

ANNALS

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ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

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A modern Sign of Contradiction

The founder of Opus Dei was canonized by His Holiness Pope John Paul II on October 6 last in the presence of well over half a million pilgrims who had come to Rome for the occasion. PAUL STENHOUSE describes the event and comments on some of the reactions to Opus Dei and its founder.

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Sergio's Song

Australia's debt to the millions of migrants who since world war II sacrificed much to settle here and raise their families in this Great South Land of the Holy Spirit can never be repaid. PETER ROACH writes of one such Australian who contributed much to his adopted country.

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The Hard Centuries: Survival against the Odds

The five-hundred years between Constantine's revoking of the persecutions against Christianity, and the death of Charlemagne, the first Holy Roman Emperor, were far from easy for the Pope and the Christian Church. Yet the Papacy in those years was blessed with men of faith and exceptional leadership qualities. KEVIN HILFERTY reviews Desmond O'Grady's new book

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Pilgrim Pell's Progress

Tess Livingstone's biography of Archbishop George Pell of Sydney, published by Duffy and Snellgrove, has been well received by all sections of the Australian community.

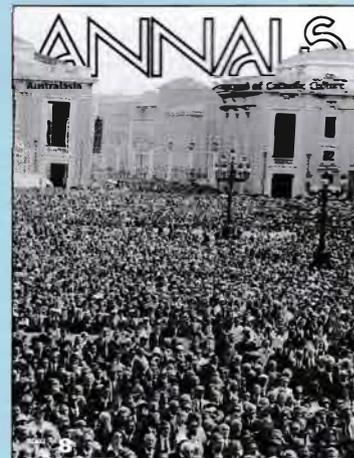
JAMES MURRAY reviews it for Annals readers.

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Stem Cells and False Hopes

The selling of false hope is a contemptible exploitation. MAUREEN CONDIC discusses the way proponents of embryonic stem cell research and human cloning resort to emotional subterfuges to win public support, when there is no compelling evidence in support of their claims

Front cover photo: Paul Stenhouse, MSC.



Front Cover: Part of the crowd of more than half a million pilgrims who travelled to Rome for the canonization of Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer on October 6. The Mass was celebrated in St Peter's Square, and the congregation extended from the steps leading to the Basilica, to the Tiber, about one mile away. The number of those who attended the Canonization Mass of Josemaría Escrivá was comparable to the numbers who attended the canonization of Padre Pio now known as Saint Pio of Pietrelcina, on June 16 last.

Back Cover: A selection of books published by Chevalier Press. They are ideal as gifts for relatives and friends interested in the Catholic Faith, for RCIA groups following catechism courses in preparation of baptism at Eastertime, or as school prizes.

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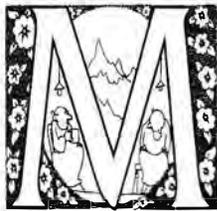
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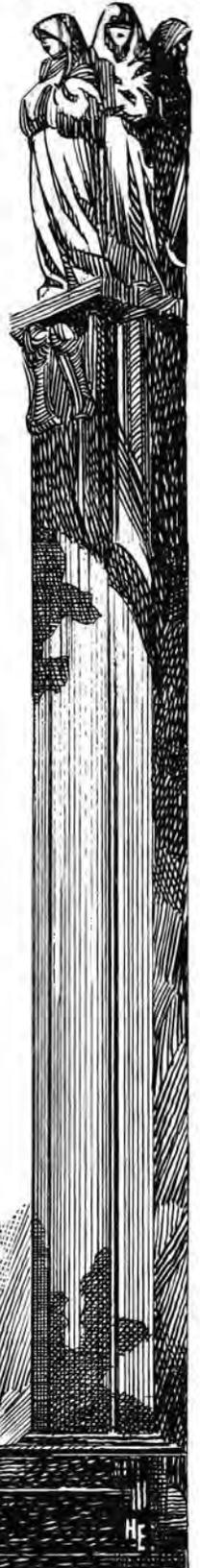
In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

Spiritual Fatherhood of the priest



MARGARET Bosco, a desperately poor, largely uneducated, and incredibly hard-working peasant woman, saw far deeper than most recent authors on Mass and priesthood when she walked the long miles home with her son, the future saint, after his first Mass. Suddenly she said to him: 'So now you are a priest, John, my son, and will say Mass every day. You must remember this: beginning to say Mass means beginning to suffer. At first you won't notice it, but in time, one day, you will see your mother is right. . . Henceforth think of nothing but the saving of souls and don't worry about me.' Such was the inner logic of spiritual fatherhood, a logic accurately perceived by a simple Christian widow.

- Stanley L. Jaki, 'Man of One Wife or Celibacy?' in *HPR* (Jan/1986) p. 20.

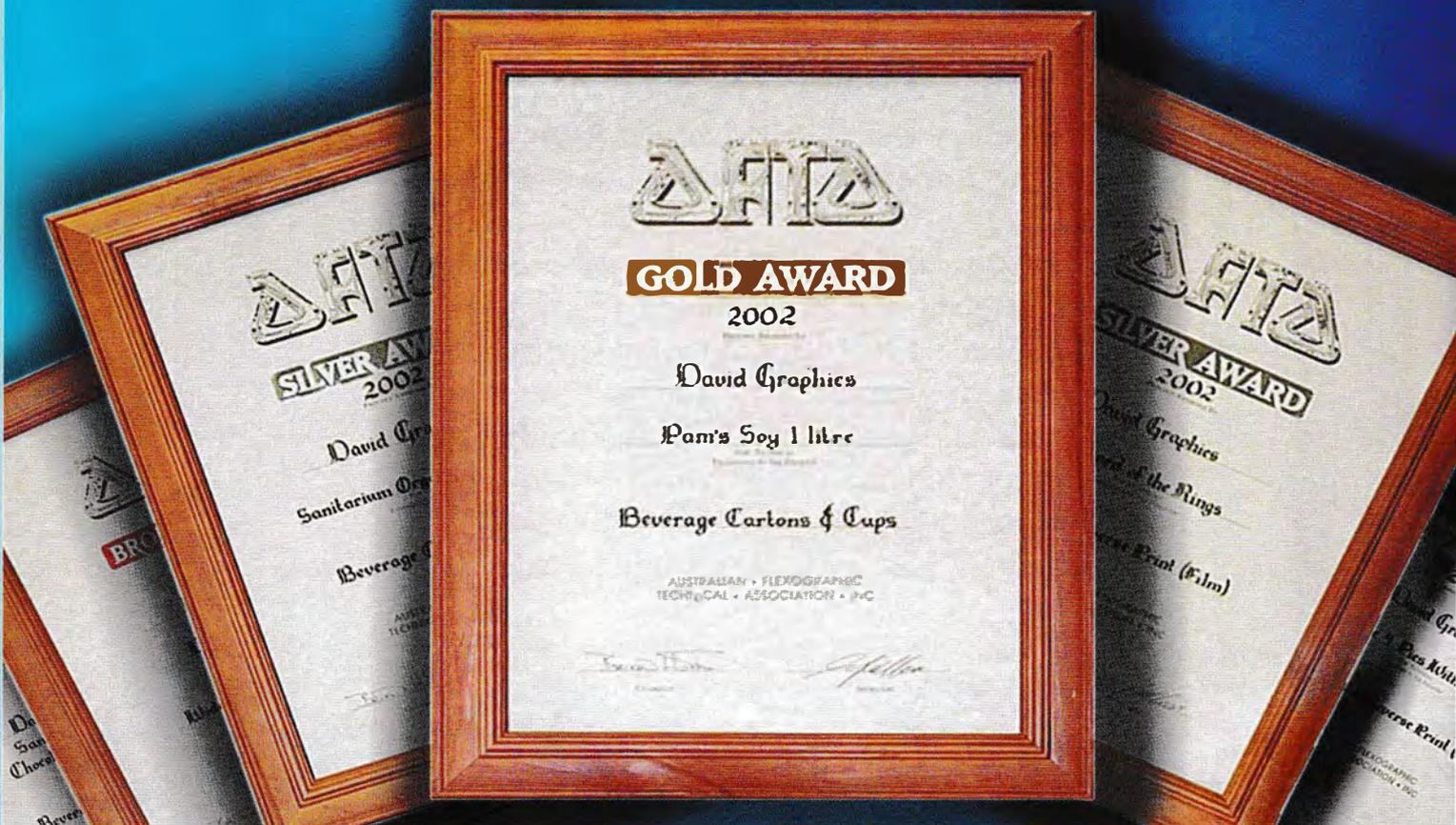




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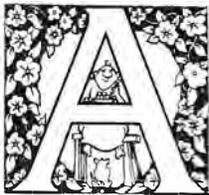


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Canonization of Josemaría Escrivá de Balaguer

A MODERN SIGN OF CONTRADICTION

The founder of Opus Dei was canonized by His Holiness Pope John Paul II on October 6 past in the presence of well over half a million pilgrims who had come to Rome for the occasion. PAUL STENHOUSE describes the event and comments on some reactions to Opus Dei and its founder.



ALL roads lead to Rome, or so the ancient proverb says. On Sunday October 6 it seemed that all the streets of Rome led to St Peter's Basilica. I set out around 6.30 a.m. to walk from our MSC parish of the Purgatorio on the Tiber, to the Piazza designed and built by Bernini and dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles - the most beautiful, and one of the largest Squares in the world.

I was going to attend the 10 a.m. Mass of Canonization of Josemaría Escrivá, the founder of Opus Dei [the Work of God]. I left early hoping to avoid the crush of people trying to obtain seats or somewhere to stand. Almost 2,000 buses and countless trains and planes had brought hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to the Eternal City for the occasion. As I walked, from every direction, people - young and old, well-dressed and simply clad, from almost every country on earth - poured into the surrounding streets like water flowing into tributaries of the lake that is the vast concourse in front of St Peter's Basilica.

By 8 a.m. the Square and much of the Via di Conciliazione were rapidly filling up. Traditionally the Italian and Roman authorities share with the Vatican the job of protecting the Holy Father. Security was tight and most of the pilgrims have lengthy waits before arriving at the numerous X-ray machines, and before being screened by the Italian Carabinieri and Polizia, as well as the Vatican Police and Swiss Guards

responsible for the safety of the Pope and those attending the canonization.

I found myself waiting in the queue beside an elderly priest from Trinidad and Tobago who had come, as had most of those present, specially for the occasion. His background was African and French, and

he spoke English with a soft, educated British accent. Eventually, to our surprise, we found that our tickets [issued, as always, free of charge] gave us access to the right hand side of the Square closest to the altar and only a dozen or so metres from the Holy Father. We stayed there until after 1.p.m.

By 9.30 a.m. most had taken their seats. Seating extended from the bottom of the steps in front of the Basilica, to the Obelisk in the centre of the Square. The rest of the Square, and the whole length of the Via di Conciliazione to the Tiber, was standing room only. For those not immediately in view of the altar, the Vatican provided, as usual, large TV screens, in size rather like the old screens that used to be a feature of Drive-in theatres.

Playing their usual numbers game, the hundreds of local and foreign media present estimated the number attending the Mass at from 300,000 to 350,000. Privately, political correctness aside, numbers ranging from 600,000 to 1,000,000 were bandied about. Having attended many such ceremonies in St Peter's Square some of us thought that 700,000 would have been about right. All agreed that it was one of the largest gatherings seen in Rome for a canonization ceremony.

When one considers that Opus Dei has 84,000 lay members, 1,780 priests, many bishops and at least one cardinal in more than 100 countries, the huge turn-out, many times greater than the total number of Opus Dei members, proved the popularity and efficacy of the 'work' for God and His Church to which Josemaría Escrivá devoted his life.

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— Editor, *Annals*

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Assisting the Holy Father at the Mass were more than 400 bishops and 45 cardinals from 61 countries. As well there were many hundreds of priests present, to assist in the distribution of Holy Communion.

Escrivá was beatified in 1992 and the way was cleared for his canonization when the Holy See approved a miracle attributed to his intercession. A Spanish physician suffering from an incurable and progressive skin disease caused by exposure over many years to radiation from X-rays, had been cured in a medically inexplicable way, in 1992, after praying through the intercession of Blessed Josemaría who was beatified in that year. Born in 1902, Escrivá founded Opus Dei in 1928 and died in 1975.

Despite an evident slowing-down in his movements, and a slight slurring in his speech, the Holy Father seemed to be buoyed spiritually by the occasion. His succinct homily was delivered clearly, and included extracts from the writings of the newly canonized saint. The Holy Father has made no secret of his admiration for the saintly founder of Opus Dei which he approved in 1982 as a Personal Prelature - an extraordinary status in the Catholic Church - giving its Prelate jurisdiction over its members with no geographical boundaries.

Most of Opus Dei's members are professionals. About a quarter of its lay-members are unmarried, and like other religious, live in a common home, pool their resources, and receive a small living allowance. The married members contribute to the work what they can afford from their salaries.

To claims that Opus Dei is élitist, one can adduce stories like this one about a poor Latin American family who had mortgaged their modest home in Peru in 1992 in order to pay for their tickets to the Mass and ceremony of Beatification. When they got to the Square they found themselves a long way from the altar, but still they were filled with joy at being there. Standing close by was a Spanish man, unhappy at being dragged to the Beatification by his wife, and not hiding his discomfort at being so far back in the Square.

When he and the mother of the Peruvian family started talking, he asked how they could afford the trip. She explained that the family would be paying off the debt for years, 'but it was worth it'. He was so ashamed of his bad humour, and so touched by this poor family's faith and generosity, that he wrote a cheque to cover what the family had borrowed and gave it to the mother.

Large numbers of people from Latin and Central America, Africa and Asia, and from the USA and most of the European countries attended the canonization. From Kazakhstan in Central Asia 150 Catholics came with two of the country's bishops. India was represented by Catholics of the Latin-rite and the Syro-Malabar-rite. Maronites and Melkite-rite Catholics from Lebanon were there, as were Byzantine-rite Catholics from the Ukraine. The Gospel was sung in Latin and Greek.

Throughout the Mass, the crowd made the responses enthusiastically, and after the canonization the triple Alleluia and Amen was sung by all with evident feeling and prolonged applause.

Usually, receiving Holy Communion at Papal Masses poses difficulties. Because of the immense crowds, most people find it hard to know where to find the priests who are distributing the Blessed Sacrament. The problem was solved on this occasion by having the assistants carry a very large white umbrella as they accompanied the priests. As they walked to their stations - some as far away as the end of the Via di Conciliazione and the Tiber, about a mile away - the umbrellas gave everyone of the hundreds of thousands of people, a clear indication of the priests' whereabouts.

Saint Josemaría Escrivá was the 465th person to be proclaimed a saint by Pope John Paul II. The media, before and after the event, noted that Escrivá's canonization - like his life and work - was not without controversy. Many of the criticisms which have been going the rounds for years sounded to this writer not unlike criticisms levelled since the Reformation at most reli-



YES, but...no!

WHAT Frederick Lewis Allen noted of the 1920s was true for a long time previously and remains true today: religion is declining because those identified with it do not actually believe in it. It seems impossible to say that a person believes in a religion when he rejects what the religion proclaims. It is difficult to say that a religion even exists if it keeps giving up its tenets to appease its members and critics. If belief, in some sense, can be said to be present, it is a weak and watery belief that is no match for parishioners' personal, secular concerns.

- Judge Robert H. Berk, *Slouching Towards Gomorrah* Regan Books, 1996.

gious Orders and Congregations before Vatican II. Not a few of them sounded like sour grapes.

The Sunday after the canonization, on the ABC's *Correspondent's Report*, introduced by Jennifer Byrne and presented by Mark Corcoran, Auntie vented her spleen [Opus Dei is a 'sect'] at the Pope's daring to canonize somebody of whom the ABC disapproved. The program was a set-up [Opus Dei members, and a Cardinal in the Congregation for the Saints showing good faith that wasn't reciprocated by the producer] and predictable [token former member happy to vilify the work and its founder; David Willey feeding his viewers' fears of a Vatican dominated by Opus Dei], not to say gauche [can someone tell the ABC that priests don't wear

'mantles' at Mass - they wear vestments and more specifically a chasuble'].

It defies logic for the ABC to warn its viewers that Opus Dei is 'not acceptable to Catholics world-wide' or for it to imagine that Catholics would take seriously its disapproval of a decision taken by the Holy Father in his official capacity as Successor of St Peter. How can David Willey or the ABC know what 'Catholics world-wide' think? If there is 'resentment within the Vatican,' please tell us who is resentful so that we can judge the significance of this 'resentment'.

To know, they would need to listen; and Mark Corcoran certainly showed no sign of listening to his interviewees. He was mocking them, and lying in wait for them. He was there to entrap, not to learn.

Next year *Annals* hopes to carry detailed responses to some of the charges levelled by ABC TV against Opus Dei.

In the meantime one can only speculate on the reason for the anti-Catholicism [for that is what it is] that riddles the ABC and much of the Australian media.

Years ago I recall a statistic that claimed that suicides are more frequent in Spring. I have no way of verifying that, but it is a curious fact that joy and optimism, faith and hope, generosity and cheerfulness, stoicism and patience in others do seem to bring the worst out in some people; and make them very angry and unhappier.

When unhappy people see everyone else around them rejoicing and becoming animated with hope and confidence in the future, some regrettably, seem to feel their misery even more keenly. Could this explain the lack of nuance and charity, and often downright bile, in so many of the programmes produced by our publicly funded or commercial media?

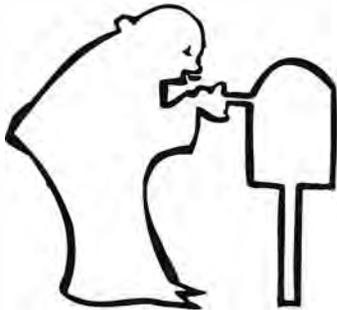
I saw no bile, no anger, no gloom - only hope, gratitude and prayerful confidence in the future on the faces of the myriad pilgrims who rejoiced when the Holy Father canonized Josemaría Escrivá. 'By their fruits shall you know them'. [Matthew 7,16.20]



Piano for Sale

Close the lid upon the keyboard,
And take the metronome away
To where its clockwork heart may find
Another love to share its play.
May time anoint the ivories
Blessing the music that we made
Together, as mood followed mood
Excitement, sombre, serenade.
No hammers beating on the strings
Can rouse again the sleeping sound.
Or the hands that gave it life,
In harmony its secret found.
Instrument of great composers,
Would that this moment could reclaim
Haunting notes of loved sonatas
Imprisoned in the iron frame.
Polished upright music-maker
Who is to keep your soul alive?
Turn out the light and close the door
Before, too soon, the ghosts arrive.

— Ann Cuddy, Bexley NSW



And ... er

Bruce Burke complains about the increasing number of sentences commencing with 'and' (*Annals*, letters July 2002) and appeals to his boyhood Marist teachers as his authority.

Two of the greatest virtues of English are its ability to change and develop through common usage (eg from Chaucer through Shakespeare to Wordsworth) and the absence of any authoritative arbiter of our language such as the Académie Française. As a result, the old strictures about Latin-based grammar and syntax are gradually disappearing. A good example is the rule for not ending a sentence with a preposition. When Churchill was accused of ending a sentence with the preposition 'with' he exploded 'this is pedantry up with which I will not put'. And this is why such an eminent authority as Sir Ernest Gowers (*The Complete Plain Words*) writes, 'There used to be an idea that it was inelegant to begin a sentence with 'and'. The idea is now as good as dead'. So Father Paul, there is really no need for your *mea culpa*.

And, I may add, because my beloved Christian Brothers taught me that the smallest particle of matter was the atom, I no longer appeal to their authority in the face of the discovery of protons and neutrons!

But Bruce I do agree with you that our beloved *Annals* is a 'ripper'.

Coojee NSW 2034

JACK MASON

Intellectual integrity

Let me congratulate you on *Annals*. I look forward eagerly to its regular arrival.

Your piece on Islam was appreciated. Though a fourth generation Australian I worked in whitehall for some years and one of my first jobs

was to do a study, for government purposes, on the employment etc of mainly West Asian immigrants. This was my first encounter with Islam and it led to a desire to understand. So I got with the Koran. Later the Australian government sent me to work in Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan and Bangladesh.

I did appreciate the intellectual integrity in your piece in *Annals*. Your last paragraph was especially charitable. What about an article on the 16th Century naval battle of Lepanto now that Crusades is a dirty word in much of the English-oriented world.

On the more general side, the emphasis on history and philosophy in *Annals* is much appreciated in a world that seems to believe that what happened or was written before last year is irrelevant.

Sorrento Vic 3943

W. K. ALLEN

Irreplaceable

You are irreplaceable! May God bless you and all whom you love and serve.

Clifton Hill Vic 3068

(FR) LEO GRIFFIN

The Spirit and the Letter

What has happened to our Catholic Church? Since when did it become a 'Politically Correct' business full of Feminist jargon and snobbish schools? With more importance placed on uniform than the 10 Commandments, Jesus was born in a stable not in some Five Star Inn with satin sheets and pile carpets.

I have seen a boy in year 12 sent home because he was not wearing regulation school pants, although the colour was right. His parents having

four children at the school could only afford one full uniform each; his pants were on the line not dry.

Another boy at yet another Catholic College, being part of their swimming squad was left to shiver because his mother could not afford \$80.00 for a 'uniform' tracksuit. He never swam again.

Then there is the case of a family with four children, at school who through redundancy etc. found themselves behind in school fees who were threatened with court action if they did not pay up immediately. They were also rudely reminded that their weekly pledge to the Church was behind. Maybe this was due to an over zealous secretary, nevertheless the damage had been done, the seeds of resentment have been sown. They no longer attend Mass.

Crestmead Qld 4132

MARJORIE CURRAN

Informative

Thank you for the *Annals* I receive. It is a great Catholic magazine and the articles are both informative and interesting.

Some of the topics and subject matter also help me with my work as a catechist.

Bexley NSW 2207

NORMA LUCAS

Don't Forget the Brothers

The letter, 'Don't forget the Brothers' by Br Stephen Sweetman FSP, is close to my heart. Once a week, three or four of us old ex-colleagues from Sacred Heart College, the principal school conducted by the Marists in SA, meet for a medicinal ale. Conversation inevitably drifts back nearly 60 years to our boarding school days. We still marvel at the unbelievable dedication of and physical demands made on those brothers. They taught a variety of subjects during school hours, then trained or supervised teams in cricket, baseball, football, tennis and gymnastics. Then came supervising and exercising discipline over 50 or 60 hyper-active teenagers for evening meal. This was followed immediately by junior night study until 8.00pm when we adjourned to the chapel for night prayers to be followed by senior night study until 9.30pm. At 6.00am it was goading sleepy complaining

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boys to wash, dress and make their beds in time to attend Mass in the chapel and start the day all over again. By some miracle the brothers managed to fit in coaching in debating, drama, poster art, public speaking and practical instruction in photography.

At all times the brothers were available for private discussions with students who were encountering educational or personal problems. These Brothers were ordinary men from ordinary Catholic families. Most could not obtain a post in a school today because they were all 'unqualified'. They just possessed the will, with the grace of God and His Blessed Mother, to devote their lives to the education of boys. Sadly, this seems to be forgotten by all but a handful of geriatric survivors. Sadder still the present generation at the college and in the community seems to be completely unaware of the tremendous contribution made to education and religious life by those humble brothers.

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BERNARD MARTIN

Islamic Fundamentalism: The Conundrum

Your lead article in [*Annals* 6/2002] of 2002 painted a terrifying picture of the intolerance and rationalised violence of Islamic Fundamentalism in the first 20 paragraphs of the article, only to find this in the final 21st paragraph by stating that 'Fundamentalist Muslims are a vocal minority ... not typical of the vast majority of Muslims throughout the world.'

The conundrum is that tolerant, majority Muslims would seem to cop the 'fundamentalist' tag, instead of the fanatical, intolerant minority.

The tolerance of the majority Muslims is doubtless equally based upon Islamic sacred writings.

A parallel occurs for Christians. The 20% of Australians who are devout and practising Catholics might well lay claim to be 'fundamentalist'. Most would probably declare a war in most circumstances to be contrary to the Natural Law and the Sermon on the Mount (inter alia).

'Fundamentalist' Protestants are another genre.

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The lesson of history is that using violence and war to counter violence and war, fails, as witness the 127 million deaths in the 27 major wars last century as quoted by US bishops who oppose a 'pre-emptive strike' on Iraq.

The European Union and the United Nations were specifically formed after WWII in recognition of the futility of war and disharmony.

A 'war' on terrorism in the present situation may need a special initiative.

Let us pray that non-fundamentalist Jews in Israel and non-fundamentalist Arabs in the Holy Land can use their spiritual resources to advantage, to bring about an end to

the carnage there, so that the violence of minority 'fundamentalists' on both sides is terminated.

Turrumulla NSW 2074

NAME SUPPLIED

Apologetics needed

Yes, child molesters got into positions of trust in Church schools.

Many weren't dealt with properly. That's bad.

But sermonising from the ABC and ALP – must we put up with that?

– the ALP, with policies to legalise adult males involving 16 year old boys in homosexual acts?

– the ABC, supporter of the Mardi Gras which 'normalises' homosexual lifestyles in young minds?

The Church owes the world, not apologies, but apologetics.

Let's get off the back foot – we have a Gospel and Sacraments to proclaim.

Christ never told his disciples – all of whom had failed him – to curl up in the foetal position and retire hurt.

'Go', he said, 'make disciples of all nations ... baptise ... teach ... and know that I am with you always ...'

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DR ARNOLD JAGO

Passed From Home to Home

Please find enclosed cheque for \$52 for two years' subscription to the *Annals*.

Thank you for such a wonderful journal – it is passed from home to home and used regularly as a reference when discussions of religious practices arise.

Best wishes.

East Maitland NSW 2323

MARY HEALY

A gem

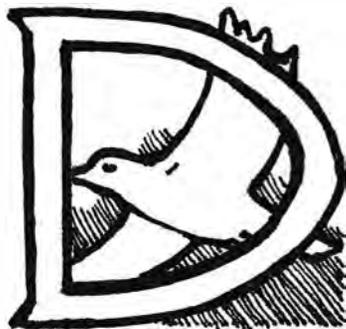
Your *Annals* arrived yesterday. It is a gem of light and hope in our disturbed society. Packed with profound scholarship, yet easy to read. In one fell swoop I read it from cover to cover; not even pausing for my usual coffee. Thank you.

Embleton WA 6062

TOM MOYNIHAN

(Readers' comments are welcomed, not just on material that appears in *Annals*, but on issues that concern the Catholic and the wider community. Please keep your letters short. They may be edited if too long. Always print your full name and address, and include a day-time phone or fax number or e-mail address at which you can be reached. Editor, *Annals*.)

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY



DECEMBER

1 Sunday Advent 1 Psalm 85:7
Lord, show us your mercy and love, and grant us your salvation.

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

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

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

5 Thur Advent 1 Psalm 118:8
It is better to take refuge in the Lord than to trust in human beings.

6 Fri Nicholas Luke 4:18
The Lord sent me to bring Good News to the poor, and freedom to prisoners.

7 Sat Ambrose John 10:11
The good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep.

8 Sunday Advent 2 2Peter 3:13
We are waiting for what he promised: the new heaven and new earth, the place where righteousness will be at home.

9 Mon Immac Conceptn Eph 1:4
Chosen in Christ to be holy and spotless, and to live through love in his presence.

10 Tues Advent 2 Mat 18:14
It is never the will of your Father that one of these little ones should be lost.

11 Wed Advent 2 Isaiah 40:30
Those who hope in the Lord renew their strength, they put out wings like eagles.

12 Thur Jane Frances Mark 3:35
Whoever does the will of God is my brother and sister and mother.

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

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

15 Sun Advent 3 John 1:23
I am a voice that cries in the wilderness: Make a straight way for the Lord.

16 Mon Advent 3 Psalm 85:7
Lord, show us your mercy and love, and grant us your salvation.

17 Tuesday Psalm 72:7
Justice shall flourish in his time, and fullness of peace for ever.

18 Wednesday Mat 1:24
Joseph did what the angel of the Lord told him to do: he took his wife to his home.

19 Thursday Psalm 71:5
It is you, O Lord, who are my hope, my trust, O Lord, since my youth.

Thoughts compiled by Father Michael Fallon, MSC.

20 Friday Luke 1:38
I am the handmaid of the Lord, let what you have said be done to me..

21 Saturday Zeph 3:18
The Lord will exult with joy over you, he will renew you by his love.

22 Sun Advent 4 Psalm 89:1
I will sing for ever of your love, O Lord; I will always proclaim your truth.

23 Monday Malachi 3:1
The Lord you are seeking will suddenly enter his temple.

24 Tuesday Luke 1:79
God will bring the rising sun to visit us, to give light to those who live in darkness.

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

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

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

28 Sat Innocents Mat 2:18
Weeping for her children, she refused to be consoled.

29 Sun Holy Family Ps 105:8
God remembers his covenant for ever, his promise for a thousand generations.

30 Monday 1John 2:17
If you do the will of God you will remain forever

31 Tuesday John 1:5
A light that shines in the dark, a light that darkness could not overpower.

In training for the Heavenly Olympics

COURTESY FOR THE SAKE OF THE KINGDOM

Every day more than 1 million passengers travel in 1458 carriages over the 2,060 kms of railway tracks around New South Wales. This is the third in our series of articles by FATHER MAX BARRETT CSSR on commuter extraordinaire Joseph Meagher.

IT was unusually – one might say, almost unnaturally – quiet in the lead carriage of the 8.05 out of Cronulla. The family of Joe Meagher had put on a delightful little birthday party the previous evening, and Joe had some catching up to do on sleep.

It was not an interminable quiet. A young man toting an earnest expression and an enormous Bible gave a discreet cough, and from the range of several millimetres whispered into the sleeper's ear: 'Pardon me. I wonder –'

Joe started, withdrew his head a fraction in order to get his neighbour in focus and was instant affability.

"Pardon? No pardon required. I believe I heard you say you wonder. That makes us kindred spirits. We know the world is filled with the glory of God. His grandeur flames out, like shining from shook foil. Ah, I can see I took the words out of your mouth. I think it was Elizabeth Barrett Browning who said

*Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with
God.*

But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

The rest sit round and pluck blackberries.

Let's try to avoid self-righteousness, but we know there's more to life than gobbling wild fruit."

The young man opened and closed his mouth several times, rather like a fish in the fishbowl, and made about as much noise as the piscine species.

"Look at the delicacy of these fleecy morning clouds. Here, sit by the window; soak up the splendour." And before you could say 'Are you saved' they had exchanged places.

Joe Meagher didn't ordinarily relinquish his favourite seat; but the young zealot had given a few twitches as though planning to carry his message elsewhere. Now there was about as much chance of getting past Joe as of escaping through the sealed glass pane.

"You were about to ask me do I accept the Lord Jesus as my personal saviour. Indeed I do. You were about to ask me do I take seriously the Lord's injunction to pray always. Again,

emphatically yes. A moment ago my prayer had been taking the form of gentle sleep. But now, bless you, we have the chance to pray together.

"You know the *Our Father*? Of course you do. And the *Hail Mary*? You don't. YOU DON'T? Ah, words fail me."

At 'Words fail me' an assortment of titters, gulps and harrumphs went through the carriage. The word-failure lasted all of five seconds.

"Now, if I might borrow that fine Bible for a moment ... Good grief! You could easily get a hernia from ... Ah! Here we have it: Luke, Chapter 2, verse 28: "And the angel being come in addressed Mary; *Hail, full of grace. The Lord is with you.* Get it? Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you. Now we scuttle across a dozen verses ... Mary visits her cousin Elizabeth and, da-dum, da-dum. da-dum. Got it: verse 39: And Elizabeth, filled with the Holy Spirit (*Filled with the Holy Spirit, mark you*) said: *How is it that the mother of my Lord should come to me ... You are the most blessed among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb.* Read St. Luke and you'll soon know the Hail Mary.



Now, in the Rosary prayer, we start with the mystery of the Incarnation ... the mystery of God's overwhelming love ... when God sought the consent of his creature, a consent readily given ... *and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us ...*

"Look, I don't know how you pray the first Joyful Mystery ... er ... What did you say your name is? Elmer? I don't know how you pray the first Joyful Mystery, Elmer, but I like to dwell on the peerless opening to St. John's Gospel. Let's riffle across to John, Chapter One.

At this point, Elmer had partially recovered his voice and was all for recovering his Bible. "After all," he pointed out, "it is my Bible."

"Your Bible?" Joe echoed reproachfully. But isn't it *our* Bible? Would you withhold the word of God from me?"

"Of course not," came the agitated reply. "I mean, yes, I would," and Elmer made to snatch back his property. He made two discoveries: (1) that the elderly man with the tousled hair had surprising strength in his hands; (2) that the final chapters of Matthew's Gospel and the beginning of Mark up to Chapter 3, verse 4, had come away in his hands.

Joe had decreed the opening of John's Gospel, and the opening of John's Gospel it was.

"In the beginning was the Word. Dear God! This is majestic stuff. The Word was with God and the Word was God ... John Baptist came. He was not the Word; his glory was to give witness to the Word whom he called 'the lamb of God'.

"Now we come to the sad part. Many would not accept the Word. But to all that did accept him, he gave power to become children of God, to all who believed in the name of him who was born (Doesn't this stuff grab you!) who was born not out of human stock or urge of the flesh or will of man BUT OF GOD HIMSELF.

"Elmer, you're looking flushed, and that's as it should be. Our saviour, born of God himself, and of Mary. That's why you so rever-



Selective Emphasis

FROM antiquity until well into the Renaissance artists thought, or professed to think, that they were copying nature; even Leonardo wrote into his notebook 'that painting is most praiseworthy which is most like the thing represented'. Of course, they were doing nothing of the sort. They were creating, as Plato had reproached them, 'man-made dreams for those who are awake'. The thing represented had to pass through two distorting lenses: the artist's mind, and his medium of expression, before it emerged as a man-made dream – the two, of course, being intimately connected and interacting with each other.

To start with the medium: the space of the painter's canvas is smaller than the landscape to be copied, and his pigment is different from the colours he sees; the writer's ink cannot render a voice nor exhale the smell of a rose. The nature of the medium always excludes direct imitation. Some aspects of experience cannot be reproduced at all; some only by gross oversimplification or distortion; and some only at the price of sacrificing others. The limitations and peculiarities of his medium force the artist at each step to make choices, consciously or unconsciously; to select for representation those features or aspects which he considers to be relevant, and to discard those which he considers irrelevant. Thus we meet again the trinity of *selection, exaggeration, and simplification* which I have discussed before. Even the most naturalistic picture, chronicle, or novel, whose maker naively hopes to copy reality, contains an unavoidable element of bias, of selective emphasis.

– Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*, London, Pan Books, 1964.

ence Mary; because she is the virgin mother of the Father's only Son ...

"No doubt you have often wondered – as I have often wondered – why the Rosary is called a Marian prayer. Granted, there are ten Hail Marys to each decade; but they simply hold together our meditation on the awesome mystery, the incomparable gesture of divine intimacy whereby God became one of us, to save us ...

"So we say one Our Father and ten Hail Marys, reflecting on that

mystery of divine love, wonderingly. Yes, that's exactly what you said: wondering ... Let's say the first decade of the Rosary together. No? This is your stop? Well, thank you. Thank you for making my day. Thank you for – what do we say these times? – for meaningful dialogue."

Joe lapsed back into his pleasant dream. Elmer, near collapse, went in search of a restorative cranberry juice. 

FATHER MAX BARRETT is a Redemptorist priest now resident in Sydney.

Rhodes Scholar from the mountains of North Italy

SERGIO'S SONG

By PETER ROACH



FROM time to time in the life of a Christian community there emerges a person of such excellence of character as to stand out even in the company of persons of great merit. Sergio Giudici was just such a person.

Sergio, or 'Sarge' as he was commonly called by friends, was born in 1938 in Sernio in the mountains of Northern Italy, just by the border with Switzerland. A decade later he came to Tasmania to reside with his parents in the Hydro village of Butler's Gorge: a base from which dams were being constructed as the energy latent in the waters flowing from the high country was being harnessed as electricity. It was Tasmania's equivalent of the Snowy Scheme. Arriving so soon as they did after Italy and Australia had been at war and at a time when in Australia 'foreigners' were virtually unknown and multi-culturalism as yet unrecognised, initially Sergio was hardly enthusiastically welcomed. Fortunately his Australian education started in the local primary school where his outstanding talents were quickly recognised. Within the year he had sufficiently mastered his new language to be awarded "Top of Class". While residing with his parents at Butler's Gorge his formal Christian education also started, guided by the nuns of a Tasmanian community dedicated to providing Christian formation for children in remote places.

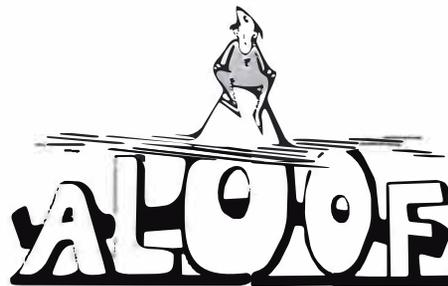
To undertake his secondary education he studied at New Town High School from which he emerged as with great distinction in 1955 before enrolling as an engineering student at the University of Tasmania. Having regard to his

Australia's debt to the millions of migrants who since world war II sacrificed much to settle here and raise their families in this Great South Land of the Holy Spirit, can never be repaid. At a time when some newcomers are resisting calls for healthy integration into our society, Sergio Giudici stands out as a model for all who dare to seek and make a new home in a foreign land.

origins in the mountainous regions in which he had been born with their vast torrents of cascading water, it was hardly surprising that even then he was looking to a career in dam construction and power generation. His University career in Tasmania covered the years 1956 to 1959. Sergio's outstanding merit in graduating with Honours brought to him the distinction not only of being the Tasmanian Rhodes scholar for 1966, but the first 'New Australian' and

the first 'Old Boy' of New Town High to be so honoured.

Shortly before Sergio commenced his tertiary studies Archbishop Guilford Young was appointed as the Co-adjutor Archbishop of Hobart, succeeding to the fullness of the responsibilities of bishop in 1955. From the time of his arrival in Tasmania, Archbishop Guilford worked with feverish and youthful energy to encourage his small and somewhat passive Christian community to become aware of the fullness of their Catholic heritage and to proudly proclaim their Faith. He particularly focused on the relatively small group who had already embarked on tertiary studies. The Archbishop found in Sergio an enthusiastic disciple. At University he became deeply involved through the Newman Society in the development and proclamation of his Christian Faith without neglecting his professional development. Any thought that his Christian learning and development could be post-



Alone and Aloof

A LOFT these days generally means in the air, and its original sense was similar: on loft, i.e. lifted up. 'Loft' was a place that was raised in some way.

Aloof on the other hand means all (or entirely) off, i.e. away from, or cut off, remote, from.

Alone, means 'all-one' entirely by one's self. 'All alone' is tautological.

- Ed. Annals.

poned until professional fulfilment had been achieved was anathema to him.

As a young National Serviceman he took mischievous pleasure in using his growing understanding of the characteristics of concrete to confound his military instructors. Having been criticised in his unit for using only portion of allotted materials in the construction of a tank obstacle, he made a point of using all the provided materials some time later when called on to effect the demolition of the obstacle he had made earlier. To his delight, all of the tank obstacles built as instructed were duly demolished. His stood intact.

Such was the excellence of his scholarship that he enthusiastically took up his Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University where he delighted, not only in the pursuit of his professional development, but in expanding his religious and secular learning. While there he made friends with students from many nations and with another doctoral student who in years ahead would become his Archbishop: the philosopher, Dr. Eric D'Arcy. Sergio completed his Oxford studies successfully in 1963 when the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (in Engineering) was conferred for his thesis on the buckling strength of framed structures.

Throughout his life Sergio was to extend and improve his understanding of Christian faith and his professional discipline. His library reflected the breadth of his interests: literature, history, culture and biographies filled his shelves. In particular he was forever extending his knowledge of his faith and of the Church. As a result he was formidable in discussion and debate for he was always well read and well informed. Nor did he shirk recognition of the failings of many Christian leaders throughout the centuries.

On his return to Hobart in 1963 Sergio commenced his professional career in the service of the Hydro Electric Commission: the public authority responsible for the development of power systems in Tasmania. His involvement in the



Moral Greenies

IN addition to the irrational destruction of the natural environment, we must also mention the more serious destruction of the human environment, something which is by no means receiving the attention it deserves.

Although people are rightly worried ... about preserving the natural habitats of the various animal species threatened with extinction ... too little effort is made to safeguard the moral conditions for an authentic 'human ecology'. Not only has God given the earth to man, who must use it with respect for the original good purpose for which it was given to him, but man too is God's gift to man. He must therefore respect the natural and moral structure with which he has been endowed.

— John Paul II, *Centesimus Annals*, St Paul Publications, Sydney, para 38.

design and construction of dams began at that point.

Early in 1964 he married Rossalyn, the love of his life. They had met when she attended a Newman Society camp while on a visit to Hobart from Queensland. His courtship could not easily have been resisted as he brought the charm of his personality into play. But there is no evidence of any resistance. Their life together was to become a model for others.

Less than a year later Sergio was

to be the opening speaker at the next conference of the University Catholic Federation of Australia to be held in Hobart. The theme of his paper was "Culture and Liturgy": an interest which reflected the earlier teaching of Archbishop Guilford and a theme which had come to prominence after Second Vatican Council commenced its deliberations in 1962.

The success of that conference inspired Sergio and others of his group to approach Archbishop Guilford with a proposal for a national Liturgical Conference. In doing so they were responding to the earlier urgings of the Archbishop that as lay men and women they should be taking initiatives in the life of the People of God rather than simply responding to the urgings of the clergy. Their proposal was welcomed but with the caveat that, sponsored by a single diocesan bishop, it could not be a 'national' conference. It would have to be a Tasmanian conference – but mainlanders could be invited. And so it came to be. Sergio and his friends organised the conference, invitations went to the mainland, and priests and religious with an understanding of Vatican II and its promotion of the liturgy came in substantial numbers. The 1967 conference was such a success that it was repeated two years later with similar success. Sergio was at the forefront at each. Those conferences contributed substantially to liturgical development throughout the Church in Australia.

Meanwhile Sergio's professional career was moving forward. In the words of his fellow engineers he came to be "esteemed internationally for his engineering expertise (being) responsible for the design of the spectacular Gordon Dam and instrumental in developing the modern method for designing and constructing concrete-faced rock-fill dams now common in dam development world-wide". In later years he committed much of his effort to the development of wind power. His Hydro career was to span thirty seven years until, following heart surgery in 2000, he

resigned his responsibilities there as General Manager of the Consulting Division of the authority: something he spoke of as his "crowning glory" professionally. In that capacity he was heavily involved overseas. The tributes from his colleagues spoke of his generosity in helping others and guiding them in their work. He was following the example of his early teachers at Butler's Gorge. But the driving forces which led to internationally recognised success could not be suppressed. Even in supposed retirement he seemed to be forever on the move providing his consulting services, particularly in China.

His commitment to family life with seven children and thirteen grandchildren adorning the household flowed out into the community as more and more people, both locally and internationally, came to share hospitality at the Giudici table - marked by fine and ample food and good wine shared generously in exuberant Italian tradition, all partaken of while enjoying lively conversation against a musical background. Proud as he always was of his Italian heritage he also did much to serve the Italian community in Tasmania.

And all the while he was a faithful parishioner and aide to the clergy as a leading member of the congregation at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hobart. His liturgical commitment was practiced, and not merely spoken of in learned conferences. That commitment to the Church extended to the Archdiocese with the result that he was to be a leading member of the Diocesan Pastoral Council established by Archbishop Young and later, on the nomination of the Archbishop, the representative of the Archdiocese on the national commission for Peace and Justice.

On the eve of his departure for New Zealand on yet another overseas consulting mission, he escorted his aged widowed mother to Mass for what was to prove to be their last time together. Shortly after his arrival there he took ill and was admitted to hospital. Rossalyn and his daughter Christina were

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with him before he entered surgery for what was known to all to be a very risky operation. As he said to Rossalyn, he was not afraid to die. On 27th April 2002, shortly after the commencement of his sixty-fifth year, he died.

News of his death passed quickly through the communities with which he had been associated: family, fellow engineers, the Italian community and other friends. All were distressed at the loss of so eminent a person. In due course a crowded Cathedral celebrated a Mass of Christian Burial with two bishops presiding, including Emeritus Archbishop D'Arcy - his friend of Oxford days - with many priests of the Archdiocese concelebrating. As was to be expected for one with a long history of interest in the liturgy, it was a splendid celebration of a wonderful life.

For one who had had such an intense commitment to his wife and family, to the wonders of the natural order and who so loved the English language, it was also appropriate that hymns of his friend, the Catholic poet James McAuley, were prominent in the

ceremony. In his life Sergio, this man of so many talents, had lived out the poet's call to "Sing a new song.....and wait upon the promise of the Lord" for he had ever recognised that "Creation sings a new song to the Lord" and by his every action showed that "The love of man and woman clear as dawn, The will for truth and justice broad as day, The wisdom of the heart profound as night, Praise and reflect the glory of Christ".

The little Italian boy who came to the Tasmanian highlands in 1948 had been a living expression of the merits of multi-culturalism. While taking pride in his Italian heritage, he embraced Australia with fervour and contributed greatly to the future of this country through his family, his faith in Christ and his professional expertise.

Sergio was an exemplary Christian. Many will mourn his passing for the loss which is theirs. May he rest in peace.



PETER ROACH is a Barrister, with a special interest in justice issues. He has a special rapport with the MSC priests and brothers because he was a member of the first class to matriculate from Chevalier College, Bowral in 1950. He resides in Hobart.



A simple explanation of Catholic Culture

A gift-idea for all seasons and all occasions

By Paul Stenhouse MSC PhD

'WHY DO CATHOLICS ...?'

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 - Use candles?
 - Use Incense?
 - Have an Offertory at Mass?
 - Call Priests Father?
 - Honour our Lady?
 - Have Patron Saints?
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War is not inevitable

WE do not let these wars come to pass for our play, nor by our carelessness; we cannot help them. How can any final quarrel of nations be settled otherwise than by war?

I cannot now delay to tell you have political quarrels might be otherwise settled. But grant that they cannot. Grant that no law of reason can be understood by nations; no law of justice submitted to by them; and that, while questions of a few acres, and of petty cash, can be determined by truth and equity, the questions which are to issue in the perishing or saving of kingdoms can be determined only by the truth of the sword, and the equity of the rifle. Grant this, and even then, judge if it will always be necessary for you to put your quarrel into the hearts of your poor, and sign your treaties with peasants' blood. You would be ashamed to do this in your own private position and power. Why should you not be ashamed also to do it in public place and power? If you quarrel with your neighbour, and the quarrel be indeterminable by law, and morality, you and he do not send your footmen to Battersea fields to fight it out; nor do you set fire to his tenants' cottages, nor spoil their goods. You fight out your quarrel yourselves, and at your own danger, if at all. And you do not think it materially affects the arbitration that one of you has a larger household than the other; so that, if the servants or tenants were brought into the field with their masters, the issue of the contest could not be doubtful? You either refuse the private duel, or you practise it under laws of honour, not of physical force; that so it may be, in a manner, justly concluded. Now the just or unjust conclusion of the private feud is of little moment, while the just or unjust conclusion of the public feud is of eternal moment; and yet, in this public quarrel, you take your servants' sons from their arms to fight for it, and your servants' food from their lips to support it; and the black seal on the parchment of your treaties of peace are the deserted hearth, and the fruitless field.

- John Ruskin, [1819-1900], *The Crown of Wild Wine*, 1866-1869, III, 97, 98.

Kevin Hilferty reviews Desmond O'Grady's latest book

THE HARD CENTURIES: SURVIVAL AGAINST THE ODDS



EW of us know anything of Rome or the Church in the 500 years between the Emperors Constantine and Charlemagne. These are lost centuries, marked by chaos as the Roman Empire crumbled, the removal of Imperial power to Constantinople, brutal barbarian invasions, the sack of cities and the murder or enslavement of their people.

Yet at the end of this turbulent era the foundations of Europe as we know it today had emerged from the ruins. The Church, too, had survived and was confidently proclaiming Christ's teaching beyond the Alps to the people of the new Holy Roman Empire. But as Wellington said of the battle of Waterloo, it was 'a close-run thing' and more often than not all must have seemed lost.

This is the fascinating story told by Australian author Desmond O'Grady in his new book, *Beyond the Empire: Rome and the Church from Constantine to Charlemagne*.

As to be expected of one who has lived in Rome for 40 years, he makes the great city the focus of his book. He notes that at each end of the atrium of St Peter's Basilica is the statue of an Emperor: one is of Constantine, the other, 150 paces away, is Charlemagne. It was Constantine who, while still a pagan, proclaimed the Edict of Milan in 313, ending the persecution of Christians and allowing freedom of worship to all. In 800, Pope Leo III solemnly crowned Charlemagne, restoring in his person the Empire of the West.

But for much of this period Rome was a political backwater. After Constantine built his new capital of Byzantium, mid-way between the two principal areas of threat to the Empire: Persia and the Balkans, he moved the Imperial Court there and

re-located the administration of Italy from Rome briefly to Milan then to Ravenna.

Though stripped of political and military power, Rome remained the See of Peter and the ecclesiastical capital. Constantine was generous to the Church, giving the Pope the Lateran palace as his residence; here was built about 324 the basilica of St John Lateran, still the mother church of Christendom. Constantine built the original St Peter's above the Apostle's tomb and the vast St Paul's Outside the Walls.

The Popes used the Roman roads and maritime links to maintain contact with their people; the reports coming back to Rome brought mostly bad news: paganism remained strong, heresies made great inroads, schisms developed and barbarian tribes had crossed the old Empire

borders. The Visigoths, who were Arian heretics, besieged Rome in 408 and extorted a ransom in gold then returned a few years later and sacked the city.

Jerome wrote of these times of invasion: 'They arrived unexpected, swifter than news, and did not respect either age or religion, nor had compassion even for children in swaddling clothes.' And again, 'Every day Roman blood runs from Constantinople to the Julian Alps... all these provinces have been sacked, devastated, raided, raped.'

O'Grady illuminates for the general reader this troubled era and some of the great and influential people it produced: Ambrose, Jerome, Benedict and Augustine of Hippo. As soon as one heresy was put down, it seems, another sprang up. Augustine spent 13 years coun-



Ought we to feel so depressed?

PROTESTANTISM gave expression to the feelings of insignificance and resentment; it destroyed the confidence of man in God's unconditional love; it taught man to despise and distrust himself and others; it made him a tool instead of an end; it capitulated before secular power and relinquished the principle that secular power is not justified because of its mere existence if it contradicts moral principles; and in doing all this it relinquished elements that had been the foundations of Judaeo-Christian tradition. Its doctrines presented a picture of the individual, God, and the world, in which these feelings were justified by the belief that the insignificance and powerlessness which an individual felt came from the qualities of man as such and that he ought to feel as he felt.

— Erich Fromm, *The Fear of Freedom*, 1960.

tering the heresy of Pelagius, a monk from Britain.

One of the great figures of these troubled times was Pope St Gregory the Great. He was 50 when elected Pope in 590. He encouraged St Benedict to extend monasticism; the monks, he said, should not only preserve the best of the past but also restore the ruined countryside and take Christ's message to outsiders. His writings on the saints and doctrine influenced religious thinking for a thousand years and he sent missionaries led by the monk Augustine to evangelise Britain and despatched Boniface on a similar mission in Germany.

The Emperors continually sought to influence the Papacy for political or theological reasons, often influenced by Arian Eastern bishops. They seized Church land, blocked the election of men they did not want to be Popes or forced others to resign.

The worst fate befell Pope Martin I, elected in 649. He convoked the Lateran Synod which condemned both the heresy of Monotheism and the edict of Emperor Constans which endorsed it. Constans sent soldiers to Rome to bring the Pope to Constantinople where he was ill-treated and shackled. The Senate sentenced Martin to death but the Emperor changed this to exile. Shipped across the Black Sea to what is now The Ukraine, Martin was starved to death – the first Pope martyred by a Most Christian Emperor.

Interference by the Emperors was not the only problem for the Popes and their people; Barbarian tribes, usually heretical, continued to invade Italy and swept into the old Roman provinces along the North African shore where they persecuted other Christians. They in turn were swept away by the new power of Islam which conquered Syria in 630, Jerusalem in 640 and Egypt and the Apostolic See of Alexandria in 641.

Despite the wars, a new and cosmopolitan Rome was developing. Scholars came to consult original texts. Pilgrims came to visit the tombs of the Apostles. When Irish envoys arrived about 633 to discuss the date of Easter, they found themselves staying with a Greek, a Syrian, a



Cheap at double the price

IN an age which worships money, anything that nature supplies free is valued at zero'.

– Oliver Rackham, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, delivering the 1990 Reflection Riding Memorial Lecture.

Scythian and an Egyptian and all celebrated Easter together in the original St Peter's. The visitors took Roman practices back to northern Europe.

In the final century of this era, the Lombards occupied much of Italy and put heavy pressure on the Popes and the Church. The Emperors were unable to help, so the Popes sought aid from the most powerful of the northern tribes, the Franks. Their king Charles Martel, who had defeated the Islamic army at Poitiers, France, in 733, rebuffed an approach from Pope Gregory III. But in 754 Pope Stephen travelled to Chalons in France and made an alliance with Charles' son, Pepin. When the Lombards broke a treaty and again threatened Rome, Pepin sent an army to trounce them.

But the most significant Roman alliance was that with Pepin's son, Charlemagne. When the Lombards again made trouble for the papacy in 774, Charlemagne crushed them. He

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saw his role as promoting the faith and defending the Church while the Pope's role was to pray for him. From his new capital at Aachen in Germany he ruled over much of what is now France and Germany, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Switzerland, northern Spain and northern Italy. At Mass in St Peter's on Christmas Eve, 800 he knelt on a circular slab of porphyry before Pope Leo III who crowned him as the first Holy Roman emperor. {The slab of porphyry, a reddish-purple rock, can still be seen just inside the main door of the new St Peter's.)

In time, Charlemagne and his successors passed away, but the Popes, secure on the Rock of Peter, remained. Do the troubled centuries of late antiquity have a message for us in our vastly different times?

O'Grady cites the example of Gregory the Great who, he says, competently handled even greater problems in Church and State than our age faces. 'Although he feared an imminent end to the world, he prepared the future. When some invoke a John Wayne-pope, he shows instead the virtues of confidence in the laity and dialogue, pastoral flexibility and tact in building on neutral cultural practices. Like other major figures of the Constantine-Charlemagne period, Gregory speaks directly to us today.'

In commending O'Grady's compelling book, it is appropriate to comment on book prices. *Beyond the Empire* is published in hardback by The Crossroad Publishing Company of New York. This explains the American spelling and the local price. The American retail price is \$US30; converted to our weak dollar and with GST added, this makes the local retail price \$60; it is not just books – the exchange rate affects all our imports. The American Internet book site Amazon.com was discounting the book, when I checked, at \$US20.96 plus shipping costs; this is a useful saving and you do not pay GST. It is still a lot for a book of 214pp; one hopes it can be found in libraries.



KEVIN HILFERTY credits the Patrician Brothers, who taught him Latin in their school at Glebe, NSW, with sparking an interest in the Roman Empire which, in life as a journalist, led him to Rome and to relics of the Empire across Europe, North Africa and the Middle East.

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.

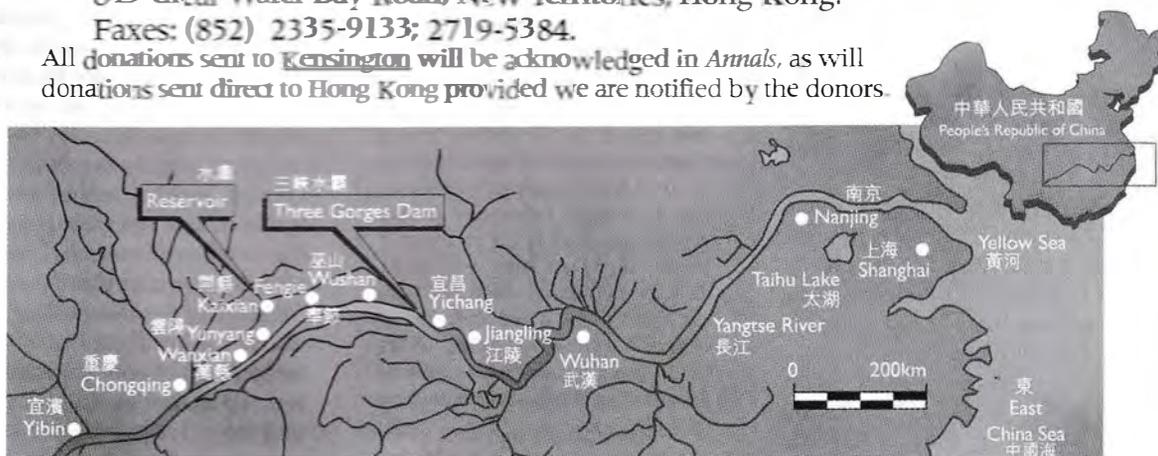
Through the generosity of individuals and agencies in Hong Kong and abroad, nearly HK\$9 million has already been raised – sufficient to cover the cost of the land and some preliminary site formation. More than HK\$15 million is needed to cover the cost of construction.

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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Biography of Archbishop of Sydney, George Pell

PILGRIM PELL'S PROGRESS

By JAMES MURRAY



hen Oliver Cromwell was commissioning his portrait from the Dutch-born artist Peter Lely,

he remarked: 'Mr Lely, I desire you would use all your skills to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it.'

Of course Archbishop George Pell of Sydney (late of Melbourne) did not commission his biography from Tess Livingstone for a farthing or any other sum. The intrepid publisher Michael Duffy commissioned it. Only then did Pell decide that co-operation was the better part of valour. Which is not to say that Livingstone has omitted 'the warts and all' that Old Sub-Editor Time has cut Cromwell's remark down to. Livingstone is neither a stylist nor particularly witty. But she deploys an attribute more apt to her task: pertinacity. In so doing, she has achieved something much more valuable than a wart survey. She catches not only Pell's sporting prowess and scholarliness but his stalwart character. And since character is destiny, Pell, despite recent mud-slinging, still has a long, strong way to go, and the thinking, believing and practising majority of Catholics will go with him. For he is voyaging as the Catholic Church has always voyaged, according to the sailing directions of Jesus Christ who passed them to His first spiritual heir, the fisherman Peter and through him to his successors, not the least of whom is Pope John Paul II whose words echoing those of Jesus, 'Be not afraid', Pell has taken for his motto.

Livingstone captures Pell's qualities by starting at the very beginning with his birth in 1941 in Ballarat where his father, George Arthur Pell, a former mine manager and cham-

pion boxer, ran a pub. His mother was Margaret Lilian Pell (née Burke). Livingstone describes her as Irish. But there are Irish and Irish. And Burke is Norman-Irish. His father she describes as English. Again there are English and English. And Pell is Norman-English. That Norman (alias Viking) bloodline may go some way

George Pell
Edited by Tess Livingstone
Duffy and Snellgrove
RRP \$22.00.

to explaining the archbishop's *élan* on and off the ovals of Australian Rules football.

On through his schooldays at St Patrick's Christian Brothers' College, nursery of sporting and clerical champions, Livingstone takes us. From there, Pell's pilgrim's progress is to Corpus Christi Seminary, Werribee and so to Rome, that bastion of Catholic education, known as *Propaganda Fide* and the priesthood, followed by Oxford whose spires are said to be dreaming but too rarely of its pre-Reformation foundation in the Europe that was Christendom.

All along the way he was adding to his academic credentials which include a Ph.D. It is safe to say that his reputation as a footballer may have stood him in better stead when he did his service in the equivalent of the Church's PBI (Poor Bloody Infantry) that is, worked as a parish curate.

Moreover with considerable journalistic assiduity and skill, Livingstone creates the historical context in the post-Vatican II Church. Yes, a spirit of openness to the world was blowing in Australia as it was in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas. But openness is not to be confused with craven collaboration; modish *shibboleths* with revealed truth. The *sine qua non* of true openness is the honest description of a position specifically held, not vaguely benign generalities, not preemptive buckling in the fond hope of a subsequent, desirable outcome. By this creation of context, Livingstone enables the reader to see that Pell, far from being the overbearing, rigidly authoritarian figure of his media image, was simply a pastor-scholar reacting against excesses of doctrinal and liturgical enthusiasm which were inspired less by the documents of Vatican II than by that dopey (in



Breathtaking in its moral poverty

IT would court presumption to trust in a widespread recovery of Catholic education in the near future. The future may have happy surprises, but widespread neglect of discipline in the United States has dismantled a great educational system unique in Catholic history, and just as the sands blow over Christian ruins in North Africa, so we may expect to see more devastation in America before any general renaissance. God is not mocked. If the so-called Dark Ages were not as dark as revisionists claim, we may yet begin to see a real darkness in our culture, breathtaking in its moral poverty and impervious to the coaxings of superficial optimists.

— George William Rutler,
Introduction, *Escape from Scepticism*, by
Christopher Derrick, Ignatius Press,
San Francisco, 1977.

all senses) mantra of the 1960s, 'Do your own thing' - a mantra enlarged by some of the much romanticised, student revolutionaries of Paris '68 to include child sex as a means of subverting what they saw as outmoded bourgeois morality.

It is Pell's succinct, positive and orthodox reaction to zeitgeist-driven excesses that has inspired his opponents, for no one is more illiberal than liberals whose activities are criticised, no one regresses to puerility more swiftly than progressives when queried about where they are really heading.

Oddly it is these criticisms and queries that are highlighted by the media rather than the excesses. Why? In any given story situation, the media focuses on the superior or more notable figure: it makes for the kind of simpler, quicker and more startling reportage summed up in the folkloric headline MAN BITES DOG. And it would be naive to forget another factor: whoever leaks first and most copiously tends to win the battle for control of bias in reports.

Central to the biography because of timing rather than enduring pertinence or importance is the allegation that Pell molested a boy at a church holiday camp in Victoria. It was an allegation long in bottle: 40 years and time can only be said to have soured it poisonously.

Here Livingstone is more incisive than many daily newspaper, radio and television journalists in her description of the accuser and his criminal past. She also refers to the role of the Eros Foundation and the organisation Broken Rites in getting the allegation onto the internet. This, though the accuser wanted it kept confidential while insisting against church advice, intriguingly, that he did not want to go to the police.

She does not, however, name the operators of the Adelaide-based website where the allegation first appeared. Inevitably, the website data attracted the attention of the mainstream media, specifically, *The Age*, Melbourne. Result a firestorm of reeking gossip, rumour and allegation.

Perhaps Livingstone does not make enough of the impudence of the Eros Foundation. Here we have a



Good confessor – Good Penitent

It is often affirmed that there has been a loss of the sense of sin and a consequent decline in the reception of the sacrament of Penance. At an earlier Synodal Assembly, this problem was confronted and propositions were submitted to the Holy Father. The Post Synodal Apostolic Exhortation *Reconciliatio et Paenitentia* responded to the appeal and propositions of the Synod Fathers. This splendid document has not had the reception which should have been given to it. Our present Assembly should look to the Holy Father's Exhortation as to a guiding light.

Finally, the Holy Father has recently observed that to be a good confessor one must be a good penitent – an admonition which we Bishops should take to heart. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

– Cardinal William Baum, *Osservatore Romano*, 17/11/1999.

euphemistic front for the porn industry, an industry where exploitation is not unknown, seeking to bring down a figure whose moral teaching stands against its profiteering lubricity. But when teaching cannot be controverted, the cheapshot solution is: traduce the teacher.

Such shabby impudence abounds. It is intrinsic to the 'Spice Girls' gossip about a group of young priests said to have surrounded Pell at St Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne and to have delighted, like him, not only in splendid vestments but 'bells and smells', the latter a piece of ecumenical plagiarism from the divisions of the Anglican Church.

What neo-puritans lurk in the anything-goes undergrowth of this era! Splendid garments are part of high civilisation as witness grand opera, *haute couture*, Hollywood musicals and full-dress military uniforms not to mention the vestments of the Greek and the Russian Orthodox Churches and the robes of imams in the nation's mosques.

Why no criticism of them? They were not a convenient or effective way of smearing a pre-eminent church leader because of his stance on the Rainbow Sashers who seek to make a political demo of their private conscience and their faith's great sacrament, the Eucharist.

In the firestorm, George Pell was freely named while his accuser went safely anonymous. Pell was cleared after hearings at a tribunal headed by a former judge, AJ Southwell QC. This came as no surprise to those who know the man and the priest, though it may have confounded his enemies who were reduced to criticisms of the nature of the tribunal as Church-established, criticisms that took no account of the many sporting and professional tribunals. His accuser, at this writing, remains anonymous.

Welcome as the relatively swift clearance was, it raised a number of points, including questions about the Church's own protocols which prevented Pell's being told of the allegation. But perhaps more crucial

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Home at last

FOR several years he read the works of Haeckel, Huxley, Schopenhauer, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, and cultivated all the 'isms' which attracted the younger generation. He mixed freely with the artists, the writers, and the revolutionists of London Bohemian circles, and only emerged from these wild experiences to discover that he had sought very far a truth which had been waiting for him at home. As he explained a few years later, in *Orthodoxy*, he was in the position of an English yachtsman who, owing to some slight miscalculation, discovered England 'under the impression that it was a new island in the South Seas,' and triumphantly planted the British flag 'on that barbaric temple which turned out to be the Pavilion at Brighton.' He built up his faith on the wreckage of the false creeds in which he had indulged and which had been found wanting. He came back to Christianity, like Parsifal to the Graal, after wandering through the magic gardens of a score of Klingsors. 'Like all solemn little boys,' he confessed, 'I tried to be in advance of the age... and I found that I was eighteen hundred years behind it... When I fancied that I stood alone, I was really in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom... I did try to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was Orthodoxy.'

— Emile Cammaerts, writing of G.K. Chesterton, in *The Laughing Prophet*.

was the way the accuser was able to maintain his anonymity yet complain of leaks and mistreatment while the archbishop was named repeatedly and had to endure the intense scrutiny of radio, television and print journalists.

Such anonymity was originally designed for the protection of minors not mature adults who clearly know their way around. If there has to be anonymity (and this reviewer is against it because it tends to aggravate rumours) then it should shield both accuser and accused, not subject the accused to premature trial by media.

Tess Livingstone ends her book predictively with a description of George Pell in Rome as a cardinal, deemed a potential pope. This is possibly (inadvertently?) her least judicious touch. Those promoted as *papabile* don't always get to fill the shoes of the Fisherman.

The biography was launched, to the surprise of many but not his own, by the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney,

Dr Peter Jensen. He pointed out that it could scarcely be a critical biography since its subject was still alive but emphasised its value as a source book for future critical biographers.

That it is. No, it is more. It is what journalists do best according to the definition of notable old hack Ben Bradlee: the first, rough draft of history. The rough includes the kind of misprints inseparable from computerised setting: 1879 instead of 1789 as the date of the French Revolution. Sometimes quote punctuation falters, creating ambiguities.

But all in all, this is fast-paced, substantial biography about a brave pilgrim leader and should be read, not only by those of goodwill but also those of illwill (who may find themselves converted).



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

Tribute of Prayers and Flowers to a Lone Hero's grave

REMEMBERING THOSE WHO DIED IN WAR

By LANCE HOBAN



THIS November, the month of Remembrance, will be the second opportunity in the new Millennium to pay silent tribute to the fallen of two World Wars, and to reflect with pride on the memory of the deeds of the brave and valiant whose Names now Live for Evermore.

While visiting a number of European cities in 1984, I arrived one sunny afternoon in Arnhem, a large town in the Dutch Gelderland of Holland, lying beside the River Rhine and noted for its production of fine cotton and woollen goods. It was a period of sombre reflection for the local townsfolk then recalling the 40th anniversary when Arnhem was the scene of a World War II military operation in September 1944, when 6000 British paratroopers were dropped into a strategic site on the town's outskirts as the spearhead of a major allied counter offensive. Arnhem was a logical choice for this type of operation, due to the great protection afforded the paratroopers by dense forests of beech and evergreen fir trees.

It was to prove a tragic and costly mission however, as German espionage agents had previously advised the German High Command of the intended sortie, and lying in wait, the Luftwaffe and German ground gunners systematically wiped out almost the entire force as they floated defencelessly earthward. Some little distance from the town, British dead, including a cousin of mine, a member of the participating R.A.A.F air-crew shot down during the ill-fated action, lie peacefully at rest in a war cemetery.

A Vale Of Peace

The road to the cemetery winds initially through a small forest of beech and fir trees then enters a tract of rich farming land. As I arrived at the crest of a small hill, I caught my first glimpse of the cemetery, a fine white grey light taking the place of the park-ploughed earth, a light I suddenly realised formed by thousands of small white crosses, in perfect symmetry on the undulating hill top. It was a thing of great awe and majesty to see this peaceful

hill of crosses, in the midst of shining fields and forest glades, in springtime doubtless filled with grain, in Summer bathed in golden light, in Autumn stacked with harvest. Perfectly shaped, in beautiful order, under clipped grass and side by side, there warriors sleep in death as they had slept in camp, row upon row as they had marched together to do battle. They face a little to the west, towards old England, to the homes they loved so well and never more will see. Yet they are not alone for always there is someone from Arnhem bringing a humble Tribute of flowers and prayers, to some lone hero's grave.

Solace in Sorrow

During my travels in northern France, Germany, Holland and Belgium in other years, I visited a number of war cemeteries, and to anyone who has someone at rest in these far countries, I would like to say two things. Firstly, the war cemeteries in Europe are beautiful, well kept and as nearly perfect as we could possible wish. Secondly, the people in the midst of whom your sons, husbands, fathers and relatives lie buried, where the common earth has received them and the common people cherish the task of honouring them, are thoughtful, kindly and appreciative. They are deeply conscious of the honour of remembering in death, brave men from distant lands who died that tyranny might end, that freedom might endure and righteousness prevail for all humanity, for evermore.

'Who Falls for God Shall Rise A Star'.



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

Not Easy

THERE is no denying that achieving legality is expensive – and often too expensive – in many of these nations. De Soto and his colleagues, for example, opened a clothing factory in Peru with one worker. It took 289 days, working six hours a day, to go through all the processes to acquire the permits necessary to make it legal. De Soto's group also found that to buy a piece of urban property in the Philippines required 168 different steps, including contact with 53 separate agencies, taking thirteen to twenty-five years. Similarly, to register a lot on state-owned desert land in Egypt required going through 77 bureaucratic procedures at 31 public and private agencies.

– Jeff Madrick in 'The Charms of Property' reviewing *The Mystery of Capital* by Hernando de Soto, in *The New York Review of Books*, May 31, 2001.



SHOULD THE FBI HAVE TAKEN SUNDAY'S ADVICE?

By A.G.EVANS



ACCORDING to a recent report by the US joint House-Senate committee investigating the intelligence community's actions before September 11 there was a profusion of evidence that attacks on US targets were being planned. That the evidence was not acted upon has been widely criticised.

A recent report in the London *Spectator* by the magazine's American correspondent, Mark Steyn, describes how Hollywood actor, James Woods, was on a plane flying from Boston to Los Angeles when he observed with mounting alarm four middle-eastern men who stood out from the ordinary run of passengers both by their sinister appearances and their conspiratorial behaviour. Woods gives as examples the fact that none of the men had any luggage, they refused headsets and food and drink and did nothing but stare at the cockpit and speak to each

other in low Arabic murmurs. They also ignored the stewardess and would not speak with her. They evidently felt safe from scrutiny and needed no disguise, says Woods, although they acted in a very suspicious way. He reported his suspicions to the pilot when the plane landed and he in turn reported to the Federal Aviation Administration. No action was taken but it later transpired that Woods had observed hijackers rehearsing plans for the September 11th attack.

This story of bearded terrorists openly planning their horrendous attack, unnoticed by a cabin-full of jolly passengers, might have had an element of high comedy about it if the result of the incompetency had not been so horrendous.

It is exactly the sort of comedy and observation that Chesterton depicts so graphically in his novel *The Man Who Was Thursday* - a novel, still widely available and which many believe to be his masterpiece. Chesterton spells out how easy it is to get away with murder if you

declare your intentions: people simply do not believe their eyes and ears.

If only members of the FBI had studied *The Man Who Was Thursday* and taken one particular scene to heart perhaps the World Trade Centre might still be standing. The hilarious plot concerns the adventures of a detective, Gabriel Syme, who infiltrates a group of seven anarchists. They are code-named the days of the week and Syme manages to get himself elected to the post of Thursday - thus the title.

In an early chapter of the novel Monday, the Secretary of the Anarchists, takes the hero, Gabriel Syme, into his confidence and describes how when he first became an anarchist he thought it was necessary to dress up in various disguises - as a bishop, or as a millionaire, or an army major. But the disguise didn't work, he was unmasked very quickly. Dispirited by his lack of success he took his problem to Sunday, the President of the Anarchists Council 'who is the greatest man in Europe.'

The wise and terrible Sunday replied:

'You want a safe disguise do you? You want a dress which will guarantee you harmless; a dress in which no one would ever look for a bomb?...Why then, dress up as an anarchist, you fool!' Sunday roared so that the room shook. 'No one will expect you to do anything dangerous then.'

The Secretary tells Gabriel Syme that he took Sunday's advice and he never regretted it. 'I preached blood and murder to women day and night, and - by God - they would let me wheel their perambulators'.

And in another part of the novel the Secretary takes Gabriel Syme to a full meeting of the Anarchists' Council openly visible on a hotel balcony in Leicester Square. When Syme expresses surprise that the Council does not plot in secret, the Secretary explains:

"(Sunday) is carrying out his notion of concealing ourselves by not concealing ourselves to the most extraordinary lengths. Originally of course we met in a cell underground....then Sunday made us take

a private room in an ordinary restaurant. He said if you didn't seem to be hiding, nobody hunted you out. From now on we flaunt ourselves before the public - on a balcony if you please, overlooking Leicester Square.'

'And what do the people say', asked Syme.

'It's quite simple what they say,' answered his guide. 'They say we are a lot of jolly gentlemen who pretend they are anarchists.'

Chesterton's novel is high comedy but like all Chesterton's writing, conceals deep wisdom and understanding of human nature which has lessons for us all, and certainly could have supplied a useful warning of the way terrorists may work.

Following September 11, as we know, rigorous security has been enforced, and the slightest suspicion is investigated, sometimes to a

'But when one undertakes a critique of a more or less integrated over-all culture, one must walk warily and learn to make careful distinctions, for cultures are always whole fabrics that we tear to pieces at our peril.'

- *The Timeless Christian*, by Erik Von Kuehnelt - Leddihn, 1969.

comical and unnecessary degree. So sensitive are the authorities of being thought racist that airport security staff frisk nuns and other clearly innocent passengers in an effort to appear non-discriminatory. And then there was the case, recently reported in Australia of a priest whose crucifix was impounded because it was considered to be a dangerous weapon. If the great mysterious Sunday's tactics are followed, then the bearded revolutionaries may still go free.

Chesterton surely would have had something wise - and comical - to say about that.



TONY EVANS was a producer with the ABC for many years and is now a freelance writer living in Western Australia. He has published three historical biographies, the latest being *C.Y.O'Connor, His Life and Legacy*, published by UWA Press. Evans founded the *G. K. Chesterton Society* in W.A. Recently it became the national *Australian Chesterton Society*.



Missing the Joke

IN Miami, men actually wear gold chains. In California, you can hear people say openly that they are getting in touch with their private space. In New York, serious characters speak gravely of the bottom line and in Washington there is solemn talk of 'credibility' and 'weight' to be heard on all sides. What can this prove, except that people do not respond to, or recognise, caricatures of themselves? I should have thought that utilitarians would have learnt to beware of the image of Bounderby* by now, or at least to show that they see the joke.

- Christopher Hitchens, *American Notes* in *TLS* 8/2/85.

[*Josiah Bounderby, a character in Dickens' *Hard Times*. Bounderby is a caricature of a bounder or con-man. - Ed]

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Transcendence is dead! Long live Anarchy!

THE DISENCHANTED WORLD

Reviewed by JOHN YOUNG



HIS study is an attempt to comprehend an entirely new form of culture, a culture in which the question of meaning no longer occurs.'

With these words Michael Casey introduces his book, and they indicate the importance of the work.

Most people acknowledge that life has meaning, even though they may be uncertain what the meaning is. Not all philosophers agree, and the influence of some of these is very strong at the present time. The effect can be paralysing, leaving people unable to make up their minds when action is called for. Look at issues of abortion, or cloning, or stem cell research, or euthanasia: society has been so conditioned by wrong philosophies that most people are unable to see these issues in the light of true principles, so they push them out of their minds.

Michael Casey is a sociologist on the staff of Archbishop Pell, and Permanent Fellow in Sociology and Politics at the Australian campus of the John Paul II Institute for Marriage and the Family. In this book he outlines the thinking of Nietzsche and Freud on the question of whether things have any meaning, then studies the position of current philosopher Richard Rorty. All three denied the transcendent, a denial which profoundly affected their understanding of man.

Sigmund Freud spoke of two primal drives: the sexual instinct and the death instinct. He rejected any supreme reality that gives meaning to human existence, but thought that cultures need to create an illusion of meaning. In the final analysis, though, life and death are equally valid options. Hence his sardonic question to Marie Bonaparte: 'Why live, if you can be buried for ten dollars?'

Meaninglessness

By M.A. Casey

Lexington Books, Maryland; published in Australia by Freedom Publishing Company, 582 Queensberry Street, North Melbourne, xv + 149 pp; Price \$33.00.

Friedrich Nietzsche, with his 'death of God' philosophy, saw man living in a meaningless universe, afflicted by the absurdity and horror of existence, and impelled to construct his own set of values. How can the conflict between differing sets of values be resolved? Only by force, according to Nietzsche, because objective truth has no meaning and therefore we cannot reason things out and see that one position is objectively true while a conflicting one is false. From this state of affairs arises the Superman, who imposes the meaning he chooses, and is his own god.

Richard Rorty develops ideals found in Freud and Nietzsche, attempting to describe a world in which meaning is no longer needed. Michael Casey sees it as a description of 'a world that is recognisably what ours is in the process of becoming.'

There are no meanings or values, according to Rorty, except in the sense of subjective meanings and values created by chance and socialisation. Pursuit of the transcendent is 'pointless and futile' and should be abandoned. If people care to make up

a private world of values, such a world should be kept separate from the public domain.

Liberal democracy can't claim a privileged status over National Socialism, for there is no criterion by which to compare them.

Despite all this, Rorty does delineate a 'utopia' we should seek to implement. It is a world in which meaning and truth will have been replaced by freedom, and in which each person will shape himself in whatever way he desires. In this new world, each person will have a highly developed sense of the pain of others, and will avoid causing pain, thus bring about a sense of human solidarity.

But on Rorty's principles (or lack of them) how can that alleged utopia be valid? If I like causing pain instead of relieving it, on what grounds can I be criticised, given the truth and meaning are unreal?

Dr Casey points out at the end of his study that elimination of the question of meaning will solve nothing: instead it 'is a cause of corruption and decay in culture ... To accept a culture of therapeutic self-creation is to accept radical human diminishment.'

This book, with its clear, dispassionate and scholarly style, has the great merit of showing how the modern rejection of transcendence, so pervasive among the intelligentsia, can lead only to an inhuman mode of existence. It exposes the source of the lack of common ground for discussing ethical issues in our society. It gives a glimpse of a possible future, in which an exaltation of freedom to do what one likes will end in the persecution of those who promote ultimate truths.



JOHN YOUNG worked for a number of years in the Public Service, and has taught Philosophy in seminars. He has had numerous articles and reviews published in Australia and overseas.

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Beware of Praetorian Guards Selling Crowns

POWER, AMBITION AND GREED

The site of the Barracks of the Praetorian Guard in the time of Tiberius Caesar is now a stop on the Rome Metro. It may be visited without fear of losing life, limb or purse. How different it was in the time of Imperial Rome may be gauged from this article by PAUL STENHOUSE who was there recently.

FOR YEARS I lived only a few metres from the Via Nomentana that runs directly from Mentana, the old *Nomentum*, a Sabine town, into the city of Rome through the *Porta Pia* (or the gate of Pope Pius). The gate takes its name from Pope Pius IV who had it built according to plans drawn up by Michaelangelo, in 1564. Through it the Italian troops entered Rome in 1870.

Not far from that gate is the vast area that used to be the *Castra Praetoria*, or the Camp of the Praetorian Guard, the emperor's permanent and personal guard, set up by Tiberius (42BC–37AD) between the old Via Nomentana and the Via Tiburtina.

Nero's last moments

On the opposite side to the *Castra Praetoria* is the old *Porta Nomentana*. Through this gate (now bricked up) Nero fled on the stormy night of June 11, 68 AD. He had been dining at the *Golden House* when the defection of the last Roman Legion loyal to him was announced. In his anger he dashed two priceless crystal vases to the ground and after several attempts at suicide fled Rome on horseback through the *Porta Nomentana*, his face covered with a handkerchief.

Thunder pealed, and there was an earth tremor and Nero could hear soldiers shouting as he passed near the *Castra Praetoria*. He rode pell-mell to the *Pons Nomentana*, over the river Anio, about two miles from the City. His horse shied at a putrifying corpse by the roadside and the handkerchief fell from his face. He was recognised by a member of the Praetorian Guard

who called him by name but nevertheless let him pass. Nero abandoned his horse and continued on foot to the Villa of his friend Phaon, creeping through the weeds and brambles with which the place was overgrown.

On hearing that the Senate had decreed that he be flogged to death with rods with his head locked into a pillory, he took two daggers as he

wept and cried out repeatedly, 'See what a great artist is dying'. When horsemen galloped up he stabbed himself in the throat helped by Epaphroditus. The soldier who had been sent to kill him pretended that he had come to save him. 'What loyalty!' gasped the dying Nero, who had murdered countless of his loyal subjects, among them Saints Peter and Paul, and numberless Christians.

Terrible legacy of Seianus

The *Castra Praetoria* had been built in 23 AD by Lucius Aelius Seianus, the murderous and treacherous friend of Tiberius: the one person the emperor trusted. Obsequious, mealy-mouthed and ever-smiling, Seianus was a monster whom Tiberius appointed to be Commander of his personal guard. His power in Rome was virtually without limit. It was fatal for anyone to approach the Emperor without his knowledge or permission.

The cohorts of the Praetorian Guard used to be housed in various parts of the city. Seianus contrived to have Tiberius approve their being concentrated in one vast barracks where they could be more easily controlled, and more conscious of their numerical strength. Seianus murdered Drusus, Tiberius' son, and the three sons of Germanicus, who stood between him and the throne. The mad Tiberius was not so mad that eventually he didn't realise how Seianus had betrayed him. He had him executed along with all his children, and the physician Eudemus who had provided him with poison.

Seianus left a terrible legacy for the future generations of unhappy Romans in the self-confident



Persecution and persecution

To persecute on behalf of a Church that traces its authority back to immemorial antiquity, prior to that of the State and which claims a Divine founder, is one thing; to persecute on behalf of an imposed, man-made religion, is quite another.

— *A Legacy to Parsons* by William Cobbett, 1762-1835, writing of the persecutions of Catholics and others under Queen Elizabeth I. Cobbett was not a Catholic.

Praetorian Guard he unified and strengthened. They arrogated to themselves the right to nominate and to eliminate emperors.

Kindly by dithering

When Commodus, the evil son of Marcus Aurelius died, the Praetorian Guard appointed the sixty-six year-old Pertinax emperor. Basically a good and kind if dithering man, Pertinax tried to stop the Praetorians from bullying the population, to reduce the high level of taxes, and to cut down corruption. He sold all the treasures accumulated by Commodus: even the Samnite jars in which the emperor had kept his face lotions, his latest model chariots with moveable seats (to dodge the sun), carved wheels, milometers and clocks. He cut down on court expenses, gave frugal meals, sent his son to an ordinary school and forbade the Praetorians to rob and pillage as they chose, or even to sleep while on duty.

Three hundred soldiers marched on the palace and instead of calling the sentries and knights on duty to protect him, Pertinax tried to give the Praetorians a lecture. They threw a spear through his chest, stabbed him to death, and carried his head on a lance to the Castra Praetoria.

Empire for sale

Then Rome witnessed the remarkable sight of Sulpicianus, Governor of Rome and father-in-law of Pertinax, and Didius Julianus, a Milanese Senator, bidding for the imperial throne which was in the hands of the Praetorians. 'I'll double it,' yelled Julianus after rushing from his meal to the Castra Praetoria when he heard of the attempt by Sulpicianus to buy the throne. Sulpicianus offered 5,000 drachmas to each guardsman (there were more than 15,000 Praetorians) which Julianus upped to 6,250 (around \$AUS600) and won the day and the throne.

The cheering Praetorians offered their loyal oath, not worth much in the light of the experience of Pertinax. It was March 28, 193 AD. Accompanied by his guard, Julianus

Problems of Bible translations

It is this fact which again raises our by now familiar difficulties of translation and evaluation. Are, for example the creatures mentioned in Is. xxxiv, 14, the names of animals, as the Authorised Version and the New English Bible would suggest, or those of the fabulous demons of Hebrew folk-lore, as the Revised Standard Version would indicate. — John Boyle, *Arma in Folklore*.



went to the Senate which applauded him, though the Roman people hissed and booed. In the imperial palace he found the decapitated corpse of Pertinax still lying where it had been left. He summoned his wife Manlia Scantilla and their daughter Didia Clara to the palace. They went 'apprehensively,' sensing the imminence of his fall from power.

When the Governors of Syria and Illyria rose against him, Julianus found himself virtually alone. With Septimius Severus at the gates of Rome, confusion reigned in Rome, with soldiers, horses and elephants camped all around. The elephants, maddened by the turrets on their backs, threw their riders.

The Praetorian Guards abandoned him, and the Senate stripped him of his imperial authority. Julianus fled to the palace and doubled the locks — to the amusement of Dio Cassius the Bithynian historian — to protect him from the 'enemy'.

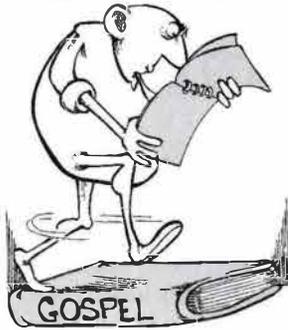
He was lying in fear on his huge bed in the palace on June 2, 193 when a soldier rushed in and plunged a sword into his breast. 'What crime have I committed?' asked Julian ingenuously. 'Whom have I ever put to death?' He had spent a fortune, and was emperor for only 66 days.

The Castra Praetoria became a fortress in mediaeval times. Then it was given to the Jesuits in the sixteenth century, renamed the Villa Macao after the famous Jesuit Mission in China, and became the country residence of the Jesuits' famous Roman College until 1870 when it and the Roman College were confiscated by Victor Emmanuel. Sts Aloysius Gonzaga and St John Berchmans both spent time there.

For a time it was a Camp for the victorious Italian soldiery. Today it houses, among other things, the Bibliotheca Nazionale, which is filled with books pilfered from libraries confiscated from the Church in 1870. Over the years I have spent quite a time in the Castra Praetoria — and always found the service courteous and prompt. You may safely visit it today without endangering your head or your purse.



68, 69, 70... 40?



Pity the Irish clergy

I maintain that it is shocking and wicked to leave the religious guides of six millions of people in such a state of destitution! – to bestow no more thought upon them than upon the clergy of the Sandwich Islands! If I were a member of the Cabinet, and met my colleagues once a week to eat birds and beasts, and to talk over the state of the world, I should begin upon Ireland before the soup was finished, go on through fish, turkey, and saddle of mutton, and never end till the last thimbleful of claret had passed down the throat of the incredulous Haddington: but there they sit, week after week; there they come, week after week – and think no more of paying the Catholic clergy, than a man of real fashion does of paying his tailor! ... If I were a Bishop, living beautifully in a state of serene plenitude, I don't think I could endure the thought of so many honest, pious, and laborious clergymen of another faith, placed in such disgraceful circumstances! I could not get into my carriage without jelly-springs, or see my two courses every day, without remembering the buggy and the bacon of some poor old Catholic Bishop, ten times as laborious, and with much more, perhaps, of theological learning than myself, often distressed for a few pounds! and burdened with duties utterly disproportioned to his age and strength. I think, if the extreme comfort of my own condition did not extinguish all feeling for others, I should sharply commiserate such a church, and attempt with ardour and perseverance to apply the proper remedy.'

– Sydney Smith, [1771-1845] wit, co-founder of the Edinburgh Review and Anglican Clergyman, quoted in *The Smith of Smiths*, by Hesketh Pearson, 1934.



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MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

Noblest Roman

Ever a classicist, Gough Whitlam brought the Roman duumvirate to Australian politics in 1972 when he and his deputy Lance Barnard formed an instant administration to begin Labor's rush to reform.

Now, with a little help from Senator John Faulkner, Whitlam has reinvented the classical colloquium as a television format. Whitlam's exchanges with Faulkner (SBS November 10) made for fascinating TV even though Faulkner was not totally Socratic in the depth or persistence of his questioning.

He allowed Whitlam, for example, through the latter's precise use of language to avoid reference to the Menzies precedent in providing funding for Catholic school science laboratories. And although he questioned Whitlam on Vietnam and East Timor, he did not query his recognition of Soviet hegemony over the Baltic states: Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

For this viewer, Whitlam's best moment was his verbal cuffing of Bob Hawke for introducing university payments after himself receiving a free education all the way from Perth Modern to Oxford.

Not that Faulkner was overwhelmed by the great man's quasi-Augustan or Periclean aura. Indeed as the colloquium progressed, Faulkner began to look like prime ministerial material. What price a Gortonesque shift for Faulkner from the Senate to the House of Representatives to replace the beleaguered Simon Crean?

Tame Newshounds

Gerard Warner, *Scotland on Sunday* commentator has written: 'In a real democracy, the relationship between the media and the governing elite is that of a pack of rottweillers maintaining surveillance on a gang of burglars.'

Not quite. All too often the burglars transform the rottweillers into poodles and lapdogs by offering them juicy bones in the shape of PR jobs.

Good as Gould

In a world of multiplying data bases, to enter Gould's Book Arcade in Sydney's Newtown is to time-warp yourself back to when the word printed on paper was supreme. Its owner-founder Bob Gould presides amid cliffs of books so high you expect to be

handed crampons to find what you want. Nor is there a computer catalogue to help you, well, except for Gould's memory. The temptation is to describe Gould as a bearded Buddha. His self description is more intriguing: 'Irish-Catholic atheist.'

As such, he has written eloquently of the Irish in Australia. One extract he passed to your correspondent contained this nugget: May 15, 1803 was the date of the first public Mass said here.

This means, of course, that next year will be the 200th anniversary of that Mass. If it has not already been considered, surely an anniversary to be celebrated

with a 24-hour, round-Australia chain of Masses?

Hilmer Holds On

The John Fairfax Holdings chief executive, Fred Hilmer has had his contract extended by 12 months. Not exactly a resounding tribute to the results he has achieved by the application of McKinseyite abracadabra which includes calling journalists 'content providers' and defining newspapers as 'advertising platforms'. But at least the 12-month extension may give him an inkling of how an increasing number of medianiks work, that is, on short-term contracts.

New Fairfax boardroom appointments are intriguing. They include Melbourne mover and shaker



Self-interest

It is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.

— Edmund Burke 1729-1797 *Observations on a Publication The Present State of the Nation.*



Ron Walker. Among the institutions, he has shaken if not moved is *The Age* which he has sued for libel. A world first?

Other appointments were new chairman Dean Wills (late of Coca-Cola Amatil and currently of Westfield Holding) and Woolworths boss Roger Corbett. A Hilmer-McKinseyite way of tapping into the advertising revenues of Westfield and Woolworths? Perish the thought.

Fairfax board members have little or no media experience. This is not a formula for success if the Coles Myer board's lack of retailing experience is a gauge. Ex-chairman Brian Powers reportedly said that boardroom candidates with media experience are difficult to find.

Your correspondent can name half a dozen likely hacks who for Fairfax boardroom fees will make available the wisdom based on experience they now dispense for the price of a beer in journalists' pubs throughout Australia.

Linnell's Luck

Congratulations to Gary Linnell on getting the nod as editor in chief of *The Bulletin* in succession to Max Walsh and Paul Bailey (who has gone fishing for a new career at Channel Nine). Condolences to Maxine McKew. But would she still be able to lunch with such devastating charm were she also editor in chief?

In any case, she may not have long to wait for her turn. The editorship of *The Bulletin* will be a revolving door until the Newsweek insert disappears and more local style, wit and wisdom replace it.

Horne's Way

Optimism has overtaken Donald Horne, revered author of *The Lucky Country* (and the less well known but more incisive *Money Made Us*). His 'nine quick tips about how to make tolerance easier than it may sound' was the basis for a cover story (*SMH Spectrum*, November 9-10).

Horne's tips included reference to the Catholic-Protestant divide in the Australia of his childhood. In the ending of this, he saw a precedent for the creation

of tolerance of Islam. For all the discursive nature of his piece, Home made no mention of such obdurate Islamic elements as Hizb at-Tahrir whose adherents propose the replacement of existing political and national entities with a worldwide Islamic state.

It is these kind of elements that make the West's long confrontation with Communism a more valid precedent for the creation of solutions. Not that these will be as easy as rounding Home. As the confrontation with Soviet Communism lasted for most of the 20th century, the confrontation with fundamentalist Islam will last for most of the 21st.

Business Handouts

Those who have to deal with individual and family welfare programmes could wish they had protocols similar to those that govern corporate welfare. According to the Productivity Commission (*The Australian*, November 7) corporate welfare runs at \$3.3 billion a year for little return, an imbalance created by interstate competition to fill the begging bowls of big business.

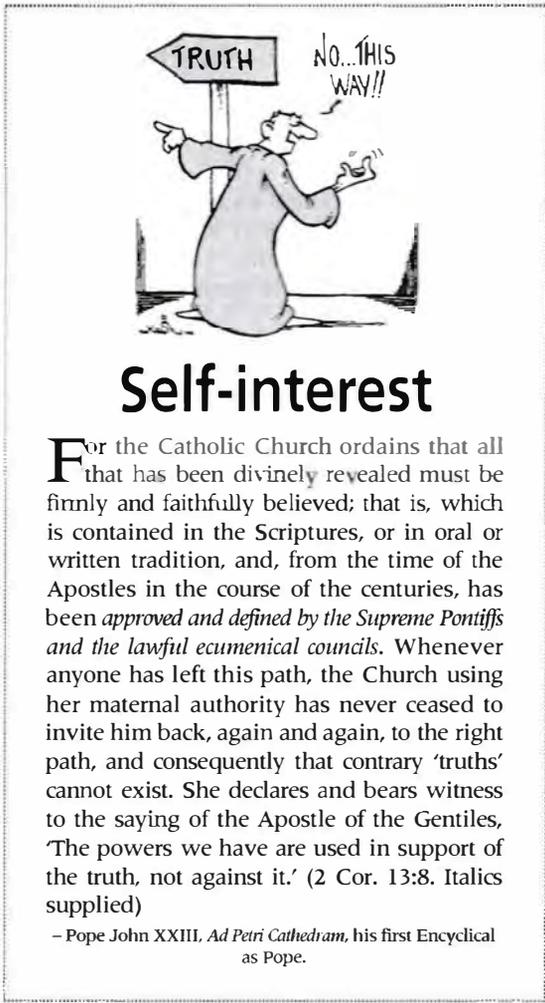
More than three billion dollars. That's a lot of classrooms, university places, hospital beds and public housing, particularly at a time when market forces, not government subsidies, are supposed to rule.

King Tides

Politically the times may be republican. But commercially they are monarchical. As chief executives depart, their severance payments, bonuses and share option packages look more and more like those of kings going into exile with their crown jewels and chests of gold and silver.

Nowhere is the monarchical and dynastic nature of commerce more evident than in media. The Murdochs are a monarchical dynasty whose succession is fraught with risk as Rupert of that ilk looks increasingly as if he will die on the active servicing of his loans or on a deal too far as his father did in seeking to leave the Herald and Weekly Times for an alliance with Cecil King of Britain's IPC which would have given him control of Argus Newspapers.

The Packers comprise another mighty monarchical dynasty. Its founder was Clyde Packer (the Elder). His



Self-interest

For the Catholic Church ordains that all that has been divinely revealed must be firmly and faithfully believed; that is, which is contained in the Scriptures, or in oral or written tradition, and, from the time of the Apostles in the course of the centuries, has been approved and defined by the Supreme Pontiffs and the lawful ecumenical councils. Whenever anyone has left this path, the Church using her maternal authority has never ceased to invite him back, again and again, to the right path, and consequently that contrary 'truths' cannot exist. She declares and bears witness to the saying of the Apostle of the Gentiles, 'The powers we have are used in support of the truth, not against it.' (2 Cor. 13:8. Italics supplied)

— Pope John XXIII. *Ad Petri Cathedram*, his first Encyclical as Pope.



The Less than Heroic Origins of French Republicanism

VENDÉE HYSTERIA

By JEAN SILVE DE VENTAVON



ON 20 March 1793, the [Paris National] Convention decreed that:

Those who are or will be suspected of having taken part in the revolts or tumults which have broken out or will break out in the different départements of the Republic, and those who have taken up or will take up the white cockade, or another sign or rebellion, are outlaws... [that] if they are taken or arrested while bearing arms, they will be, in twenty-four hours, subjected to criminal trials and put to death... [that] those who, having borne arms or having taken part in revolt and in riotous assembly, were arrested without weapons, will be... in twenty-four hours, put to death.

On 1 August, at the National Assembly's dais, the representative of the Hautes-Pyrénées, Bertrand Barère, formerly of Vieuzac, vociferated this philippic, a masterpiece of terrorist hysteria and a résumé of the programme of extermination of the Vendée south of the Loire:

Citizens, the inexplicable Vendée still exists, and the efforts of the Republicans have been until now insufficient against the brigandage and the conspiracies of these royalists. How is it that our enemies have not devoted all their efforts to the Vendée? It is there that the heart of the Republic dwells; it is there that fanaticism takes refuge; and it is there that the priests, the red ribbons, the blue ribbons and the cross of St Louis are displayed; it is there that the émigrés, the coalition powers have reassembled the débris of a conspiratorial throne.

It is in the Vendée that there have been announced the culpable vows of Marseille, the shameful venality of Toulon, the rebellious cries of the Lyonnais, the movements of the Ardèche, the troubles of the Lozère, the conspiracies of the Eure and the Calvados, the hopes of the Sarthe and of the Mayenne, the evil spirit of Angers and the mute agitations of several départements of the former Brittany.

It is, then, in the Vendée that our enemies must land their blows. [This spoken twice.] It is, then, to the Vendée that you must devote all your attention [this spoken thrice]; it is to the Vendée that you must bring all the impetuosity of the nation, and develop all the powerful resources that the Republic has. Destroy the Vendée! Valen-ciennes and Condé will be no more in Austrian hands. Destroy the Vendée! The English will no more occupy Dunkirk. Destroy the Vendée! And the Rhine will be delivered for the Prussian. Destroy the Vendée! And Spain will be harassed, conquered by the Méridionaux together with soldiers of the Mountain of Choles. Destroy the Vendée! And a part of this Army of the Interior will go to reinforce the Army of the Nord, so often betrayed, so mightily labouring.

Destroy the Vendée! and Lyon will resist no more; Toulon will arise against the Spaniards and the English; and the spirit of Marseille will reveal itself in the pride of republican revolution. Finally,

every blow that you strike in the Vendée will resound in the rebellious cities, in the federalist départements, on the invaded frontiers. The Vendée, and again the Vendée, there is the political fuel that devours the heart of republican France; it is there that we must strike! We must destroy them to the uttermost [Il faut désoler jusqu'à leur patience]!

The same day, Berère's colleagues voted that 'the [Vendée] forests be felled, [that] the holdouts of the rebels be destroyed, [that] the harvests be ruined by companies of workers, and [that] the beastly creatures [les bestiaux] be captured.'

The republic troops transformed the regions of Bas-Anjou, Poitou, Pays de Retz into a vestibule of Hell, the monstrosities that they perpetrated there chill with terror.

The Bluecoats sacked and burned the churches, the castles, the farms, the towns, the villages, the fields. They shot and cut down, living or dead, the women, 'reproductive seed-beds' [sillons reproducteurs]; they massacred the priests, the religious, the old, the sick, and, 'for fear of future brigands', the children; they impaled suckling infants on their bayonets' points; they tortured, mutilated, flung into white-hot ovens and down wells innumerable poor folk of all ages, of both sexes, all those in whatever condition who were still alive; they cut off the ears of these unfortunates, stripped them of the necklaces, their bracelets. The Apostles of Liberty hounded the 'hicks'.

Republican publicist Gracchus Babeuf would note: 'No-one was deemed, or could be believed to be, more faithful, or more totally given over to the cause [than the government troops] in these territories declared rebellious'; and the deputy Lequino would aver:

The Rebels were not the sole victims of the brutality of our soldiers and their officers; the daughters and wives of



Love Literature, Love the Faith

IHAVE always loved literature and the learned. This love was born with me: age has but strengthened it, because I have generally observed that those who cultivate literature, are cordially attached to their faith. Besides, literature is the ornament of the Christian church.'

— From a letter written by Pope Leo X to King Henry VIII, dated July 10, 1515.

Patriots were often 'requisitioned' [mises en réquisition]: that was the term.

The Loire witnessed scenes out of a nightmare. The Red Bonnets of the proconsul Jean-Baptiste Carrier drowned at least 1,600, and 4,860 'brigands' of both sexes, monks, nuns, were bound in couples, naked, in obscene postures. 'What a revolutionary river the Loire is', exclaimed their master.

At Nantes, at Angers, at the Ponts-de-Cé, Patriot tailors made trousers from the skin of dead Vendéens, 'flaying them from the middle of the body, cutting from just under the belt, then along the thighs to the ankles, in such a way that the trousers were then ready-made and only needed to be tanned.'

On 7 November 1793, the Convention members gave to the Vendée the name of 'Avenged Département [Department Vendée].' 'Crucified Département' would have been more appropriate, and would need to be applied to all the Départements beyond the Loire.

In 1946, the Nuremberg Tribunal formally defined the characteristics of genocide:

The extermination, planned by the State, of a people on the criterion of a national, political, ethnic or religious allegiance, and having as its final aim the engendering of a new man, a superior race, a regenerated world.

Can it be denied that in the Vendée the republicans practised a true genocide?



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1. Federalist-royalist coalition forces had taken Marseille on 29 April, Lyon on 29 May, Toulon on 12 July.
2. The Toulonnais had opened their port to an Hispano-British squadron on 27 August 1793.
3. From the archives of the Maire-et-Loire Département. There was a fourth tannery of human hide at Meudon.

Jean Silve de Ventavon is a French Historian, whose previous books have included biographies of Gilles de Rais and the Vendéen leader Jacques Cathelineau. The present article is an extract from his *Soldats et Martyrs: Vendée 1793-1795* (Paris: Éditions Fernand Lamore Sorlot), published in April 2001.

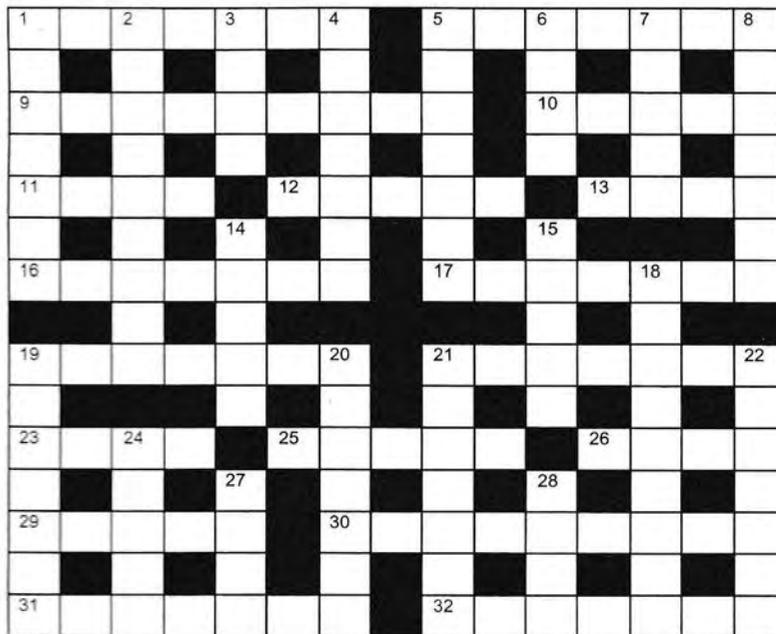
Translated by RJ Stove, Reprinted from *Codex*, July-Sept 2001

A Sinking Feeling in St Marks

THE tide ebbs and flows under the floor of St Mark's, so that a boat might come up under the great dome if a canal were cut from the lagoon; and the undulating floor, which some people regard as a beautiful feature of the design, is only the evidence and the consequence of the upward thrust of the piers of the old church underneath, which prevents certain parts of the pavement sinking as fast as the rest.

— T. Francis Burpus, *The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy*.

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 9



ACROSS CLUES

1. and 5. Raphael painting of Mary and the baby Jesus (7,7)
9. Condemnation (9)
10. She answered Peter's knock on the door (Acts 12:13-14) (5)
11. and 18. down Kyrie Eleison (4,4,5)
12. God promised Abraham his descendants would be as numerous as these (5)
13. Spoke untruthfully (4)
16. Goddess worshipped by Solomon (1 Kings 11:5) (7)
17. Pagan (7)
19. One of the sacraments (7)
21. Reaches one's destination (7)
23. The wife of Boaz (4)
25. What God promised to leave us (John 14:27)
26. A great race of people called the ... (Deuteronomy 2:10) (4)
29. Offered, with wine, to Abram by Melchizedek (Genesis 14:18) (5)
30. Initial; introductory (9)
31. Implore; make an urgent petition for (something) (7)
32. People who suffer death because of their religious beliefs (7)

DOWN CLUES

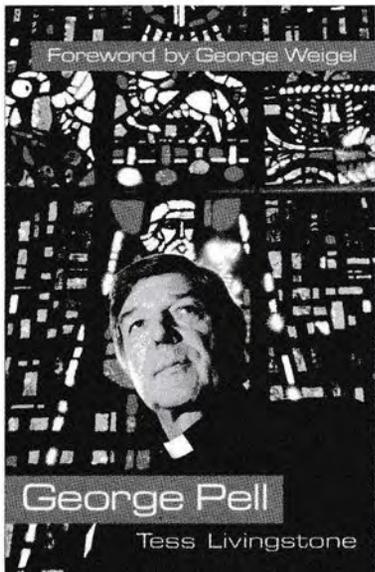
1. Group of three chairs used during High Mass (7)
2. Nationality of the woman at Jacob's Well (John 4:7) (9)
3. Title of a Muslim religious leader (4)
4. An apostolic letter (7)
5. A seven branched candelabrum used as an emblem of Judaism (7)

6. Plain where King Nebuchadnezzar had a gold statue set up (Daniel 3:1) (4)
7. Mother-in-law of Orpah and 23 across (5)
8. Hebrew name of the satanic angel in charge of the abyss (Revelation 9:11) (7)
14. Saint, founder of the Carthusian Order near Grenoble in France, Feast Day Oct 5 (5)
15. Home of Abraham and Isaac (Genesis 35:27) (5)
18. See 11 across
19. A story as told by Jesus (7)
20. Composer of a song or poem, especially a lament for the dead (7)
21. Praise (7)
22. Specimens; tastes (7)
24. The breaking of the seventh commandment (5)
27. Slothful (4)
28. Son of Jakeh (Proverbs 30:1) (4)

SOLUTION TO NO. 8



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George Pell

by Tess Livingstone

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THE AUTHOR, TESS LIVINGSTONE, is a prominent journalist on the editorial staff of the Brisbane newspaper *The Courier-Mail*. Her wide experience and national and international contacts have well equipped her to produce this fine study of the life of Archbishop Pell.

The introduction to the work is provided by the renowned scholar George Weigel, author of *Witness to Hope* which has come to be regarded as the definitive biography of John Paul II. Weigel is the author of the forthcoming books, *The Truth of Catholicism* (Gracewing Catholic Books) and *The Courage to be Catholic* (Basic Books), both of which will be available through Ignatius House Foundation Limited.

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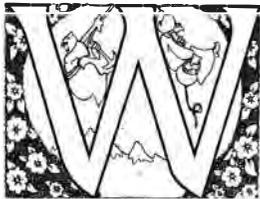
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an1002

Another side to the Bio-ethical controversy

STEM CELLS AND FALSE HOPES

The selling of false hope is a contemptible exploitation. MAUREEN CONDIC discusses the way proponents of embryonic stem cell research and human cloning resort to emotional subterfuges to win public support, when there is no compelling evidence in support of their claims.



WE have all witnessed the transforming power of hope – the focus and sustenance hope provides when strength and reason fail to pull us through a difficult situation. Facing tragedy and loss, hope is often the only thing standing between us and the void. Life-threatening illnesses or injuries provide some of the most poignant occasions for hope. We hope that cancer will respond to chemotherapeutic drugs. We hope, often against all odds, that this time, for this one precious and irreplaceable person, death will be thwarted and life will go on.

When medical science offers no legitimate hope for a cure, desperation and grief can drive people to grasp at any straw that might offer hope to them or to their loved ones. For many, herbal medicine or other 'alternative' therapies become the vehicle for hope when medical science has done all it can do. For others, hope comes from beyond the realm of medicine. Faith often takes up at the limits of hope, to turn the eyes of the desperate to the source of all life, all hope, and all salvation. Facing death with dignity requires us to accept our mortality and find peace beyond the hope possible in this world.

It is precisely the power of hope, the ability to hope to provide solace and motivation in the most desperate situations, that makes the manipulation of hope such an appalling offence. The selling of false hope is a contemptible exploitation. Whatever comfort a false hope temporarily offers, it is far offset by the damage that is

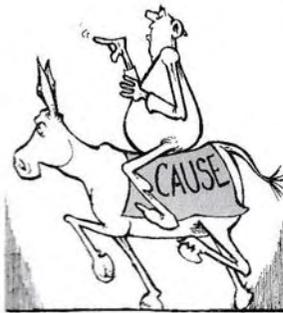
caused when the illusion is crushed by reality. Not only do bitterness and resentment replace the optimism a false belief once supported, but for the terminally ill it is often too late to go beyond bitterness and arrive at any kind of peace. To die an angry death, betrayed by hope and cursing those who have lied to you, is a fate few would wish on their worst enemies.

It is difficult to imagine anyone so hardened by malice that he

would intentionally mislead the desperate merely for the pleasure of watching false hope deflate when it collides with the truth. Yet desperation is a power motivator, and the ranks of the desperate have more than once been exploited for the political, social, and economic gain of the unscrupulous. People with nothing to lose, who view a contest as a matter of life or death, tend to make formidable combatants. Marshalling armies of such 'desperados' has been a strategy employed to great effect throughout history. No less so today in some fields of medical science.

Patients suffering from incurable medical conditions have been repeatedly used to influence the public and legislative debate over embryonic stem cell research. Setting aside the significant moral objections to experimenting on human embryos, there are very real problems with embryonic stem cell research on purely scientific grounds. Employing embryonic stem cells as a therapeutic treatment for human illness faces the serious challenge of immune rejection by the patient. One of the proposed resolutions to this problem has been to replace the genetic information of the stem cell with that of the patient to generate a copy or 'clone' of the patient that could be used as a source of replacement tissue.

In the face of strong public opposition to human cloning, proponents of embryonic stem cell research have advanced a tried-and-true tactic from the realm of produce marketing: when people reject a product, repackage it, and sell it under a different name. Thus human cloning has been effectively reborn as 'somatic cell nuclear transfer' (SCNT), in the hope of



Eating from the King's Dish

WHILE I ate out of the King's dish

To become servant of God
was never my wish.
Servant of God has chance of
greater sin
And sorrow, than the man
who serves a king.
For those who serve the greater
cause
may make the cause serve them.
Still doing right: and striving with
political men
May make that cause political, not
by what they do
But by what they are.

– Archbishop Thomas Becket from
T.S. Eliot, *Murder in the Cathedral*.

selling a failed product under a different brand name to a public that is understandably hesitant to endorse the cloning of people for spare body parts. The contemptible aspect of this particular marketing scheme is the nature of the target audience and the role of false hope in the sales pitch.

I recently had a series of conversations with a woman dying of multiple sclerosis (MS). MS is a particularly cruel and painful disease that progressively robs a person of the ability to walk, to talk, and eventually even to swallow and breathe. The woman, by all measures a bright and well-educated person, was still in the early stages of her illness and was highly motivated to devote every last shred of her energy to promoting the 'cure' offered by embryonic stem cell research. In a very real sense, this was to be her life's work, her legacy. The rage and frustration she expressed at those opposed to human cloning was intense. How, she asked, could people deny her and others in her situation their last, best and only hope for a cure?

How, indeed? In the face of such an emotional attack, many are driven to accept the imagined 'need' for human cloning. The tragic irony, of course, is that the cure so many desperately hope for is based on nothing more than bold assertion. Proponents of embryonic stem cell research and human cloning have enlisted the ranks of the terminally ill not only to lend credibility to their claims, but to provide the valuable emotional trump-card of 'How can you deny me a cure?' Those opposed to human cloning can be readily vilified as standing in the way of a cure – a cure that exists only in the hopes of the desperate and the speculations of a small number of scientists.

Perhaps the most distressing aspect of the current turn in the embryonic stem cell debate is that there are few constraints on where emotional exploitation can lead us. A year ago, the American public was asked to accept federal funding of research on human embryonic



stem cells, based on the unsupported assertion that such research would cure human diseases. Less than one year later, we are now being told that generating human clones is required in order for the true therapeutic potential of embryonic stem cells to be realised. At both junctures, patients with debilitating medical conditions were brought before the public to provide highly emotional testimony regarding their hope for a cure, and many Americans, swayed by compassion, reluctantly stomach their reservations.

What will the next twelve months bring? Will we next be asked to accept the need to 'culture' therapeutic clones in artificial wombs for a few months until tissue-specific stem cells can be obtained from growing embryos? Perhaps the cloned embryos will need to be grown even longer, until useable organs for transplant can be 'harvested.' While these scenarios may seem implausible (and would undoubtedly be dismissed as 'preposterous' by embryonic stem cell advocates), the generation of human clones in the laboratory appeared to be equally preposterous one short year ago. The point is simply this: in the absence of credible scientific evidence documenting precisely how embryonic stem cells and cloned human embryos will cure disease, one can assert anything one chooses and all things can be equally justified by hope.

Proponents of embryonic stem cell research and human cloning are well aware that the future of this research cannot be debated solely within the realm of science policy. They have not succeeded in garnering public support on the basis of the scientific evidence, largely because there is no compelling evidence in support of their assertions. Even if strong scientific evidence existed, the

equally strong moral objections to this research would undoubtedly persist. Advocates have also not succeeded in defining the matter solely in terms of scientific freedom and the pursuit of knowledge; the history of the last century illustrates the need to restrict scientific inquiry in some circumstances. In the face of these failures to recruit the public to their cause, advocates of human cloning and embryonic stem cell research have attempted to recast the issue as one of compassion and hope by marshalling the ranks of the desperate. The strategy appears to be when you can't win on legitimate grounds, win by any means possible. Such a strategy does not preclude outright deceit and emotional manipulation, all in the name of 'hope'.

To offer false hope to the desperate as a means of advancing a political, social, or economic agenda is worse than merely cruel, it is objectively evil. Valuable resources are being diverted from other, perhaps more promising, areas of research, and, in the meantime, patients and their families are serving as pawns in a political arena. People facing the prospect of suffering and death deserve better than this. As patients, they deserve the best that science and medicine can offer. As human beings, they deserve honesty. No amount of false hope can alter the fact that after more than twenty years of unrestricted research on animal embryonic stem cells, this field has *failed to yield a single cure of any human illness.*

Embryonic stem cell research and human cloning go to the heart of how we view human life, both at its earliest and its final stages. As in the case for all matters of life and death, this research raises issues that are both painful and profound. Resolution of these issues should certainly *not* be buried on unfounded speculation and emotional exploitation of those desperately hoping for a cure.



MAUREEN L. CONDIC, is Assistant Professor of Neurobiology and Anatomy at the University of Utah, working on the regeneration of adult and embryonic neurons following spinal cord injury. Reprinted with permission from *First Things* Aug/Sep 2002.

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Emotional Problem?

WHAT these metaphors are meant to convey is that the *aggressive-defensive class of emotions has a greater inertia, persistence, or mass momentum than reason*. This assumption is tacitly shared by most psychological theories, but it needs to be explicitly stated in order to appreciate its consequences. The most important among these is that quite frequently our emotions are incapable of keeping step with our reason and become divorced from reason. In psychopathology this phenomenon is taken for granted, but its significance in less extreme situations is generally overlooked – although both common experience and neurophysiology ought to make it obvious. Emotions of the self-asserting type involve a wide range of bodily changes, such as increased secretion of the adrenal glands, increase of blood sugar, acceleration of heart rate, speedier clotting of the blood, altered breathing, inhibition of digestive activity, changes in electric skin resistance, sweating, 'goose-pimples' which make the hair of the skin stand on end, dilation of the pupils, muscle tension, and tremor. The joint effect of these so-called emergency reactions is to put the whole organism into a state of readiness for come what may; sweating, for instance, disposes of the heat generated by fight or flight, and the abundance of blood sugar in the circulation provides the muscles with excess energy. Hence the remarkable feats of force of which people are capable in danger; but more important from our point of view is the lowering of the threshold of motor responses – the increased excitability of the muscles by nervous impulses, and the resulting tendency to violent movement, to 'work off', or at least 'shake off', the physiological effects of emotion.

– Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*, London, Pan Books, 1964.

By James Murray

Frida

So bewitching is Salma Hayek as Mexican painter Frida Kahlo that at least for the movie's duration, she makes you forget the true nature of the Mexico she inhabited. Alfred Molina's powerful performance as her husband-mentor Diego Rivera reinforces the oblivion.

Sexual activity is explicit. The same cannot be said for the movie's historical context. Rivera and Kahlo lived in the Mexico of Graham Greene's reportage *The Lawless Roads* and his novel *The Power and the Glory*, the Mexico of Marxist-Leninist, anti-Catholic terrorism. Add to this Geoffrey Rush, playing Lenin as a benign political philosopher (and Frida lover) rather than the intellectual despot he was.

Nor can this be put down simply to Hollywood vagueness about what happened south of the border, down Mexico way or across the Barents Sea in Siberia. One key element of the movie is Rivera's relationship with the Rockefellers who commissioned him to decorate Rockefeller Centre with one of his murals. Rivera insisted on painting Lenin into the mural, not as the butcher of millions but as a hero and of keeping him in over the objections of his patrons.

There follows a highly cinematic scene. The mural is shrouded in canvas. The sound of jackhammers is heard. Chunks of the mural crash down, creating the impression that the Rockefellers destroyed a great work of art. Yet the Rivera mural is still in place as any visitor to New York can see. Moral: the talent of artists is not authenticated by phony history. *M 15+*

**Me Without You**

Sweet and sour comedy about Marina (Anna Friel) and Holly (Michelle Williams), respectively Gentle and pretty and Jewish and brainy as their friendship is tested by time and rivalries sexual, social

and academic.

Filmmaker Sandra Goldbacher chooses to edit her movie decade by decade from the 1970s to the present. This over-elaborate, calendar sequence not only tends to slow the action, paradoxically it leaves the impression that the characters have remained in the Sixties.

But Friel and Williams more than compensate with performances of rare distinction, moving from suburban family life, through seizing the wild, drugged day, and back to family living. *M 15+*

The Banger Sisters

Another friendship comedy of manners about Suzette (Goldie Hawn) and Lavinia (Susan Sarandon), nostalgic Sixties survivors. This means, of course, they really could not have been there. No one who experienced that period of mass banality marketed as

a youth revolution could be nostalgic about it.

Suzette, unreconstructed wild child, seeks out Lavinia, transformed into an elegant, suburban matron who initially (and rationally) has no wish to dwell on her time as a groupie. But all too predictably, Suzette's advent causes Lavinia to forget rationality, cast off her elegant beige for fake snakeskin pants and cavort to rock music.

Both Hawn and Sarandon play their age, don't look it and may be having more fun than the audience. Geoffrey Rush gets into the act as Harry a twitchy screenwriter who scores a notable first: he does not tear the paper from his typewriter and crumple it up, he xes out his mistakes.

Writer/director Bob Dolman might have done better to consider a surprise twist: Suzette getting into beige and opting for suburban comfort in line with the thinking of that early wild child, the actress Mrs Patrick Campell who after her marriage to Alexander Woolcott spoke of, 'The deep, deep peace of the double bed after the hurly-burly of the *chaise longue*'. *MA*

**The Idol**

No one can accuse Australian director Samantha (*The Well*) Lang of predictability. Her new movie is set in a Parisian apartment block and stars Leelee Sobieski as an actress whose performances off-stage are more enthralling than on.

Among her neighbours is James Hong, playing a reclusive cook, obsessed with the actress. Although the movie is based on Michelle Tourneur's novel *A L'Heure Dite*, the Sobieski-Hong scenes are reminiscent of Lilian Gish and Richard Barthelmess in DW Griffiths' *Broken Blossoms* (though it must be added Miss Gish would never play any scene as boldly as Miss Sobieski). *M 15+*

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Taking Sides

Istvan (*Mephisto*) Szabo new film with a Nazi context is well mounted and cast. Harvey Keitel plays an American army officer involved in de-Nazification proceedings. His main target is a great orchestral conductor (Stellan Skarsgard) who stayed on in Germany after the Nazis were elected to power.

Keitel gives a one-note performance, and the note is flat. By contrast Skarsgard is symphonic. Yet the movie has a dated feel. The Soviet Russian involved, for example, is a jolly, cuddly, vodka-swiggling guy as if the movie had been made before the hot war went cold and the Soviet army's rape and pillage entry into Berlin became known.

The British? They rate a passing mention.

M 15+



My Big Fat Greek Wedding

Is a series of big, fat cliches that produces a series of big, fat laughs. Writer/co-star Nia Vardalos does exercise a degree of restraint. She does not include a plate-smashing scene. John Corbett is her non-Greek suitor. Lainie Kazan, Michael Constantine and Gia Carides are among members of the multitudinous family he has to marry into. This is a comedy with enough oomph and wit to cure a retsina-ouzo hang-over than which there is none more gloomy. G



Mrs Caldicot's Cabbage War

That perennial charmer Pauline Collins stars in the title role as widow, medicated to the eyeballs and consigned to an old folks home by her son (Peter Capaldi) and his wife (Anna Wilson-Jones). They evince an appropriately manic zeal in pursuit of their economically rationalist objective: selling Mrs Caldicot's suburban house to keep up the mortgage on their mini-mansion which looks suspiciously like something run up by Australia's own AV Jennings.

The old folks home is run with similar zeal on a profitable budget, fuelled by cabbage, cabbage, cabbage. Hence the war in which Mrs Caldicott leads the other inmates against the home's skin-flint, pompous manager (John Alderton, Collins's husband).

The comedy is both a satire on modern British family life and its Thatcherite, socio-economic context. M



Tuxedo

Jackie Chan is as much a droll as a kung fu fighter. And his movies get plottier and plottier. This is the plottiest yet. The titular tux transforms him from a New York cab driver into a kind of super-Bond figure, enabling him to foil the fiendishly clever plans of the kind of secret organisation that is based on Mount Paranoia.

Jennifer Love Hewitt displays an unexpected flair for comedy as Chan's sidekick. The final scene, a stake-out by a secret agent squad designed to enable Chan to win the girl of his dreams, is worth the price of admission. MA



The Nugget

Writer/director Bill Bennett's comedy about three road workers who find a gold nugget the dimensions of which rival the legendary Welcome Stranger. As the workers, Eric Bana, Stephen Curry and Dave O'Neil, display 24-carat, ocker geniality. Peter Moon and Vince Colosimo are the villains of the piece. Oily as a diesel with a broken gasket.

But it is that veteran for all char-



acter parts, Max Cullen, who holds the movie together as the narrator. He is called Wally and combines the wit of Banjo Paterson with the drive of Henry Lawson.

M 15+



Pollock

The Ed Harris portayal of Jackson Pollock is as meticulously detailed as a Pollock work is randomly painted. But Harris, who also produces and directs, may identify too closely with his subject's much advertised heroism in pursuit of his art. He essays no analysis of why Pollock was such a prodigious boozier. Could it be he was aware that his status as a working-class natural was being exploited as part of the marketing ramp that constitutes so much of the art still labelled modern in the 21st century though it originated at the beginning of the 20th?

Marcia Gay Harden matches Harris as Lee Krasner, Pollock's wife-muse. Amy Madigan's bitter, tight take on art patron Peggy Guggenheim shows that her power lay in her money not her charm.

Oh, happy days when a cover story in *Life* magazine could create an instant celebrity. Local chauvinists may be disappointed. Neither Blue Poles nor Gough Whitlam rates a mention. There again who could play Gough Whitlam as well as he plays himself? And could Hollywood afford him? MA



Dinner Rush

Murder is on the menu at the Italian restaurant run by Louis (Danny Aiello) who also has a bookmaking operation of which the mafia want a slice. But first there is a ante pasto of vivid kitchen politics and customers, assessed by an amiable interloper (John Corbett) who seems to have nothing but time to kill.

Restaurateur/writer/director Bob Giraldo fills his frame with images as authentically fresh as dawn-market produce. Aiello's perfor-



VERCINGETORIX, a chieftain of the Celtic Arverni from central Gaul, rallied the Gauls in a great national uprising against Caesar and Roman domination. With extraordinary bravery he defended his mountain home, the town of Gergovia, against every attack by Caesar, who was for a time in a highly dangerous position. But Caesar finally blockaded Vercingetorix in Alesia, and the Gaulish hero was forced to surrender. In 46 B.C. he was led through Rome in a triumphal procession, later to be decapitated in the Carcer Mamertinus. The French still regard Vercingetorix as a national hero, as the Germans do Arminius, and, just as the Germans have erected a memorial to their Cheruscan prince in the Teutoburger Wald, so the French have honoured Vercingetorix in Alesia and on the site of Gergovia.

— Ivar Lissner, *Power and Folly*, London 1958.

mance is a marvel of quiet patience evolving towards lethal anger. When the murder does come it as sudden and shocking as vinegar served as champagne. *M 15+*



Murder by Numbers

Sandra Bullock is a splendid trier. She both produces and stars in this variation of the Alfred Hitchcock classic *Rope*, in turn based on the Leopold-Loeb case which involved two students murdering a fellow student as an intellectual challenge.

Bullock plays Cassie Mayweather, a detective in pursuit of two bright-spark, random killers Richard (Ryan Gosling) and Justin (Michael Pitt) who take their inspiration from Nietzsche. Will she fail to nail them? Only if she does not recognise the tumbledown, cliff-edge house as the location for the kind of climax director Barbet Schroeder does brilliantly. *MA*



Enough

Already is the word that springs to mind. But this reviewer has a bias in favour of

director Michel Apte who once tried to direct him in a TV current events segment with disastrous results that fortunately never saw the light of the cathode tube.

Apte does what he can with a story-line that is a re-starred version of the relatively recent Juliet Roberts opus about wife abuse, *Sleeping with the Enemy*. His star is Jennifer Lopez who cuts a scrumptious yet lethal figure after she learns unarmed combat techniques, beats her errant husband (Billy Campbell) to death and lives happily ever after with their son. *M 15+*



The Transporter

Begins promisingly with a bank robbery and a car chase through the south of France that equals in excitement all the movie car chases since the Keystone Cops, and brings

us to the timely core plot: people smuggling.

Then, however, the movie's star Jason Statham, playing an ex-soldier who specialises in moving packages inanimate and human, seems to decide that he is Wesley Snipes in white-face, leading to a variety of martial arts encounters that get in the way of the plot. *M 15+*



Kissing Jessica Stein

Allenland, a region not unlike Manhattan originally discovered by Woody Allen inside his own head, is being colonised by others. Writer/director Amos Kolleck did it in *Fast Food, Fast Women*.

Now into Allenland come writer/producers Jennifer Westfeldt and Heather Juergensen in a comedy about a Jewish girl (Westfeldt) flirting with a lesbian (Juergensen) after a chain of disastrous heterosexual dates. She discover, however, that she really prefers the boy next door (or more exactly at the next work station). *MA*



The Ring

Possibly because of the fragmentation effect of advertising on television narratives, coherent plotting seems no longer to be necessary. All you need is a trigger for shocking moments and someone to be shocked by them.

Naomi Watts, still looking slightly bewildered from *Holland Drive*, plays a reporter called Rachel. She is duly shocked by a mysterious videotape, the sight of which kills people. She, however, is not killed merely taken through a non-sequence of seaming episodes. *M 15+*



Spy Kids 2: Island of Lost Dreams

Writer/director Robert Rodriguez has more super fun with his Spy Family Cortez.

Father Gregorio (Antonio Banderas) and mother Ingrid (Carla Gugino) are somewhat sidelined in favour of their children Carmen and Juni (Alexa Vega and Daryl Sabara) who deploy an armoury of gadgets fit to turn James Bond green.

Alan Cumming reprises his role as Fegan Floop and Steve Buscemi makes his entrance as a mad scientist who combines the characteristics of doctors Moreau and Doolittle.

Rodriguez is admirably dedicated to making not just a family movie but an extended family movie. Hence intrepid grandparents, played by those polished, antique performers Riccardo Montalban and Holland Taylor. *PG*



Treasure Planet

The Walt Disney organisation has got round to doing what veteran local producer Roger Mirams has been doing for years: a variation on Robert Louis Stevenson's classic *Treasure Island*.

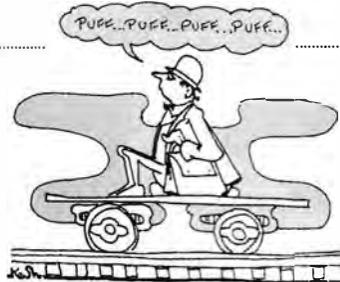
Here the island becomes a planet. But Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver (transformed into a cyborg) battle for Captain Flint's pirate treasure. Among the voice actors are Emma Thompson, David Hyde Pierce, Martin Short and Patrick McGoohan. *PG*



Red Dragon

At last the first of the Hannibal Lecter horror trilogy. (A remake of *Manhunter*, a 1986 version with Brian Cox as Lecter). Anthony Hopkins reprises Lecter with sibilant relish. Once again he is in jail. One again he assists a young FBI agent (Ed Norton).

In many respects, this is a better detective story than the others though Norton and fellow agent Harvey Keitel display extraordinary (or is that expected?) obtuseness in following the main clue to the identity of a serial killer (Ralph



No seat on the iron-horse

THE underground railway authorities had a complaint box, into which, one day, there dropped this puzzling letter:

'Your line is three thousand years behind the times.'

Asked to be more explicit the writer of the letter replied:

'Three thousand years ago Balaam sat on his ass. I have never sat down... since your line was opened.'

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

Fiennes in rampant form), seeking to flatter Lecter by imitation of his blood-boltered exploits.

Thomas Harris, author of the Lecter trilogy, may be attempting a form of self-defence when he has Keitel remark to Norton that he has the kind of imagination that enables him to understand the criminally psychotic without being tempted to mimic them.

One would hope that Hopkins has supped full enough of Lecter horrors. There again million-dollar fees are finer appetisers than dry sheries. *M 15+*



Austin Powers in Goldmember

Mike Myers who plays Austin Powers is the showbiz descendant of the late, great and hilarious Benny Hill. Both belong to the family of fatties who featured for years in saucy, British seaside postcards.

Once more Powers routs the forces of evil and gloom through

the power of the guffaw though his plot is weaker than his outrageous sight gags. *MA*



The Brotherhood of the Wolf

The French film industry is rightly concerned at being smothered by its mighty American counterpart. So why does it make this kind of meretricious movie? As a self-administered inoculation against American excess?

Among fine actors toting their share of hokum are Samuel; Le Bihan, Vincent Cassel Emilie Dequenne and Monica Bellucci. The movie is set in pre-revolutionary France. Buckles are swashed. Hooded figures lurk A mysterious creature terrorises the local peasants. What can it be? It is a giant wolf. But where does it come from?

Well, as a matter of fantasy, it is the invention of a clerical conspiracy to divert the down-trodden from thoughts and plots of rebellion against the king. Laughable? Yes, but also sinister. There will be those daft enough to see some kind of anti-clerical truth in the hokum which diverts blame from the members of the secular enlightenment who invented state terror onto the clergy who were among its main victims. *MA*



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— Editor. *Annals Australasia*.

The Heart In Scripture

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

By DENNIS MURPHY MSC



POPE Pius XII, in his Encyclical on Devotion to the Sacred Heart (*Haurietis aquas*), stressed that its roots were to be found in the Scriptures and tradition. It did not depend on the revelations made to St Margaret Mary (1647-1690), though of course these had their importance. He also repeated what earlier Popes had said claiming that devotion to the Sacred Heart was a summary of the essentials of our faith. Theologians of the stature of Karl Rahner have made the same point in defending Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The word 'heart' appears 1,163 times in the Bible, translating the Hebrew word *leb, lebab*. Some may be surprised that the word is used mainly in figurative ways, and rarely refers merely to the physical organ. Nor is it used in the Bible as a symbol of love as we use it today. Certainly, the heart loves, but it also thinks, desires, grieves etc. And scripture speaks both of the human heart and the heart of God in this way.

One of the most important usages concerning 'heart' in the Bible is the contrast between appearances and the real person behind the appearances ... *the Lord does not see as mortals see; they look on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart* (1 Sam 16:7).

Sometimes appearances hide the real person, at other times they reveal it. We find this latter usage in the words of Jesus: *The good person out of the good treasure of the heart produces good, and the evil person out of evil treasure produces evil; for it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaks* (Lk 6:45).

The heart, therefore, stands for the real person. Consequently, the heart is where we meet God: *These people honour me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me* (Isaiah 29:13). And positively, *My heart says, 'Come, seek his*

face! Your face, Lord, do I seek. Ps 27:8.

Genuineness of repentance is a matter of the 'heart', because conversion is not merely a matter of external conduct but also of a radical personal change ... *return to me with all your heart ... rend your hearts and not*

your clothing (Jopel 2:12, 13); *Create in me a clean heart, O God* (Ps 51:10).

A human person is a fabric of many emotions. And so the Bible logically associates the human heart with love, hatred, joy, sadness, pain, worry, thanksgiving, courage, fear. But on a deeper level, the human person is made up of understanding, judgments, decisions; and in biblical language all these can equally be acts of the heart. According to Sirach 17:6, God gave human beings a heart to *think* with. To avoid an expression that sounds rather strange to us, the *New Revised Standard Version* translates this as a *mind* to think with.

This usage is not so strange when we remember that the 'heart' is understood as the depths of the person. Both feeling and thinking come from those depths.

There are of course other words in the Bible that refer to the interior life – for example, spirit, soul and mind, but 'heart' retains a special importance because of the number of times it is used and because it refers naturally to the 'centre', the 'innermost part' ... *the heart of the sea* (Exodus 15:8); ... *the heart of the earth* (Mt 12:40); and so also the 'heart' or 'centre' of a person.

Because it refers to the centre, 'heart' consequently integrates the spiritual and physical aspects of the embodied person. This was the point that attracted Teilhard de Chardin to the Heart (centre) of Christ.

The most significant texts with regard to Devotion to the Sacred Heart, however, are those dealing with the new Covenant. The prophets came to realise that we would not be able to love the Lord our God with all our heart (cf Deut 4:29; 6:5) unless God changed us radically in the depths of our being, that is, unless he gave us a new heart. *A new heart I will give you and a new spirit*



What I don't know isn't knowledge

THE language of mathematics is the language of all exact science, and in the illustrations to any scientific text-book – whether it deals with the macrocosm of astronomy or with the microcosm of atomic physics – we are sure to find plenty of lines and circles. Yet when we lift our eyes from the book to the world about us, the world which the book is supposed to interpret to us, how many – or rather, how very few – of these circles and straight lines do we see there? The scientist tends always to describe the world as if it were a kind of machine, and a machine is something that consists almost wholly of rods and wheels; but may not these so-useful concepts be blinkers rather than guides? Can Mind really conquer the rich and colourful kingdom of Matter with only such primitive weapons as a straight sword and a round buckler? Will it, like some warrior-aristocrat, contemptuously ignore the very existence of anything which cannot be mastered by these weapons?

I am the master of this college
And what I don't know isn't knowledge.

– A.H.N. Green-Armytage, quoted in *Taking Stock. Collected Writings of A.H.N. Green-Armytage*, ed. Janet Kovesi Watt, Perth 2001 [available from 1, Kott Tee, Claremont WA 6010. \$28 includes postage anywhere in Australia]

I will put within you; and I will remove from your body the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh. I will put my spirit within you, and make you follow my statutes and be careful to observe my ordinances. (Ezek 36:26-27 cf Jer 31:31-33).

God gives this new heart to the human race in Jesus, who *became obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross* (Phil 2:8). It is Jesus' attitude (obedience, loyalty) that gives value to his death; otherwise it would be merely an atrocious crime without value. Because Jesus' attitude in his death was the complete opposite of sin, in union with him we too can live a new life: *The death he died, he died to sin, once for all; but the life he lives, he lives to God. So you also must consider yourselves dead to sin but alive to God in Christ Jesus'* (Rom 6:10-11).

Our interior dispositions can become the interior dispositions of Jesus. And this comes about through the power of the Spirit enabling our hearts to love as Jesus loved: *God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit that has been given to us* (Rom 5:5).

God the Father has reconciled us with himself in Christ: *So if anyone is in Christ, there is a new creation: everything old has passed away; see everything has become new! ... in Christ, God was reconciling the world to himself* (2 Cor 5:17,19). In bringing about this new creation, God has given us the supreme expression of his love: *God proves his love for us in that while we still were sinners Christ died for us* (Rom 5:8). All this, and so much more, is symbolised in the *pierced Heart of Jesus*. And thus tradition has fittingly brought together the biblical meaning of 'heart' and John 19:34,37. *One of the soldiers pierced his side with a lance; and they will look on him whom they have pierced.*

Jesus explained the reality of his death in terms of the new Covenant (1 Cor 11:23-26; Lk 22:14-23; Mt 26:26-30; Mk 14:22-26). John elaborates the full significance of this Covenant throughout the last discourse of Jesus (13-17), but more especially in the 'Priestly Prayer' of chapter 17. These eucharist themes are all essential elements in Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the way of life based on it.

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Annals is seeking, for Bishop Sir Desmond Moore, formerly of Alotau, Milne Bay, Papua New-Guinea, a copy of *History of the Catholic Church in Australasia*, by Cardinal Moran.

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It is important, of course, to keep in mind that the Heart of Christ speaks to us of God's love, but if this wider biblical context is forgotten we can lose sight of the full richness of the Devotion.

Before St Margaret Mary, St John Eudes and the French School of Spirituality had thought of the Heart of Christ as referring primarily to the centre of Jesus – to what makes Jesus to be *Jesus*. In other words, the Heart of Jesus was not simply a symbol of love. It was the *essence* of Jesus.

Cardinal de Bérulle is generally considered to be the founder of the French School of Spirituality. He introduced for the Congregation he founded in France a Feast of *Jesus*. What he wanted to do by this was to go beyond any particular mystery in the life of Jesus (his birth, his hidden life, his public life, his death and resurrection) and concentrate on the *essence* of Jesus that was manifested in each of these mysteries.

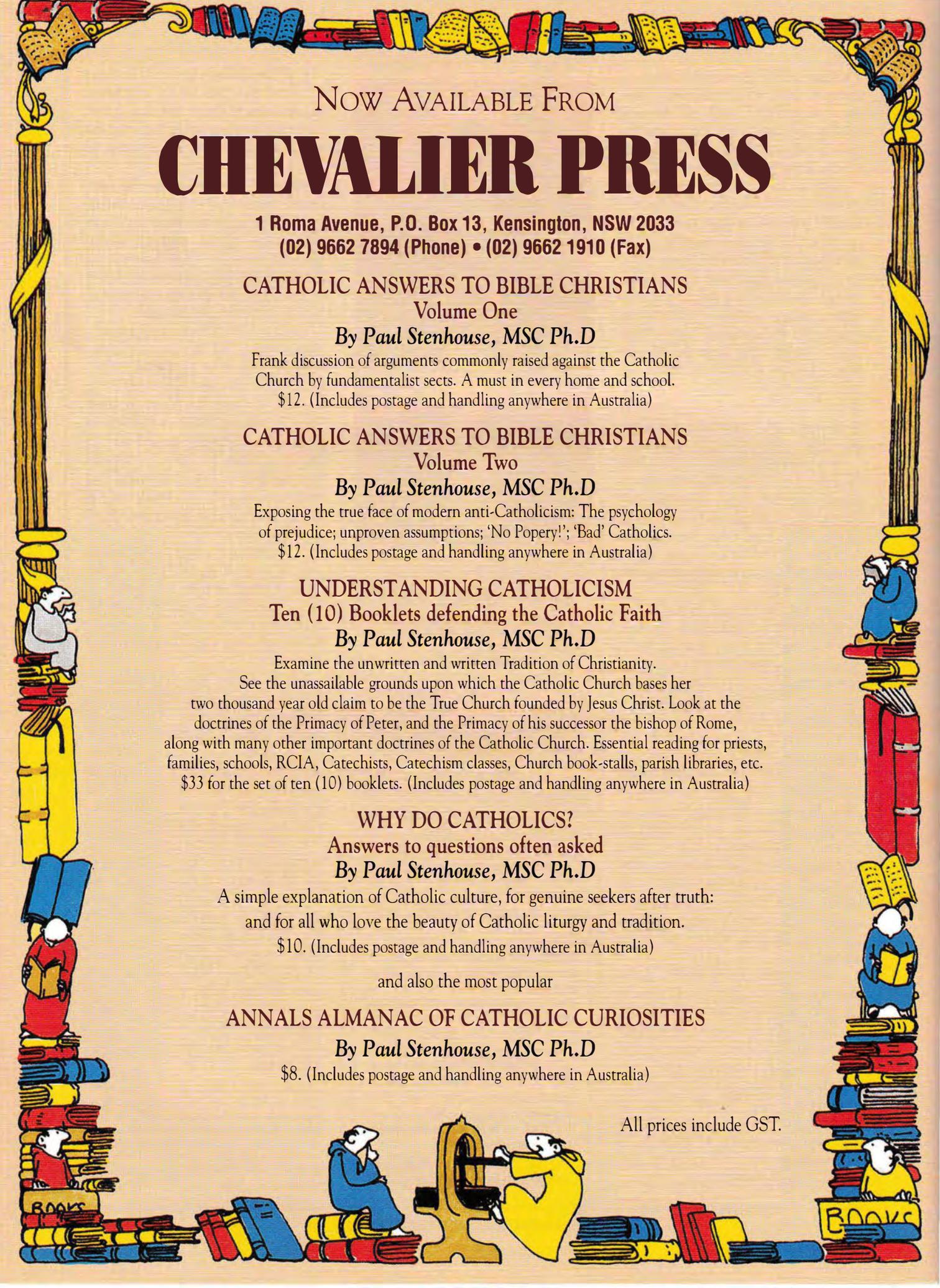
St John Eudes had the same intention in instituting the Feast of the Heart of Jesus. Bérulle had spoken of the *person* of the Word incarnate, St. Jean Eudes of the *Heart* of the Word Incarnate, but they both had the same idea.

In the Bible, the 'heart' is not merely a symbol of love; it is the essence, the depth of the human person. If this is forgotten, Devotion to the Sacred Heart can be at times trivialised and lose its scriptural foundations. But when this is our starting point, it is rich in its implications for contemplation and for life.

In other words, the central concern of Devotion to the Sacred Heart is to see what really makes Jesus to be *Jesus* – to see what God the Father sees when he looks at Jesus: *For the Lord looks at the heart* (1 Sam 16:7). And we give ourselves to Jesus, trusting that our hearts will be made more and more like this through the power of the Holy Spirit. Devotion to the Sacred Heart, properly understood, is essentially Trinitarian.



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

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stacks of colorful books (red, blue, yellow, green) and cartoon figures of people reading or writing. At the top, a banner of books is draped across the width. On the left and right sides, vertical columns of books are shown, with figures sitting on them. At the bottom, a figure in a blue robe sits on a stack of books, looking at a large, ornate golden letter 'O' that is part of a larger structure. Another figure in a yellow robe is positioned next to it, appearing to be working on or adjusting it. The word 'BOOKS' is written on a sign at the bottom left and right corners.

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