

ANNALS

Australasia

Catholic Culture



2001 — **3**
\$3.30*

PRINT POST APPROVED PP255003/01005

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

Volume 112, Number 3 April/May 2001

[Sunday Year C/weekdays Year 1]

Australia's Leading Catholic Magazine

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

3

Most Reverend George Pell

Reaction to the appointment of Melbourne Archbishop George Pell as Archbishop of Sydney has ranged from hysterical through unbalanced to welcoming. Melbourne psychologist RONALD CONWAY throws some light on the character and *modus operandi* of Sydney's new Archbishop.

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Hopeful Signs amid the Ruins

As Australian Chairman of Aid to the Church in Need, FATHER PAUL STENHOUSE MSC recently visited East Timor. ACN is an international Catholic Charity that specialises in aiding the Church in third world or former Communist countries.

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The Liturgy of Holy Mass: Heartland of Catholic Faith and practice

The first of a series of articles looking at theological and practical aspects of lay participation in the liturgy. FATHER COLIN BARKER offers guidelines, and pinpoints key Catholic teaching concerning the Mass.

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Muddled Moralities

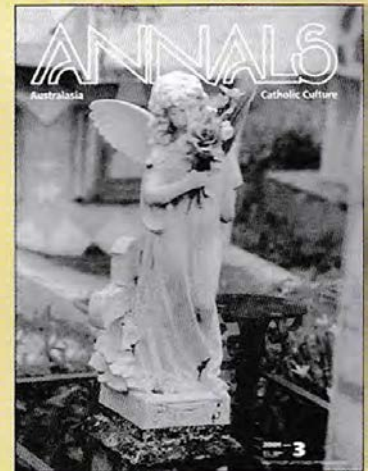
Where do today's younger Australians derive their ideas of virtue in a period of general decline of clear-cut or declared ethical training? GILES AUTY looks at the fear of being considered 'old fashioned,' and the way politically correct views have acquired the status of infallibility.

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'Holding patterns' for Children

Most of us have childhood memories of the exquisite happiness of being read to by mother, father or siblings. DR SUSAN MOORE looks at the magic of children's picture books and the importance of their place in the home.

Photos: Front and back cover – Paul Stenhouse.



Front Cover: A statue of an angel in the Santa Cruz cemetery, Dili, East Timor, with a wing and an arm missing. On November 12, 1991 at least 270 mourners were shot dead by Indonesian troops who fired at them while they were in the Santa Cruz cemetery. Known as 'the Dili Massacre,' this event alerted the world's media to the ongoing atrocities committed against East Timorese by the Indonesian military and their supporters.

Back Cover: A young East Timorese girl photographed on the road between Dili and Baucau in the north east of the island.

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Executive Editor *Chevalier Press*: Editor *Annals Australasia*: Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D; **Artwork**: Kevin Drumm. **Layout and Design**: Paul Stenhouse MSC. **Administration**: Hendrikus Wijono. Subscription: Bank/Visa/Master Cards accepted. Please make cheques, money orders payable to The Manager, *Annals Australasia*, 1 Roma Avenue (P.O. Box 13), Kensington, NSW Australia 2033. Correspondence: The Editor, P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW Australia 2033. Phones: (02) 9662 7894/9662 7188 ext. 252. Fax: (02) 9662 1910. **Unsolicited material**: We regret that unsolicited material cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Printed by National Capital Printing, 22 Pirie Street, Fyshwick, ACT (02) 6280 7477.

Colour Separation David Graphics, 165 Phillip Street, Waterloo, NSW 2017 Phone: (02) 9319 3700.


ABN 40 938 805 168 Dewey Number. 248-88 AT ISSN 0812-9355. Recommended Retail Price only.

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

A need for prudent scholarship



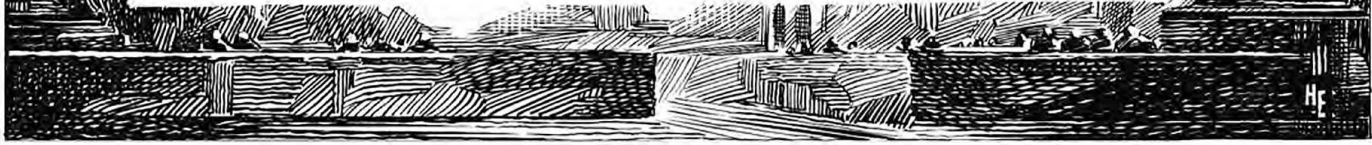
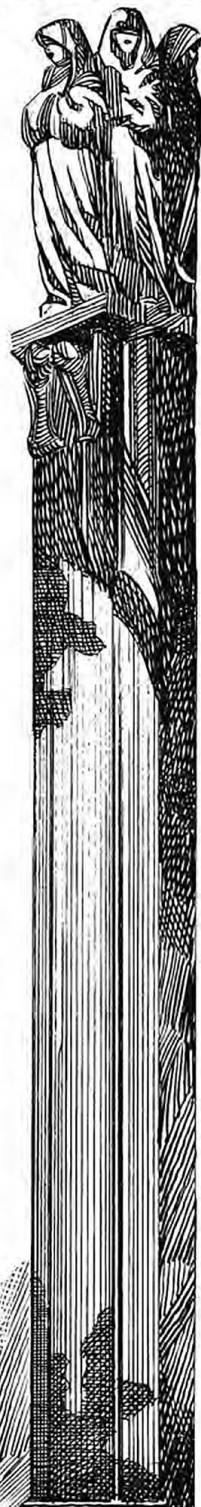
FROM 1897 until 1903 numbers of MSS and fragments of papyri written in Greek were discovered in a Christian settlement at Oxyrhynchus in Egypt. The principal fragments containing 'sayings of Jesus' were torn down the middle and for half a century experts had been trying to supply the missing words. Some of their restorations had taken on the aspect of incontestable, irrefutable truth.

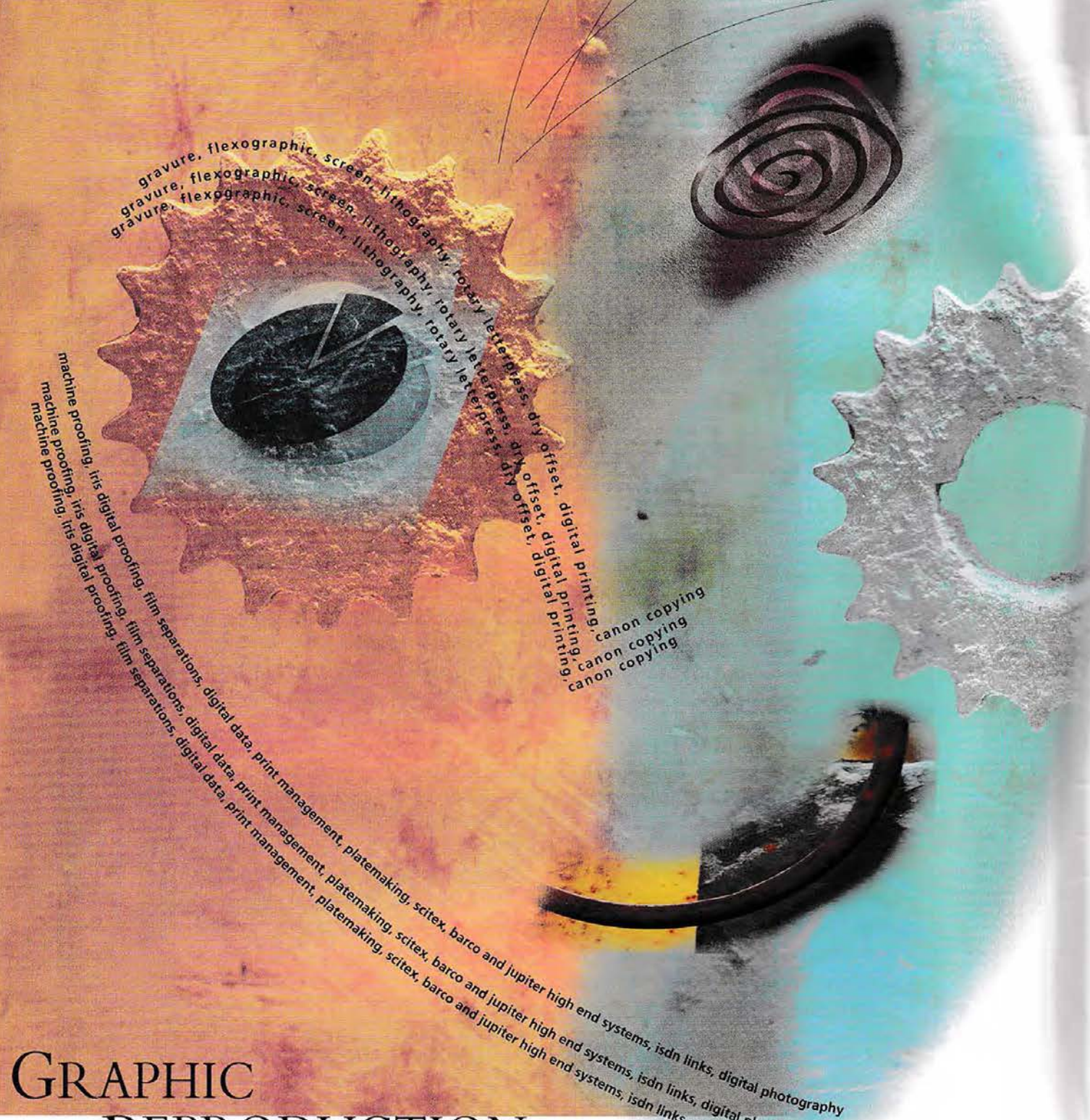
Then, in 1947, MSS in Coptic dating from the second half of the second century were found in a jar buried in the ground near Pharaonic tombs at Chenoboskion in Upper Egypt.

These 44 Gnostic works included one that was clearly the original of the torn fragments from Oxyrhynchus. They showed that Oxy. 654 contained the beginnings of the gnostic Gospel of Thomas which was discovered in its entirety in the jar written in a rare dialect of Coptic. The discovery proved, to quote Jean Doresse who was instrumental in identifying and commenting on the finds, 'that none of the attempts made to restore [the] exact meaning [of Oxy. 654] had come anywhere near the truth'.

I mention this not to deprecate genuine scholarship, but to point out the dangers of preconceived notions where scholarship is concerned. These earlier scholars were working with physically damaged MSS. Some modern writers attempt to restore *hypothetical* lacunae and correct *hypothetical* mistakes and draw conclusions from *hypothetical* community comment in the Christian scriptures. If equally rashly embarked upon, these attempts will meet with equally misleading results.

- Editor, *Annals Australasia*. See Jean Doresse, *The Secret Books of the Egyptian Gnostics*, NY 1960.





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Sydney's eighth Catholic Archbishop

MOST REVEREND GEORGE PELL

Reaction to the announcement of the appointment of Melbourne Archbishop George Pell as Archbishop of Sydney has ranged from hysterical, through unbalanced, to welcoming. His every word, glance or gesture has been noted, analysed by the media and offered for the scrutiny of public opinion. Annals asked well-known Melbourne Psychologist RONALD CONWAY to throw some light on the character and the modus operandi of Sydney's new Archbishop.



HERE is a droll anecdote about Pope Pius IX (1846-78) in his later years which tells of an audience with an unduly awe-struck nun from a remote provincial convent. The old Pope thrust into her trembling hand a souvenir photograph of himself on which he had personally inscribed in Italian: 'Fear not! It is I'. It is perhaps in the same light-hearted but firm spirit that Sydney's new Archbishop George Pell adopted his own Papally-derived motto, Be Not Afraid.

Australians are not noted for outward public piety or the mystic certainties of faith in an increasingly faithless society. Indeed the early English and Irish founders of the Catholic Church in these Antipodes had to be practical folk in an often rigorous climate of colonial society established for social outcasts. Together with much human wickedness and a harsh legal system, the moral duties of a Christian had to be clearly defined.

Frequent resort to prayer, a fervent belief in the rewards of an afterlife and a sense of the presence of Christ were often less appreciated. The piercing sunlit vastness of Australia's landscape seemed to leave few corners in which the unknown God of which St Paul spoke might be discovered. Perhaps it was better to go surfing!

After the Second Vatican Council, redoubled generosity with time, effort and concern for the poor and deprived became a prescribed mark of the Christian. In vain it was pointed out by some that the Church of Christ and Peter was not founded

to be reduced merely to a society for social philanthropy. Unbelievers, after all, could be as zealous or compassionate as Christians.



Ark of Salvation

IN spite of the merits of physicians, soothsayers, and sorcerers, maladies sometimes resisted the best remedies, and the patient, would then vow to go on a pilgrimage, ride, walk, or have himself carried there, and pray for his cure. He went to our Lady of Walsingham, for example, or to St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose medical powers were considered, beyond comparison, the best of all: 'Optimus egrorum, medicus fit Thomas bonorum,' was the motto stamped on some of the pewter ampullæ, with miraculous water in them, which pilgrims brought back as a souvenir from Canterbury: 'For good people that are sick, Thomas is the best of physicians.' And surely praying at his shrine, after an open-air journey on foot or horseback, was a better way of preserving one's health than swallowing the black beetles and fat bats of John of Gaddesden, the court physician.

—J.J. Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages.*

A healthy interior life was important too, as was a devoutly conducted and attended Mass. Clergy and laity both needed the holier consolations of chapel and sanctuary if their worldly labours were to be spiritually sustained and nourished. Schools today should not neglect the core teaching of the 'Faith of our Fathers', even for the latest crusade on behalf of indigenous people, new ethnic arrivals, drug addicts or even abandoned single mothers.

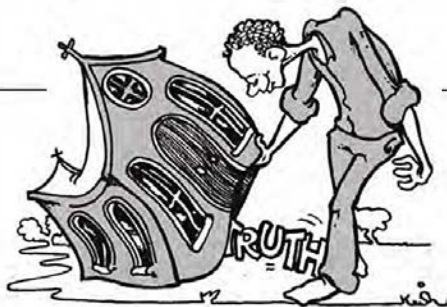
In concentrating on single moral issues, it is easy, as the secular media habitually does, to lose sight of the whole Catholic message.

What George Pell himself signifies seems to be the restoration of a kind of balance in Christian life. This takes into account that the Church not only stands for the redemption of a sinful, often unhappy, world but acts as an ante-room for eternity. Here steadfastness and courage in faith counts for as much as the pastoral energy and enthusiasm which Australians often have in such abundance.

Few bishops except the saintly Sydney episcopal founder John Bede Polding and the legendary Daniel Mannix of Melbourne have caught the attention of the wider Australian community and secular media as much as Dr George Pell.

Inevitably in our own cynical age, scandal-mongers and libertarian critics have dominated public commentary to present the Archbishop as a large, bullying authoritarian figure, intolerant of dissent and surrounded by yeasayers of every complexion.

One of many examples of the irra-



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tionality in Pell-portrayal was Melbourne grumbling about the restrictions placed on the third site of Reconciliation and some direction back toward individual confession. The Archbishop received most of the flak, despite the fact that he was merely following a decree from Rome.

Much of the hostility toward Archbishop Pell's transition to Sydney has come from individual groups rejoicing in lay battles of theology and an often spotty knowledge of Church history. Such accusations that there has been no 'consultation' about appointing him to the See of Sydney have floundered with little real refutation.

Even when the power of Church Councils has been greatest there has always been little historical doubt about the Bishop of Rome's prerogative to appoint bishops according to perceived merit as well as passing popular acclaim. Indeed there was consultation about the the Sydney archiepiscopal appointment among senior Catholic clerics. Short of conducting a general plebescite there could be little doubt as to Dr Pell's outstanding qualifications for the job.

Those who have known Archbishop Pell over many years will testify to his ready sense of humour, Roman balance and Oxford clarity of thought. Underneath there also lies the earthy ribaldry of a former Ballarat country boy who loved football as much as he did books. Add to that the shrewd judgement of an educator with excellent taste in the arts and it will soon be seen that Sydney has acquired a leader with many parts. Dr Pell's special area of interest at Oxford was the history of the Church in the third century.

It does not take long to note the long shadow of St Augustine of Hippo in his view of how a bishop should both guide and serve. His occasional bluntness and well-turned ear for humbug have not made him popular with those having a rather loose view of the priesthood. Yet the small significant increase in the number of vocations to the Victorian seminary in his four years of tenure in Melbourne should speak for itself.

As one-time head of Aquinas College, Ballarat, Melbourne's Archbishop-to-be laid the founda-



Please, no reality

APATHY, the sense of futility, is among the major forms of illness invading human society. Allan Wheelis remarks, and he is not alone in so doing, that futility is our new sickness. 'As clearcut symptoms of neuroses disappear, vague conditions of aimlessness and futility become present'. I would only add that this is a form of hopelessness.

The apathy we are talking about, whether it is pervasive or not, is marked by negativity, nonwishing, noninvolvement, retreat into the private imagination, absence of feeling, absence of concern. There is a good deal of this among the well. People do not want to be bothered by reality.

- William Lynch S.J., *Images of Hope*

tions for a regional campus of what is now the Australian Catholic University. Religious education in particular became an early focus of his interest. This later resulted in episcopal revision of the curriculum for religious education the schools of Melbourne - perhaps the most controversial of Dr Pell's innovations as far as many R.E. teachers were concerned.

Coherent religious education in secondary schools has always been demanding. This was never more so than in the post-conciliar years of snatching at topical media headlines and the putting of much formal dogma and church history into the too hard basket. Surveys had shown that, for whatever reasons, students who rarely attended Sunday mass, or had any contact with clergy, were not absorbing the essentials of faith. A curriculum with a more formal, systematic core was introduced to cope with the problem. The Archbishop mordantly remarked, even if adolescents deserted the Church they would at least have given its dogmas a fair hearing rather

than abandoning Catholicism in an attitude of pagan ignorance. That there were students who rejected the Redemption or the immortality of the soul was very disquieting.

Dr Pell's accession as Rector of the Victorian/Tasmanian Regional Seminary was the logical continuation of his tenure at Ballarat. His experience there developed an insight into the psychological and interpersonal subtleties of seminary life and he made a lively overseer in 'house' relations. Again, however, he noted what he saw as a lack of rigour in aspects of the theological and devotional core of the tertiary curriculum. When he was elevated to the post of Melbourne's Archbishop there was a decision made to tighten many aspects of the curriculum to fit in with recommendations from Rome. Alas this was one more change not welcomed by former

seminary staff. Such is the role of the reformer that he is rarely appreciated by those whom change most disturbs.

Finally, those who glibly condemn both Archbishop Pell and Pope John Paul for having 'betrayed' the spirit of Vatican II might reflect that the Council documents were not a licence for a kind of religious delirium which 'discerned' whatever clergy and religious wanted to read into them. The Council was a great assembly of fathers who could be led astray by 'sixties rashness' as illuminated by the Holy Spirit. In a sense, ours might now be a time of humility, reflection and consolidation as well as reform. Comfortable compromises with secular expediency can only erode Catholicism rather than update it.



Anaesthetics, hallucinagens or harmless?

RECENTLY I heard a radio program that discussed legalising Marijuana as a harmless drug no 'worse' than tobacco. The Indian word *bhanga* was the name commonly given in the last century for hemp or hashish (*cannabis sativa seu Indica*) or Marijuana. The ancients used Indian hemp or cannabis as an anaesthetic and a French translation of the Arabic word *Alfaz Adwiya* quoted by Richard Burton,



explains the meaning of *tababbuj* (the fifth form of the Arabic verb *banajj*) as 'to make someone sleep'. 'Banj' was used by Arabic writers to describe *Hyoscamus niger*, as well as cannabis. Herodotus (iv.c.75) describes the Scythians (ancestors of the Mogols and Tartars) burning cannabis seeds in worship and becoming intoxicated with the fumes. Galen also mentions intoxica-

tion by hemp. The Persians used it as what was called 'an ecstatic' or 'hallucinogen'. Various ancient Arabic dictionaries quote Ibn Sina or Avicenna as describing cannabis as 'a poison which confuses the intellect and annuls the memory and

occasions insanity and the disorder called *kunaq* (quinsy). Others describe it as 'a certain plant having a kind of grain that confuses the intellect and occasions alienation of the mind or insanity. Sometimes it

intoxicates when a man drinks it after it has been dissolved.' The word 'Assassin' is derived from *Hashshashin*, Arabic for 'hemp eaters'. There is another word in Arabic derived from *banj*, viz.: *mubannij* meaning 'one who offers food containing hemp in order to obtain some advantage by stultifying someone with it'. Today we would call them 'pushers'. Ed.

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.

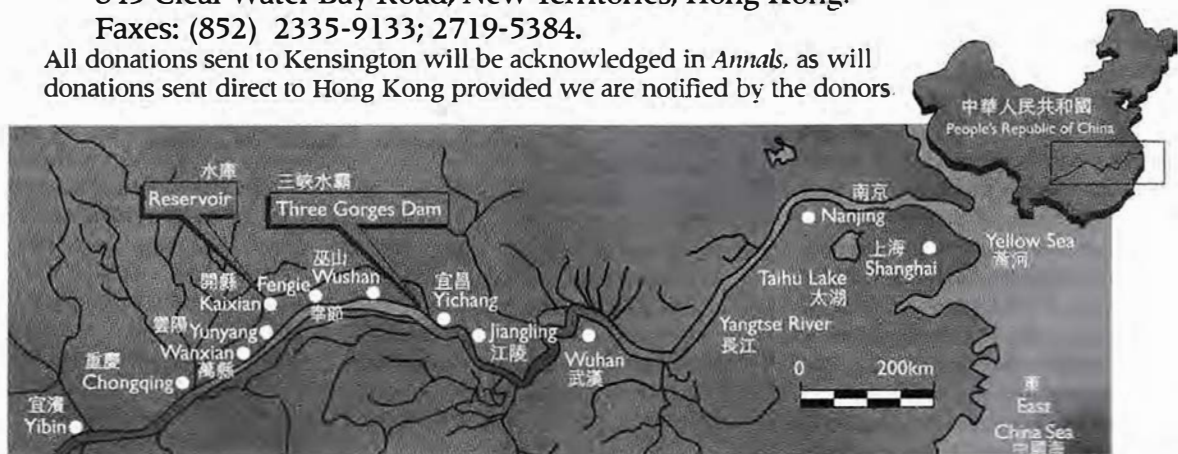
Through the generosity of individuals and agencies in Hong Kong and abroad, nearly HK\$9 million has already been raised – sufficient to cover the cost of the land and some preliminary site formation. More than HK\$15 million is needed to cover the cost of construction.

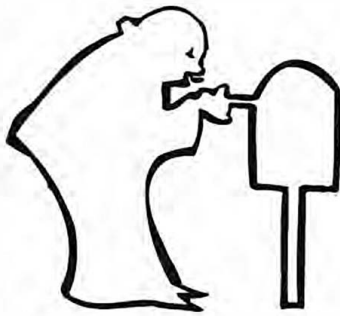
Donations no matter how big or small are much needed and will be greatly appreciated. God will undoubtedly reward with the promised hundred-fold those who devote what they can spare to this work so important for the survival of the Catholic Faith along the banks of the Yangtse River in central China.

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Sleaze

Referring to the inset [Annals, 9/10 2000] 'Leading Edge Vulgarity' by Judge Robert Bork, re sleaze in our society, this situation has arisen, because Christians have allowed it to happen. Some people have protested for over 30 years (and still are) about declining community standards, but not enough of them.

The remedy is in our own hands. If advertisements, in junk mail, media, material written or spoken, offends, contact the source immediately, ring or write. Say 'I don't like it', 'It offends me.' 'I won't buy your product.' (Use your own words). Be pleasant. Be brief, if things improve, thank them.

The media reckons for every letter of compliant written, hundreds have felt the same, but didn't bother to write.

Ashburton Vic. 3147

BETTY GRIFFIN

Cricketing Clerics: 3

James Murray's comments on Cricket in the 30s brings back to my mind, when I was Captain of Marist Brothers Old Boys Parramatta A Grade, in the Parramatta District Junior Cricket Association A Grade competition.

Two of our players were Marist Brothers, playing under assumed names. Brothers Cyprian was a first class wicket keeper, and Brother Hyacinth a top all rounder. Some years later I had the pleasure to play in the same team as a young Curate, Father McAuliffe, with St Peters Surry Hills in the C.Y.M. Competition at Moore Park. He was a fast bowler at the time. Today he is the popular Parish Priest at Cabramatta. Perhaps I should mention that I am 91 years of age.

Kingsford NSW 2032

JACK FLANNERY

Courageous

Thank you for *Annals* – always interesting, informative, intriguing and courageous. God's blessings (which are many) on your work.

Toronto NSW 2283

C & M COYNE

At a Coal Pit

Your editorial [Annals 9/10 2000] talking on arguing from logic and not feeling was very succinct. The same edition had a letter At the coal pit. This was well written and I completely understand the sentiment of the writer.

I often wonder at the standards of theologians and professors in our seminaries, and colleges of so called Catholic learning. Many have no intention of teaching the truths of the Catholic Church. They only pedal their own lightweight untruths.

Pius X's encyclical on modernism (1907) is as apt today as then, probably more so. The word 'novelty' stands out so clearly in the first para-



Violent Lies

BETWEEN them there is the most intimate, most natural, fundamental link: violence can only be concealed by the lie, and the lie can be maintained only by violence. Anyone who has once proclaimed that violence is his method is inevitably forced to choose the lie as his guiding principle. At its birth violence acts openly, is even proud of itself. But it has scarcely established itself when it feels the air around it becoming more rarefied, and it cannot continue to exist without masking itself with the lie and wrapping itself up in its honeyed rhetoric.

– Alexander Solzhenitsyn, *One Word of Truth*, Nobel Prize Speech, 1970.

graph of this document. It gives clear guidelines on how to handle dissidents and the urgency of doing so. It is high time many of our spiritual leaders read, or re-read this encyclical. If tradesmen like me can understand it, anyone can!

Gannain NSW 2702

PAUL CHIGWIDEN

[Paul, you under-estimate your own intelligence, and regrettably seem to over-estimate the ability of the rest of us to use our common sense. Ed.]

'God Squad'?

For some time now I have been aware of the fact that the 3rd Rite of Reconciliation (called *Communal Rite* by some) is not an authorised Penitential alternative; "unless: 1. *Danger of death threatens and there is not time for the priest or priests to hear the confessions of the individual penitents.* 2. *There exists a grave necessity, that is, given the number of penitents, there are not enough confessors available properly to hear the individual confessions within an appropriate time, so that without fault of their own the penitents are deprived of the sacramental grace or of holy communion for a lengthy period of time. A sufficient necessity is not, however, considered to exist when confessors cannot be available merely because of a great gathering of penitents, such as can occur on some major feasts days or pilgrimages.*" (Canon 961) [My emphasis]

Of course when a parish advertises the 3rd Rite in advance you would probably expect "... over a hundred people [to] turn up for reconciliation at one time, and there is only one priest, than an extraordinary and impossible situation has occurred. Third Rite becomes necessary." [Quote from a parish bulletin]

Well you don't say? Does this mean that the Church has to now issue an edict banning promotion of the illegal 3rd Rite? Where will it end? What does Pope John Paul II need to do to gain obedience and respect? As stated, I have known about the regulations concerning the 3rd Rite for some time; why wouldn't a priest?

And is anybody who dares to come into the open and quote the teaching of the Pope, Magisterium or documents of the Church going to be labelled as a member of the "God Squad"?

Chapel Hill QLD 4069

BARRIE DERHAM

Follow the 'Road of Fire'

I doubt that he remembers me as a member of Sydney's Newman Graduate Association during 1966 to 1968. But I thank Anthony Young for his item titled 'James McAuley Revisited' (*Annals*, 4/2000). McAuley's 'A Letter to John Dryden' – cited by Mr Young – reminds me of Dryden's 'A Song for St Cecilia's Day, 1687' especially the following verses:

When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
'Arise, ye more than dead.'...
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

Nearly three centuries later, McAuley wrote his 'Song of Cosmic Praise', which likewise traces the gestation and birth of mankind as the crowning glory of God's evolving universe.

Indeed, in praying for the Incarnate Word to cast flame upon the earth and thus 'raise up contemplatives', the poet reminds me of the 'Hymn of the Universe' – published in 1966 – in which Pierre Teilhard de Chardin SJ (d. 1955) described priests as persons called to follow the 'Road of Fire!'

We need such insights more urgently than ever, so as to proclaim the real presence of God-in-Christ at the sacred heart of a universe now known to be advancing into the future at the speed of light. Latter-day 'eco-theology', for instance, needs to discover 'Le Milieu Divin' (Teilhard). For we live and move and exist in a cosmic milieu charged with the grandeur of God (Hopkins), his Amazing Grace throughout the universe displayed.

Woody Point QLD 4019

GRAHAME FALLON

Protest

A suggestion: urge the Australian Bishops Conference to join other Churches in a vast protest march, something like the Reconciliation Walk over the Harbour Bridge – to protest against the Muslim persecution of Christians in Indonesia.

Gosford NSW 2250

DR FRANK MOBBS

Lay Catholic Missionaries

I note with interest the words of Archbishop Charles Chaput talking at the 'Dare to Dream' National Catholic Family Gathering.

'I'd wager my (air) ticket home that God is calling at least half a dozen of you to be active missionary families, either here in Australia among the poor or in some other country.'

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The Catholic Church has a national missionary preparation program, Paulian Association Lay Mission Service (PALMS), which has been sending singles and families as missionaries since 1961.

The Paulian Association is a pilgrim movement operating in the tradition of the apostle Paul as described in the Book of Acts. Its national office is based in Sydney. It has the recognition and support of the Catholic Archdiocese of Sydney and the Australian Catholic Bishops Conference.

Any English Dictionary will tell us that Lay people are those who do not have specialised or professional knowledge, however that is far from the meaning of the word in the PALMS. The greatest value of PALMS service is recruiting, preparing and placing people in developing communities where they contribute to the growth of specialised or professional knowledge otherwise non-existent in those communities.

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PALMS, PO Box 54, Croydon Park, NSW 2133. Ph: (02) 9642 0558 Fax: (02) 9742 5607 Email: palsccp@ihug.com.au

Croydon Park NSW 2133 ROGER O'HALLORAN

Happy Birthday Jim

I don't know whether Jim Russell, the creator of *The Potts*, is listed as a national treasure, but he ought to be. He turns ninety-two today [March 26] and I beg leave to wish him a happy birthday. His essentially good humour, his fine line and ability to shed light on age-old gags and everyday situations have delighted us for decades and here he is still going strong in the 21st century. God bless Jim Russell.

Vauchuse NSW 2030 RICHARD HUGHES

[Jim Russell whose cartoon characters *The Potts* is syndicated nationally, was much admired by the late Hal English whom we are proud to have had as our *Annals* artist until his unexpected death in 1986. *Ad multos annos* Jim. Ed.]

Covers and Contents

Thank you for all your good work with *Annals*. The old saying about not being able to judge a book by its cover is certainly not true for *Annals*. The contents are always of the same standard as the excellent cover pictures.

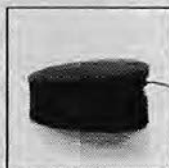
Longueville NSW 2066 DR FRANCIS HACKNEY

Great for full-time mothers

You know, the *Annals* is great for the full-time mother. I can read the magazine whilst stirring the custard or gravy: what was once a chore for one of the boys is now mine by choice!

I must blame your journal for one failure however. The other day I was making the usual batch of biscuits and reading *Annals* in between; I checked on one lot and thought they

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could do with a little bit more and thankfully went back to a fascinating 2000/5 issue with an article about Freemasonry. Of course the smell of burning biscuits sent me dashing but by now too late. The item regarding the church and freemasons was so informative and well balanced and the hurt of failure was assuaged by the increase in knowledge.

Thank you once more for a great magazine.

P.S. I have given my daughter (year 11), the article concerning cloning (same issue) and I am sure it will assist her in both chemistry and religion.

Paradise SA 5075

MARY JONES

[Mary's comments on how *Annals* blends in with her duties as a mother gives heart to all of us involved in its production. It's reassuring to know that we are able to touch young families and to support their faith: this is our *raison d'être*. Ed.]

Radically Different Story

I must belong to a different Church from (former) Fr Paul Collins. Where Paul Collins sees spiritual aridity, obsesses needlessly over the exercise of Papal authority and scandalously attacks the Church's truly liberating teachings, as a young Catholic I daily witness precisely the opposite: a Church already experiencing the blessings of what Pope John Paul has called 'the new evangelisation'. The fruit is already there to be seen, for example in the new ecclesial movements and orthodox religious orders – evident even in the local Church.

Mr Collins' tediously oppositionist stance seems to lay the blame for the utter failure of liberal Catholicism to bear fruit at the feet of 'Rome' and especially the CDF. After all, Rome is apparently 'obstructing progress'. Hardly. The 2.1 million young people at World Youth Day in Rome last year, in full and passionate communion with the Pope, witnessed to a radically different story. Collins' version of what constitutes 'progress' is in truth nothing other than decay. Mercifully however, this aspect of the Church is slowly dying – however publicly and noisily.

Curtin ACT 2605

FRANK SMITH

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY



1 Tue *Easter 3* Psalm 31:16
Let your face shine on your servant. Save me in your love.

2 Wed *Easter 3* John 6:37
If you come to me, I will not turn you away.

3 Thur *Philip & James* John 14:9
To have seen me, Philip, is to have seen the Father.

4 Friday *Easter 3* John 6:56
If you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you live in me and I in you.

5 Sat *Easter 3* Psalm 116:15
Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his faithful

6 Sun *Easter 4* Psalm 100:1
Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before him singing for joy.

7 Mon *Easter 4* Psalm 42:3
My soul is thirsting for God, the God of my life.

8 Tuesday *Easter 4* John 10:27
The sheep that belong to me listen for my voice; I know them and they follow me.

9 Wed *Easter 4* Psalm 67:1
O God, be gracious and bless us and let your face shed its light upon us.

10 Thursday *Easter 4* Psalm 89:1
I will sing for ever of your love, O Lord.

11 Friday *Easter 4* John 14:1
Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God still and trust in me.

12 Sat *Easter 4* John 14:11
You must believe me when I say that I am in the Father and the Father is in me.

13 Sun *Easter 5* Apoc 21:4
He will wipe away all tears from your eyes and there will be no more death.

14 Mon *Matthias* John 15:16
I chose you to go out and to bear fruit that will last.

15 Tues *Easter 5* John 14:31
The world must be brought to know that I love the Father, and that I am doing exactly what the Father told me.

16 Wed *Easter 5* John 15:4
Make your home in me, as I make mine in you.

17 Thur *Easter 5* John 15:9
As the Father has loved me, I have loved you. Remain in my love.

18 Friday *Easter 5* John 15:12
Love one another with the love which I have for you.

19 Sat *Easter 5* Psalm 100:5
How good is the Lord, eternal his merciful love.

20 Sun *Easter 6* John 14:23
If you keep my word, the Father will love you, and we will come to you and make our home in you.

Thoughts compiled by Father Michael Fallon, MSC.

21 Mon *Easter 6* John 15:26
I will send you the Spirit of truth from the Father.

22 Tues *Easter 6* Psalm 138:4
On the day I called, you answered; you increased the strength of my soul.

23 Wed *Easter 6* John 16:13
When the Spirit of truth comes he will lead you to the complete truth.

24 Thur *Easter 6* Psalm 98:4
All the ends of the earth have seen the saving power of our God.

25 Fri *Easter 6* John 16:23
I will see you again and your hearts will be filled with joy.

26 *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*
Luke 1:45

Blessed is she who believed that the promise of the Lord would be fulfilled.

27 *Ascension* Luke 24:49
Stay in the city till you are clothed with power from on high.

28 Mon *Easter 7* Acts 19:7
The Holy Spirit came down upon them and they began to speak in tongues and prophesy.

29 Tues *Easter 7* John 17:10
Father, I pray for those you have given me.

30 Wed *Easter 7* John 17:19
I consecrate myself so that they too may be consecrated in truth.

31 *Visitation* Zephaniah 3:18
The Lord God will dance with shouts of joy over you.

East Timor on the verge of elections

HOPEFUL SIGNS AMID THE RUINS

As Australian Chairman of Aid to the Church in Need (ACN) FATHER PAUL STENHOUSE MSC recently visited East Timor. ACN is an international Catholic Charity that specialises in aiding the Church in third world or former Communist countries.



THE eastern half of the island of Timor is 265 kms long and 92 kms at its widest point. It is one fifth the size of Tasmania. A hauntingly beautiful country, less than 450 kms away from Australia [Java is 1000 kms away], it used to be a popular destination for Australian honeymooners and backpackers in what seems now to have been a bygone age. A mountainous tropical paradise whose cloud-covered peaks dominate its mass and come down to the sea on all sides, its highest mountain reaches 2,960 metres.

The island of Timor was first discovered by the Portuguese in 1515. These settled the nearby [now Indonesian] island of Solor in 1561, but it wasn't until 1646 that they were to make their first permanent settlement on Timor, in Cupao [Kupang], capital of West Timor. Dili was founded in 1668. Timor was administered from Macau until 1895 when it obtained a degree of administrative autonomy.

Japanese forces occupied Timor from February 1942. Between 40,000-60,000 Timorese died during this time, many of them because of their support for Australian forces who were operating on what was technically neutral territory. In 1945 Japan handed Timor over to Australia who gave the eastern part back to the Portuguese and the western part to the Dutch. In 1949 West Timor became part of the new state of Indonesia. On December 7 1975 Indonesian troops invaded East Timor and six months later, on July 16, 1976 unilaterally declared East Timor to be its 27th Province.

The more than 250,000 East Timorese who died at the hands of the Indonesians from 1975 to 1999

were caught in a genocidal web that Indonesia, and especially the Soeharto family, were to weave for the sake of the oil and gas reserves [reportedly greater than Kuwait], coffee, cement and sugarcane in the mythical sandalwood island until Australian troops arrived as part of the INTERFET force on September 21, 1999.

East Timor has featured on and off in the Australian media since October 16, 1975 when five western journalists were murdered by Indonesian troops at Balibo near the border with West Timor; since December 7 the same year when Indonesian troops invaded East Timor and occupied

Dili; since the Dili Massacre of November 12, 1991 when at least 270 mourners were massacred by Indonesian troops in the cemetery of Santa Cruz; and especially since August 30, 1999 when UN sponsored elections were held to determine the will of the people for the future of the former Portuguese colony.

The complete breakdown of law and order, the murder, rape, systematic looting and arson that followed those elections when 78.5% voted for independence, and 21.5% voted against it, is horrific, and like the Santa Cruz massacre, on record.

The Catholic Church in Timor was administered from Macau from 1646 until 1940 when Dili was erected into a diocese. At that time Catholics were 8% of the population [29,889]. By 1972 Catholics had risen to 28% [187,540] out of a total of 674,550. After 20 years of Indonesian rule, by 1994 Catholics were 92% [722,789] out of a total population of 783,086. In that same year Protestants were 3.7%, Muslims 3.1, Hindus 0.6% and Buddhists 0.3%.

In 1994 Bishop Carlos Filipe Ximenes Belo, the embattled and compassionate Apostolic Administrator of Dili who was soon to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace, remarked: 'The situation is as bad as ever ... we live in a scorched land'. His words were to prove prophetic.

The UN estimates that almost 70% of all private homes, public buildings and civil and commercial infrastructure in the country were torched, damaged or destroyed, and that 500,000 people were displaced in the subsequent reign of terror waged under the aegis of the Indonesian military by pro-Indonesian militias.

'In Dili it would appear,' reported UNAMET on September 11, 1999,



Memorial to the estimated 200 people who were murdered by Indonesian soldiers and militia inside the presbytery and in the grounds of the Liquica Catholic Church on April 6, 1999.



All that remains of the Catholic Church Offices, Dili after the militia set fire to it.

'that virtually every home or building has been systematically looted of its contents and a large proportion of them burned. The central business district has been completely gutted. Militias and TNI [Indonesian] soldiers have been observed over the past few days loading trucks with equipment and supplies taken from these homes, and the dock in Kupang West Timor is said to be bulging with kitchen appliances for sale. We believe that similar situations exist in other regions such as Aileu, Ermera and Maliana'.

The numbers of dead and injured have yet to be made public.

Much of Dili remains in ruins as I write. Unemployment is widespread, around 35,000 homes need to be rebuilt, and more than 50,000 refugees remain un-repatriated in camps in Indonesian controlled West Timor. Potentially deadly diseases like malaria and dengue fever pose an added problem for locals and foreign aid-workers alike.

The city has no electricity for a great deal of the night, and homes are in danger from appliances like

candles and makeshift kerosene lamps that are all that is available. The night I arrived in Dili [March 16, 2001], a house attached to the building belonging to the Claretian Fathers in which I was staying alongside the Pertamina Petrol depot caught fire and was destroyed. A young man sleeping in one of the rooms escaped with his life but he and a companion lost all their possessions in the fire.

For the time being, available food appears to be adequate for the estimated 750,000 people in East Timor. However, to reverse the social and economic distress caused by the scorched earth policy of the Indonesians and their Quislings will take great courage on the part of the Timorese, and much long-term international support.

Community reconciliation is a *sine qua non* if a viable nation is to rise Phoenix-like out of the ruins of Jakarta's failed experiment in social engineering and economic spoliation.

We visited mountain communities along the border with West Timor where hundreds of locals trained by

the Church are working to re-integrate militia members and their families into communities many of them devastated as opponents of independence from Indonesia.

Such initiatives appear to be bearing fruit. When the population of Ainaro in southern East Timor was consulted recently about the possible return of militia leader Cancio Lopes de Carvalho and his brother Nemesio, the majority said they were willing to take them back provided they accepted the outcome of the 1999 referendum, and were prepared to face justice. The militia leaders agreed to these terms, and said that they were willing to work towards the reconstruction of the country. If East Timor can continue along this path it will set an unparalleled example of tolerance and maturity to other countries that seem to value vengeance above justice.

Elections are planned for August 30 this year, and the United Nations Transitional Administration for East Timor [UNTAET] - with 7,765 military personnel in the Peace Keeping Force [PKF] 1398 civilian police. 124

military observers, 888 international civilian personnel and 1767 local civilian staff - has been working since 1999 to make free and secure elections a reality.

Since 1999 5 military personnel, 13 civilian police, 1 military observer and 1 other member of UNTAET have lost their lives in East Timor. The militias in West Timor need to be disarmed if the refugees who wish to return are to be successfully repatri-

ated, and violence against civilians, especially women, needs to be curbed.

The UN peace-keeping forces are scattered throughout the country. Most of the traffic on roads around Dili and Baucau and in the interior is military or UNTAET civilian staff. The Australian military patrols the mountainous border with West Timor, on foot and in Blackhawk helicopters. A number of local offi-

Top Left: The Holy Father occupies a place of honour in a restaurant in Maliana, near the border with West Timor.

Top Right: A small Catholic shrine in Baucau, north of Dili.

Bottom: Remains of the house in Balibo near the border with West Timor where the five journalists were murdered in 1975.



cials commented that if the Australians were to leave they couldn't be sure how long the pro-Indonesian militias could be kept out of the newly liberated territory. A view supported by Jose Ramos-Horta, East Timor's Shadow Minister for Foreign Affairs who recently warned that premature withdrawal of UN troops and civilian support staff could 'destabilize and derail the entire process [of peaceful transition to independence]'.

The question of compensation to be sought from Indonesia for the damage caused to the East Timorese economy and infrastructure at all levels of society by the almost universal looting and destruction by Indonesian forces - military and militia - has yet to be broached. If Indonesia is to win back the confidence of its neighbours it will need to accept responsibility for the havoc it wreaked in East Timor, and join in the international effort to rebuild it.



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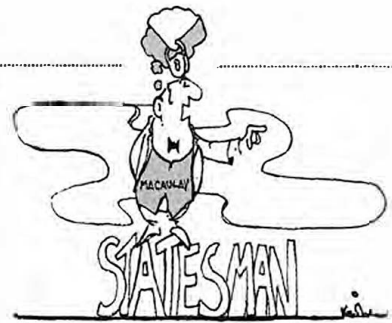
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A splendid liar

WE know what to expect, and we always get it. It is like the old days of W.G. Grace's cricket. We went to see the leviathan slog for six, and we saw it. We expected him to do it, and he did it. So with Macaulay – the good Whig, as he takes up the History, settles himself down in his chair, and knows it is going to be a bad time for the Tories. Macaulay's style – his much-praised style – is ineffectual for the purpose of telling the truth about anything. It is splendid, but *splendid mendax*, and in Macaulay's case the style was the man. He had enormous knowledge, and a noble spirit; his knowledge enriched his style and his spirit consecrated it to the service of Liberty. We do well to be proud of Macaulay; but we must add that, great as was his knowledge, great also was his ignorance, which was none the less ignorance because it was wilful; noble as was his spirit, the range of subject over which it energised was painfully restricted. He looked out upon the world, but, behold, only the Whigs were good. Luther and Loyola, Cromwell and Claverhouse, Carlyle and Newman – they moved him not; their enthusiasms were delusions, and their politics demonstrable errors. Whereas, of Lord Somers and Charles first Earl Grey it is impossible to speak without emotion. But the world does not belong to the Whigs; and a great historian must be capable of sympathising, both with delusions and demonstrable errors. Mr Gladstone has commented with force upon what he calls Macaulay's invincible ignorance, and further says that to certain aspects of a case (particularly those aspects most pleasing to Mr Gladstone) Macaulay's mind was hermetically sealed. It is difficult to resist these conclusions; and it would appear no rash inference from them, that a man in a state of invincible ignorance and with a mind hermetically sealed, whatever else he may be – orator, advocate, statesman, journalist, man of letters – can never be a great historian.

– Augustine Birrell, Carlyle, in *Collected Essays*,
Vol. 2.

The Heartland of Catholic faith and Practice

THE LITURGY OF HOLY MASS

This is the first of a series of articles looking at theological and practical aspects of lay participation in the Liturgy. FATHER COLIN BAKER offers guidelines and pinpoints key Catholic teaching concerning the principal act of Christian worship, the Mass.

BEFORE attempting to discuss *participation* in the Liturgy we must know what is meant by *Liturgy*.

With the 'opening of the windows' at the Second Vatican Council experts sprang up. Almost overnight, personal experience, personal opinion and often feelings were elevated to the level of expertise. We have experts today ranging across the whole spectrum from those with personal axes to grind to those who are genuine experts. 'It is not liturgical' is traipsed out to justify anything and everything that individuals wish to do or not to do.

The Liturgy' is the official, public worship of the Body of Christ joined together by Baptism with the Head, Jesus himself, and all the members of that Body living and 'those gone before us marked with the sign of faith'. It is the worship of the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Spirit, of 'The Communion of Saints'.

Properly understood, The Liturgy is, firstly, all of the Sacraments: Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Order, Holy Matrimony, Anointing of the Sick, Penance, all of which culminate in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Secondly, it is the Liturgy of the Hours or the Divine Office, recited by priests daily and still sung by nuns and monks in convents and monasteries.

The Holy Mass

When we speak of the Liturgy, therefore, we should be very clear about the topic. What exactly are we talking about? Usually we Latin Catholics mean the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Catholics of the Latin Rite do not have the habit of referring to the mass as the 'Holy Liturgy' or the 'Divine Liturgy' which is the way the Catholics of the Eastern Rites and the Orthodox refer to it. This is to distinguish it from the other sacraments and the Divine Office.

For the purpose of these articles, unless it is otherwise stated, when I speak of the Liturgy I mean precisely the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Lay participation in the Liturgy is therefore Lay participation in the Mass.



Authoritarian Rebel

WHILE Luther freed people from the authority of the Church, he made them submit to a much more tyrannical authority, that of a God who insisted on complete submission of man and annihilation of the individual self as the essential condition to his salvation. Luther's 'faith' was the conviction of being loved upon the condition of surrender, a solution which has much in common with the principle of complete submission of the individual to the state and the 'leader'.

Luther's awe of authority and his love for it appears also in his political convictions. Although he fought against the authority of the Church, ... he postulated submission to worldly authorities, the princes, in the most drastic fashion.

— Erich Fromm, *The Fear of Freedom*, 1960, pp 69,70.

Lay participation in the celebration of the Liturgy is manifold. We have *Servers* who carry Candles, who administer the Thurible, who carry the Holy Water, who carry the Book of Prayers. We have *Acolytes*. We have *Lectors* and *Proclaimers* of the Word. We have *Extraordinary Ministers of the Eucharist*. We have *Musicians*, instrumental as well as vocal. In some Parishes we have *Deacons* who can either be permanent, and usually married men; or temporary, those who are preparing for the Priesthood. In most places, at least on Sundays, we have an *Offertory procession* for the presentation of the gifts, this is also performed by lay people. Some of these Ministries, as they are often called, have been with us for many centuries, others are very recent, but all of them are intended to involve us together, as the People of God, Cleric, Religious or Lay, in the celebration of the Liturgy.

Not just a gathering

One of the modern Church buzz words is; Gather or Gathering. Whilst it may be true that the People of God gather to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries, it is not the full story.

In *Gather Australia* number 85 for example we find the following: 'It is the assembly itself, all those present, that celebrate the liturgy.' This is also true as far as it goes but it does not go far enough. We gather, yes, but we come together specifically as the Body of Christ, to celebrate the mystery of our redemption. The Body of Christ is not just this particular group gathered here. It is this particular group gathered here to join with 'all those gone before us marked with the sign of faith' [*Roman Canon*].

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We gather in a particular place, at a particular time, to join in the worship of the Communion of Saints which implodes time and eternity. 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels and the whole company of heaven we join in their unending hymn of praise...' [Conclusion of most Prefaces].

The prayer of the priest after the end of the Canon of the mass,

'look not on our sins but the faith of your Church' [Prayer before the Sign of Peace].

must imply the faith of the glorified as well as the faith of us pilgrims otherwise we are relying totally on the faith of other human beings all of

whom are in the process of being perfected. We must not forget either that the Church includes its head which is Christ himself. This means that not only is it the faith glorified but also the relationship of the Head with the Father.

We gather so as to enter into the celebration of 'the Marriage Feast of the Lamb' which is not in the future but here and now, in this place at this Altar. Those 'gone before us', those of us who in the future, through the mercy of God will be baptised, and those of us here present at this moment of time: we all celebrate together the mysteries of our redemption.

The celebration of the Liturgy telescopes, as it were, time and eternity into this particular celebratory moment. Taking time to study and understand the Book of the Apocalypse will help us to understand what is going on in the Liturgy whenever and wherever it is celebrated.

Unity achieved now

Recently, at an Ecumenical Gathering, the prevailing opinion expressed was that the unity for which Christ prayed is a future event. That is not Catholic teaching nor is it the teaching of Scripture. Nor is it the teaching of living Oral Tradition as we experience it in the celebration of the Liturgy.

It is not true to say that it is a here and now event of this particular group of people, in this particular place, at this particular time, who are celebrating Mass, the Liturgy, the Eucharist or any of the other sacraments, as well as the Divine Office.

Each one of these is an event of celebration which, of its very nature, embraces time and eternity. This is the consistent teaching of The Fathers of the Church and has been lost, almost completely, in the non-Catholic world. It is still the belief and teaching of the Latin Rite and the Eastern Rite Catholic Churches and the Orthodox Churches. Listening to, and reading some post Second Vatican Council theologians and liturgical 'experts' one could be forgiven for thinking otherwise.

The dialogue, which takes place at the celebration of the Liturgy, is not only horizontal between Priest and People, but also vertical between this gathered people and heaven, in and through which the two become one. This takes place most particularly during the Eucharistic Prayer when the Priest takes on the pivotal role *in persona Christi* i.e. in the Person of Christ, between the people and God, and God and the people. It should, however, take place the moment that the Entrance hymn or Processional hymn is sung. This is intended to orientate the minds of the Assembly towards God.

Inevitably, therefore, the Entrance hymns chosen should be God-centred not centred upon human feelings or the particular likes and dislikes of particular musicians.

The Entrance Hymn of the Latin Rite is the equivalent of the first words sung by the Deacon in the Byzantine Rite: 'Blessed be the Kingdom of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.'

There is no possible doubt or ambiguity here as to the orientation of the minds and hearts of the 'Gathered Assembly' nor the joining of heaven and earth.

The Altar, or the Table of the Lord

In number 95 of *Gather Australia* we have a 'description' of the Liturgy of the Eucharist. There are a number of points that need comment.

It is important to call the Altar either *the Table of the Lord* or the *Altar*. Using the word 'table' on its own and with a lower case 't' is theologically misleading in the extreme.

The 'Table of the Lord' is where the 'Marriage feast of the Lamb' is celebrated; where we share in the Divine Meal. It is where the Lord is present personally, human and divine, whom the Priest *in persona Christi* offers again to the Father for our redemption. It is not any old table, it is 'The Table of the Lord'.

Gather Australia goes on: 'We find this mystery in the simple bread and wine which stir our remembering and draw forth our prayer of thanksgiving.'

It is Catholic teaching that we have more than our memory stirred. Catholic teaching is that what we are doing here is what Jesus did at the Last Supper and what he did later on the Cross at Calvary.

We also eat and drink the Body and the Blood of the Lord, not only to proclaim that 'we belong to one another and to Him,' but also to enter into, and proclaim, that we are part of the Mystical Body of which He is the Head. We are the members of that Body along with all those who are now in eternity. The Eucharistic celebration is the celebration of the Communion of Saints.



Diplomatic Relations with Rome

It turns out that there is no law to prevent entering into diplomatic engagements with the Pope. The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much say to eight millions of our subjects the better! Can anything be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the Pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of *premnires* and *outlawries* for this contraband trade in piety? Our ancestors (strange to say wiser than ourselves) have left us to do as we please, and the sooner Government do, what they *can* do legally, the better. A thousand opportunities of doing good in Irish affairs have been lost, from our having no avowed and dignified agent at the Court of Rome. If it depended on me I would send the Duke of Devonshire there tomorrow, with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of Popery, but the Pope is at all events better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in Long Acre. We pay 10,000 pounds a year to our ambassador at Constantinople, and are startled by the idea of communicating diplomatically with Rome, deeming the Sultan a better Christian than the Pope!

— Sydney Smith, 1771-1845, famous wit and Anglican Clergyman, in the *Edinburgh Review*, *Letters on Irish Clergy*.

Not just 'Assent'

We also give more than mere 'assent' by singing the acclamations in their various forms. We 'join in the unending hymn of praise'. We participate, here and now, in the eschatological celebration of the 'Marriage Feast of the Lamb'. In the words of a 5th century hymn from the Liturgy of St. James:

'Christ our God to earth
descendeth
our full homage to demand'

What is needed is a meditative reading of the whole of that hymn 'Let all mortal flesh keep silence' and then we will have a much

deeper insight into what is actually happening when we celebrate the sacraments especially the Liturgy.

Gather Australia goes on: 'Ministers of communion assist the assembly to share bread and wine.'

This is just simply not true. Ministers of the Eucharist assist the Priest to distribute the Body and Blood of Christ to the faithful for their sanctification and to proclaim that they belong to Christ in and through the Communion of Saints of which they form the part present here in time.

Both of these introductions to '*Gather Australia*', are far too anthropocentric. They totally ignore the constant Catholic teaching that all

our celebrations, as Christians, ought to be theocentric so that we can become like God in our thoughts, words and actions. We do this through the action of God in and through the sacraments which he has given us, in and through the Church, the Body of Christ of which Christ himself is the Head.

When we move into the area of translation of the mass texts from Latin this anthropocentricity becomes compounded.

For example the constant use of the word *us*.

It usually does not translate the Latin correctly, and theologically it is erroneous. It blurs the distinction between the Priesthood of All Believers and the Ministerial Priesthood. The difference between them is a matter of reality, not just a matter of words. It is a question of who and what the People of God is, and who and what the Priest is.

Faulty translations

Another very important example of poor translation of the Latin text is the 'Orate Fratres.' 'Pray my brothers and sisters that our sacrifice...' This is an appalling translation of 'Orate fratres ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium...' It is a paraphrase not a translation. To be correctly rendered it ought to be: 'My sacrifice and yours...'

The sacrifice of the whole Church and the sacrifice of the Ministerial Priesthood are very different. Yes, the Church offers the sacrifice of Christ but the Priest offers that sacrifice in *Persona Christi* as Christ himself and on behalf of the Church:

'May the Lord accept the
sacrifice at your hands
For the praise and glory of
His name
For our good and the good of
all His Church.'

I would also call into question the appropriateness of 'brothers and sisters' as a correct rendering of *Fratres*. Brethren, in the Scriptures, is a highly symbolic word. It has nothing to do with gender, nor is it sexist and paternalistic. It signifies how the Father perceives the redeemed. He looks upon each of us



Oral Criticism

THE volume of unprinted criticism is immense, and its force amazing. Lunching last year at a chophouse, I was startled to hear a really important oath emerge from the lips of a clerkly-looking man who sat opposite me, and before whom the hurried waiter had placed a chump-chop. 'Take the thing away', cried the man with the oath aforesaid, 'and bring me a loin-chop.' Then, observing the surprise I could not conceal that an occurrence so trifling should have evoked an expression so forcible, the man muttered half to himself and half to me: 'There is nothing I hate so much in 'the wide world as a chump-chop, unless indeed it be' (speaking slowly and thoughtfully) 'the poetry of Mr. -----,' and here the fellow, unabashed, named right out the name of a living poet who, in the horrid phrase of the second-hand book-sellers, is 'much esteemed' by himself and some others. After this explosion of feeling the conversation between us became frankly literary, but I contrived to learn in the course of it that this chump-chop hater was a clerk in an insurance office, and had never printed a line in his life. He was, as sufficiently appears, a whimsical fellow, full of strange oaths and stranger prejudice, but for criticism of contemporary authors - keen, searching, detached, genuine - it would be impossible to find his equal in the press. The man is living yet - he was lately seen in Cheapside, elbowing his way through the crowd with a masterful air, and so long as he lives he criticises, and what is more, permeates his circle - for he must live somewhere - with his opinions. These are your gods, O Authors! It is these voices which swell the real chorus of praise or blame. These judges are untainted by hatreds, strangers to jealousy, your vanity, your egotism, your necktie, your anecdotes, do not prevent them from enjoying your books or revelling in your humour, be it new or old, for they do not know you by sight; but neither will the praise of the *Athenaeum*, or of any newspaper, or the conventional respect of other authors save your productions, your poem, your novel, your drama, your collected trifles, from the shafts of their ridicule or the dust of their indifference.

- Augustine Birrell, *Authors and Critics*, in *Collected Essay*, Vol. 2.

and sees in each of us, man, woman and child, Jew or Greek, slave or free, the face of the Son. It is a symbolic theological comment not a paternalistic sexist comment.

Whilst talking about translations, it has always been beyond my comprehension why the imperative in the Latin text is almost without exception translated by the subjunctive in English for example 'Let us go etc.' rather than 'go!' The Priest in *persona christi* is supposed to say 'May Almighty God bless you...' but more often than not this is watered down to 'May Almighty God bless us...' Not only is this theologically erroneous, it is also a mis-translation of the original text.

Of course one understands all too well that there is a barely hidden agenda here. It is, to say the least, a downgrading of, if not the destruction of the Ministerial Priesthood as Catholic and Orthodox Christians have always understood it, and still understand it.

A renewal has taken place and the celebration of the Liturgy has been opened up to what has become at least in theory, collaborative ministry. What we need is another renewal so that we all know what is happening when the Liturgy is being celebrated. Not a happy get-together for what often appears to be barely spiritual entertainment.

What we need is a 'Liturgy with meaning'. It has only one meaning, the making present of the Eschaton/Parousia in which we participate here and now to enable us, as the Body of Christ, and Me as a committed Christian, to live out in our day the sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross. We celebrate 'the Marriage Feast of the Lamb' because we know that the victory has been won and so we live that victory in the ordinary everyday things of our daily lives for the greater glory of God and the salvation of the world.

When we understand what the Liturgy is, each of us is helped to fulfil our own role in this 'Collaborative Ministry' more correctly.



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Father Colin Baker has had many years experience in education and is an experienced retreat-giver. A graduate of St Patrick's College, Maynooth, and of the National University of Ireland, he is currently co-ordinator of the Sacraments of Initiation in the diocese of Parramatta, NSW.

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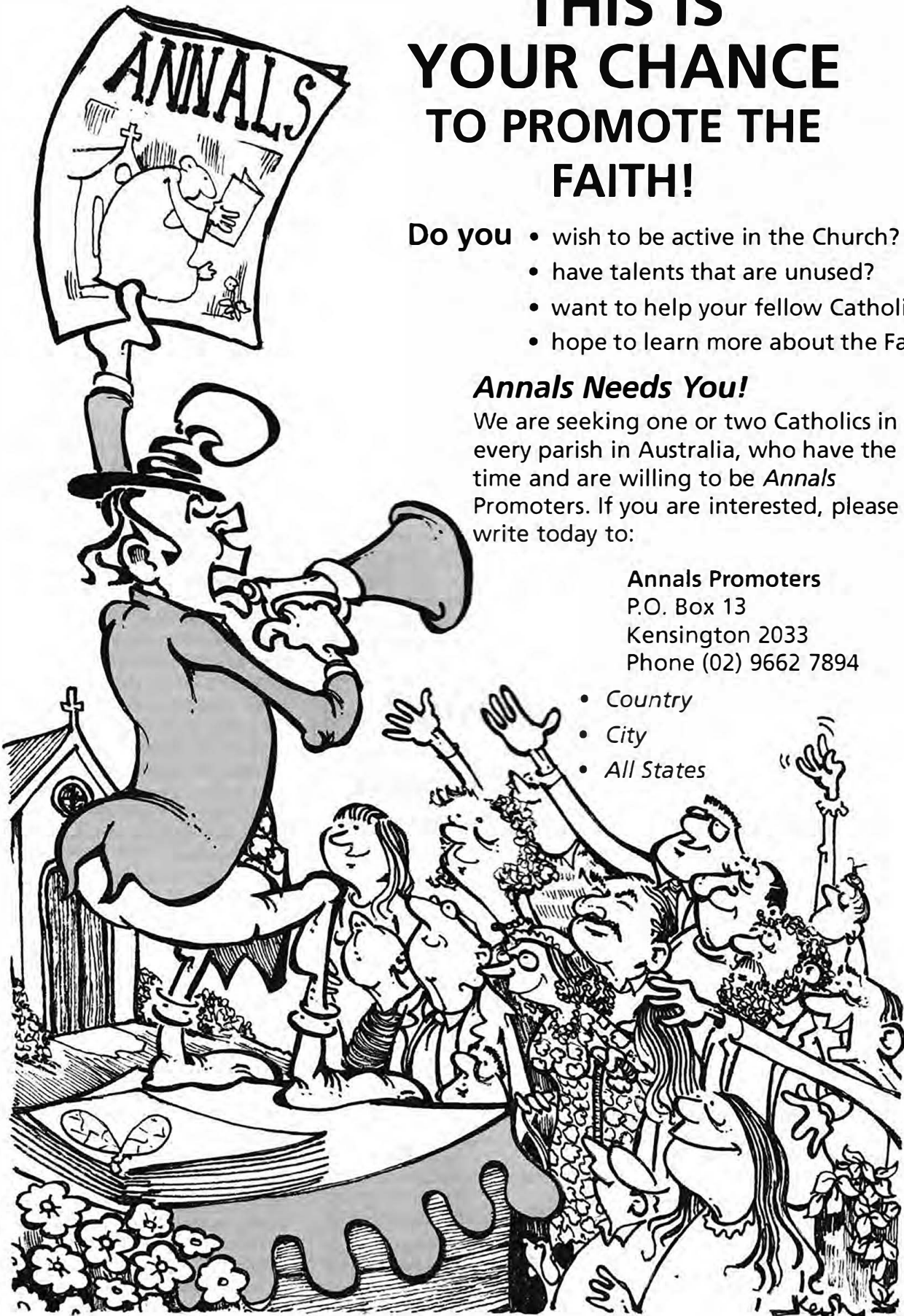
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MUDDLED MORALITIES

By GILES AUTY



EVERYONE gets their ideas of morality – or immorality, for that matter – from somewhere. Contrary to a view expressed by Mark Latham MP, at a

conference at which we both spoke last year, I do not believe that the natural virtues he attributed to the 'ordinary working-class blokes' of his neighbourhood are, or ever have been, innate. On the contrary, I believe that whatever atmosphere of virtue once prevailed in Australia was largely a form of secularised Christianity e.g. nobody stole from their mates because such behaviour was clearly antisocial rather than 'merely' morally wrong. In short, what Mark Latham described was simply a relic of an older Australia and one which is weakening by the day.

So where, if anywhere, do younger Australians learn their ideas of virtue today in a period of general decline of clear-cut or declared ethical training, whether in family life, school, religious institutions or university?

In the homes of many of the older, immigrant families – Scottish Presbyterian or Irish or Italian Catholic, for instance – strong moral codes will often continue to exist although, even in these homes, some of the older certainties may be losing ground now in the face of recent social pressures and ideas which together constitute a new 'consensus' morality. Fear of being thought 'old-fashioned' is a huge influence here, as it is in virtually all levels of contemporary civic and cultural Australian life.

An ability to induce this fear is, in fact, the principal weapon wielded, often ruthlessly, by the many progressive factions which are eager for power in present-day Australia. One of the principal accusations levelled at John Howard by his political enemies is precisely this: that his views are those of an unreconstructed

1950s man and should therefore be dismissed out of hand. Indeed according to much progressivist opinion – and rhetoric – any viewpoint which is not new, or recent, is automatically misguided.

One of the major problems here is that clear-cut arguments no longer have to be advanced – let alone agreed – on behalf of any new, or replacement morality. To unthinking people, who are generally unaware of the pressures exerted on them by radicalist rhetoric, novelty somehow becomes their guarantee of rectitude and authenticity '...once people used to think this. But now we naturally know better.'

Stop and think, if you will, about all the areas of public life in which we have been sold the idea that newer automatically means better: education, social and cultural life, sports training, civil aviation, public

health, contraception, household gadgets, public transport, banking, telecommunications and so forth. If you don't care for my list, make one of your own.

What you will discover, whichever list you take, is that while genuine progress may seem to you to have taken place in some areas, in others we appear to be going backwards in genuine terms i.e. regressing – often at an alarming pace.

All of the foregoing might seem obvious, were it not for the intervention of a major, external influence on our thinking. People are paid fortunes in advertising agencies and public relations firms to persuade us that even regress is progressive – providing we can be persuaded to see things their way. Very clever people are at work who are quite capable of persuading a lot of us that black is white and night is day. Did someone mention the standards of service available to most members of the public from major Australian banks? No wonder the banks attempted to procure the influential voice of John Laws.

So where, if anywhere, do older and newer concepts of morality fit into this picture?

Generally, most kinds of traditional morality – including the Christian churches – are under constant attack in present-day Australia largely on the grounds that they are old-fashioned and therefore too 'dogmatic' and 'judgmental' to suit contemporary Australian life.

But does any new, or replacement system of ethics exist?

To be sure it does – and its influence is everywhere. In schools, training colleges and universities, it is often the only supposedly moral system which is taught any more. And being newer, it must surely be better – as well as more up to date.

The common title for the new code is 'political correctness', which is not an inappropriate name since it takes

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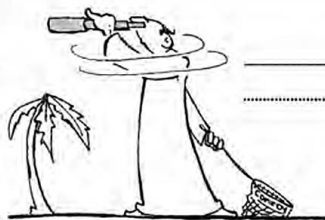
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Chivalry

WHEREVER there is chivalry there is court esy; and wherever there is courtesy there is comedy. There is no comedy in the desert .

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

its basic themes from the writings of a political and social theorist rather than a religious leader.

Political correctness is a vague term which can nevertheless be used conveniently as an inclusive catchphrase via which a variety of largely neo-Marxist, post-modern initiatives become gathered under mother's ample skirt: multiculturalism, post-colonialism, deconstruction, revisionist history, feminism, gender issues and so forth.

As I suggested at the beginning of the article, everyone gets their ideas of morality from somewhere.

Since the 1970s many Australians have been persuaded by those responsible for their educations that the various creeds of political correctness enjoy a status akin to infallibility. Indeed, some of the latter have already become the subject of social legislation, so how can they possibly be wrong?

Indeed, the very word 'wrong' is meaningless to the politically correct — along with 'right', 'good' and 'evil'. In our new wisdom, we now know that everything is relative except being 'bourgeois', of course, which has become the ultimate evil.

But, since only 20% of Australians do manual jobs now and therefore qualify as 'proletarian', who among us is not 'bourgeois'. Indeed, what does the word mean?

Luckily for us, the American writer Tom Wolfe has an answer to this question: 'anyone above the level of hod-carrier whose views you don't like.' In the meantime, our moral malaise continues.



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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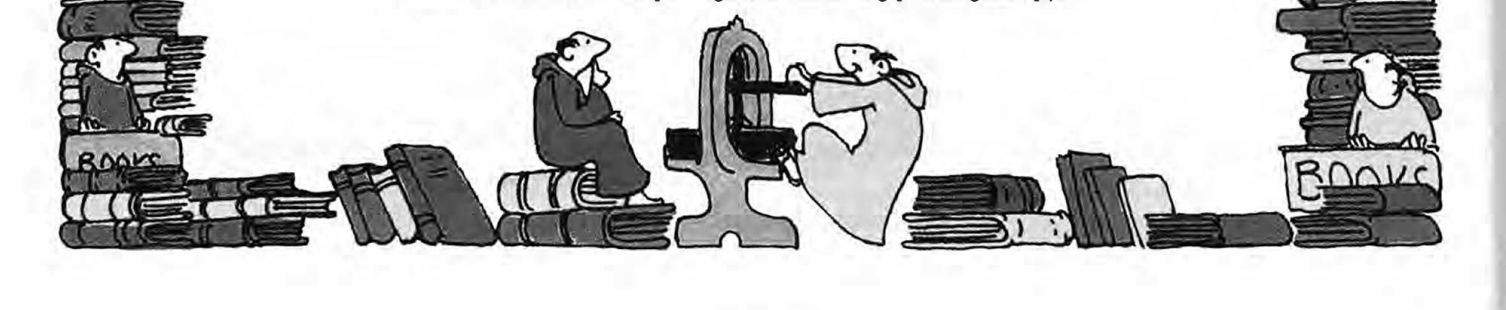
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A necessary sign of contradiction in Australian Society

THE GEORGE PELL I KNOW

By GEORGE WEIGEL



It is difficult to recognize the George Pell I've known for thirty-five years in many of the reports on his appointment as Archbishop of Sydney that I've read in the Australian press.

According to one feature story, a 'key' to understanding Dr. Pell is his 'love of Church trappings...Back home in Melbourne, it is said, his vestments line his hall: gorgeous and theatrical.' I don't know who is saying these things, but they obviously haven't stayed in Dr. Pell's home in Melbourne, as I did for a week last October. There was nary a vestment on display in the halls, or anywhere else for that matter.

What I did see were books in profusion. The hallways were filled with packed bookcases. The space behind Archbishop Pell's desk in his study overflowed with new titles in history, philosophy, theology, political theory, social and medical ethics. His sitting room holds a year's worth of the back issues of the major opinion journals in the English-speaking world.

There are very few Catholic bishops who are, in fact, less interested in 'Church trappings' than George Pell. By the same token, there are few who are so intellectually engaged or who read as widely. Inside and outside the Catholic Church today, bishops are usually thought of as managers. George Pell lives an earlier model: the bishop as intellectual leader.

Then there are the endless charges that Archbishop Pell is an authoritarian who enjoys imposing his judgments on others. That indictment misses both the nature of episcopal leadership in the Catholic Church and the personality of George Pell.

The Catholic Church is not simply a voluntary association dedicated to humanitarian causes. It is a commu-

nity of disciples who measure their fidelity according to an authoritative tradition, rather than according to their personal opinions. And that authoritative tradition, Catholics believe, binds and frees at the same time.

This is, admittedly, a difficult notion to grasp in cultures in which freedom has become synonymous with liberation from any 'external' authority. The Catholic Church, however, has a different understanding of freedom: like the 19th century English liberal, Lord Acton, the Catholic Church teaches that freedom is not a matter of doing what we like, but of having the right to do what we ought.

A Catholic bishop, teaching authoritatively, is speaking for the binding-and-liberating tradition of the Church. He is not imposing his personal opinions on the community. In understanding that authoritative tradition, of course, the bishop ought to consult broadly with knowledgeable people. Which brings us back to Archbishop Pell as a man.

During his years in Melbourne, Dr. Pell hosted a quarterly 'think-tank' of local intellectuals and activists in order to exchange ideas over dinner. I was fortunate enough to address one of these sessions last year, and was struck by the diversity of the community of conversation in which George Pell lives. I was also impressed by the utter frankness of the debate, which he clearly relished. An archbishop who takes copious notes of what others are saying (as I watched my old friend do that night) is a man who understands that teachers must study and learn before they teach.

When I first met George Pell in 1967, I was struck by the freshness of his personality and by his lack of clericalism. Those same qualities are manifestly alive in him today. He combines the rugged good humor

(and vocabulary) of a former footballer with the intellectual edge of an Oxford-trained historian and the piety of a convinced Christian disciple. He is at home with lay people and children in a way that is matched by few other senior Catholic prelates. He attracts deep loyalties, not because he demands obeisance, but because he is a magnet for friendships that he works hard to keep green.

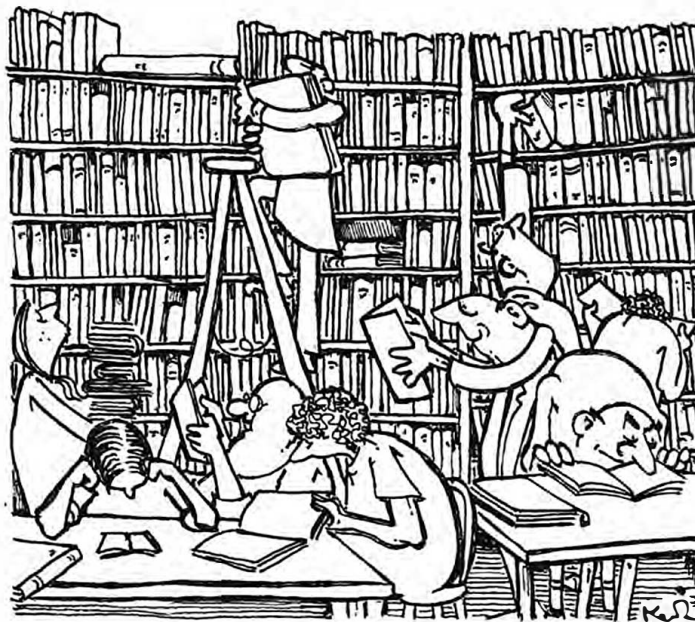
That George Pell is a sign of contradiction in both the Catholic Church in Australia and in Australian society is obvious. But why? My friend has become a lightning rod, it seems to me, not because he is the conniving, authoritarian heavy portrayed by some, but because he has ideas — ideas that challenge the dominant consensus among Australia's intellectual and cultural tastemakers.

Archbishop Pell believes that there are truths embedded in the world and in us. He is convinced that we can know those truths and that in knowing them, we incur certain moral obligations. Nowadays, these are all profoundly countercultural claims. Yet they are the cultural building blocks from which democracy was slowly constructed by the English-speaking peoples from Magna Carta on. These are also the ideas that undergird the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

Sydney is lucky to have as its archbishop a man who is committed to those ideas and who can defend them vigorously. If, in doing so, he challenges a few shibboleths, good on him. It's going to be a very interesting ride for all concerned.



GEORGE WEIGEL, whose biography of Pope John Paul II, *Witness to Hope*, is an international bestseller, is a Senior Fellow of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C. An edited version of this article was published in Sydney's *Daily Telegraph*. Printed with the author's permission.



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Address: The Library is situated on the third floor of Mitchell House at 358 Lonsdale Street, on the corner of Elizabeth and Lonsdale Streets, Melbourne. Its entrance is from Lonsdale Street.

Phone/Fax: 9670 1815. Members may take up to four books out at any one time for up to thirty days. The library opens at 12 noon from Tuesday to Friday and from 11 am on Saturday and Sunday. It is closed on Mondays and public holidays. Talks and seminars are organised regularly on current and traditional streams of Catholic thought. Manned by voluntary staff the Library depends on subscriptions (\$40 per annum or \$30 concession) and donations. Support it and give yourself and your faith a fillip.

Closeness and Picture Books

'HOLDING PATTERNS' FOR CHILDREN

Most of us have childhood memories of the exquisite happiness of being read to by mother, father or an older brother or sister. Our joy was doubled when the reading was from illustrated books. DR SUSAN MOORE looks at the magic of children's picture books and the importance of their place in the home.



LAST year, thanks to the librarian who orders books for the Hornsby public library, I read a remarkable long prose poem called *Inside Picture Books* by Ellen Handler Spitz (Yale UP, 1998). For parents and grandparents who know the importance of imaginative literature, and who are eager to pass on their love of books to children between the ages of 1-8, it is a must: deeply insightful on 'starters' in the broad field of children's literature.

In her Preface Spitz tells a personal story about a book she treasured as a little girl: *Walt Disney's Surprise Package*. Its cover looked like a present wrapped in striped paper, covered with a pink bow. Characters who appeared inside when the book was opened were pulling the bow apart in a tug of war.

In one tale, an adaptation of Hans Christian Andersen's 'Through the Picture Frame,' a little boy named Hjalmar climbed into an oil painting hanging on his bedroom wall. Although the painting's landscape was dark, within the 'noisy and vibrant' space inside its frame he could 'smell springtime, hear birds singing in the trees, and perceive small animals such as frogs, moles, and groundhogs – even tiny ants and beetles that were invisible from outside the picture'. As well, he could explore a river before climbing onto a red sailboat to continue his adventures.

Spitz's subsequent descriptions of a real toddler who tries to climb into a beloved book, and a 14-year-old who slowly inches himself into a younger sibling's room and disap-

pears under the bedcovers while his mother reads one of his childhood favourites aloud, underline her early point about the magical power of art. Even though nobody can fully explain why imaginary worlds matter this much, everyone who has introduced tattered copies of *Bambi*, *Curious George* or *Goodnight Moon* to children knows instinctively that Andersen's image is exactly right.

Up to a point, of course, we can say a lot about what picture books do for children – and Spitz, persuasively, does. In a remarkably judicious and supple way, she makes her terrain ours whether or not we have met all, or even most, of the books that she examines closely. In so doing, she gives powerful support to a central point about 'conversational reading' adumbrated in the book as a whole, namely, that when highly literate adults bring everything they are to shared discussions of works of art,

the ensuing give-and-take is deeply moving.

Spitz makes it beautifully clear that the finest picture books, like the best adult literature, nourish the imagination by rendering 'inner possibilities'. Serving as windows into reality – as the windows they so often depict also do – they allow young and old to go through the looking glass and back again without being constrained by conventional barriers of time and place. No excess baggage – familial, tribal, or regional – dilutes the liberating magic of this journey.

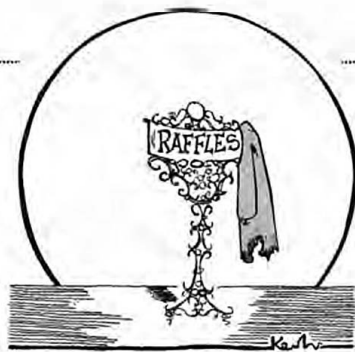
Effortlessly, children introduced to Mem Fox, Chris van Allsberg, and Ludwig Bemelmans, Tomie de Paula, Jan Ormerod, and Crockett Johnson, enter another world of thought and feeling. Necessarily, its contours are assimilated little by little – through what Spitz, with unerring felicity, terms a 'holding

Wanxian Appeal

[See advert. on p.6 this issue]

Donations, no matter how big or small are urgently needed if the Catholic Church in Wanxian diocese, China, is to continue its vital work of evangelisation. Special thanks to the following readers of *Annals* who responded to the appeal we launched in our September issue 1999 for the Chinese Catholics living along the Yangtse river in the areas that will be affected by the proposed dam:

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Passing Glory

SIR Stamford Raffles is one of those names that seem to resound with the might of Sempire, to belong on statues and marble memorials. The reality, inevitably, was a good deal more poignant. Born on a ship and given only two years of schooling, he joined the East India Company at fourteen, married a woman who was said to be his boss's mistress and took over Java at precisely the moment when the world market dried up. Too idealistic for most of his colleagues, he lost, in quick succession, his wife, his mentor and the island he had spent five years trying to emancipate. A little later, three of his children died in the space of six months, everything he owned was lost at sea and, after his Javanese bankers went under, he died in virtual poverty at the age of forty-four. The city with which he is identified today, Singapore, he called wistfully 'almost my only child'.

Raffles is denounced now by the very people he loved, and remembered, when he is remembered at all, only in the names of cigarette packs, airline sections and shopping malls.

— Pico Lyer, TLS, March 27, 1992

pattern' for emotion. Themes slowly played out encourage children to deliberate and delay, and thus to keep at bay the desire for pleasure *now* so prominent in their early years.

As powerfully as the barely perceptible changes of heart rendered in Pamela Allen's *Black Dog* (a treasure Spitz doesn't discuss), linked forms of imaginative understanding acquired through a willingness to be still encourage readers to contain and master passions that cloud vision throughout adult life. For reasons that elude rational elucidation, fantasies with startling features, subtly explored by beloved authors, make ordinary events more real for children and facilitate leaps into maturity.

Implicitly, *Inside Picture Books* demonstrates that testing aloud ideas about — for instance — the meaning of Peter Rabbit's visit to Mr MacGregor's garden prepares a child for the more rigorous examination of life recommended by Plato for adults. The habit of thinking carefully about the shape of ordinary fictional events, and talking with a discerning observer about their significance, yields essential forms of cultural understanding.

At minimal risk the young can seize the day, contend with threats to order and harmony similar to those likely to confront them later in life, and overcome immediate and imposing dangers. *En route* they can feel, have, do, or be anything — and then return safely to more mundane realities in a context that is secure and warm. This uniquely formative process generates confidence and well-being.

If a grown-up is adept at filling in gaps in perception disclosed by spontaneous but incomplete reactions to



Anti clericalism

TO quarrel with the Pope, but to compromise with him, was an instinct with the Bonapartes; an instinct no Anglo-Saxon could be expected to understand. They knew the truth; that Anti-Clericalism is not a Protestant movement, but a Catholic mood.

— G.K. Chesterton, *The Crimes of England*, London 1915

striking fictional events, growth is palpable. As Maurice Sendak (discussed at length by Spitz) has observed, 'children read the internal meanings of *everything*'. Hence trusted companions sitting only a breath away are in an extraordinarily privileged position. The open-ended questions they can pose — 'What do you think is the most special thing about this friendship?' — encourage unforgettable observations: 'Not every boy has a friend as kind as the Snowman.'

At one and the same time compelling picture books create suspense and calm fears. They allow children to appreciate the dimensions of difficult emotional states — for example, rages that unleash a jungle of frenzy, as in *Where the Wild Things Are* — and then to return, demon-free, to earth. Yet like life itself, such journeys sometimes have disquieting features. Efforts both to 'carry' and to 'challenge' prevailing views about the good life, of the kind made by powerful writers like Sendak, don't always confer only safety.

When children enter literature as Hjalmar enters his oil painting, they can blithely 'go over to the other side' without permanently forsaking familiar comforts. But the ripple effects of their travels, particularly if they frequently complete solo voyages that prohibit stable interaction with others, can be unsettling — even crippling. Imaginary worlds, as the poet Marianne Moore knew, contain real toads.

In the picture books that seem to me (and by implication Spitz) to inspire the most lasting, secure, and instructive devotion, boundaries violated through multifarious forms of disobedience are unmistakably redefined. Characters whose roles are key but subsidiary, like the Old Lady in the Babar series, are often positioned off-stage at key junctures, close enough to the central action to leave the wings during crises if need be.

Unobtrusively, writers who explore dark corners with requisite fidelity dramatise for children the importance of connecting with others at critical moments in life. No matter what the individual requirements of

particular fictional quests happen to be, the young who embark on them in these books are not entirely abandoned to their own devices. When the story ends, essential points have been made with absolute clarity, and empathy rules the day.

Typically, in compelling picture books, fearful realities – the prospect of being eaten up, or of suffering total loss and abandonment, or of being robbed of consciousness and control – threaten but do not prevail. Gratuitous violence that wreaks havoc in the lives of helpless creatures, as it does at the start of *The Story of Babar*, is succeeded by rescue. Over the long haul, hard-won comfort and security are planted in the heart.

Fine literature for young children, like its counterpart for older readers, is never sentimental. On the subject of grave difficulty, it refuses to inflate or mollify subterranean fears by exaggerating the importance of grim realities or camouflaging them with cotton candy. One reason that Shel Silverstein's widely praised *The Giving Tree* is as distasteful to me as it is to Spitz is that it violates this cardinal rule. Silverstein's maternal 'tree', which sentimentally gives to a child in a way that prohibits reciprocity, breeds utter self-centredness.

Classically important writers like Dr Seuss (*Horton Hatches the Egg*) and Munro Leaf (*The Story of Ferdinand*), and more recent American authors like Dan Freeman (*Corduroy*) and Carol Carrick (*The Accident*), are so highly regarded because they never fall into this trap. Slippery subjects like parental irresponsibility or gender stereotyping become, in their hands, a means of exploding prejudice or confusion about complex human obligations and rendering poetic justice.

One immediate reason for the immense cultural importance of picture books from around the world is that they help children to surmount emotional pitfalls that recur, with increasingly disastrous effects, in adult life. Perhaps the clearest way of illustrating this is to make explicit a point made implicitly by Spitz about an issue prominent in Australian civic life at the moment: reconciliation.



Of Farce, Cant and Farrago

FARCE and Farrago have similar meanings and derivations. Originally they meant a mixture of corn (*far*) and other foodstuffs given to horses and cattle stuffed together without any regularity or consistency. Then they came to be applied to dramatic representations or books or discourses stuffed with a medley of wild or ludicrous or unbelievable conceits. Juvenal uses the word farrago in exactly this sense: 'Whatever men do – promises, fear, anger, desire, rejoicing, conversation – is the farrago of our book.' Satire also comes from a word that means to cram or stuff. 'Satura Lanx' means a dish crammed full of different fruits. Eventually all these terms – indifferent in their original meaning – took on a perjorative sense. Cant comes from *cantare*, to sing, and as such is a perfectly respectable (a miscellany) utterance. However it was used to describe the calls of an auctioneer, and from that came to mean something said in a sing-song manner, and then something said in a parsonic and (unjust implication) a hypocritical tone. *Editor.*

In many children's books adults say 'I'm sorry' to a child when something painful occurs for which they themselves are not directly responsible. Indeed, adults often spontaneously respond in this way when the child himself has caused an irrevocable disaster (e.g. the death of a pet) for reasons that he does not have the courage to explore. What this phrase does, because of its primary function as *solace*, is reconcile the child to a situation that, unresolved, will continue indefinitely to haunt him.

The reason that expressions of sorrow of this type are so salutary is that they rest on shared emotion. Children need to be taught empathy through powerful witness, and lasting closeness requires energetic work. When adversity is entirely solitary, spirits atrophy and break – and,

often, afflicted creatures take refuge in frigid fortresses. Oscar Wilde's *The Selfish Giant* makes this very clear.

Authentic expressions of concern, of the kind that figure prominently in the most beloved children's books, ease the weight of trauma that would otherwise be unbearable. When the uncontrollable agitation of a confused child is genuinely assuaged rather than cosmetically bandaged, which can happen only if its springs are understood, arrested development does not occur. Beatrix Potter understood this exceptionally well – as do all great children's writers.



This is the first article in a series on Children's Literature by SUSAN MOORE. Dr Moore is a grandparent, raised in America, who has lived in Sydney for 35 years. Her most recent book is *Ted Types: A Basis for Classroom Study* (Five Senses, 2000).

WHAT MEDIAEVAL ENGLISH VILLAGE CHURCHES ONCE WERE

This is the second part of our two-part series in which JOHN PRATT looks at the origins and consequences of the myth that the Reformation was a response to popular demand for reform in the sixteenth century Catholic Church.



ARE we now any closer to establishing how those thousands of Catholic churches became the places of worship of a new religion? Let's go back to those Tudors again. England's last Plantagenet king, Richard III, was killed at Bosworth and Henry Tudor won the throne as Henry VII, the start of a new dynasty. To strengthen his decidedly shaky claim to the throne over other aspirants, he married a Plantagenet heiress, and from this union, two sons and two daughters were born. When the eldest boy, Arthur, was fifteen he was married to the sixteen year old Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the monarchs of Spain. Just four months later, in 1502, Arthur died, leaving his young widow, who spoke neither English nor much French but only Castilian, a penniless prisoner in the English court. Her betrothal to Arthur's brother Henry was then proposed and a treaty enacted providing for the marriage to be solemnised when Prince Henry reached his fifteenth year in 1505. A papal dispensation was necessary for Henry to marry his deceased brother's widow; this was granted by Pope Julius II in 1502.

Henry's Heir

On his father's death in 1509, Henry became King, agreed to proceed with the arrangements, and married Catherine. It was a happy union and in 1511 she bore him first a son, who lived for but seven weeks, and later a daughter Mary, followed by a succession of miscarriages. By about 1522, it was obvious that she

would bear no more children. Although Princess Mary could preserve the Tudor dynasty by reigning as sovereign, Henry had convinced himself he needed a son, who Catherine could not now produce. His frustration evolved into disenchantment with his wife and he ceased living with her. Apparently he mused over his failure to produce a son and, some suggest, wondered whether this was a punishment by God for his marriage to his brother's widow, a union seemingly prohib-

ited in Leviticus. In his princely upbringing, Henry had undergone considerable theological training and took the practice of his religion very seriously. Thus, in the predicament in which he perceived himself to be, it is not unlikely that he entertained such doubts.

Henry's Annulment

Henry, just thirty-one years of age, now noticed young Anne Boleyn at court, one of Catherine's maids of honour and the sister of one of his mistresses. This initial dalliance developed into an infatuation. Historians disagree as to who planted in Henry's mind the idea of seeking to have his marriage dissolved; Hughes attributes this to Cardinal Wolsey, Henry's Chancellor. Regardless of where this originated, such a move would not appeal to Wolsey, who could see ramifications of value to England in Henry's marriage with an heiress from another kingdom, strengthening ties abroad. He was aghast when he discovered Henry's intention was to marry Anne! As the king demanded, Wolsey commenced negotiations with Rome in 1527 to have Henry's marriage to Catherine annulled on the grounds that the papal dispensation was invalid and should never have been granted.

These deliberations proved complex, not least because at that very time, mutinous mercenaries of Emperor Charles V's badly paid armies had revolted and captured the city of Rome, then the wealthiest and most splendid city in Europe. There followed a horrific orgy of loot, murder and sacrilege, during which one quarter of the city's population



Wake up!

'Why does no one admit his faults?

Because he is still in thrall to them.

You must be awake if you are to describe your dream'

['Quare vitia sua nemo confitetur?
Quia etiam nunc in illis est.
Somnium narrare vigilantis est']

— Seneca, Lucius Annals, 4-65 AD

was massacred, cardinals and bishops held hostage, and the life of the Pope only saved by his fleeing in disguise and taking refuge in the castle of St Angelo, where he remained captive for the next seven months. Henry's initial application for the annulment reached Pope Clement VII while he was still a virtual prisoner and without his advisers, and although Henry offered some conditional support in the papal predicament, the crux of the application itself was confused, and even in the dire circumstances pertaining, the application was rejected.

The Pope dispatched Cardinal Campeggio to hear the case in England in conjunction with Cardinal Wolsey, but instructed Campeggio to bring the facts of the case for decision back to Rome. Wolsey, Papal Legate and Chancellor, the most powerful man in England, could foresee the outcome should he fail in this 'the King's great matter'. He urged Campeggio to approve the application in England but this was not to be, and having failed, he was deprived of the office of Chancellor. He died a year later.

Supreme Head of the Church

All this time Henry's infatuation with Anne Boleyn, a young woman connected to the powerful Howard family, increased. Conscious of her sister's experience when the king tired of her and had her married off, Anne refused Henry's advances unless she was to replace the Queen. In 1531, furious at the pope's vacillation with his application and eager to put pressure on him, Henry named himself Supreme Head of the Church in England. But now, Anne was pregnant, and because the hoped-for heir had to be of legitimate birth, he secretly married Anne. Two months later, his newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, pronounced the annulment of Henry's marriage with Catherine, and was required shortly afterwards, to pronounce the marriage to Anne to be good and lawful, thus quashing the impediment attendant on Henry's earlier having Anne's sister as his mistress.

Late that year, Anne gave birth, not to the son that Henry craved, but to a daughter Elizabeth. During that Holy Week, Pope Clement pronounced judgement on the King's case, ordering him to take Catherine back as his wife and pay her costs of the case as well as his. The now irascible king was beside himself with rage. He had spent some seven anguished years seeking the annulment from Rome, so important was it for such a Christian prince to act in accord with Canon Law. As events subsequently unfolded, Henry set out to establish his own national church, identical with but separate from the universal Church, but a Catholic and certainly not a Protestant one. In 1534, the convocations of England's two Sees,

Canterbury and York, abjured papal authority as demanded by the king, who then appointed himself Supreme Head of the Church of England called *Anglicana Ecclesia*, his national church. The next year the pope's name was erased from all church service books. Archbishop Cranmer, still wearing about his shoulders the white woollen pallium which signified his allegiance to the pope to whom he had pledged fealty, preached that his learning had but recently lead him to deduce that the pontiff was the anti-Christ of the Apocalypse. And so commenced the hundreds of years of England's vilification of the papacy, a curious trait, grossly offensive to people of goodwill, but exhibited even today.

Henry goes Ballistic

Not all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal agreed with the king's actions, but he made short shrift of those few who equivocated or demurred to accept his new title as supreme head of the Church. Bishop Fisher of Rochester, Chancellor of Cambridge University, did not agree with the annulment of the marriage and had strongly defended Queen Catherine in this matter. Henry had revered Fisher as a family figure after the death of his mother in his youth, and when king, had boasted that no prince in Europe possessed a prelate equal in virtue and learning to him. But the irascible king could not tolerate dissent from his views and Fisher's strong rebuttal roused him to fury. He was used as an example to others, and incarcerated in the Tower. There he was continually interrogated to trick him into damning himself. The newly elected Pope, Paul III, ignorant of the true pulse of the English Church, now unwisely thought to placate the English king by raising Fisher to the Cardinalate. The wrathful king declared that Fisher would wear the Red Hat on his shoulders, 'for head he shall have none to see it on.' Four months later, the frail old bishop was executed by beheading, his head then parboiled and displayed on London Bridge.

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— Editor, *Annals*

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Next the illustrious humanist Sir Thomas More, until recently Henry's Chancellor, followed Fisher to the block. News of these two executions was received in England with silent sorrow, and in Europe with loud and general execration. Erasmus, in a letter to a friend wrote, 'You will learn... the fate of Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester. They were the wisest and most saintly men that England had.'

Unmarked grave for Catherine of Argon

Almost six years after her abandonment by her husband, Catherine of Aragon died in January 1536 and was interred in the Abbey church of Peterborough under an unmarked black slab of stone. In the same month, Queen Anne suffered a miscarriage and proved no more successful than Catherine in providing a male heir. The forty-five year old king became disenchanted with his new queen, and easily convinced of her unfaithfulness, pursued her with the insatiable hatred of which he was capable, having her tried on dubious charges of adultery and incest. For such a treasonable offence, she was executed in May, Henry consoling himself by marrying Jane Seymour the very next day.

Urged on by Cromwell, his newly appointed Vicar-General, the avaricious king began the suppression of the monasteries and the seizure of their extensive lands and goods. Now, the full implications of the royal supremacy began to be realised in England. Late in 1537, Jane Seymour gave birth to a son, Edward, but she died a few days later. Archbishop Cranmer had the confidence and the affection of the king, but against Henry's wishes and behind his back, he continued his proselytizing. The Protestant infecting of London and the Church and universities proceeded apace, concurrent with the effacement of the old Faith. Henry died in 1547, his son becoming Edward VI. Brought up an ardent Protestant, it was in his reign that the great pillage began, with wholesale

destruction of church art-works, images, stained glass, altars and crucifixes.

On the sickly Edward's death in 1553, Mary, a devout Catholic, came to the throne intent on restoring the Faith. One year later, to the dismay of many Englishmen whose island home gave them a deep distrust of foreigners, she married Philip of Spain. The great nobles and the newly wealthy gentry who had shared in the spoils of the Catholic Church did not welcome the prospect of having to hand back their gains. Much of this property was no longer in the hands of the original robbers or receivers and any general reclaiming would have been impossible. Mary was compelled to let that issue lie and not raise it with her parliament. With extraordinary difficulty she reconciled England to the Holy See, but she was unable to expunge the inroads the Protestants had achieved before her accession to the throne. She died in 1558 and Elizabeth became Queen, taking the coronation oath to uphold the Catholic Faith in 1559, while immediately reverting England to Protestantism and severing the nation again from the unity of the Catholic Church.

The stolen generations

Have we resolved the puzzle with which we commenced this study about England's churches? Despite the omission in national histories of a fair account of England's Catholic unity that existed before the mid-1500s, those facts hardly require retelling. The proposition that at the sound of the Calvinist trumpet, the Catholic English abandoned their Faith and at once took up the new allegiance had been shown to be false. To summarise briefly, a revolution was staged by wealthy and powerful men, who under the banner of strident nationalism, stole the assets of one out-of-favour owner, the Catholic Church, and made those assets theirs. Coincident with this plunder, Protestants slowly gained the ascendancy in the affairs of both the state and its new national church, and the rules of that church were subtly and deftly

diverted from the religious precepts the Benedictine Augustine had brought to England one thousand years before, at the behest of Pope Gregory the Great.

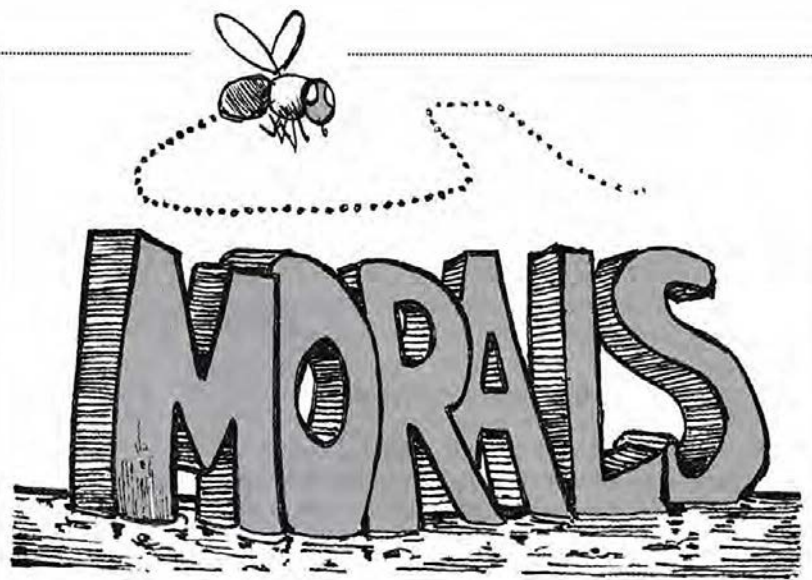
And the Catholic faithful, what of them? Well, their Henrician bishops, many also powerful officers of the Crown, caved in to Henry's demands, some perhaps hoping that the problems facing them would in time fade, as had other grave issues in time past, when the old religion would regain its rightful place once more. To their shame, these shepherds abandoned their flocks. Years later during Mary's reign, their orthodox Catholic replacements had insufficient time to arrest the spread of Protestantism. When Elizabeth came to the throne, these Marian bishops paid dearly for their efforts by their summary dismissal. As the generations and the years passed, so

too did the memories and rituals of the old faith.

So the churches and cathedrals ceased to be Catholic and the fact of their thousand year Catholic provenance was omitted from English histories as it has remained to this day. Down the years, calumnies and slanders continued to be directed to things Catholic but particularly to the Papacy, despite the fact that with the passage of time, the English public lacked any awareness of Catholic lore or how Catholics worshipped. And the memories of *Mary's Dowry*, as England was once known in deference to its devotion to the Virgin Mother of Christ, faded and disappeared from the record.



JOHN PRATT is a retired RAAF Group Captain who has run a book shop and has an abiding love for mediaeval history. He lives in Kings Point, South Australia.



Open the window: Look out

ALLOW me a little personal observation: when I flew recently to Bratislava, I found time during various discussions to look out of the plane window. I saw the industrial complex of Slovnaft chemical factory and the giant Petralka housing estate right behind it. The view was enough for me to understand that for decades our statesmen and political leaders did not look or did not want to look out of the window of their airplanes. No study of statistics available would enable me to understand faster and better the situation into which we had gotten ourselves. But all this is still not the main problem. The first thing is that we live in a contaminated moral environment.

— Václav Havel, 'New Year's Address' *Open Letters: Selected Prose 1965-1990*, Faber and Faber, London, p 390. Quoted in Samuel Gregg, *Beyond Romanticism*, Centre for Independent Studies, Sydney, 2000.



MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

Necessary Correction

One of the most difficult tasks is to correct a story that has become embedded in public consciousness. Example: Canute's failure to halt the tide is mistakenly cited as a display of overweening autocracy, whereas it was something rarer: a ruler demonstrating to flatterers the limits of power.

More immediately relevant is the belief that the world is overpopulated and under-resourced, a belief deriving from a 1960s Club of Rome report that continues to influence population policy. This despite the club's reluctant admission that its computer modelling was a classic example of 'Garbage in. Garbage out.'

A countervailing document of the time was the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. Now demographic studies are starting to show where true wisdom stands as between the report which triggered mass programmes of artificial birth control (to the benefit of the rubber, pharmaceutical and abortion industries) and the encyclical which advocated reliance on natural creative balance for the benefit of humanity.

Political economist Nicholas Eberstadt of the American Enterprise Institute reported (*SMH* syndicated from the *Washington Post*, March 26) that demographic trends are set to reconfigure global population.

According to Eberstadt sub-replacement fertility regimens, resulting in indefinite population decline, involve 83 countries and territories and roughly 44 per cent of world populations. These include countries as different as the United States and Thailand. Depopulation is now imminent in Europe and Japan. Europe must become a magnet for an average four million immigrants a year to prevent a decline in the 15-64 working age group over the next 50 years. Japan with almost zero immigration must somehow find 600,000 newcomers to maintain its working-age cohort.

China? Between the present and 2025, its median age will increase so much that 200 million of its people will be 65 or older. Moreover the presumption that death rates decline during peacetime no longer appears to be valid. In nearly 40 countries and territories with more than 750 million inhabitants, life expectancy in 2010 will be lower than in 1990. HIV/AIDS in Africa is only the most spectacular part of the problem. In Russia and other post-

communist countries, current life expectancy is lower than it was in the 1970s

Australia? Eberstadt does not appear to have this country on his radar. But changing the local sub-replacement birthrate is, it can safely be said, more important for the Commonwealth's future than the spirit of Anzac, egalitarianism or even the next Olympics.

Odds On

Coverage of the changing of the elite guard at Fortress Packer included mention of Packerdom's three main elements: print, television and casino gambling. Little, if any, comment was made on the extraordinary nature of this grouping. Is there another media enterprise in the world that encompasses a gambling element (apart from its own shares and foreign exchange division, that is)?

Both the nature of gambling and the laws of probability will sooner or later throw up a crime-related gambling scandal. The \$64,000 question is: will Packer print and television journalists see this as an opportunity or a problem?

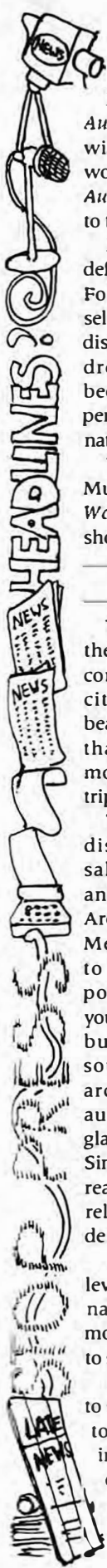
Shabby Sting

Occasionally journalists (including this one) wonder at their low position on the totem pole with car salesmen and real estate agents. For a reason, no need to look further than Rupert Murdoch's *News of the World* and his pseudo-sheikh Mazher Mahmood's entrapment of Sophie Countess of Wessex (and PR).

Had this kind of entrapment been used by police, civil libertarians and journalists would have been outraged. As it was, journalists reacted with schadenfreude in describing her plight and disseminating her derogatory remarks about various notables, including her royal in-laws.

Passing criticism of the entrapment was subsumed in the glee of journalists behaving like the Dodgy Brothers on-selling a stolen vehicle. Predictably other Murdoch newspapers shifted focus from the unacceptable entrapment to an implied defence by saying the Countess Sophie misused her royal connection in pursuit of PR clients.

The European Correspondent of *The Australian* Jamie Walker distinguished himself by calling the Queen's condemnation of the entrapment 'venomous'. Vehement maybe. Justifiable certainly.



It was left to Mark Day (Media supplement, *The Australian*, April 12) to condemn the entrapment without quibbling. There was an admirable irony at work here. Day is one in the line of ex-editors of *The Australian* that, like Banquo's descendants, extends to the crack of doom.

Day is also a former co-proprietor of *Truth*, now defunct, but once part of Rupert Murdoch's array. Folklore at the time suggested Murdoch's reason for selling *Truth* to Day (and Owen Thompson) was the distress his mother and children were experiencing because of what was then perceived as the scandalous nature of material in *Truth*.

What's the betting on Murdoch selling *News of the World*, lock, stock and shonky sheikh?

Pell Welcome

The old adage 'Sydney or the Bush' sums up the continuing arrogance of a city so blinded by the beauty of its physical setting that it seeks to ignore its moral ambivalence, while tripping over it.

This arrogance was on display in the 21-cliche salute, marking the announcement of Archbishop George Pell of Melbourne's appointment to the equivalent Sydney position. It was on for young and old, pro and con, but mainly con, as some sought to put down the archbishop's moral authority and play up the glamour of what they called Sin City (a concept which in reality embodies secularist, relativist ideologies and the abolition of transcendent moral norms from democratic political life).

Nonetheless the city's best journalists use the lever of investigative reporting on the city's criminality. The city, however, lacks the appropriate moral fulcrum against which they can rest the lever to shift its endemic corruption.

And those like Archbishop Pell who would seek to strengthen the fulcrum are scorned by commentators who fail to see the wisdom of Lord Acton's insight that true liberty consists in the freedom to do what is right, not to do what you want (the latter, of course, can entail a vested interest in corruption).

Comments on the Pell appointment did have its amusing subtext. He was adjudged an authoritarian figure from an increasingly authoritarian Vatican, the implication being that journalists making this judgment were independent spirits servicing organizations where freedom is unrestrained.

In the period under review, however, a fine journalist Amanda Meade lost her column in the Media supplement of *The Australian* after publication of a throwaway line about its chief proprietor Rupert Murdoch being a foreign owner (an undoubted fact unless he avails himself of the dual citizenship option).

In a separate episode, Meade's colleague Errol Simper, a reporter of idiosyncratic style and invaluable contacts, lost his regular column abruptly in a design reshuffle.

Bernard Lagan, *Sydney Morning Herald* veteran, was forced to resign after hacking into internal e-mails, including those of chief executive Fred Hilmer who reacted with quasi-Vatican authority. This at a time when the SMH was publishing private correspondence between the director of the National Gallery, Brian Kennedy, and one of his staff John McDonald.

And at the ABC, Moscow correspondent Iris Mackler was seeking court redress after being sacked because her voice grated (an amazing criticism given the clarity, authority and charm of her delivery).

These cases of summary judgment could be multiplied. They are the negatives of the positive system of supervision under which journalists work in seeking contingent truth. When, after due warning and process, the Catholic Church holds the line against the wayward to protect what it believes to be divinely revealed truth, it is criticized as authoritarian.

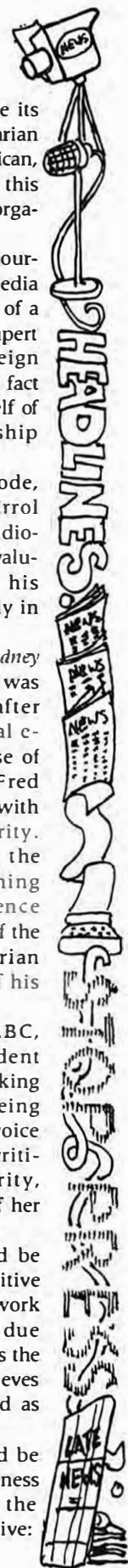
This perceived authoritarianism should be measured in the context of current permissiveness or slackness (to use the noun from which the younger generation takes an eloquent pejorative: slack).

Wanxian Appeal

[See advert. on p.6 this issue]

Donations, no matter how big or small are urgently needed if the Catholic Church in Wanxian diocese, China, is to continue its vital work of evangelisation. Special thanks to the following readers of *Annals* who responded to the appeal we launched in our September issue 1999 for the Chinese Catholics living along the Yangtse river in the areas that will be affected by the proposed dam.

Already acknowledged:	\$3500
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Jack Mason NSW 2034	10
Lindsay Harris Kenmore USA	200
Peter J. McCabe NSW 2166	200
Kevin Harman SA 501	250
Total:	\$2835
Total so far:	\$6335



Right Left

The ABC continues to inspire funnier comedy off-air than on. The Institute of Public Affairs conference of opinion weavers, mounted where else but in Balmain Town Hall, had a cast of hams, well cured and uncured, including PP McGuinness, Prue Goward, Christopher Pearson and Michael Duffy.

All had their criticisms of the ABC's left-wing bias. And hilariously all gave the impression they were auditioning for the role of 'Right-Wing Philip Adams', dream of ABC mini-mogul Jonathan Shier.

On ABC TV, Stuart Littlemore, who must be enhancing his legal fees with every incisive show, called for proof that the organization is left wing.

Conclusive proof is not easy too provide. This much can be said: Criticism of Shier's Liberal Party connections and his lack of creative television experience has been much heavier than criticism of the successive appointments of David Hill and Brian Johns. Yet both were former Labor Party apparatchiks. And both had little or no creative television experience before their appointment (though Johns picked up some when put into a holding pattern at SBS after Hill got the ABC nod).

In other words, such is the ABC's left bias that Hill and Johns were political placemen congenial to its corporate spirit. Shier is not. If this be deemed insufficient proof, what of the congeniality of other Labor apparatchiks whose names need no repetition?

Would they, however, have been equally welcome at the ABC had they been ex-Liberal Party apparatchiks?

There is, of course, a less politically fraught explanation: media entities can be left or right wing through their proprietors, boards, managements or traditions, individual journalists tend simply to be 'agin the government' (whatever its

complexion). But what, you may ask, of journalists as a herd, a pack or indeed a gallery? Good question, to which the only answer is: the best journalists work as individuals, serving the public interest.

Chevalier Charlie

The launch of the second wodge of Charles Waterstreet's memoirs, entitled *Repeating the Leaving*, (Hodder Headline Australia) was held in Kublai Khan's Xanadu, otherwise known as Kerry Packer's Hyde Park Club, Sydney.

Waterstreet (barrister, film producer, writer and old boy of Waverley College) made outrageous play with the latter's Christian Brothers ethos in his speech for the occasion. Afterwards, your correspondent mentioned to him the risk of becoming a 'Professional lapsed Catholic.'

He took this in the spirit in which it was offered, possibly seeing what a crowded profession Lapsed Catholicism is, and that far from

involving courage is a matter of going with the flow, a choice of the banal which Waterstreet is not.

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THERE appears to me to have been a terrible deterioration in the character of the British people over the last few decades. I know that people have been saying this kind of thing for centuries, but this does not prevent it from being true at some time in history, and we live in such a time. The sullenness of many of my young patients is not mere adolescent rebellion, it is a permanent condition: they will not grow to courtesy. They do not have the dignity or self respect of previous generations which have known suffering that is not self-inflicted. Persuaded of their rights, they think that authority is continually cheating them.



No doubt Thatcherism will be held responsible, but the deterioration was evident many years before her advent to power - which changed nothing. Mrs Thatcher was an epiphenomenon in the life of the British people. The mother-in-law of the nation spoke much, but achieved little. She was unable to defeat what has become the essential British addiction: blaming others.

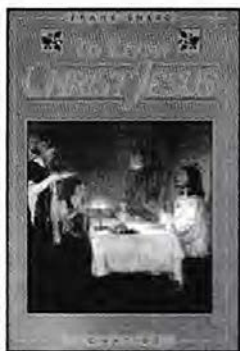
- Theodore Dalrymple, *The Spectator*, September 21, 1991

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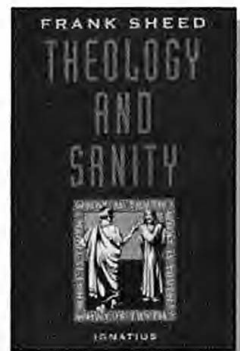


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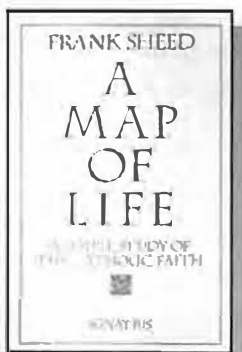


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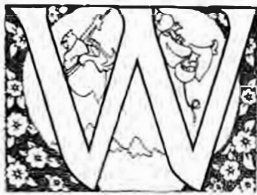
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'cradle Catholics can have no idea...'

A ROAD THAT LED TO ROME

For many years JACK NYMAN resisted what he calls 'Roman fever'. He shares with *Annals* readers some of the coordinates he followed in his journey to Catholicism, and his reflections on his subsequent life as a Catholic.



WHEN I was about six weeks old, I was baptised in what was

known as the Church of England. When I was about seven, I was sent to the Sunday School nearest to my home. It was a Baptist Church. There I learned about Jesus, morality and acquired a love of the Scriptures. The leaders were Puritan and at eight I was asked to sign a promise that I would never partake of 'strong drink'. I kept that promise until I was twenty-two when I realised that promises could not be made by children of such immaturity. I did refuse to sign a declaration against gambling because I knew that it was inevitable that I should be asked to buy a raffle ticket and my mother urged me to return the declaration to the Sunday School.

At the age of eleven we moved to another suburb and at first I attended the Baptists and later began going to a C of E church, which was now the closest. It lacked the joy of the Baptists but was more definite in its teaching. I was confirmed there.

After completing high school, I went to the University and on the enrolment day, joined the Evangelical Union. This society was full of evangelical zeal and the emphasis was on personal conversion which was accomplished by 'receiving the Lord as my own, personal saviour', which I did not then know was based on the doctrine of justification by faith only.

Conversions were accompanied by emotional experiences or crises and in my ignorance I thought that a conversion was not valid unless it was accomplished by emotion and,

preferably, at an evangelistic meeting. I remember making up my mind to feel saved but in vain. What was wrong with me? Was I obdurate, did I resist the Gospel? I tried many times to 'experience salvation' but the feeling did not come.

At a house party run by the Evangelical Union, I felt that I wanted to serve in my church's ministry. I had to be twenty-three when I finished the three years of training and being then only eighteen, I could not enter the theological

college for two years. For that period I worked in a government department and pursued university studies as an evening student.

The lack of emotion still worried me until I wandered into a High Church (Anglo Catholic) church and talked with some of the clergy. They introduced me to the concept that the sacraments were a guarantee of God's grace and that emotion was an optional extra. They told me about confession and the assurance of forgiveness and some time later, I made my first confession there. I remember the emotional release given by the absolution and by the penance. It was Psalm 32 (Catholic 31) 'Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven: and whose sin is covered...'

That parish church was interesting. Being Anglo Catholic in a monochrome, low church diocese, it was an oddity and received unhelpful attention from the diocese. However, when I was associated with it had sent out forty missionaries and when the archbishop visited New Guinea, he found that a quarter of the staff of that diocese came from one of his parishes.

The differences in the C of E unsettled me. I had read some Catholic books and listened to Dr Rumble's question and answer session on 2SM. I tried to get people to explain to me why Catholicism was wrong but to no avail. The Rector of my church used to call the pope 'the Antichrist' and to shout 'Jesus! no, Jesus-ite yes' and I saw Catholicism as some exciting, naughty, evil set of beliefs.

So I went on to theological college. I was inevitably embroiled in the high/low church controversy although for some time I did not know what the fuss was about. Later



In praise of common sense

NEWMAN never said a truer word than when he said that if we carefully define our views, controversy will generally become hopeless or superfluous. There are two things which cannot be attacked in front: ignorance and narrow-mindedness. They can only be shaken by the simple development of the contrary qualities. They will not bear discussion. I cannot see that Ward's view is susceptible of discussion, or that his argument is fit to be seriously treated in the *Rambler*. D _____ and many others are examples of men who study not to find out truths, but to find out proofs of what they already believe to be truths. Now this is in contradiction with the nature of research and arguments, and men of this sort must be passed by. If one can promote knowledge and common sense in general, their influence and dangerousness will go of itself.

— Lord John D'Aeberg Acton, 1834-1902, writing on Jan 23, 1861.

I became aware, to some degree, of the true nature of Catholicism and I wondered about joining the Catholic Church.

At that time, the Catholic churches were very big with huge congregations. The priests mixed only with their fellow Catholics and the church seemed to be forbidding, unwelcoming, very distant and not part of the Australia which I knew. It was not an attractive prospect.

A friend suggested to me that Anglicans could be reached only through their own church and that there was an enormous amount of work to be done in the Church of England. The idea of that mission excited me and my mild bout of 'Roman fever' subsided in home missionary fervour.

Without any real influence to propel me elsewhere, I was ordained to a moderate evangelical parish and I became deeply involved in parish life. I soon discovered the inadequacy of my training, although I had passed my exams at a high level.

I had always wanted to visit England, the birthplace of my mother, and at the end of two years in the parish I went to 'the old country' and obtained a place in a university college, lodged in a theological college and worked in a part-time curacy. In the theological college I discovered that my lack was really caused by the paucity of pastoral training. I bless the Principal who so generously provided me with what I needed.

The 'Roman fever' returned but it took many years before finally I left the ministry and sought reception in the Church. I came to see that the Church of England was divided from its beginnings and after reading the 1922 report of the archbishops into doctrine I saw that the C of E could not be in any way part of original Christendom. The problem was to which church should I go - Catholic or Orthodox. Two of my friends became Orthodox but the position of the Pope, which in my studies I had seen as existing from earliest time, impelled me to Catholicism.

I wish that I could say that the path was easy, but it was not. I tried on several occasions to engage a Catholic parish priest in discussion



We and they

'Father and mother and me
sister and aunty say
all the people like us are we
and everyone else is they.'

- Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936, 'We and They'.

on my problem but felt rebuffed. The university chaplain seemed to snub me. These men seemed to be embarrassed that a Protestant cleric should want to enter the Church.

In the course of studies, I had used the library of the Dominican house of studies and, in desperation, called on the old librarian and told him of my dilemma. What a kind and understanding man this old priest was. He became, in spiritual terms, my father and I bless his name.

He made the point early that I did not have to deny any experience. I had encountered God, spent time in the ministry; all was good and to be cherished. There was to be no denial and nothing had been wasted. I became a Catholic and thought that perhaps the priesthood was for me. But my Australian bishop was not interested in anything which I had done; all my previous education was ignored and I was told that I would have to do everything again.

A few weeks later at a Third Order meeting and over a table in a Dominican house, I met a wonderful woman who later married me. My new vocation had been revealed although there is always the question: what would have happened if....

What can I say to those Christians who are not in the Catholic Church? I shall use the words of a former parish priest of my parish: 'Come home, God wants you, God loves you' and he believes with me that nothing has been wasted, there is no need to deny previous experiences, everything can be offered to God.

But do come home. A convert does not have a new beginning but a new direction. It is reassuring and relaxing

to know that I do not have to fight through doctrinal controversies, many of which are about points of view and oneself. I can now be sure about what is the authentic doctrine of God and His Church for the true doctrine of the Catholic Church is contained in the Bible and legitimate elaboration and expansions of that teaching is contained in The Catechism of the Catholic Church. A 'cradle Catholic' can have no idea of the doctrinal safety and security that is found in the Catholic Church.

What does the Catholic Church offer? As happened to me, you may be rebuffed by an unsympathetic priest. Now I know that there are many priests who do not know how to relate to strangers. If this is your experience, go to another priest. Or go to a monastery or to a convent. If you are male, let me assure you that the days of the distant nun are gone; they will not see you as a threat. But persevere.

Even since becoming a Catholic I have been rebuffed and have experienced rudeness because I am an adult convert and not always conversant with the thought patterns of the Irish/Australian church. What matters is that you will be part of a church whose experience began with her founding by the Great Master and Teacher. Some members may ignore or change aspects of the Faith which He gave but the majority of Her members are still faithful.

There may seem to be divisions but if you stick close to the Earthly Head you will find that the teaching of the Pope still gives security. The sacraments of the Church mean that you can be sure of meeting Our Lord in them. There will be no more wondering about the Real Presence in Communion for He has agreed to come to us if we approach the consecrated Species. There are no ifs or buts; Jesus made a contract and He will deliver on His part.

I close with the words of the guestmaster in a large French Benedictine abbey. 'O Jack, love the Church, even when she seems to vex us, for she is all that we have got.'



JACK NYMAN was, for thirty years, a Lecturer in History at the Newcastle College of Advanced Education.

Stumbling Block or Tower of David? ON THE HUMAN CONDITION

To a world wondering more and more where it came from, and where it is heading, FRANK COLYER has some suggestions. A long-time devotee of our Lady, and an apostle of the Madonna of Lourdes, he points our postmodern sceptics towards evidence undebunkable.



RECENTLY, my daughter Lise, in London, sent a cutting from *The Guardian* in which columnist James Meek notes a curious phenomenon – parallel with the decline in religious practices in the UK formal practice of unbelief is also declining.

The national secular movement, he wrote, ‘which once boasted a hall in every large town in Britain, has shrunk to a tiny cluster of full-time atheists and their supporters...’

This set me thinking about the nature of belief.

Interesting, isn't it, that *Homo Sapiens* is apparently the only animal who wonders where he came from, why he is here – indeed, why is anything here – and where he is going. The *Homo Sapiens* propensity (or is it compulsion?) to reflect on the human condition is, of course, the seed for countless religions, cults and philosophies; for explanations and systems for accommodating to the condition – what I call belief systems. And by the way, few people do *not* have a belief system; for surely, it would be hard to function without *any* belief. If you will pardon the play on words, unbelief is a form of belief. And do we not all believe, in blind faith, in the capacity of the human intellect to unravel the appalling complexities of physical reality? On what grounds do we base that belief? All other species have intellectual ceilings. Why do we presume to enjoy total cognitive liberty? We presume, I guess, because we *have* to presume and this must be the ultimate (albeit necessary) act of begging the question.

But I digress...

Today, in elite circles (science, academe, letters) the dominant religion goes under the name *scientific materialism*. It is, of course, one of those beliefs in unbelief, and the main tenet is that there is not, and cannot be, a divine dimension to reality. For their part, the scientific materialists profess to worship at the altar of science. Actually, they are not

true believers. Science, of course, has no emotional biases, no ideological preferences; it is nothing more than a method for the discovery and manipulation of reality. For these guys, though, it is much more: a comfort zone; a fellowship of like-minded souls; a religion.

As James Meek tells it, rationalism must once have been a fully-fledged ‘movement’. Like the Masonic Lodge and the friendly societies – or the Lions!

As people beg the question, denying the unquestionable facts to keep difficulty and doubt at bay – to keep their belief systems intact – strange bedfellows emerge. In the 17th century Pope Urban VIII would not allow Galileo to teach his doctrines on the solar system. In the late 20th century the Australian Professor Paul Davies, well-known physicist and pseudo philosopher, said miracles were ‘not allowed’ and were, in fact, ‘horrible and abhorrent’.

Like other belief systems, *scientific materialism* goes some way towards helping adherents to cope with the human condition.

I was not surprised to read about the dwindling membership of the rationalist (human/atheist/agnostic) fellowships. Frankly I have never been able to understand the enthusiasm for these movements. All are on a slippery slope to nowhere. I mean, if we live in a meaningless universe, if we are riding a conveyor belt, at a fairly rapid rate, to oblivion – why proclaim this bleak gospel? Better to keep it a dark secret, like the farmyard conspiracy in *Charlotte's Web* to hide from Wilbur, the pig, his fearful destiny.

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Ark of Salvation

THE traditional view has been stated with force and learning by Dom B.C. Butler, Abbot of Downside. The Church, explains the Abbot, is essentially a single visible communion of baptised persons, an historical, concrete society with a divinely established system of government. This society is, under certain conditions, infallible within the whole province of faith and morals, and is the ark of salvation appointed by God existing to the exclusion of all other such societies. Since she is essentially a single visible communion, there can be no such thing as schism *within* the Church; schismatics are in a state of separation *from* the Church. Unprejudiced scholarship has shown that the Christian Church thought of herself from the very beginning in this way, and there is in existence only one society which has, throughout her history, not only preached but acted on this understanding. That society is the Catholic Church.

– Michael De La Bedoyere, *The Future of Catholic Christianity*.

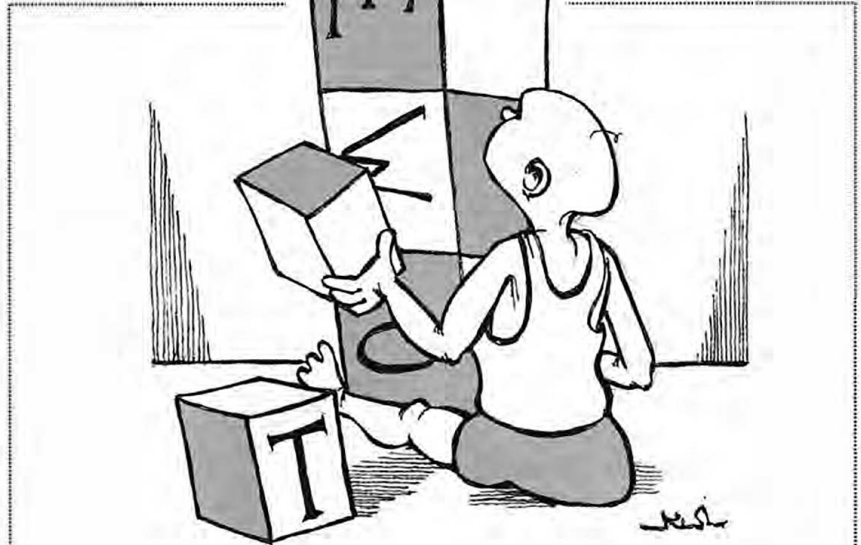
hours have been packed with interest and now the tourists are settling down to rest. You need to go forward to the wash room. Just at the moment, the door to the flight deck swings open. Of course you peer in. Horror! It is empty. No pilot. No navigator. The tourists are adrift in the universe! So how do you respond? Do you alert fellow passengers? Terrified, they could become panic-stricken – even crazed. No; you say nothing; and you close the door and quietly return to your seat.

Similarly, why not let the believers travel in their comforting cocoon? Come to think of it, why thrust this bitter pill down the throats of the kindred unbelievers? Hardly a taste to savour on the palate. Yet Professor Richard Dawkins, English zoologist and Darwinist, boldly affirms, in reference to life on earth, that 'nothing was intended'.

In the light of declining interest in church attendance, you would expect, then, a complementary upsurge in other forms of spirituality: Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, Spiritualism and a vast gamut of sects and cults. It is not happening. In Australia, rather, young people are taking up the torch of ANZAC Day and commentators suggest this is an alternative religion. A few decades ago a secular faith, Communism, captured hearts and minds and this filled the religious vacuum; for a while, anyway. Not today.

So what are the masses of the 21st century doing about the ancient questions bedeviling the human condition? Clearly, they are not embracing religions of 'reason' as did so many 18th and 19th century intellectuals. My answer is that this generation is sidestepping the issue, distracting itself with film, television, the internet and with bread and circuses. Whether this is an enduring solution remains to be seen. By definition, these forms are served in a shallow cup and the taste tends to be blandness.

My position? Well, I have spent some time – perhaps an inordinate amount – thinking about the human condition. Today, as I enter my 71st year, I have never felt less inclined to play the prophet and the preacher. So long as I have a good, solid bollard to



A different world view

DARWINISM is not only a scientific theory but also the basis of a worldview – and it has implications for the way we define human nature and morality and a host of other worldview questions. Of course, this is where the rubber hits the road for most of us who are not scientists. What we want to know is, what difference does Darwinism make, and what impact has it had, on questions like morality and the law, the family and education?

Let's start with education. One of today's most popular pedagogical techniques is called 'constructivist' education. It's based on the idea that knowledge is not objective but a social construction; therefore children should not be given the 'right' answers but they should be taught to construct their own solutions within a group. As one proponent puts it, 'Constructivism does not assume the presence of an outside objective reality .. but rather that learners actively construct their own reality.' In order to teach children how to 'construct their own reality', teachers encourage students to invent their own spelling systems, their own punctuation, even their own math rules.

Where do such rules come from? The roots go back to John Dewey, often considered the 'father' of American education, whose explicit goal was to work out what Darwinism means for the learning process. He argued that if human beings are nothing but a part of nature, then the mind is simply an organ that has evolved from lower forms in the struggle for existence, just like a bird's wing or a tiger's claw. Now, a wing or a claw is preserved by natural selection only if it functions well, if it does its job, if it enables the animal to adapt and survive. By the same token, Dewey said, the ideals in the mind are worthwhile if they work, if they help us survive. He called for a 'new logic' that treats ideas merely as hypotheses about what action will get the results we want.

– *Why Darwinism Matters*, by Nancy Pearcey.

This is an excerpt from a pamphlet that may be obtained from Newman Graduate Education, 7 Kambura Avenue, Frenchs Forest, NSW 2086. Telephone (02) 9453 0123

which I can secure my dinghy I can weather the storms of mystery, perplexity, scandal, confusion and even despair. My bollard? It is called Lourdes. The record of events relating to this shrine in France is sensational. To some it constitutes an outrageous

fraud. But for those who care to look, here is evidence of a divine dimension to reality. Evidence undebunkable.



FRANK COLYER is a journalist with more than twenty years' experience in the print and television media. He lives in Drysdale, Victoria.



(Source: CRTN Information Service, edited by Catherine Ancion for Aid to the Church in Need, Königstein, Germany.)

War in Sudan is just about power, business and greed, Comboni missionaries say

'War in Sudan is just about power, business and greed, 30 Comboni missionaries from the 'liberated' areas of southern Sudan wrote in an appeal to 'break the silence and intensify the commitment against the injustice that fuels the war in Sudan'. At the conclusion of their annual assembly, held from January 12 to 18 in Nairobi, Kenya, the Comboni missionaries published a document in which they analyze the Sudanese conflict, started in 1983 between the fundamentalist Islamic government of Khartoum and the SPLA (Southern Sudanese People's Liberation Army). Calling the war between North and South an 'immoral and a tragic farce,' the missionaries said that Sudan is currently affected by 'global interests', who only have local natural resources at heart and 'not the well-being of the Sudanese people.' Noting that ethnic groups were being set up against each other, the Comboni missionaries said that there can be 'no winners' in this conflict and therefore called for an end to the fighting.

Pope not welcome in Greece

Reacting to an invitation to Pope John Paul II, recently issued by Greek President Costis Stephanopoulos during a visit to the Vatican, the Greek Orthodox Church has advised the Holy Father to stay away from Greece until differences between Rome and Athens could be solved. 'If a visit takes place before these differences are resolved, it will not have any results and, on the contrary, will aggravate the situation,' said Archbishop



Carrots or moral fibre?

It is not helpful that the ideas of salvation and damnation, of sin and virtue, which once played major roles in Christian belief, are now almost never heard of in the mainline churches. The sermons and homilies are now almost exclusively about love, kindness, and eternal life. That may be regarded, particularly by the sentimental, as an improvement in humaneness, indeed in civility, but it also means an alteration in the teaching of Christianity that makes the religion less powerful as a moral force. The carrot alone has never been a wholly adequate incentive to desired behavior.

- Judge Robert H. Bork, *Slouching towards Gomorrah*, Regan Books, 1996, p. 293.

Christodoulos of Athens and all Greece in a local radio program. Archbishop Christodoulos identified the existence of Byzantine-rite Catholics in former Communist countries as the main cause of friction between Catholicism and Orthodoxy. Forbidden under Communism and forced to abandon their property to the Orthodox Church, these Byzantine-rite Catholic Churches are now experiencing an unprecedented rebirth in countries like Ukraine and Romania. Many Orthodox see Byzantine-rite Catholicism as competition on what they consider their 'canonical territory'. In addition, conflicts continue to exist between Catholics and Orthodox over the future of Catholic property expropriated under Communism.

Taiwan is bridge for evangelisation in China

The Church in Taiwan 'is giving serious attention to the Pope's call to be a bridge between the universal Church and the Church in mainland China,' Cardinal Jan Pieter Schotte, Secretary General of the Synod of Bishops told Fides. According to Cardinal Schotte, who recently visited Taiwan, this evangelization work does not happen through spectacular projects, but rather through informal communication between lay people or religious. Cardinal Schotte noted that exchanges of 'teachers and religious who go to mainland China to give formation courses or updating conferences,' offer a lot of possibilities for evangelization. Within this framework, he stressed that it is important to use 'any opportunity to demonstrate genuine concern for the Church in mainland China' and to 'step over the limits set by Beijing's 'official' attitude towards the Church and the Holy See.' Referring to the local Church of Taiwan, Cardinal Schotte noted that, since the island is 'one of the most developed societies in the Far East, pastoral work should be adapted to meet the changing times.' He emphasized the importance of showing the faithful that life goes beyond the quest for 'material well-being' and that modern man should focus more on the spiritual.

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By James Murray

Best In Show

Enough is as good as a feast is a proverb not generally acknowledged in movies, especially these days when they seem to get longer and longer to increase popcorn consumption. But in this mock documentary, director/star/co-writer Christopher Guest restrains himself, his cast, including the pooches, to ninety minutes at an extraordinary rate of a grin or a laugh a minute. *MA 15+*



Memento

Baffling is the adjective most favoured for whodunits. In this one, the baffling is ultimate. It's like a game of Scrabble without vowel tiles. It's that old parody of *Time* magazine style: 'Backward rolled the reeling mind ...' Even after the movie ends the solution continues to elude. What holds the interest is not the plot convolutions but the high intensity performance of Guy Pearce as an insurance investigator trying to solve the mystery of his wife's brutal death despite being unable to remember what he did five minutes ago.

To offset this he takes instant photographs and tattoos clues on his body. He is aided but not abetted in his murky efforts by a drinks waitress (Carrie Anne Moss) and a mystery man (Joe Pantoliano) who could have solved the whole matter had he pulled out his notebook at the beginning and told who he was. *MA 15+*



The Gift

Cate Blanchett is as busy as a bee. Not everything she does is honey, however. This supernatural thriller, directed by Sam Raimi and written by Billy Bob Thornton, is murky and bitter. Blanchett has what Americans call *Extra Sensory Perception* and the Gaels, with more poetry, called 'second sight'. In other words she can

see the future. And in the bayou, backcountry town where she lives it ain't pretty. In fact it's so ugly that Keanu Reeves turns into a loathsome heavy. It's also downright scary, a sanguinary mix of sex and murder.

Cate survives, though not to win an Oscar. Not all of her co-stars who also include Giovanni Ribisi, Katie Holmes, Hilary Swank and Greg Kinnear share her good fortune. The final twist is brilliant. *MA 15+*



Save The Last Dance

The talent of Julia Stiles transmutes ho-hum to middlebrow art in this urban fairytale about a country girl who fulfils her ambition to be dancer in the unlikely environs of a New York blackboard jungle. Her equally unlikely mentor figure is a rapper, played by Sean Patrick Thomas (whose name inevitably inspires the notion that he must be black Irish).

Their relationship is more than white-black Romeo and Juliet. The film is strong on the resentment felt by black women about white women-black men relationships but weak on the problems of black children with absent fathers. *MA 15+*



The Mexican

This is a star vehicle for Julia Roberts (Oscar winners first), Brad Pitt and their respective tics, grimaces and body language. Together this could have meant a charisma overload, particularly since their characters talk in the psycho-babble which has replaced conversation, including the most intimate: silence.

But for most of the movie, Roberts and Pitt are not on screen together.

The Pitt character, a hapless petty criminal, is sent over the border to fetch the Mexican of the title (an antique pistol). Meanwhile, the Roberts character has been abducted by a hired gun (James Gandolfini).

You get the picture? Well, only if you anticipate the plot twist: the Gandolfini character is basically a sensitive and caring homosexual. Thus, the only significant romantic scene is between Gandolfini and a bar-room pick-up.

Fear not, however, Roberts and Pitt, do come together in scenes which also involve Gene Hackman, demonstrating how to steal a picture by doing as little as possible. *MA 15+*



Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles

We have waited over long for this sequel to the two previous Croc movies. And so has Paul Hogan. He is looking slightly creaky as the intrepid Dundee but not as creaky as the plot. Nevertheless Hogan does retain enough amiability, innate wit and timing to provide a number of brilliantly funny scenes.

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Had he maintained the quality of his opening scene, involving a monstrous crocodile, he would have had another of the hits that made him Australia's biggest box-office star.

As it is, when he hits L.A., the movie tends to sag like a cold damper. There again, he provides a helter-skelter chase sequence through Hollywood sound stages that is a hoot.

Indeed, there are enough hoots to persuade you he should do another sequel but quickly. Or pass the Croc character another actor as Sean Connery passed James Bond to Roger Moore, et al. *MA 15+*



Croupier

Masterpieces don't come easily. This is director Mike Hodges' second. His first was *Get Carter* in 1971. And he has passed a lot of nondescript film through the camera gate between times. Here he captures the fevered, sleazoid glamour of a London gambling club as seen through the eyes of the title character, Jack Manfred, played with deadpan relish by Clive Owen.

Manfred's true ambition is to be a writer. Hodges' scriptwriter Paul Mayersberg brings off the difficult trick of incorporating this ambition in his narrative structure. Thus Jack the writer records his life as a croupier without realizing he is the mark in a plot to cheat the casino.

The supporting cast match Owen. They include Gina McKee, as his ex-cop girlfriend, and Alex Kingston, as an Afrikaner beauty who puts the twist into the plot. *MA 15+*



Finding Forrester

This movie's heart is in the right place but its head is full of memories, including its director Gus Van Sant's previous hit *Good Will Hunting*. Where the latter concerned a working class maths genius, this one takes a similarly benign tack in telling the story of a talented young black writer (Rob Brown) brought to maturity by the reclusive writer Forrester (Sean Connery).



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Anyone who has seen Connery hunched over a script with a pencil stub in his hand knows he can write. But as a Scotsman, whose only published work happens to be the Great American Novel, he is beyond pencil stubs - and almost beyond belief.

His towering camera presence enables him to hold incredulity at bay. F Murray Abraham provides a portrait of a non-Chippsonian, posh schoolteacher, determined to thwart the hero until Forrester emerges from seclusion to read from the young writer's great work.

Here scepticism reared its ugly head. If the work was so great, why didn't we hear it? As it was Connery's sonorous burr was faded down and uplift music was provided, proving that one symphonic chord, like one picture, is worth a thousand words. *MA 15+*



Series Seven

Writer/director Daniel Minahan's debut movie is a brutal satire on reality television. In his version, six contestants are chosen by lottery. The prize: simply to survive the attempts of other contestants to kill you.

Documentary realism is added by using a cast of unknowns among whom Brooke Smith is outstanding as a woman determined to survive because she has a baby to deliver.

The satire includes American gun fetishism and parents determined to have their children succeed at any cost, including someone else's life - or their own. *MA 15+*



The Goddess of 1967

This one has quirks on its quirks, all of which are neo-gothic. The Goddess of the title is a vintage Citroen DS which always seems to your reviewer to be a turtle that lost its head and legs.

Here it is the much desired vehicle which takes Japanese salaryman JM (Rikiya Kurokawa) into the Outback, once home to heroes, now the resort of fearsome loons. His guide is BG (Rose Byrne). She is blind, a victim of incest, determined to take vengeance on the perpetrator, her grandpa (Nicholas Hope).

Clara Law, who co-wrote the script with Eddie LC Fong, directs with a keen sense of the nuances of black on black. *MA 15+*



Say It Isn't So

Unfortunately it is. What's more, it's an imitation Farrelly Brothers production, perpetrated by scriptwriters Peter Gaulke and Jerry Swallow. Which means it is a comedy of errors where the gross and the grotesque compete for guffaws.

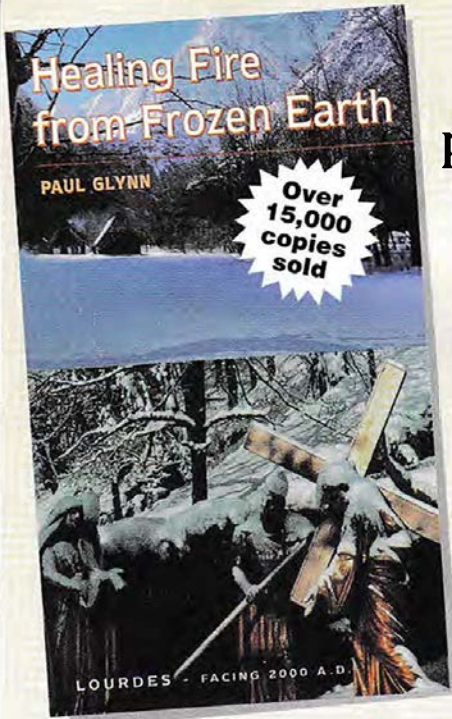
The principals in this ugly affray are the impossibly handsome Chris Klein and the improbably pretty Heather Graham as respectively a small town dog-catcher and hairdresser. Yes, they meet. But scarcely in time honoured fashion. She scissors his ear off when he goes for a haircut. Their relationship is further complicated because he is an orphan, revealed (falsely) to be her long lost sibling. This plot device enables the writers to have what they consider to be fun with incest.

Sally Field, playing a harridan mother, demonstrates that winning an Academy Award does not save you from appearing in a desperately bad movie. *M*



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'The most powerful drug used by mankind' – Rudyard Kipling

WATCH YOUR WORDS

Prince Charles lamented what he called 'the dismal wasteland of banality, cliché and casual obscenity' of everyday language. Share a lift, travel in a bus, listen to Parliamentary debate or attend a sporting event and you will appreciate the depth of the problem that SAM SIMMONDS discusses in this article.



ONE of the supposed consolations of old age is acquiring the knack of persuading oneself that one has earned - and is therefore entitled to exercise - a licence to bore one's descendants with tales of how things used to be. This tends to be a solitary pleasure, since nobody really listens anyhow, but it serves to remind the superannuated ancestor of what he or she remembers as 'happier times'. 'When I were a lad, children were seen but not heard' is a good example. It seldom occurs to the speaker that the gradual but inexorable loss of one's physical faculties would ensure that the children would become inaudible eventually. Hearing how some young people prefer to converse, that might be just as well. Although Bernard Shaw asserted, 92 years ago, that 'the English have no respect for their language and will not teach their children to speak it', Australian kids - who profess, at least, to speak English - must have picked it up from somewhere. In an age when so many commercially published rock music lyrics and 'gangsta rap' contribute unchallenged to what Prince Charles called the 'dismal wasteland of banality, cliché and casual obscenity' of everyday language, one shudders to think where.

This cavalier attitude to our native language, however, is by no means held only by the young. To anyone with what used to be regarded as merely an average level of education, the violence visited daily on the written word in newspapers and periodicals is positively painful. And

while on the subject, why on earth do television channels always seem to give the job of typing up the on-screen captions to the terminally dyslexic? The other day some scientist was credited with being an 'entymologist' (presumably one who specialises in the study of the origin, development and meaning of insects - very Darwinian!).

Those of us who have the temerity to point out solecisms and discrepancies in the spoken and written communication of others are dismissed as pedants and loftily informed that 'English is a live and developing language' and so therefore there is no point in being stick-

in-the-mud about its usage. This is a cop-out [a flight, an escape, a cowardly compromise or evasion, a retreat from reality - The Cassel Dictionary of Slang].

It's all very well to speak of a 'live' language when studying developments in English between, say, the 16th and the 19th centuries, when innovation and appropriation of foreign words were rare events often occasioned by new, exotic commodities introduced as a result of the voyages of discovery that took place then (tobacco, potatoes, spices, tea, coffee, chocolate, and so on); it is quite another in the 21st century, with language being shot at us from every quarter in every medium of communication. Furthermore, a much greater percentage of the population today is literate than was the case four centuries ago.

Time was when someone employed in the printed word industries was required to possess a good command of English. His or her work was scrupulously 'subbed' for less than perfect grammar, spelling, usage, syntax. Editors and sub-editors in that industry held it as their duty, indeed a point of honour, to get things right. In the white heat of today's so-called 'information revolution', chucking any old thing onto the printed page or the television screen is not evidence of the language being 'live'; it is another sign that some ignorant and lazy persons are doing their best to kill it. Not the same thing at all.

A few years ago the street sign at the corner of a road in Artarmon, Sydney, became damaged and had to be replaced. When they erected the new one, it displayed a similar - but differently spelled - name. Some

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Australia

(possibly brain-dead) signwriter had not bothered even to count the number of letters, let alone check their accuracy. That road (of which the real name appears in all the street maps) was home to about five hundred souls, who thereby ran the risk of being left incommunicado (for snail mail, if nothing else) because some twit perhaps considered the language 'live' enough to lay out the wrong lettering for a signpost to a residential thoroughfare and so disenfranchise them by default. The Council was persuaded to take another view – and the correct name was eventually restored.

But inattention to detail is only one of the problems of communicating effectively in English. There is the ever-present danger of using a word quite innocently within an Australian context that may be read with guffaws and titters of embarrassment by, say, an American or even a Briton, in whose vocabularies the meaning is quite other than that meant by our writers.

A story was published last year which told of the sacking of a teacher of English in some educational establishment in North America because the Principal had heard that he was constantly being accused of pedantry. The Principal, who, of all people, should have known better, had made her decision believing that pedantry was equivalent to pedophilia! One reason, perhaps, why the late Dennis Potter, who understood a great deal about the power of language and of dialect, once remarked that the trouble with words was that you never knew whose mouths they'd been in.

The world's media organisations spit out more words – in English alone – in 24 hours than would have been spoken or printed in the whole of the 16th century. Even as long ago as the 1920s, Rudyard Kipling described words as 'the most powerful drug used by mankind'. How tragic – and dangerous – that such drugs are so often mis-prescribed and produce an effect so much at variance with what was intended.

And how is the situation to be improved? Who will act as arbiter? Who will stand as the authority by

Don't steal swords from statues

PICTURES of miracles worked by statues constantly recur in manuscripts; one, for instance, is to be found in several English books of the fourteenth century. It shows how a poor painter, being busy colouring and gilding a statue of the Virgin, with a most ugly devil under her feet, the Evil One, angry at such an unflattering portrait came and broke the ladder on which the artist was standing; but as he was falling and about to be killed, the stone Virgin bent towards him, and extending her arm held him safe until help came.



Statues did not always act so graciously, but were guided by circumstances, as was seen in the

Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls at Rome. A visitor, according to the relation of the learned Thomas Gascoigne, chancellor of Oxford, had insulted the image of

the saint, saying: 'Why hast thou got a sword, I mean to have thy sword,' and he was trying to take it out of the hands of the statue. But through God's doing, the statue raised its sword on the impious man, and clove his head to the chin; and then

death followed. This happened at the time when Eugene IV was Pope of Rome, and a witness of the scene reported it to me; this witness was a beadel of the said Pope, called Master Erasmus Fullar, a priest of the kingdom of Hungary.'

– J.J. Jusserand. *English Wayfaring life in the middle ages.*

which we may set standards? Alas, there seem to be none. Recently your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting an academic who had been a leading member of the Editorial Committee of the first edition of Australia's own Macquarie Dictionary. I told him that while I kept a copy of it, I had been disappointed to find so many entries therein that gave no guidance as to the right or wrong spelling, usage, pronunciation, etc. His reply was that such was the case generally with all new dictionaries nowadays, wherever published.

This was the first time I had heard anyone suggest that a dictionary should not be a work of reference. One that leads, not follows. One that answers questions, not offers a list of false alternatives of questionable equivalence. I told him that I, at least, considered that to be the sole excuse for publishing one, and that I personally knew of nobody who would ever consider purchasing one for any other reason.

Needless to say, I have not bought either of the two later editions. There would seem to be no point. If I wish to discover how a Queenslander, for example, mispronounces, mis-spells or misuses a word or phrase, how he or she did it ten years ago is quite near enough for my purposes. After all if it's just mistakes I want, nowadays I can rely on the daily press and the television!



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).



Schooling and education

I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.

– Mark Twain

