years the Yangtse, which brought material and cultural benefits to the regions it touched, brought in its wake calamitous floods and great loss of life and property.

To prevent the disastrous floods, the world's largest dam is in the process of being built covering a surface area of 1,000 square kms. The dam will stretch 600 kms in length, from above Yichang to a point below Chongqing. Recent TV coverage in Australia has focussed attention on the project. Six Catholic churches are to be submerged – those of Wanxian, Wuling, Kaixian, Yunyang, Fengjie and Wushan – and many thousands of Catholics are to be relocated far from their traditional religious centres. In addition to churches, there is urgent need for clinics, hostels, kindergartens and convents around the church compounds.

Compensation is to be made - based on 1992 valuation and far from sufficient to cover the cost of purchasing land and erecting new churches and ancillary buildings. In most of the new towns the Catholic Church will need more land than before if it is to continue to carry out its vital work of evangelisation.

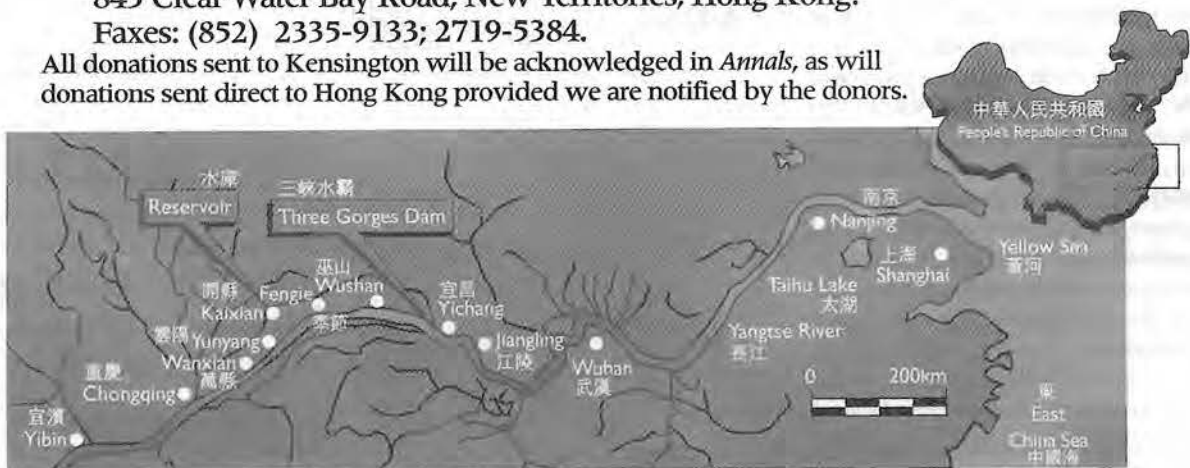
Through the generosity of individuals and agencies in Hong Kong and abroad, nearly HK\$9 million has already been raised – sufficient to cover the cost of the land and some preliminary site formation. More than HK\$15 million is needed to cover the cost of construction.

Donations no matter how big or small are much needed and will be greatly appreciated. God will undoubtedly reward with the promised hundred-fold those who devote what they can spare to this work so important for the survival of the Catholic Faith along the banks of the Yangtse River in central China.

Please send your donation, specifying that it is for the Wanxian Appeal, to
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PAMPERED PETS AND MERRY MAIDS

*How are the cash-rich but time-poor elite in our neighbourhoods raising their families?
GERALD MERCER reflects on time he spent recently scrubbing floors, and wonders how distant
are those who run our country from the rest of us whom they govern.*



THE other day I spent a profitable couple of hours scrubbing floors. It is not an especially appealing job. Yet in the end, the floors were put to rights, and there was an opportunity to reflect on some of the changes taking place in domestic labour.

A relative has been telling me about his experiences with his new business, a lawn-mowing franchise in one of Melbourne's leafy suburbs. His clients are mostly well-off professional couples – as the saying goes, people who are cash rich but time poor. He says it is not unusual for several crews of domestic workers to be present at a house at the same time. While he is manicuring the lawns, another team is cleaning the house, another person washing the windows.

And there are the nannies. A nanny of my acquaintance told me she was recently offered a six week live-in stint, looking after three young school-age children, while the parents, both medicos, were away overseas.

Children are not the only ones who need looking after. There is the question of pets. One childless young couple known to your correspondent lead very full business lives. So much so that there is no life left over to walk their two dogs. But canine needs have been thoughtfully taken care of. A brightly coloured vehicle regularly visits, bearing the insignia 'Pampered Pets' and the distinctive number-plate PAWS-4. An athletic looking young woman strides out of the vehicle, rounds up the dogs, and transports them to their destination for their daily walk.

This is all very impressive. Domestic labour in all its manifesta-

tions; child care; even pet care are now done by people outside the household. In modern business jargon, these jobs have been outsourced.

Yet it is not typical. This kind of thing only takes place at the wealthy end of the spectrum. For ordinary households, most or all of these tasks are done by the householders themselves, and they are not paid for it.

As a number of studies have shown, unpaid work in the household is of enormous economic significance. It's just that, until recently, we didn't get round to measuring it. Although unpaid, it still gets *done*.

Melbourne University economist Dr Duncan Ironmonger, who has studied this question for years, says that the size of the household economy is actually greater than the market economy.

For the last 10 years or so, the Australian Bureau of Statistics has conducted Time Use Surveys which disclose the time we spend on

household work, community work and other unpaid activities of social and economic significance. All of these things are outside the market economy. Yet the real importance of this has yet to seep fully into the consciousness of policy makers.

There are probably a number of reasons for this. Perhaps one reason is that many of our elites are removed from the humdrum details of the household because they get the job done by others.

American writer Barbara Ehrenreich points out that in her country, more than 80% of people clean their own homes, '...but the minority who do not, include a sizable fraction of the nation's opinion-makers and culture-producers (professors, writers, editors, politicians, talking heads and celebrities of all sorts)'.

Ehrenreich is an editor with *Harpers Magazine*. She recently took on a short-term job as a low paid, hands-on house cleaner with the franchise company Merry Maids.

Blackballing Pencils

ANOTHER problem is that human-itarian exemptions from training and experience, lawmakers can end up imposing catch-22 like conditions:

Graphite is on the black-list of materials banned from Iraq, because it can be used in making atomic weapons, but that has led to a ban on the importation of pencils. The reality is that it would be far easier for Iraq to smuggle in weapons-grade graphite than to extract it from the essential tools of schoolchildren.



—Richard M. Garfield, 'Suffer the Innocents', in *The Sciences*, Jan. Feb. 1999.

The experience of viewing upper-class households from a servant's point of view gave rise to a thoughtful and amusing essay.

One of the points she makes is how parenting has changed. In recent memory, it involved instructing the child in necessary chores. These days, in an elite household, parenting may centre on an awkward, one-sided conversation beginning with 'How was school today?'

She thinks we may have lost something: 'A little "low-quality time" spent washing dishes or folding clothes together can provide a comfortable space for confidences – and give a child the dignity of knowing that he or she is a participant in, and not just the product of, the work of the home.'

Ehrenreich observes that America is becoming more unequal economically. So many of the affluent devote their lives 'to such ghostly pursuits as stock-trading, image-making and opinion-polling'. In such an environment 'real work – in the old-fashioned sense of labour that engages hands as well as eye, that tires the body and directly alters the physical world – tends to vanish from sight'.

'... the moral challenge is, put simply, to make work visible again: not only the scrubbing and vacuuming but all the hoeing, stacking, hammering, drilling, bending and lifting that goes into creating and maintaining a livable habitat'.

Well, we started off scrubbing floors, and we finished up with a moral challenge involving ordinary work. There have been a number of interesting observations along the way.

Some of the differences between the households of elite people and ordinary people may seem merely trivial, or amusing.

Yet I am of this opinion. The greater the differences between the lives lived by elites, and the lives lived by ordinary people, the worse we will be governed.



GERALD MERCER is editor of *Social Action*, a monthly of comment on social and economic questions from a Christian perspective. For further information about *Social Action* telephone (03) 9699 9500.

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— Editor, *Annals*

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The difficulties of dialogue with Islam

I HAVE been living in Turkey for the past 42 years, a 99.9 per cent Muslim country, and I have been the Archbishop of Izmir – Asia Minor – for the past 16 years. The theme of my intervention is therefore obvious: the problem of Islam in Europe today and in the future. I thank Bishop Pelâtre, who already spoke about this theme in this prestigious assembly, dispensing me therefore from the necessity of a long examination and relevant interpretations.

My intervention is to make a humble request of the Holy Father, above all. To be brief and clear, first I will mention cases that, due to their provenance, I believe to be true.

1. During an official meeting on Islamic-Christian dialogue, an authoritative Muslim person, speaking to the Christians participating, at one point said very calmly and assuredly: 'Thanks to your democratic laws we will invade you; thanks to our religious laws we will dominate you'.

This is to be believed because the 'domination' has already begun with the 'petrol-dollars' used not to create work in the poor North African or Middle Eastern countries, but to build mosques and cultural centres in Christian countries with Islamic immigrants, including Rome, the centre of Christianity. How can we fail to see in all this a clear programme of expansion and reconquest?

2. During another Islamic-Christian meeting, always organised by Christians, a Christian participant publicly asked the Muslims present why they did not organise at least one meeting of this kind. The Muslim authority present answered in the following words: 'Why should we? You have nothing to teach us and we have nothing to learn'.

A dialogue between deaf persons? It is a fact that terms such as 'dialogue', 'justice', 'reciprocity', or concepts such as 'rights of man' and 'democracy' have a completely different meaning for Muslims than for us.

But I believe that by now this is recognised and admitted by all.

I end this with an exhortation suggested to me by experience: do not allow Muslims ever to use a Catholic church for their worship, because in their eyes this would be the surest proof of our apostasy.

– Archbishop Giuseppe Germano Bernardini, O.F.M. Cap.
Izmir, Turkey. *Osservatore Romano* Nov. 17, 1999. Reporting on the 2nd Special Assembly for Europe of the Synod of Bishops.

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

Is the swing towards a republic the main reason for anti-Royal Family feeling in the UK and Australia? In his search for an answer SAM SIMMONDS looks at the 'family values' of the House of Windsor.



FAMILY values', like many abstract concepts that we are daily exhorted to preserve, are seldom either clearly defined or well understood. Beyond acknowledging the vague but implicit suggestion that certain standards and codes of behaviour - which are held to signify the essential familial ethos - should be followed by all family members, few are willing to be specific about the nature of those values.

This is not because we are all hypocrites but rather that we consider 'our' families, by their very nature, to be unique and distinctive entities, similar to, but entirely separate from, all others and thus subject to different rules and regulations. And, while we may secretly disapprove of the conduct of some other houses, we tend to acknowledge that, since they represent a different group, they are to some extent entitled to a degree of eccentricity (that would never, of course, be entertained if they were 'part of us').

One of these 'other' families, however, at least in Australia, is never accorded the same degree of latitude except by its most devoted admirers. This unfortunate house is still to this day often referred to as the Royal Family. It goes by the name of Windsor (or, since 1960, in the case of descendants not styled prince, princess or royal highness, Mountbatten-Windsor).

As families go, this one goes back a long way. While it is true that the Japanese royal house can show 125 generations (and Japanese Emperors have been held to be divine, no less), Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II may certainly be held to represent dynasties traceable at least for 54 generations, to the 4th century AD - if not 70, depending on your opinion of the

claims to early Pictish, Irish and Scottish royalty. And, according to some scholars, she too is a descendant of a divine entity - that of Woden, who was an actual 3rd-century man before being divinized by the Germans. But even if you go back only as far as the 9th century West Saxon Kings, our Queen's pedigree is impeccable.

So why is it that at the turn of this late century her family name seems to be mud in some circles? Most would exclude from this general reproach the monarch herself, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of her other realms and territories, head of the

Commonwealth of Nations (including Australia), feeling that she has performed her monarchical duty conscientiously, indeed magnificently, since acceding to the throne on 6th February, 1952. Yet many Australians today don't seem to be able to 'cop the Poms' - and that includes the Mountbatten-Windsors.

It would be facile to seek to explain this simply as part of a Republican push, although there is certainly strong feeling for that alternative. No, something else has occurred to sour the relationship of the hitherto loyal Australian populace with its head of state - and it is closely related to our concept of family values, those vague patterns of behaviour that nobody wants to define.

While the queen was concentrating on doing her job, her family were engaged on the frequently more difficult task of simply being public figures, having to live in the unextinguishable spotlights of media publicity in the late 20th-century era of mass communication. Every move, every decision they made was minutely scrutinised, assessed and criticised. Other people's children could expect to attend school, learn to play a musical instrument, join the armed forces, or simply kick up their heels and try to have a good time - without suffering unremitting surveillance. Not the young Windsors.

If one developed prominent ears, the cartoonists had a field day (lasting decades). If one fell in love with an 'unsuitable' partner, steps were taken to discourage the match. If, even after an 'approved' marriage, the royal's partner didn't 'behave' him/herself, a campaign of character assassination was mounted in the tabloids. How dare these people behave like people? Didn't they realise they were supposed to be royalty?



Cindy, the hairdresser?

QUINTUS Septimus Tertullianus, the famous Christian writer, born in Carthage in North Africa around 160 AD who died in 230 AD refers in one of his works (*lib. ii. ad uxor. 8*) to *cinerarii*. These were, it seems, hairdressers, who took their name from the hot ashes in which they warmed their curling irons. They may also have been so called because hair was dyed in Roman times by ointments made of ashes and a certain kind of oil.

- Ed.

Therein lies the problem. Not only in Australia but in Britain itself the pervasiveness of 20th-century media created a dilemma for the queen's subjects. Are the royal princes and princesses demi-gods or in some way 'untouchable' examples of humanity? Or are they ordinary folk who live in posh houses, wear expensive clothes and own polo ponies? The media decided that they should be what we want them to be. And the masterpiece of their creation was the woman who was to become Diana, future Queen Consort of the heir apparent, Charles Philip Arthur George, the Prince of Wales.

The average tabloid press reporters ('bears of very little brain', as A.A. Milne once described Winnie-the-Pooh) recognised in her a shyness, a diffidence, an unfamiliarity with ceremony, pomp and circumstance that suggested to them - and therefore could be made suggestible to the general public - one who was unspoilt by her fairytale romance story, who was quite unlike the 'stuffy royal family' image that they had already created. This was pure fiction; Diana had been carefully reared and could tell a duke from a dustbin.

There is no question that Diana was a decent soul, with a genuine and instinctive sense of humanity and compassion. Even in spite of all the media could do to mould her entirely in their own image, there was something about her that was all her own, that shone through and made people love her - and, yes, identify with her. But the brutal fact of the matter is: that was not her job. She knew that but chose to ignore the fact.

The only thing more important in a monarchy than the monarch is the royal succession. In the case of the British throne this is paramount. Nothing in heaven or on earth, it seems, could have greater primacy. Earlier attempts to ensure that simple goal have changed the course of history, as occurred in the 16th century. And Anglicanism is only one of the by-products.

Within a year of the queen's marriage to Prince Philip

A Debt Paid In Full



ONE day, a poor boy who was selling food from door to door to pay his way through school, found he had only a few pennies left, and he was hungry.

He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house. However, he lost his nerve when a lovely young woman opened the door. Instead of a meal he asked for a drink of water. She thought he looked hungry so brought him a large glass of milk. He drank it slowly, and then asked, 'How much do I owe you?'

'You don't owe me anything,' she replied. 'Mother has taught us never to accept pay for a kindness.'

He said... 'Then I thank you from my heart.'

As Howard Kelly left that house, he not only felt stronger physically, but his faith in God and man was strong also. He had been ready to give up and quit.

Year's later that young woman became critically ill. The local doctors were baffled. They finally

sent her to the big city, where they called in specialists to study her rare disease. Dr. Howard Kelly was called in for the consultation. When he heard the name of the town she came from, a strange light filled his eyes. Immediately he went to her room. Dressed in his doctor's gown he went in to see her. He recognised her at once. He went back to the consultation room determined to do his best to save her life. From that day he gave special attention to the case. After a long struggle, the battle was won. Dr Kelly requested the business office to pass the final bill to him for approval. He looked at it, then wrote something on the edge and the bill was sent to her room. She feared to open it, for she was sure it would take the rest of her life to pay for it all. Finally she looked, and something caught her attention on the side of the bill. She read these words... 'Paid in full with one glass of milk'

(signed)

(Dr.) Howard Kelly.

Mountbatten (formerly Prince Philip of Greece and Denmark), her own heir was born. In the following decade-and-a-half, three more children appeared, ensuring the succession. Diana was quite simply selected - off the shelf - to be the mother of the next generation of heirs, apparent and presumptive. As soon as Charles became even vaguely old enough to father children, Diana - or someone just like her - would have had to be found to pencil into the distaff side of the equation. There is no point in being sentimental about all this; it's like breeding horses (something not entirely unknown to the Royal Family, anyway).

So when the cracks began to appear in the fabric of the royal marriage, the media were faced with

finding a scapegoat, and since Diana was their own invention (and therefore sacrosanct), it couldn't be her. Suddenly the Prince of Wales became the villain of the piece and moves were begun to marginalise him in favour of his (and Diana's) sons. Whatever one thinks about Prince Charles and his ancestors, he probably doesn't deserve to be treated thus.

Is there a lesson in any of this? Perhaps one. If you really want a Royal Family, by all means have one. But you cannot have a fairytale and a soap opera at the same time. There are real people involved and they have real feelings and emotions.



SAM SIMMONDS is a writer, broadcaster and film and video producer. Sam has worked in all aspects of media in the UK and Australia and runs a media consultancy Simmonds Media (Australia).

By James Murray

Himalaya

Epic in action and scale, this drama is shot with a documentary realism and fictional excitement that bears comparison with Robert Flaherty's classic *Nanook of the North* and Howard Hawks' *Red River*.

Like Flaherty and Hawke director Eric Valli does nothing to hide his admiration for his subjects. Here they are the high-valley dwellers of Nepal's Himalayas who trade mountain salt for grain from the kingdom's lower valleys.

Valli's story is magnificently simple: clan chieftain Tinle (Thielen Llundup) finds himself bitterly opposed to a raw rival Karma (Gurjon Kyap). While Tinle waits for a departure time established by the local lamas, Karma leads the younger villagers and their caravan of salt-laden yaks out on a hazardous, trading trip.

Eventually, only the combined efforts of veterans and novices get the caravan through. This is not a film with the rapidity of a supermarket commercial. Its rhythm is the rhythm of its subjects' endurance in one of earth's most inhospitable terrains. PG



Innocence

If *Autumn in New York* is a May-September romance, this one is definitely December-December. But it is also a Paul Cox film, no knock-off. As Graham Green created Greenland, Cox creates Coxland, a moral landscape which is here. But not quite.

Julia Blake and Charles (Bud) Tingwell play two old codgers, once teenage sweethearts, who meet and fall in love again after many years.

Professionally Blake and Tingwell are in their golden vintage years. So, too, is Terry Norris who plays the cuckolded husband (while slyly relishing the irony that he and Julia Blake have been married for more than thirty years).

Religion comes in the unlikely shape of Chris Haywood, a stalwart

of the Cox repertory company. He wears a flat cap and a tweed jacket which suggests he might be an old-fashioned hunting parson. But he also wears a black bib and a Roman collar. Possibly a TV pundit cleric.

For good measure Cox throws in a Hieronymus Bosch graveyard sequence. With Cox there's never a dull frame. M15+



Pane e tulipani (Bread and Tulips)

The performance of the year from Licia Maglietta. She contrives to combine supermarket nonentity with superstar allure as a housewife who in that most female of cities, Venice, finds a romance, both predictable and astonishing.

Bruno Ganz matches her as possibly the first screen actor to combine pedantry, menace and gentleness.

Director Silvio Soldoni would have been more sharply topical if instead focusing on a stodgy

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marriage and escape therefrom, he had targeted a modish, neo-concubinage partnership from which his heroine escaped to find (surprise upon delight) a poet who wanted to marry her and turn the water of a prolonged affair into the Cana wine of marriage. MA15+



Sunshine

Art is long. But need it be this long? Istvan Szabo's film takes three hours to follow the fortunes and misfortunes of a Jewish family, the Sonnensheins, from the glories of the 19th century Austro-Hungarian Empire to the fall of the Soviet Union's drab neo-imperial hegemony over 20th century Hungary.

Ralph Fiennes drops his Ron Glumm persona to give a performance of sustained vigour and variety to link this transgenerational saga, playing grandfather, father and son. His alternation of quietude and wrath is superb. His Olympic gold medal fencer epitomises lethal elegance.

As part of their pilgrimage, the Sonnensheins change their name and their religion. Szabo dodges the innate ending of his film. Instead offering a denouement of the sublime Jewish-Christian conundrum he has set up, he prefers to suggest that his hero finds happiness in photographing happy scenes. This is the prophet Isaiah meets the cartoonist Walt Disney, with the latter the winner. MA15+



The Terrorist

John Malkovitch recommends this film. His plug gives an insight into his critical faculty as penetrating as the insight the film gives into the minds of those who use terrorism for political purposes.

We see its heroine, played with wrenching verisimilitude by Ayesha Dharker in training for a suicide mission to assassinate an Indian leader (echoes of Rajiv Gandhi). We

watch her come to her moment of decision, balanced between the life of her target and the life of the child in her womb. the film is Indian, far from the extravagances of Bollywood. Its message is universal. *M*



Autumn in New York

Americans call them knock-offs, relatively high quality imitations: clothes, paintings, furniture. This movie is a knock-off, part the Joan Fontaine - Joseph Cotton, *September Affair*, part the Bette Davies - Paul Henreid *Now Voyager*.

But director Joan Chen and scriptwriter Allison Burnett bring a modern sensibility to the movie, particularly through Winona Ryder, never better as a madcap hatter (with the required illness, fatal but aesthetic). Richard Gere co-stars, and in a neat twist is left holding a baby. *M*



Small Time Crooks

Writer/director/actor Woody Allen returns to top form in this comedy of robbers who are a wilder shade of *The Lavender Hill Mob*. First, Allen eschews his recent overtones of the comedian as Hamlet. Second, he is challenged by a greater comic genius Tracy Ullman.

She plays his partner in marriage and crime. While his ploys go hilariously aghley, her cookies crumble into gold, enabling her to take lessons in social climbing from Hugh Grant, and him in dismal romance from Elaine May. *MA*



Dancer in the Dark

The uncanny singularity of singer Bjork Goodmundsdottir's talent recalls folktales of changeling children with magical powers. As the lone mother, Selma, saving hard-earned dollars for an operation to cure her child of hereditary eye disease, she transmutes the lead of Lars Von Trier's rough camerawork and loose-ended script into faery gold.

Natural goodness is the hardest quality to body forth in acting. Bjork Goodmundsdottir does it enthrallingly

whether working in a factory, performing in one of the fantasy Hollywood musicals which are her solace or enduring death-cell agony.

Catherine Deneuve enhances a star career in the subsidiary role of Selma's friend. *Dancer* won Best Picture award at Cannes 2000, Bjork Goodmundsdottir, Best Actress Award. Deservedly. *MA15+*



Chicken Run

The first feature of the Aardman team of Peter Lord and Nick Park who have done for plasticine animation what Michelangelo did for marble. The story line is based on *The Great Escape* by Australia's own Paul Brickhill (if his literary estate received nothing, his descendants should reach for a lawyer). Mel Gibson voices Rocky, in a nice tribute to the tough-guy swagger of Steve McQueen in the movie of the book.



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Julia (*Absolutely Fabulous*) Sawalha voices Ginger, the leader of the push to escape. And Benjamin Whitrow is Fowler, a marvellously fruity RAF-type chook who turns *per ardua ad astra* disaster into astral triumph. *G*



Bless the Child

Sometimes it can seem as if Hollywood's focus on the Devil equals the Devil's focus on Hollywood. In yet another movie about satanism, this one produced by Mel Gibson's mob Icon, Kim Basinger plays a nurse caring for her drug-addicted sister's abandoned daughter Cody (Holliston Coleman).

Jimmy Smits, ex-NYPD Blue professionally, and in character an ex-seminarian FBI agent, comes to Basinger's aid after the child is targeted by members of satanic cult led by Eric Stark (Rufus Sewell) who see the child as the personification of Christ in his second advent.

The film has its exploitive aspects in relation to the child. But director Chuck Russell is no neo-Manichean, seeing in evil a force contending with good on equal terms. Good is supreme. *MA15+*



Rear Window

The Zemeckis film is merely pseudo-Hitchcock. This is the real thing, a new-print version of the master Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 classic. Its stars, Grace Kelly and James Stewart, have lost nothing of their lustre. The brooding presence of Raymond Burr is its murderous core. Thelma Ritter, Bronx accent and all, provides its moral voice on the risks of voyeurism. *PG*



Unbreakable

Writer/director M Night Shyamalam has the ability to create the sinister from the ordinary, catastrophe from the routine. His star Bruce Willis broods enigmatically as a security guard whos abilities have a preternatural quality. Samuel L Jackson is the connoisseur of comic books who identifies them.

This one is not as taut as their previous success of *The Sixth Sense*, partly because Willis' child co-star Spencer Treat is not the phenomenal Haley Joel Osment Clark, partly because the script is not as taut, its trick ending being tacked on rather than innate. *M*



The Magic Pudding

Norman Lindsay's classic is both a marvellous children's story and an adult satire on Australia's reliance on its natural abundance, still as pertinent as Donald Horne's *The Lucky Country*.

Here as somewhat rewritten by Morris Gleitzman (cheeky!) and produced by Mel Gibson's Icon Entertainment, Lindsay's characters are voiced by the likes of Geoffrey Rush (Bunyip Bluegum), John Cleese (Albert, the Pudding), Hugo Weaving (Bill Barnacle), Sam Neil (Sam Sawnoff), Jack Thompson (Buncle) and Mary Coustas (Ginger). And Toni Collette (Meg Bluegum) gets to demonstrate she can sing a ballad. Its title *My Heart Beats*, would make Celine Dion wish she had gone down with the Titanic. *G*



Better Than Sex

Writer/director Jonathan Teplitzky essays the lyrical. But his experience as a director of commercials may be against him. As such, he glamorises products. Here he deglamorises the human.

The manner in which David Wenham and Susi Porter play the parts of Josh and Cin (Get it?) inspire the thought that the characters should have been called after a couple of faux-Irish pubs, that is, Scruffy Murphy and Dirty Nellie.

This is Porter's second such movie, the other being *I Feel Sexy*. For all her talent and gamine beauty, if she doesn't vary her roles, she may well pass into history as *Daughter of Alvin Purple*.

In an attempt to break the banality, Teplitzky casts Kris McQuaid as a cab-driver Venus, manoeuvring Josh. He also has a kind of Greek chorus commenting to camera on the action with what

appear to be sound-bites from their sex-education classes.

Listening to them blethering away, you realise why DH Lawrence believed that children should not be taught about sex but should discover it for themselves.

The movie lasts for only 85 minutes. It seems longer. *MA*



The Grinch

This movie version of *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* by Theodor S Giesel (alias Dr Seuss). Child star Taylor Momsen does what she can to show co-star Jim Carey the value of restraint. It is not enough. Carey in the title role is at his most manic.

Directory Ron Howard fudges the ending. He has the citizens of Whoville sing of their realisation that there is something more to Christmas than shopping until you drop. But he does not define the nature of the something more.

A common criticism of all three of these children's movies is that the sound levels tend to be too high. This reviewer suspects that if people in workplace situations were subjected to similar decibel levels they would have to wear ear protectors. *PG*



The Million Dollar Hotel

What do you get when you rub two superstars together? In this case a murky movie. That the superstars

are Bono of U2 and Mel Gibson of Icon Productions only compounds the murkiness.

Paradoxically, however, the film is by no means boring due to the directing of Wim Wenders and the cast of characters assembled at the hotel. Among them is a Native American guru (Jimmy Smits) and Liverpudlian guitarist (Peter Stormare) whose obsession is that he composed all the songs for which the Beatles became famous.

The opening shot: the slow-witted Tom Tom (Jeremy Davies) running in final exhilaration as he farewells Eloise (Milla Jovovich) is so powerful that it buttresses the rest of the ramshackle movie.

Gibson as an FBI agent in a metallic spinal brace looks a bit like Inspector Gadget waiting for the rest of his bag of tricks to arrive. He should have. Patriotism is not enough. Nor is misdirected talent and money. *MA*



15 Amore

A pastoral based on its writer-producer Maurice Murphy's family memories which deserves a *bravisimo* if only because of the way Murphy beat the system to get his film financed and distributed.

The title derives from the tennis games the mother played during the war with a brace of Italian prisoners as scorers. The co-stars are Steve Bastoni and Lisa Hensley (surely born to play the lead in Ita Buttrose's debut novel *What is Love?*) *M*



What Lies Beneath

Admirably director Robert Zemeckis keeps the computerised special effects to a minimum in this haunting tale, preferring to rely on the star power of Harrison Ford and Michele Pfeiffer.

Ford, cast against type brings to his role as Norman (a reference to Hitchcock's *Psycho* character Norman Bates) a charm that is at once engaging and sinister. Pfeiffer is very pfeine. Miranda Otto steals a couple of scenes while her Hollywood co-stars are checking their expressions. *MA*



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The Cell

Absorbing yet disturbing, particularly its implied linkage between child abuse, schizophrenia and sexual sociopathy in a serial killer, played with disquieting flair by Vincent D'Onofrio.

Jennifer Lopez, unlikely casting for a cool psychologist able to interact telepathically with patients, carries off the improbabilities as nonchalantly as if she had just acquired them in a Bloomingdale's sale.

Unfortunately novice director Tarsem Singh allows the horrific special effects and props to unbalance the movie. What could have been a classic race against time led by FBI agent Vince Vaughn becomes a gruesome meander. **MA**



Snatch

Is also about small-time crooks with large ambitions. These trigger episodes of appalling, black comedy as writer/director Guy Ritchie's crew of Cockney likely lads, Jewish dealers and Russian mafiosi go about their all too dirty business.

In a vivid cast, Brad Pitt's tear-away tinker with an accent thicker than Irish stew and thunderbolt fists, is outstanding. **MA**



Kikujiro

Less a movie than a series of comic turns strung on the travels of a knockabout rascal, and a boy in search of his mother. Part of the joke is that its writer/director/star Takeshi Kitano usually specialises in playing tough guys in such movies as *Violent Cop* and *Boiling Point*. It's as if Humphrey Bogart, not Charlie Chaplin had played in *The Kid*. **MA15+**



The Replacements

Old soldiers never die. If they're like former paratrooper Jack Warden and former marine Gene Hackman, they only loot pictures from younger players. Warden and Hackman are respectively the owner and coach of an American football team, hit by a players strike. Hackman puts together a motley collection of scabs, lead by



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(Don't forget to mention *Annals Australasia*)

failed quarterback Keannu Reeves.

Hackman has one daft moment inflicted on him by the script. As a specialist goal-kicker, he has to recruit Welsh soccer player (Rhys Ifans). A soccer player to kick an oval ball? No way.

The movie isn't an Oscar winner but it might secure a Peter Reith phone endorsement for trying to make scabs goodies and strikers baddies. **MA15+**



O Brother, Where Art Thou?

The opening credit announced that the film is based on Homer's *Odyssey*. After that, it might've been expected to be dull. It's not. The brothers Joel and Ethan Coen re-tell the epic in rollicking style by setting it in America's Deep South. There Ulysses (George Clooney) is on the run from a chain-gang with two woebegone mates Deimar and Peter (John Turturro and Tim Blake Nelson).

Along the way they encounter a Cyclops (John Goodman) and Sirens (Mia Tate, Musetta Vanders, and Christy Taylor). They also become involved as the singing Foggy Bottom Boys in an election with Governor Pappy O'Daniel (Charles Durning).

There's a Ku-Klux-Klan meeting in which the Coen's clarify something rarely clarified. The Klan was agin not only on Negroes but Jews and Catholics.

The whole movie is ensemble

playing at its finest, its hilarious rhythms matched by the soundtrack. And the Coen Brothers contrive to end as the original did in Ithaca with the reunion of Ulysses and Penelope (Holly Hunter). **MA**



Red Planet

Outback South Australia is a perfectly credible substitute for Mars. The space gadgetry is state of the art. But the dialogue is mainly from the cliché tips of Clunksville.

Nonetheless this space-mission adventure has its moments of Boys' Own excitement. Plus Carrie-Ann Moss. She plays the mission commander. Tough? Well, she wears what looks suspiciously like a Chesty Bond singlet. And remains aloft on the mother ship after ordering her motley crew (Val Kilmer, Tom Sizemore, Benjamin Bratt, Simon Baker and Terence Stamp) into a capsule for a crash landing with more bounce than the Harlem Globetrotters.

With the capsule goes a computerised robot which turns into a hound from hell. Its efforts, planetary hazards and the dialogue mean the characters go down like green bottles sitting on a wall. No prize for guessing which one survives to rejoin the commander. **MA15+**



Meet the Parents

Here Robert De Niro hilariously completes the hat-trick of comedies which began with *Wag the Dog* and *Analyze This*. He plays suburban Jimmy Byrnes, ostensibly an ex-florist when he meets Greg Fokker (Ben Stiller), boyfriend of his teacher's daughter Pam (Teri Polo).

But there's something more explosive than roses in Byrnes' background. It surfaces when the boyfriend fails to impress. De Niro contrives a sly mix from charm to a menace which inevitably echoes his roles in *Taxi*, *Mean Streets* and *Cape Fear*. Stiller shifts from nervous affability through hapless fiasco to resolution.

De Niro's production company Tribeca was involved in this welcome revival of what used to be a showbiz staple: the sophisticated family comedy of manners. **MA15+**



Catholics in mainland China

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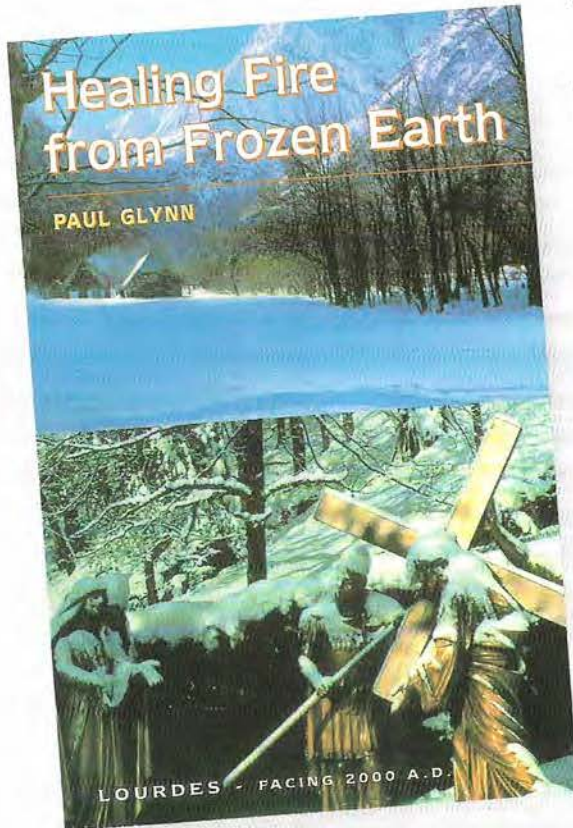
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[This agreement form is three years old. Persecution of the Church continues throughout China. Criticism by the Chinese government of the Canonisation of 120 Chinese martyrs on October 1 has met with polite but firm rebuttal by the Vatican, and by Chinese Catholics especially in Hong Kong].

New Book Release by Marist Father Paul Glynn

"Healing Fire from Frozen Earth"

All proceeds to help the Church in East Timor



In his latest book Fr Paul Glynn – the author of the best seller 'A Song for Nagasaki' – intimately explores God's healing power and grace which has been shown to His people throughout the ages.

Fr Paul shares stories about the people he met while visiting famous healing shrines in France, Poland, England, Ireland and Mexico. He not only talks with those who have been healed but he meets with relatives, doctors and Church authorities.

But "Healing Fire from Frozen Earth" also tackles more than healing. It deals with fundamental faith issues and seeks to bring a fresh kind of hope to those who are searching for answers about God.

Bishop David Cremin of Sydney writes: "This is a book that can keep you awake into the 'wee small hours'. Through his previous writings Paul Glynn has taught me so much about reconciliation and about the Book of Psalms. Now he has reopened my heart to the God who heals the broken, the wounded and the most wretched of the earth. People who claim to be agnostics or even atheists will certainly be challenged in their unbelief. Men and women of faith will have their faith strengthened. I can envision those in a state of depression being lifted up and given new direction."

We especially thank those who buy Fr Paul's book, which costs \$10, and who give an additional



charity donation* to help the vital work of the

Catholic Church in East Timor. A complimentary pair of Vatican Rosary beads blessed by Pope John Paul II will be given to all who request them. Please tick the box below if you would like to receive the Papal Rosary beads.



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The publishers Marist Fathers have kindly allowed Aid to the Church in Need (ACN) to distribute Fr Glynn's book with all proceeds going to help the missionary projects of ACN in East Timor.

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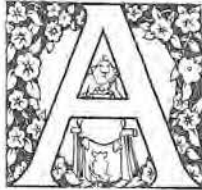
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ACN is an international Catholic charity dependent on the Holy See, supporting the faithful in countries where the Church is poor or persecuted.

Computers v. Cars Technology



T a recent computer expo Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated 'If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has we would be driving twenty-five dollar cars that get 1000 miles to the gallon.

In response to Bill Gates comments, GM issued a press release stating. If GM had developed technology like Microsoft we would be driving cars with the following characteristics.

1. For no reason whatsoever your car would crash twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines on the road you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason and you would just accept this, restart and drive on.
4. Occasionally executing a manoeuvre such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
5. Only one person at a time could use the car, unless you bought Car95 or CarNT. But then you would have to buy more seats.
6. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive but would only run on five per cent of the roads.
7. The oil, water temperature and alternator warning lights would be replaced by a single 'general car default' warning light.
8. New seats would force everyone to have the same size butt.
9. The air-bag system would say 'are you sure?' before going off.
10. Occasionally for no reason whatsoever your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
11. GM would require all car buyers to also purchase a deluxe set of Rand McNally road maps (now a GM subsidiary) even though they neither need them or want them. Attempting to delete this option would immediately cause the car's performance to diminish by 50 per cent or more. Moreover, GM would become a target for investigation by the Justice Department.
12. Every time GM introduced a new model car, buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.
13. You'd press the 'start' button to shut off the engine.

TESTAMENT

By FRANCES HACKNEY

THIS be my testament
whatever death I die,
that I have loved with all
my heart
the sea, the earth, the sky...

THE curving of the
wave,
the spilling of the spray,
the hidden life in little
pools
that mirror back the day;

THE freshness of the
trees,
the freedom of the birds,
the myriad wonders of the
earth,
too numerous for words;

THE canopy of air,
the morning just
begun;
the midnight splendour of
the stars,
the incandescent sun.

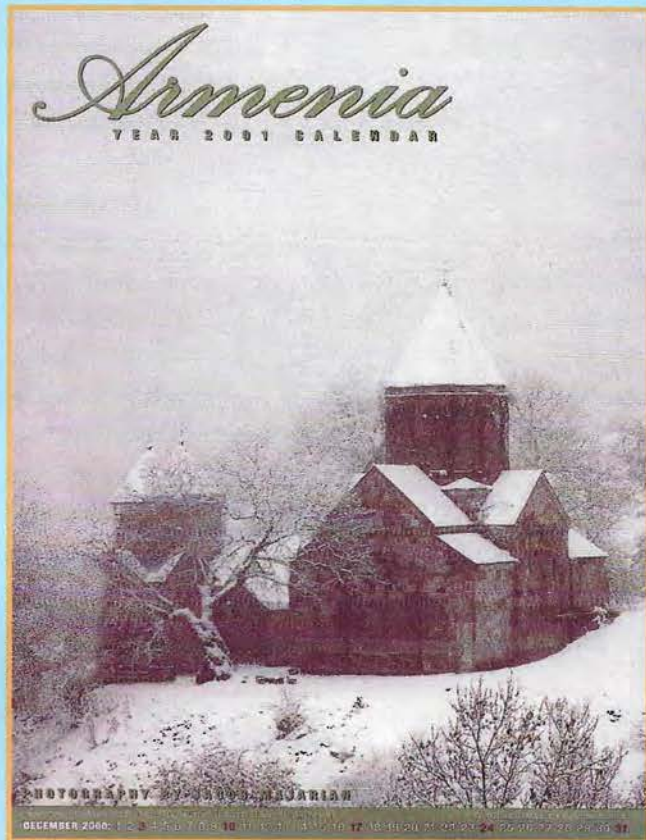
THIS be my testament
whatever death I die,
I give my grateful thanks
to God
for sea, for earth, for sky.

The author, a D.Sc from Sydney University, is well known as a writer on scientific topics for *Amals*.

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