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Front Cover: Memorial in the Vatican grounds to the Frankish emperor Charles the Great. He is holding a model of the hospice he founded in AD 796 close to St Peter's for pilgrims visiting the tombs of St Peter and Paul. Underneath the figure [not shown] is a scroll that reads: 'Carolus Magnus me fundavit' i.e. 'Charles the Great founded me'. Charlemagne was crowned emperor in St Peter's, on Christmas Day 800 AD by Pope Leo III [795-815]. In the Vatican gardens, to the left as one faces the basilica, and over the ancient cemetery that formed part of Nero's Circus in which St Peter was martyred, is the Campo Santo Teutonico or Holy Field of the Germans, where the memorial is to be found. See the article on p.9 of this issue.

Back Cover: A selection of booklets available from Chevalier Press. They are ideal as Christmas or birthday gifts or as gifts for relatives and friends interested in the Catholic Faith, for RCIA groups following catechism courses in preparation of baptism at Easter time, or as school prizes. They make ideal bedtime reading, and we recommend them to all Catholics wishing to deepen their understanding of their history, and of their faith.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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Lord Jesus
L... help
us to bring
your Salvation
and Joy to the
whole world.


– Post Communion Prayer
from the *Roman Missal*
Mass for the 5th Sunday of
the Year Ordinary Time.

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

GOD AND US




IF GOD were good, He would make Himself obvious. Not really. God makes himself just sufficiently evident to allow us freedom. If He were easy to find, we'd all believe and thus have no real choice. If He were almost impossible to find, it would be cruel and unfair. He chooses the middle path. He's there if we seek to look, but not so if we don't care. ... He desperately wants us to love Him and return to Him, but we have to make that decision ourselves.

- Michael Coren, 'Their disbelief is my strength,' copyright © 2007 *National Post*. Coren is a Canadian columnist, author, public speaker, radio host and television talk show host. He became a Catholic in 2004.






PRAISE HIS NAME



NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
we lift our hearts to God on high,
that he, in all we do or say,
would keep us free from harm today;

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
from anger's din would hide our life;
from all ill sights would turn our eyes;
would close our ears from vanities;

Would keep our inmost conscience pure;
our souls from folly would secure;
would bid us check the pride of sense
with due and holy abstinence.



SO WE, when this new day is gone,
and night in turn is drawing on,
with conscience by the world unstained
shall praise his Name for victory gained.

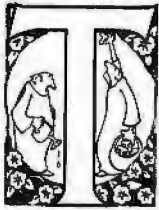
All praise to You, creator Lord !
All praise to You, eternal word !
All praise to You, O Spirit wise !
We sing as daylight fills the skies.

- Translation of the Latin hymn 'Jam lucis orto sidere'
attributed to St Ambrose of Milan 339-397 AD. From
the Psalter of the *Roman Breviary* revised according to
the decrees of Vatican II for Lauds on Wednesdays.

Another slant on economic and other woes

GOOD AND EVIL – OPPOSITES OR JUST ‘DIFFERENT’

By Paul Stenhouse



HERE is an extraordinary reference in the Apocalypse of St John¹ to a ‘war in heaven’. Michael and his angels, we are told, fought against ‘the old serpent named the Devil or Satan that had deceived the whole world’. He was thrown down to earth, and all his angels with him. St John warns us to be careful, and says ‘how terrible’ this was ‘for the earth,’ for Satan is ‘filled with rage’.

Throughout his life, and especially at the time of his passion and death, our Lord confronted this earth-bound and street-wise Evil for us; he accepted its challenge, let it do its worst, and overcame it. All scenarios in plays, books and film which deal with the conflict of Good and Evil, draw their inspiration from the age-old drama that unfolds before us every day at Mass.

The four Gospels are filled to the brim with exhortations to show love, generosity and mercy. They contain the Charter of all free men, in which it is love – not fear, hate, anger, revenge or subservience – that is meant to govern our lives.

This is the Law [or the ‘Way’²] of Jesus. Its Charter is as valid for us and for our day as it was for the first-century followers of Jesus. It is our ‘Way,’ as it was the ‘Way’ of Stephen, the first martyr, Peter, the first Pope, Paul, the apostle to the gentiles and the myriad believers in Jesus down through two millennia to the present day.

Despite, or because of, this Gospel emphasis on love and forgiveness, our Lord warns us not to be surprised if we are hated. ‘If you belonged to the world, the world would love you; but

because you do not belong to the world, it hates you.’³

The world has a different ‘take’ on reality from the Christian one. And the task of confronting Evil in our day is made all the more difficult because many moderns deny that Evil exists. Not only do they deny that Satan is ‘filled with rage;’⁴ the devil who, St John warns us,⁵ ‘has led the whole world astray’ – is consigned to the dustbin of myths and hobgoblins.

Those of us who choose not to be taken in by such wishful thinking may arm ourselves, as St Paul urges us,⁶ with the belt of truth; with integrity for our coat of mail; with the gospel of peace for the shoes on our feet so that we can stand firm; and, we make take up the great shield of faith, but

our efforts are met with media-wide ridicule. The worldly-wise shun us as if we were 21st century Don Quixotes jousting with windmills.

We may even find ourselves hated precisely because we are followers of Jesus. In St Matthew we hear our Lord again warning us: ‘you will be hated by all men on account of my name.’⁷

The problem of good and evil, love and hate, is perennial. The Book of Job, a Canaanite work from the second millennium BC that was beautifully adapted and embellished by the Hebrew conquerors, speaks of those ‘who hate the light, know nothing of its Ways and avoid its paths.’⁸

St John’s Gospel⁹ laments the perversity of those who ‘hate the light,’ for in its glare their wrongdoing will

A Sinking of the Heart

HAVE YOU EVER, in listening to a debate among adult and presumably responsible people, been fretted by the extraordinary inability of the average debater to speak to the question, or to meet and refute the arguments of speakers on the other side? Or have you ever pondered upon the extremely high incidence of irrelevant matter which crops up at committee meetings, and upon the very great rarity of persons capable of acting as chairmen of committees? And when you think of this, and think that most of our public affairs are settled by debates and committees, have you ever felt a certain sinking of the heart?

– Excerpted from *The Lost Tools of Learning*, an essay by Dorothy Sayers [1893-1967] presented at Oxford in 1947.

Who really owns What?

WE still rightly laud Thomas Edison for his unrivaled lifetime accumulation of 1,093 patents, for instance. But many companies today garner nearly that number of patents each year. In 1997, IBM was granted 1,724 U.S. patents. Its empire of active ownership claims numbers well into the tens of thousands and already earns the company close to \$1 billion annually. If you doubt the towering pre-eminence of knowledge assets in the market-place, consider the source of the wealth of the richest person alive: the CEO of Microsoft, Bill Gates, made his fortune not by producing a new widget we couldn't live without but by owning a language for computers to speak.

— Seth Shulman, *Owning the Future*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1999, pp. 13-14.

be revealed to others, and also — more frighteningly — to themselves.

Love and compassion, mercy and forgiveness are frequently seen as weakness in our hi-tech world of ruthless competition, militarism and philosophical pragmatism and utilitarianism. In a futile accommodation with this world, born of desperation and frustration, some have even supported a so-called 'ideology' of violent revolution which is derived not from the Christian Gospels but from discredited Marxist ideology.

We would be deceiving ourselves, however, if we thought that evil is the sole cause or occasion of hatred.

The New Testament and the Psalms remind us that Good can be hated for 'no reason'.¹

St Augustine tells us that it is simplistic to think that it is religion, race, nationality, sex or social class that separates us or divides us from others: 'we are divided from one another by what [or whom] we love or hate.'²

St Thomas makes the point in his *Summa Theologica*, that 'just as Good is the proper object of love, so Evil is the proper object of hatred.'³ But, to love without discernment, or *indiscriminately*, may be a vice, not a virtue. Loving all things can lead to our approving things that are harmful, and

we may even end by hating the Good.

Is an example of the latter the otherwise inexplicable disdain and even downright hatred that some Christians have for honour paid to the mother of Jesus? Catholics and Orthodox share a reverence for Mary and honour the Virgin of Nazareth as the Mother of God. To refuse to honour, or — what is worse — to dishonour Jesus' mother, is to dishonour her Son.

Niccolò Machiavelli, [1469-1527] in his treatise on power and those who wield it,⁴ says that sometimes a ruler must do evil because when the people, soldiers or nobles, are corrupt, you fail to satisfy them at your peril. Denying them what they want will lead to your political ruin. Doing good, he warns, 'will be to your disadvantage'.

Despite its cynicism and moral flaws, this passage acknowledges what we all know — that doing Good does not automatically produce love and affection in the recipients of the Good; it often produces hatred.

These days we find scientists who want to change our genetic structure to bypass norms and restrictions that have been placed on us by our nature as human beings.

While denying the very existence of human nature, in the process they set about redefining the [allegedly

non-existent] 'nature' of human beings which is in a state of very convenient flux as a result. The political utopianism at the heart of this bizarre intellectual *dansé macabre* targets certain classes or groups — especially Catholics — as the alleged cause of the evil in this world. The Church's teaching on social justice, is singled out as plunging the world into a crisis of over-population and widespread famine.

A coalition of socialists, atheists, anarchists, self-styled resistance activists and left-leaning Catholics is running a *No to Pope* campaign in Sydney that started before World Youth Day last year, and continues to dream of a godless state where, among other things 'sexuality is not oppressed and commodified [sic!]. The fact that they identify the Pope as an enemy says a lot about the cause they serve and the kind of world in which they feel comfortable.

We now find that many of the faults, failures and aberrations listed by St Paul in his epistle to the Romans⁵ are being described as our 'natural rights'. Those who dare question economic rationalism, or un-regulated Capitalism; those who call abortion 'evil' or euthanasia 'wrong' or contraception 'misguided' or [God forbid] 'sinful'; or dare to uphold the values of family life, find themselves vilified and objects of hatred.

We should never doubt that God can bring good out of evil. If our world is to be a happier and more just place for all peoples, however, we must shun the temptation to describe as non-existent or, what is worse, as 'good', the 'Evil' which St Peter warns us 'goes about the world like a roaring lion seeking whom it may devour'.

1. 12, 11-18.

2. Acts 24, 22. 'The Way' was an early, — perhaps the earliest — name for Christianity.

3. John 15, 18.

4. St. John, Apocalypse, 12, 12.

5. Ibid. 12, 3.

6. *Epistolas*, 54, 4-17.

7. 10, 22.

8. 24, 13.

9. 3, 29.

10. *Psalms* 59; *Lamentations* 3, 32.

11. *City of God*, 14, 28.

12. 141, 29.

13. *117 Principles*, 19.

14. See e.g. 148, 32; 24, 4-6.

15. 1 Peter 5, 8.

16. For a more in-depth treatment of the way in which the journey is used in this article, see 'The Experience of Hatred' by Fisher, James S. *ibid.*, 11, 1/2, *The Way*, (London) 1977, pp. 288-300 (from which the references in the Book of Job, 1 St Augustine, St Thomas and Machiavelli, quoted above, have been drawn).

BIG BROTHER had tried to put a stop to things. He let it be known that he was no longer going to peer into people's homes and watch them. In fact he was heartily sick of watching them. It wasn't that everybody wanted to be a celebrity, they demanded it! So it was that they also demanded an audience. And he, Big Brother, was that audience.

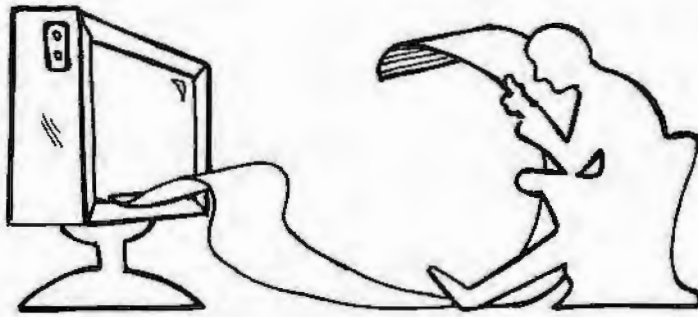
In the name of security and control Big Brother had started something he was unable to stop. It was made worse when, having rehabilitated that Winston fellow, they went and made him head of promotions. Ever since he'd become head Winston had had one bright idea after another. 'Why not,' he'd suggested, 'promote the idea of being observed? Spin it a bit. Instead of calling it 'surveillance' call it 'Your Fifteen Minutes Start NOW!'

So they did this and it worked. Boy, did it work. It was then that Big Brother learned to his chagrin that everyone is a performer. Everyone had a short film, a comedy spot, a crazy home video in them. Then there were all those people who had their own "personal story of tragedy and triumph" to tell, over and over again. Top it all off with the ones who thought they were outrageous and sexy, and it was all too much.

Big Brother tried to unplug the viewing monitors but that proved impossible. He tried to walk away, but he was stopped and the Council implanted observation chips behind his eyes. So it was that everywhere he went he had no choice but to watch. Worse, however, was to follow.

From having to watch a world of celebrities, Big Brother had to become one. This was different to the celebrity he had in the old days when his face was everywhere, now we're talking fame - *Stardom!* Now he was expected to give interviews and be seen; he had to smile twenty four hours a day, dine out with plastic non-entities, attend movie premiers. And he didn't just have to smile, that was the easy part, he was also expected to whoop and punch the air and applaud whenever a citizen did or said something that was felt to be outrageous.

There was the time many years ago when 'sit on it' was a popular phrase, and every time a citizen said it Big Brother had to express approval by



WINSTON'S REVENGE

By ROBERT TILLEY

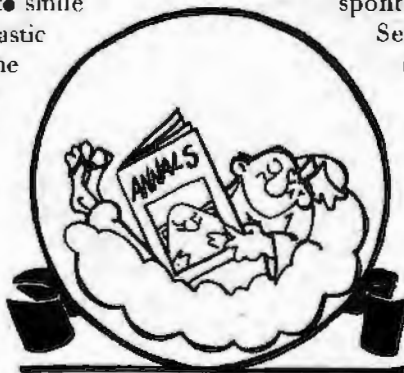
a stop to things. Winston was always upbeat. The ratings were always on the up and there was greater compliance than ever before. 'Not from me there isn't,' Big Brother would mutter to himself.

Things had definitely gotten out of hand. Something had to be done. Big Brother's chance came when he was interviewed on the *At Home with the Ordinary Folk* show. Each program would feature a family home chosen at random. A celebrity would be secreted in the house, in a cupboard or under a bed, and then appear midway through the show to the surprise and delight of the family involved.

Big Brother hurt out of the kitchen cupboard yelling at everyone to turn their sets off and to disconnect the cameras in their homes. This was an outrage! Not only was the host family stunned into silence so too was all the nation. It did not go down well. At first everyone thought it might be a joke, one in very poor taste, but when it became apparent that Big Brother was serious things began to get ugly. You see, people thought their fifteen minutes were up. Who the hell was Big Brother to tell them that they couldn't be watched? It very nearly ended in revolution.

Citizens guarded with guns the surveillance cameras in their homes, threatening anyone who looked as if they were going to disconnect them. Crowds formed spontaneously around the Intelligence Services' buildings refusing to allow their decommissioning. Rumours were abroad about the possibility of a coup. Something had to be done. And it was.

Big Brother was called in and counseled. After a time he submitted and was rehabilitated. The world whooped and shook its collective fist in the air. Big Brother was a ratings winner.



ROBERT TILLEY is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

'... the lifting of a canonical penalty for the four bishops' breach of canon law is completely unrelated to the question of whether the Church in any way endorses the offensive non-theological opinions of one of them.'

POPE BENEDICT XVI AND THE BISHOP

By Christopher Pearson



THE January 24 edition of The Weekend Australian carried a story about the impending release of Benedict XVI's most controversial decree to date. It was by Ruth Gledhill, the religious affairs editor of The Times. She had plainly taken a dim view of the Pope lifting the excommunications on four dissident bishops, one of whom is a longstanding Holocaust-denier. After posting the news on her blog, Gledhill asked for reader feedback, saying: "I'm too upset to make a rational comment right now."

It's a pity more of the commentariat didn't follow her example before bursting into print or erupting on the blogosphere. Andrew Sullivan is a widely syndicated columnist, a gay Catholic in the US who started out as a mild political and cultural conservative before drifting into the progressive camp. He told his readers: "I am truly, deeply ashamed of my church for this action and hope this provokes such an outcry it is reversed."

The Washington Post's Susan Jacoby said: "By his actions, this morally obtuse Pope has demonstrated that he has no right to lecture anyone, Catholic or non-Catholic, about anything." Closer to home, Overland editor Jeff Sparrow told the readers of Crikey that the Pope's "apparent toleration of an anti-Semite hate group deserves the strongest possible condemnation, even if there's no political mileage to be made from it."

The kinds of political and, more importantly, cultural mileage that various factions both within the church and outside it stand to make from last week's decree are real enough. To understand them it's necessary first of all to say something about archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, founder of the Society of St. Pius the Tenth (SSPX), the only overt splinter group of any consequence to emerge in the aftermath of the Second Vatican Council.

Like most of the leaders of the French church in the 20th century, Lefebvre carried a lot of political and cultural baggage, stretching back at least as far as the fall of the Bastille. The church became divided between those who

subscribed to liberty, equality and fraternity and those who believed in a God-given, permanent alliance between throne and altar. Maximilien Robespierre had failed in the attempt to overthrow Catholicism and replace it with a deist religion of the state. With varying degrees of success, republicans, socialists and the ecclesiastical Left have been pursuing comparable projects ever since.

One of these was the virulent anti-clerical policy during the Third Republic, which secularised French education and exiled some religious orders. The most recent was the triumph of the theological modernists (with their characteristic disdain of doctrinal orthodoxy and tradition, coupled with a slavish political correctness), who still dominate the French church.

Anti-Semitism is no longer an integral feature of mainstream conservatism in either French politics or the church. But the entanglement of leading conservative clergy in the Dreyfus affair and the collaborationist Vichy regime allowed their opponents to paint them and their successors as being "on the wrong side of history". Born in 1905, Lefebvre was a right-wing authoritarian by disposition and a child of his time. He gave credit to the Front National's Jean-Marie Le Pen as the only presidential candidate to oppose abortion. He also expressed some support for the Vichy government, although his much-loved father had been a member of the Resistance who worked with British military intelligence and was deported to Germany, where he died in Sonnenburg labour camp. As late as 1985, in a letter to John Paul II, he described "Jews, communists and freemasons" as the contemporary enemies of the church.

But to see anti-Semitism as Lefebvre's

Repudiating anti-Semitism

THE PRESIDENT of the U.S. episcopal conference, Chicago's Cardinal Francis George, called the Holy Father's gesture to lift the excommunications "an act of mercy and personal concern for the ordained and lay members of this Society" – an analysis coinciding with Benedict XVI's own explanation that the decision aimed to heal a rift in Church unity. Of Bishop Williamson's remarks on the Holocaust the Cardinal added, "No Catholic whether layperson, priest or bishop can ever negate the memory of the Shoah, just as no Catholic should ever tolerate expressions of anti-Semitism and religious bigotry."

– Source: ZENIT, Rome, February 3, 2009

defining characteristic is as misguided as dismissing the SSPX as a hate group. His primary motivation, and that of his followers, is a distrust of theological modernism and of modernity generally, particularly as embodied in Vatican II's infatuation with the values and cultural imperatives of the '60s. Although Lefebvre's adherents cleave to the classical Latin liturgy and often use it as a flag to rally around, they are by no means the only traditionally-minded Catholics who prefer the old rite and it was not the crucial reason for their rift with Rome.

Rather, the underlying problems for Lefebvre and the SSPX have been their reservations about the interpretation of some of the council's binding decrees concerning ecumenism, religious liberty and the enhanced authority of the bishops at the expense of the Holy See. More broadly, they've objected to the way that "the spirit of Vatican II" has been deployed as a rhetorical device to mandate all sorts of changes of belief and practice never canvassed by the council or its documents. Lefebvre's counter-rhetoric was the increasingly plausible claim that his loyalty was "to the eternal Rome rather than the new Rome".

To get a sense of why the SSPX felt itself a righteous remnant, consider this account of the long march through the institutions by one of its generals, the modernist theologian Hans Kung. He told a conference in the mid-'80s: "We control the seminaries, the academic departments of theology, the catechetical and liturgical institutions, the publishing houses, the magazines that matter and the chanceries. Most of the bishops are now on our side and those that aren't have been neutralised. Anybody who wants a future in the hierarchy or the Catholic academy has no choice but to co-operate."

In 1988 the ailing Lefebvre feared that if he died without an auxiliary bishop to replace him, no one would ordain the new generation of seminarians flocking to the SSPX. In last-minute negotiations with cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, now the Pope, he signed an accord that would have given him a bishop of his choice and regularised his relations with Rome. After a sleepless night, he resiled from the accord and ordained four bishops without papal approval. Their orders were undoubtedly valid but illicit, so



they incurred an automatic penalty of excommunication.

Unfortunately the archbishop was more conspicuous for courage than for prudence. One of his new auxiliaries, Richard Williamson, had always been prone to extremism and delusions. Along with Holocaust denial, he accepts the authenticity of the long-discredited Protocols of the Elders of Zion. He also believes in conspiracy theories about feminism, US president John Kennedy's death and the demolition by US agencies of the twin towers.

People who take refuge in religious cults often end up susceptible to conspiracy theories, especially when one of their four leaders espouses them. Williamson's lunar Right political positions and anti-Semitism are nonetheless not widely shared among the more than a million members of the SSPX. The society issued a statement designed to make clear how marginal a figure he was in 2007: "A Catholic cannot be anti-Semitic without destroying the origin and essence of his own faith." But only in the past week has it managed to discipline and silence him.

Since 1988, Ratzinger has steadily worked to try to heal the breach with the SSPX. At his inauguration Mass he announced that church unity would be his first priority. It was clear that he was talking primarily about the Lefebvrist and disaffected Traditional Anglicans wanting to rejoin communion with the Holy See. The latter group have submitted unconditionally to the Holy See and their bishops are planning to converge on Rome the week after Easter. The superior of the SSPX, Bishop Bernard Fellay, spelled out his two preconditions for a rapprochement three years ago. They were a general permission for any Catholic priest to say

Mass in the old rite and the lifting of the excommunications. Both have now been met.

It should be obvious to disinterested observers that the lifting of a canonical penalty for the four bishops' breach of canon law is completely unrelated to the question of whether the church in any way endorses the offensive non-theological opinions of one of them. In fact the Pope has gone out of his way to make a pilgrimage to Auschwitz, reiterating his solidarity with the Jewish people this week while preaching on the lessons of the Holocaust. His primary responsibility is not to ingratiate himself with the Left-liberal press but to bring separated brethren - including the inconvenient and the barking mad as well as the mild-mannered conservatives - back into the church.

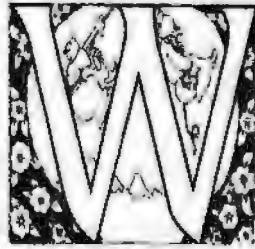
Some observers have pointed out that, as far as the secularist media and the clerical Left were concerned, Williamson was always going to be the main story, one they'd use as a stick with which to beat the church, the Pope and his traditionalist allies in the hierarchy. They say it's good the Vatican launched its YouTube site this week but ask why, in an age of instantaneous communication, the public relations downsides of the SSPX announcement weren't foreseen. Where were the well-briefed talking heads in Rome and the media offices of the national churches, ready to catch the flak?

We now know - because he's said so - that Cardinal Walter Kasper, who's in charge of ecumenical affairs, was not told of the decree beforehand. No doubt the same is true of several other hostile members of the curia, including Cardinal Giovanni Battista Re, head of the Congregation for Bishops, whose term expired on Friday. It seems Benedict didn't want to risk curial destabilising and a pre-emptive chorus of disapproval from the Italian rabbis, so he delivered a fait accompli. It's likely that most of the SSPX's 500 or so priests and their congregations, not to mention 200 seminarians in training, will sooner or later come back to the fold. So his latest move will leave Catholicism a more pluralistic institution than it's been for a very long time.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSON is a well-known journalist and columnist. This article first appeared in *The Australian*, January 31, 2009

The Pope and the Holocaust

CATHOLIC POSITION CLEAR



WITH REFERENCE to the latest requests for clarification concerning the position of the Pope and the Catholic Church on the subject of the Holocaust, it should be borne in mind that the Pope's ideas on this matter were very clearly expressed at the synagogue of Cologne, Germany, on August 19, 2005, at the concentration camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau on May 28, 2006, in the general audience of May 31, 2006 and, more recently, at the end of his general audience of January 28, this year, with unambiguous words of which we highlight the following: 'I trust that the memory of the Shoah will induce mankind to reflect upon the unpredictable power of evil when it conquers the heart of man. May the Shoah be for everyone an admonition against oblivion, negation and reductionism'. The condemnation of Holocaust denial could not have been clearer, and from the context it is obvious that this also referred to the views of Msgr. Williamson and to all similar views. On the same occasion the Pope also clearly explained the purpose of the remission of the excommunication, which has nothing to do with legitimising Holocaust denial - something that, as we have explained, he clearly condemns.

- Father Federico Lombardi, SJ, Director of the Press Office of the Holy See, February 4, 2009

Often overlooked nooks and crannies of Vatican City

THE HOLY FIELD OF THE GERMANS

By Anton de Waal



HERE IS a cemetery, church, and hospice for Germans - occasionally also called by some the *Flemish cemetery*

- within the walls of the Vatican and on the south side of St. Peter's Rome, which covers part of the ancient *Circus Vaticanus*, where great numbers of Christians suffered death by order of Nero. After the Emperor Constantine built his great basilicas over the graves of the Apostles Peter and Paul, the faithful sought to be buried in the vicinity of these holy sepulchres on the Vatican Hill near St. Peter's remains, and outside the walls on the Via Ostiense where St. Paul is buried.

On account of local conditions, graves were dug chiefly on the south side of St. Peter's Basilica, in the earth with which Nero's circus was filled during the construction of the Basilica. Whether Constantine's mother St. Helena covered this burial place with earth from Mount Calvary, or whether, at the time when Pisa obtained earth from Jerusalem for its cemetery the basilica of the Vatican also obtained sacred soil for this cemetery, is uncertain, but it is a fact, that since the fifteenth century the soil of this cemetery has been held to be sacred earth from Jerusalem, and as such it has been asked for and obtained, under papal sanction, by many localities when new cemeteries were to be laid out.

This tradition, in connection with the immediate vicinity of the graves of the Apostles and with the memory of the first martyrs under Nero, fully justifies the name of 'campus sanctus' ['campo santo' in Italian] or 'holy field'.

In 796 the Frankish emperor Charlemagne, by permission of Pope Leo III, founded on ground adjoining this spot a hospice for pilgrims, which



was intended for the people of the Frankish empire. In connection with the hospice was a church dedicated to our Saviour and a graveyard for the burial of the subjects of Charlemagne who died in Rome. From the beginning this foundation was placed under the care of the ecclesiastical authorities of St. Peter's.

The decline, soon after this period, of the Carolingian empire, brought the hospice, the *Schola Francorum*, entirely under the jurisdiction of St. Peter's Basilica. At the same time, the original purpose of a place for pilgrims and the poor was preserved.

In the complete ruin which overtook Rome during the residence of the popes at Avignon (1309-1378), and during the following period of the Schism, the ecclesiastical foundations in the vicinity of St. Peter's sank into decay.

After the return of the popes, new life sprang up, and the enthusiasm for building and endowing foundations in this part of the Eternal City was rekindled under Popes Martin V, Eugenius IV, and Nicholas V.

The memory of Charlemagne and his hospice revived in the mind of the large and influential German colony then residing at Rome, and during the reign of Martin V (1417-1431) the enlarged cemetery was surrounded with a wall built by Fredericus Alemannus, who also erected a house for its guardians.

Johannis Assonensis, a German confessor attached to St. Peter's and later Coadjutor Bishop of Wurzburg, assembled his countrymen there during the plague of 1448 and founded among them a brotherhood, the object of which was to provide suitable burial for all poor Germans dying in Rome. This brotherhood built a church, a new hospice for German pilgrims on the adjoining land, and developed the Campo Santo into a German national institution.

In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and even in the nineteenth century the German nation was represented at Rome by numerous officials at the papal court and by guilds of German bakers, shoemakers, and weavers; in these ages Germans were to be found in every industry of ordinary life, and German bankers and inn-keepers were especially numerous. Nevertheless the steadily decreasing German population of Rome during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries caused the Campo Santo as a national foundation, and the brotherhood, to sink more and more into neglect.

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Pope Pius IX, who thoroughly understood the change of conditions and the demands of modern times, in 1876 sanctioned a new foundation in a college for priests in which archaeological studies and church history were to be pursued. Friends of the undertaking in Germany endowed five free scholarships and made possible the acceptance of resident students. The library contained large collections of works on Christian antiquities and modern church history. The museum included sarcophagi, carvings,

inscriptions, a large number of early Christian lamps and textile fabrics of the sixth century from Egypt.

In our fascination with technology and the comfort and power it brings, we risk gradually replacing substance with fantasy; principles with products; real freedom with an idolatry of choices – choices that become distractions, and then become our chains.

– Charles J. Bishop Chaput, *Deus ex Machina: How to Think About Technology*, 16 CRISIS 18, 18-22 (Oct. 1998).

In 1887, a periodical was established under the name of "Römische Quartalschrift für Christliche Altertumskunde und für Kirchengeschichte"; and in 1901 another periodical entitled "Origines Christianus". These publications afforded the members of the college the opportunity to publish at once the results of their studies and researches. The college gave the German people a new institution for the cultivation and development of ecclesiastical science. The church of the foundation was restored and adorned with stained-glass windows and the building greatly enlarged and newly furnished.

The tombstones in the adjoining cemetery bear the names of many distinguished clerics, among them those of Cardinal Prince von Hohenlohe, Archbishop Frederic Francois-Xavier Chistain de Merode, Bishop Johann-Baptist von Anzer, and Monsignor Schapman.

The names of many artists also occur, such as those of Josef Anton Koch, Johann Martin von Rhoden, August Wilhelm Julius Ahlborn, Theodore William Achtermann. Among the diplomats and scholars buried here are Augustin Theiner, Ernst Zacharias Platner, Wilhelm Diekamp. Other tombs are those of the Queen-Mother Carlotta of Denmark, Princess Carolioe Wittgenstein, and Princess Sophie Hohenlohe.

The priests of the college often guide German travellers through the catacombs and accompany them on visits to the other objects of interest in the Eternal City.

The Campo Santo within the walls of Vatican City was a national foundation for the Catholics of the former German Confederation: that is, it was intended both for Austrians and Germans. The secular protector was the Emperor of Austria, while the spiritual protectorate was exercised by a cardinal in the name of the pope. The cardinal protector has in conjunction with the archbishops of Salzburg, Munich, and Cologne, the right to name the rector.

This is a slightly edited version of an article by Anton de Waal [1837-1917] that appeared in the 1913 ed. of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. The author was for a time rector of the Campo Santo Teutonico. The reader will not need to be reminded of the changes wrought by the cataclysmic war that ravaged Europe in 1914. Ed.

Barack Obama shuns Catholics and Jews?

NO PRIESTS ON THE INAUGURAL DAIS



INAUGURATION audiences on Tuesday heard the new President deliver the most anticipated Inaugural Address since John F. Kennedy. They heard the Queen of Soul sing and Yo-Yo Ma play. They listened to hear if Rick Warren got preachy when he prayed. But they didn't hear a rabbi or a Catholic priest.

Particularly for Jews, who had gotten used to having a place on the dais, the development is deeply disturbing.

After all, traditionally, the religious roster at presidential swearing ins looked something like the set-up to an old joke: "A priest, a pastor and a rabbi walk into an Inauguration ...". Rabbis prayed at a majority of Inaugurations that took place between 1949 and 1985, as did Catholic priests.

It is true that Jewish religious leaders weren't on the dais in 1937, when Franklin D. Roosevelt first introduced the tradition of an Inaugural prayer. Up until then, presidential Inaugurations did not include prayers. Instead, the vice-presidential swearing in took place at a separate ceremony in the Senate

chambers, after which the Senate chaplain usually offered a prayer.

Roosevelt decided to merge the two events and brought the chaplain along to participate as well. But in a shrewd political maneuver, Roosevelt also opened up a second religious slot on the program for Father John Ryan, an influential figure in Catholic social teaching and a prominent supporter of the New Deal. As Mark Silk, professor of religion at Trinity College, has written, Ryan was not only known as "the Right Rev. New Dealer," but he was also the most effective critic of Father Charles Coughlin, the notorious right-wing, anti-Roosevelt priest. Ryan's participation in the Inauguration helped insulate Roosevelt against Coughlin's attacks and shore up the growing – and critical – voting bloc of Catholic Democrats.

Each of Roosevelt's next two Inaugurations featured a Protestant minister and a Catholic priest. Then in 1949, Rabbi Samuel Thurman from Harry Truman's home state of Missouri joined a Baptist pastor and Catholic priest to deliver a prayer at the Inauguration. This was right around the time when sociologist Will Herberg was

working on a book called *Protestant, Catholic, Jew*, arguing that the three religious traditions had separately shaped mid-20th-century America.

As the immigration reforms of the 1960s brought waves of immigrants from Southeast Asia, the Middle East and Africa, religious diversity in the U.S. became more complicated. In an effort to contain the interfaith gathering on the Inaugural dais, Jimmy Carter limited the religious slots at his 1977 swearing in to two clergymen, provoking protests from both Jewish and Greek Orthodox groups.

Ronald Reagan narrowed the list even further in 1981, bringing his personal pastor from California to deliver both the invocation and benediction. That move prompted fierce criticism from religious circles, and in 1985 the Inauguration once again included Protestant, Catholic and Jewish religious leaders.

And now Obama's Inauguration will follow the recent pattern of being Protestant-only. In addition, the Inauguration team chose Episcopal bishop Gene Robinson to offer the prayer at Sunday's opening-ceremony concert, and it selected Sharon Watkins, head of the Protestant denomination Disciples of Christ, to deliver the sermon at Wednesday's national prayer service.

Which brings the tally of marquee religious figures to: Protestant ministers, 4; rabbis and Catholic priests, 0.

The Obama camp says that while the swearing-in ceremony may have been limited to Protestant clergy, they deserve credit for putting together a diverse cast of supporting characters.

The fact remains, though, that the major speaking slots for religious figures were filled this year by Protestant Christians.

Political Pitch

DURING the campaign, [Obama] denounced discussion of his connections to Islam as "fear-mongering," and those exploring this subject found themselves vilified. He so severely discouraged use of his middle name, Hussein, that John McCain apologized when a warm-up speaker at a campaign event dared mention "Barack Hussein Obama." After the election, the rules changed dramatically, with the oath of office administered to "Barack Hussein Obama" and the new president volunteering, "I have Muslim members of my family. I have lived in Muslim countries." It's bad enough that family connections to Islam perceived as a liability when campaigning are suddenly exploited once in office to win Muslim goodwill. Worse, as Diana West observes: "not since Napoleon has a leader of a Western superpower made so unabashed a political pitch to the people of the Muslim world."

– Daniel Pipes, *Front Page Magazine*, Feb 4, 2009.

Source: CathNewsUSA. CathNews is a service of Paulist Press. Published: January 20, 2009

Reflections on a lifetime spent among Australia's Aborigines

TOMMY MUNGULUNG NO LONGER GATHERS HIS SPEARS

By John Leary MSC



TOMMY Mungulung was the police tracker at Daly River in Australia's Northern Territory when the MSC Mission began. As the small aboriginal community grew in numbers, Tommy joined them to become the hunter to supply meat in the form of wallaby or kangaroo and, in season, ducks and geese.

In a group of expert hunters Tommy was supreme. His reading of tracks was instantaneous and unerring. Returning from Darwin with me in a jeep, as we sped along, Tommy drew my attention to human tracks on the road, 'one man, two women, three children, not far ahead!' he announced. Sure enough, some minutes later we caught up with the group whose tracks Tommy had seen earlier so clearly on the bitumen.

Shortly after there were fresh huffalo tracks. 'He's running,' said Tommy excitedly and, a little later, 'he's slowing down, he's walking, he's close up.' There was the buffalo around the next corner.

Emu on the menu

On another occasion an emu raced across the road in front of the jeep and into the bush. 'Stop, Father!' commanded Tommy as he jumped from the jeep, pulling from his head a large red and white spotted handkerchief, waving it wildly to the accompaniment of dancing and loud whistling. The emu, now some three hundred metres or so into the bush, promptly stopped and slowly reduced its steps to investigate the handkerchief, the whistling and the dancing. When it arrived within a few metres of the jeep Tommy reached for his shotgun with one hand while continuing to wave the handkerchief with the other. And so one emu was added to the menu that evening.

FATHER John Leary MSC who died on January 19 (this year and was buried at Wadeye (Port Keats) in the Northern Territory, spent almost all his priestly life working among aboriginal communities on Balhurst Island, Wadeye, the Daly River and around Darwin. In the coming months, as to a tribute to this much loved missionary priest, Annals will re-publish a selection from among the many articles that he contributed over the years that he lived and worked in the Territory. May he rest in Peace.

While walking with Tommy, until I knew better, I would often excitedly draw attention to many possum scratches on the bark of a tree. Just one quick look and Tommy would declare no possum at home. The most recent tracks were downwards, indicating, of course, that the possum had left the tree.

Two feller one bullet

It was the same with an array of tracks around a goanna hole. The last of them were outward bound. 'He's out hunting,' Tommy would say with a smile. When Tommy became enthusiastic about such tracks a possum or a goanna was added to the menu.



When it came to hunting kangaroo, Tommy would assess how many were needed. Should it be four, Tommy would take four .303 bullets. Invariably he returned with four kangaroos. On one occasion he took four bullets and returned with five kangaroos. 'How come five, Tommy? I asked. 'I bin line 'em up two feller with one bullet,' explained Tommy. Tommy used infinite care and patience to position himself to snare his game. He would fade imperceptibly and silently into the bush background, becoming a part of it.

Duck or geese on a billabong would appear undisturbed by the slow approach of a patch of waterlilies shrouding Tommy's head and shotgun. Taken completely by surprise, there was always a maximum number of ducks or geese per cartridge. Leaving the dead birds floating, Tommy would quickly secure those only slightly wounded, and ready to take off, by wringing their necks. Others that had fluttered off wounded into surrounding scrub were carefully noted and later retrieved.

Aboriginal 'roads'

I well recall the days of the great flood in 1957 when the waters were receding from the airstrip. Magpie geese were everywhere. Tommy was out on the strip with his shotgun. Wounded geese were falling out of reach into deep water. He called on the services of three women to swim and retrieve the geese. I protested to Tommy about leaving the difficult work to the women and not doing it himself. 'Too dangerous, too many crocodiles!' Tommy replied honestly and with some traditional chauvinism. His gallantry was not equal to his hunting ability.

Each year, at the proper time, Tommy would take off to attend a ceremony at Timber Creek on the Victorian River.

Dressed in a loincloth, with a bundle of spears in hand for hunting on the way, he would follow the ancient 'blackfellow roads' used for thousands of years by his ancestors. I first became aware of these roads after they were pointed out to me by my aboriginal travelling companions on a walk from Port Keats to Daly River. They were narrow tracks no more than a foot wide, cleared and hardened over the centuries by the tramp of feet intent on trade or ceremony.

The memory of Tommy the hunter, Tommy the ceremony man, raised worrying questions in my mind when I returned to Daly River twenty years later. Tommy, still active, no longer practised his hunting; no longer gathered his spears or walked the traditional roads to Timber Creek.

No need for traditional skills

Young men had lost a model and a teacher. They, like Tommy, were caught up in a new system that was subtly replacing the need to exercise those intricate skills that made them the most self-reliant and independent of all peoples.

A cash economy, based in great part on social security payments and a local store, had replaced the need to hunt. Vehicles had replaced the need to walk and all those good traditional things that went with a simple thing like walking.

My concern was not so much with the loss of hunting and walking, but with the speed and nature of the change. It gave no time for authentic cultural growth and became destructive of basic cultural values. So it tended to strip people like Tommy of their independence, their dignity, their sense of responsibility, their self-assurance and, in fact, opened the way to many harmful consequences.

Pressures of White culture

About this time there was a young man at Port Keats, Claude Narjic, son of a leading traditional man, who was deeply concerned about the destructive effects the many pressures from the dominant white culture were having on him and his people. Late one night he knocked on my door. He simply wanted to speak of his anxiety, his feelings of helplessness in a situation where there appeared to be no answers, where all his

Missionaries [were] ... better

THOUSANDS of Aboriginal children in remote communities are still waking up to no breakfast nine months after the \$1.5 billion federal intervention, Galarrwuy Yunupingu, the Northern Territory's most powerful Aboriginal leader, has warned. Children as young as 12 are still vulnerable to sexual abuse and manipulation by men selling alcohol, drugs and pornography in the mining town of Nhulunbuy in north-east Arnhem land, Mr Yunupingu told the Herald in Darwin. Mr Yunupingu, a former Australian of the Year, called for the Intervention taskforce to urgently build missionary-style dormitories in the communities where children could be fed, clothed and cleaned. He said he would not shy away from criticism that the dormitories would be a return to the days last century when missionaries ran the communities. "The missionary days were good," Mr Yunupingu said. "The missionaries looked after the kids much better than the Government does today."

- Lindsay Murdoch, Sydney Morning Herald,
March 27, 2008

past, even his identity was threatened. The one-sided conversation continued all night.

Slowly, carefully

When I was invited on one occasion to a Government-sponsored meeting in Adelaide on aboriginal policy I asked Claude to accompany me. Claude addressed the meeting. He began by recalling that there was a word in his language very important to this occasion: it summed up all he wanted to say. The word was 'thawait'. It had a double significance, namely 'carefully', and 'slowly'. He spoke of the confusion and the damage done to his people by the pressures and expectations of the dominant culture. He gave examples and after each example added 'thawait, thawait'. Aboriginal people, he said, before the coming of the white man, for hundreds of years, did not have to hurry with change. They absorbed the small demands of change slowly. They had time to become comfortable with it and make it their own. However, when the white man's culture arrived, so powerful and so very different from their own, demanding quick adjustments, they were completely exposed and totally unprepared. So, please, when you are dealing with us, he pleaded, let it be done carefully and slowly. The thing

that hurts us most is when white people develop condemnatory attitudes by failing to understand us and the past that has made us. 'Thawait, thawait, thawait!'

Leaving the 'old way'

Another prophetic figure at Port Keats at this time was Harry Pallada. After Harry received his first wage packet he became worried and called a community meeting. He saw the wage packet as representing a new way of living and as a challenge to the old. 'My old way of living,' he said, 'is part of me - living in the bush and from the bush, being secure and at home there, teaching my children to do the same. What if I leave the old way which is me and try to live this new way which is not me? I know I will end up *makadu*. 'Makadu' means literally a 'non-person', a 'nobody'.

Both Claude and Harry realised to some degree, the great distance between their traditional way of living and that of the dominant white culture about them; and the immense risks and difficulties involved in trying to make up the distance. They also know that many non-Aboriginal Australians are succumbing to the pressures generated within their own culture, and would want to demand with Claude - 'thawait, thawait, thawait!'

'Apostles' of Free Thought now the 'saints' of Rationalism

REWRITING HISTORY

IN FACT, the liberal interpretation of history has taken over from the Catholic tradition not only its universalism, its sense of a spiritual purpose which runs through the whole life of humanity, but also its dualism. The Liberal interpretation of history is also dominated by the image of the two cities. But it is now the Church which is the embodiment of those 'reactionary forces' which are the liberal equivalent of the powers of darkness, while the children of this world have become the children of light.

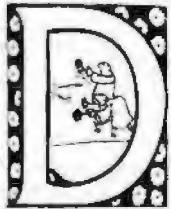
This transposition was not, however, altogether a new thing. It had behind it a somewhat similar emotional attitude to that which had already appeared in the Protestant tradition. It is true that the latter tradition was not remarkable for its historic achievements. It produced no historians worthy of being compared to the great scholars of the Counter-Reformation and the age of Louis XIV. But it was responsible for one innovation in the Christian interpretation of history which had momentous results. This was its identification of Papal Rome with the Babylon of the Apocalypse, which became practically an article of faith and a very central one in all the Reformed Churches. It is difficult for us to-day to realize the existence of this belief which dominated Protestant Europe for three hundred years and which still remains as a subconscious undercurrent in Protestant thought. But it is easy to see that it entirely altered the nature of the Christian dualism by transforming it from an opposition between the Church and the World to a conflict between two forms of Christianity. And when this step had once been taken, when the institutional Church of a thousand years had been relegated to the domain of Antichrist and the Albigensians and Waldenses had been identified with the persecuted saints of Scripture, it was easy enough for the Enlightenment to take one step further by sending the Protestant Churches to join the Church of Rome outside the pale and by canonising the apostles of free thought as the saints of rationalism.

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, pp. 84-85.

A glimpse at past lives and why they were fortunate

FORTUNATE LIVES

By Giles Auty



DURING an address I was asked to give at a funeral last year I referred to a book I unearthed many years ago in a second-hand bookshop.

The book in question – which I can no longer locate – was called *Ask the fellows who cut the hay* and the point I tried to make at the funeral was how much we can all learn from listening to the reminiscences of elderly people – such as those of the recently deceased.

Ask the fellows who cut the hay was, in fact, an attempt made many years ago to place on record an oral history of farmworkers in Britain for as far back as anyone could remember. It also included the memories passed on from the parents and grandparents of those interviewed for the book.

My purpose in recalling the book now relates to the relative austerity which apparently faces much of the developed world – an austerity to which few people are any longer accustomed.

By contrast, farmworkers in 19th century Britain were thoroughly accustomed to lives with a degree of austerity and lack of material possessions which are hard to imagine today yet, if their recollections are to be believed, were apparently not just stoical but actively happy about their lives.

Their diet consisted almost entirely, so far as I can recall, of home-baked bread and home-brewed beer – both of which were highly nutritious – supplemented by occasional vegetables and rabbits and, more occasionally still, by pork. Most kept a pig of their own on small allocations of land.

Self-evidently a ritual entertainment and consumer goods did not feature at all in their lives. But thrift, 'making-do', neighbourly kindness and demanding physical toil all unquestionably did.

One of the reasons why I found *Ask the fellows who cut the hay* especially intriguing is that I grew up in the English countryside myself.

When I was little, draught horses were still in regular use for ploughing and hauling carts, a circumstance which may have been prolonged artificially because fuel of any kind – along with much else – was in very short supply in Britain during the Second World War.

Because our family home lay in a direct path of possible invasion, my sister and I were evacuated twice.

When we finally returned home our Kentish garden provided us with a grandstand view of aerial combats during the day and welcome refuge – via a simple dug-out air-raid shelter – at night.

Small children tend to be innocent and unknowing admittedly but most of my memories from this phase of my life are extremely happy ones.

Most of the credit for this is undoubtedly due to the calm and fortitude displayed by my parents.

My mother, in particular, already had plenty of experience of the possible consequences of war since two of her three brothers of military age – along with the man to whom she was then

engaged – were killed in the First World War, while her third brother was seriously wounded.

During noisy, nocturnal air raids, my father read to us tirelessly by torchlight. The only book I now recall his reading was *Children of the New Forest* and his rendition of this shortly – and happily – encouraged in me a voracious appetite for reading myself, a habit I have never relinquished.

In the absence of fuel, all of us travelled almost everywhere by bicycle.

Since holidays away from home were not a wartime option, we varied our individual daily routes as much as we could and also went on day outings and picnics regularly as a family.

Usually such outdoor destinations were chosen for particular features such as the presence of interesting wildflowers or wildlife or, in one instance, for its outcrops of chalk from blocks of which we carved attempted sculptural portraits of each other.

My father had a particular knack of inducing nightingales to sing by skilfully irritating their warm-up notes. All of us shared an equally passionate interest in natural history.

On days when outdoor activities were impossible and my sister and I were not at school, my mother, who was a good amateur artist herself, set us – and occasional visiting cousins – highly-demanding subjects for drawing.

Since food was scarce – and rationed anyway – and TV non-existent at the time none of us stood much danger of becoming inactive or obese. My own particular obsessions centred on playing tennis and climbing trees, so that I was generally exhausted by nightfall.

Neither of my parents were regular church-goers – my own interest in Christianity occurred later in life – but from my memories of them and of scores of rural people like them I have some clue at least of why, from the most

Computer Games and Modern Novels in 1775

Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge; it blossoms throughout the year. And depend on it ... that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

– Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751-1816:
The Rivals [1775]

Rules for a Just War in a Warped World

STABILISING PEACE

By Michael O'Connor



SIAN MACDONALD pointed out in his review of C. A. J. Coady's *Morality and Political Violence* [Annals 2008/8], the Church's just war rules have been around as a set of principles at least since St Augustine. He might have added that the current *Catechism of the Catholic Church* sets out the rules in Article 2309. The *Catechism* was published in 1994 under the imprimatur of the present Holy Father as Cardinal Josef Ratzinger.

Of course, the Church understands – none better – that it is one thing to state a set of principles but quite another to decide how those should be pursued in practice. In its wisdom, the Church generally refrains from expressing a judgment as distinct from an opinion on a particular conflict. In its statement of the just war principles, the *Catechism* insists that: "The evaluation of these conditions for moral legitimacy belongs to the prudential judgment of those who have responsibility for the common good." Thus, while Pope John Paul II could criticise Gulf Wars I and II, the responsibility for going to war against Iraq rested with the United Nations Security Council in the first case and President George W Bush and Prime Ministers Blair and Howard in the second. In the case of Pope Benedict XV's plea for negotiations during World War I, the responsibility for refusal was that of the leaders of the warring parties who, at least in the case of the Allies, were responsible to their peoples. No one can take that responsibility from them and they will be judged immediately by their electorates and finally by God.

The basis of that responsibility is that governments are best able to judge not only because they are answerable but also because they have information

not normally available to others. That does not mean that with the advantage of hindsight – or even foresight – that they are invariably correct. In the case of Gulf War II, the information used – at least publicly – to judge the morality of resort to war was found to be not only seriously flawed but also subject to question within the government itself. That simply shows the complexity that governments must deal with as part of their unenviable task. Decisions frequently must be made in the absence of certainty because certainty cannot be achieved. In any event, it could be argued that there was ample justification in the series of resolutions of the United

Nations Security Council even if that body found it difficult to take the final step of authorising war.

In the case of World War I, I am not aware that the Western Allies at any time sought 'unconditional surrender'. In fact to do so would have been fatuous because until mid-1918, the contest was evenly balanced. A fundamental condition of any peace agreement, though, had to have been restoration of those parts of France, almost the whole of Belgium and all of Serbia that had been invaded and occupied, something that the Central Powers gave no indication of accepting. In World War II, the Western Allies sought – and achieved – unconditional surrender of the Axis powers and Japan. And why not? The contrary idea that Germany and Japan at least, given their known plans for their own peoples, would be left under their existing governments was horrifying. Ian MacDonald suggests that unconditional surrender led to the Sovietisation of Eastern Europe. True enough but it also led to the establishment of peaceful and prosperous democracies in Italy, West Germany and Japan. In the end, the Sovietisation of Eastern Europe was ended by a combination of Solidarity, papal moral force but also by the moral and economic collapse of the Communist ideal hastened by Mikhail Gorbachev's recognition that the system was finished. Furthermore, no small part was played by the 1947 Truman policy of containment and the Reagan policy of spending the Soviet military system into bankruptcy. In other words, the full stop to World War II was placed by a complex combination of factors and players in which the unconditional surrender demanded of the Axis Powers and Japan was an essential element.

So much for the *jus ad bellum*. In our case, the ultimate responsibility lies upon the elected government. Military

The Burka and the Rich

Very few of the (women of Kabul) know that their ancestors, Afghan women in the last century, were strangers to the burka. The burka had been used for centuries but not by large numbers of the population. It was reintroduced during the reign of Habibullah, from 1901 to 1919. He decreed that the two hundred women in his harem should wear them so as not to entice other men with their pretty faces when they were outside the palace doors. Their veils were of silk with intricate embroidery, and Habibullah's princesses wore burkas embroidered with gold thread. The burka became a garment of the upper classes, shielding women from the eyes of the masses. During the fifties the use of the burka was widespread; but only among the rich.

– *The Bookseller of Kabul* by Asne Seierstad, Back Bay Books, p.90

Latin and the Mass

NONE of the above observations should cast doubt upon the importance of such large-scale liturgies. I am thinking here particularly of celebrations at international gatherings, which nowadays are held with greater frequency. The most should be made of these occasions. In order to express more clearly the unity and universality of the Church, I wish to endorse the proposal made by the Synod of Bishops, in harmony with the directives of the Second Vatican Council,¹ that, with the exception of the readings, the homily and the prayer of the faithful, it is fitting that such liturgies be celebrated in Latin. Similarly, the better-known prayers² of the Church's tradition should be recited in Latin and, if possible, selections of Gregorian chant should be sung. Speaking more generally, I ask that future priests, from their time in the seminary, receive the preparation needed to understand and to celebrate Mass in Latin, and also to use Latin texts and sing Gregorian chant; nor should we forget that the faithful can be taught to recite the more common prayers in Latin, and also to sing parts of the liturgy in Gregorian chant.³

– Benedict XVI, *Sacramentum Caritatis*, Apostolic Exhortation after the Synod of Bishops, 2007, given in Rome, at Saint Peter's, on February 22, the Feast of the Chair of St Peter, in the year 2007, the second of his Pontificate.

[1. Cf. Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy *Sacrosanctum Concilium*, 36, 54.
2. *Propositio* 36. 3 Cf. *ibid.*]

leaders may advise for or against any decision for war. Perhaps, to take up MacDonald's point about Professor Coady teaching the just war principles, he should be educating our politicians, whose approach to most matters seems to be strictly utilitarian. The matter of *ius in bellum* or conduct in war is in fact taught quite extensively to all our military personnel through moral formation programs and training in the laws of armed conflict. The latter laws are based upon the various Geneva Conventions, which are themselves based to a large extent on basic Christian principles. These make it very plain to all troops at any level that they are personally responsible for their own acts in any combat situation. They cannot claim protection on the grounds of obedience to a manifestly unlawful order although disobedience will place the onus of proof that an order was unlawful upon the soldier who refuses.

There are two other problems. Because the rules constitute necessarily inadequate attempts to codify responses to every conceivable situation, they not

only impose a heavy burden upon the individual but are actually divorced from any recognised form of Christian morality. Unless the soldier or his commanders have a sound Christian upbringing that began in childhood, many will face considerable confusion. In Australia, the situation is not too bad but as Christian religious belief tends to disappear from the community, they will be replaced by that common Australian appeal to the 'fair go', a not necessarily useful yardstick.

The second problem is the need to distinguish between combatants and non-combatants or, to use a crudity, between soldiers and civilians. In most current conflicts, the distinction is rarely clear cut with enemy combatants not only appearing in civilian clothes and with concealed weapons but also using genuine non-combatants in similar clothing as shields. The burden upon the individual soldier becomes almost insupportable. I retain a vivid and horrifying recollection of television footage from Rwanda in 1994 that showed armed Belgian peacekeepers

sitting on their armoured vehicle watching two groups of tribesmen hacking each other to death. However much they may have wanted to intervene, they were forbidden to do so by the New York bureaucrats of the United Nations. Many similar situations have arisen in the so-called peacekeeping operations. In one case Australian soldiers, to their everlasting credit, disobeyed their orders to rescue Rwandan civilians who were being slaughtered. While eventually – and reluctantly – decorated for bravery, they nevertheless had to face threatened disciplinary action for their disobedience and years of severe psychological distress. Those who pontificate about the behaviour of soldiers in combat almost invariably have no experience of its reality, especially in today's conflicts where every decision – or non-decision – is subject to legal or media scrutiny.

Of course, there is also the question that is valid in even a conventional conflict – what is a civilian? Hitler was technically a civilian. So were the scientists who developed the atomic bomb and other weapons of mass destruction. My father refused to take part in biological warfare experiments in Australia during World War II, but the scientists and civilian policymakers who develop and wish to use these things are supposedly immune from retaliation or pre-emptive attack, while the soldiers, who have no love for such weapons, are considered fair game.

It's a warped world we live in. The Church has always accepted that fallen man will go to war. In most cases Australia has gone to war to restore peace where it has broken down. That is a high duty and vocation recognised by Pope John Paul II when he told a gathering of Italian soldiers that: "Those who give military service must be considered 'ministers of the security and freedom of peoples' and indeed 'if they carry out their duties properly, they also truly contribute to stabilising peace.'" As a people, we might have got it wrong at times and individuals have certainly committed atrocities especially when under immeasurable stress, but the total scorecard is pretty good. Helping people to deal with the complexities of peoples at war calls for much more than outdated media shorthand or ivory-tower philosophising.

I became a Catholic in order to be more fully what I was and who I was ...²

THE BROKEN WILL BE MENDED

By Richard John Neuhaus
[1936-2009]



THIS is more a story than an argument. It is in some ways a very personal story, and yet not without broader implications. It is just possible that some may discern in the story suggestions of an argument, even an argument about the nature of Lutheranism, and of Protestantism more generally.

When in 1990 I was received by the late John Cardinal O'Connor into full communion with the Catholic Church – on September 8, the Nativity of Our Lady – I issued a short statement in response to the question ‘Why?’

With Lutheran friends especially in mind, I said, ‘To those of you with whom I have travelled in the past, know that we travel together still. In the mystery of Christ and his Church nothing is lost, and the broken will be mended. If, as I am persuaded, my communion with Christ’s Church is now the fuller, then it follows that my unity with all who are in Christ is now the stronger. We travel together still.’

When Cardinal Newman was asked at a dinner party why he became a Catholic, he responded that it was not the kind of thing that can be properly explained between soup and the fish course. When asked the same question, and of course one is asked it with great frequency, I usually refer to Newman’s response. But then I add what I call the short answer, which is simply this: I became a Catholic in order to be more fully what I was and who I was as a Lutheran. The story that follows may shed some light on that short answer.

In the statement of September 8, 1990, I also said:

I cannot express adequately my gratitude for all the goodness I have known in the Lutheran communion. There I was baptized, there I learned

my prayers, there I was introduced to Scripture and creed, there I was nurtured by Christ on Christ, there I came to know the utterly gratuitous love of God by which we live astonished. For my theological formation, for friendships beyond numbering, for great battles fought, for mutual consolations in defeat, for companionship in ministry – for all this I give thanks. . . . As for my thirty years as a Lutheran pastor, there is nothing in that ministry that I would repudiate, except my many sins and shortcomings. My becoming a priest in the Catholic Church will be the completion and right ordering of what was begun all those years ago. Nothing that is good is rejected, all is fulfilled.

Begin at St. John’s Lutheran Church in the Ottawa Valley of Canada. To be brought up a Lutheran, at least a Missouri Synod Lutheran, at least there and at least then, was to know oneself as an ecclesial Christian. Of

course I did not put it that way as a young boy, nor was it put that way to me, but I would later see what had happened. An ecclesial Christian is one who understands with mind and heart, and even feels with his fingertips, that Christ and his Church, head and body, are inseparable. For the ecclesial Christian, the act of faith in Christ and the act of faith in the Church are not two acts of faith but one. In the words of the third century St. Cyprian, martyr bishop of Carthage, ‘He who would have God as his Father must have the Church as his mother.’ In an important sense, every Christian, even the most individualistic, is an ecclesial Christian, since no one knows the gospel except from the Church. *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* – no salvation outside the Church – applies to all. For some, that truth is incidental; for the ecclesial Christian it is constitutive, it is at the very core, of faith and life.

In my Missouri Synod childhood there were seemingly little things that made a big difference. Some would call them ‘non-theological factors,’ but I see now that they were fraught with theological significance. Across the street from the parsonage of St. John’s was an evangelical Protestant church. Also across the street lived my best friends, the Spooner brothers, who with their devoutly Catholic family attended St. Columkil’s Cathedral.

I am sure it was unarticulated but self-evident to me by the time I was five years old that St. John’s and the cathedral had more in common than either had with the evangelical chapel. For one immeasurably momentous thing, our churches baptized babies. Then too, our being saved was something that God did through His Church: it was a gift, a gift. It did not depend – as it did for Dougy Cahill, our evangelical friend – upon feelings

Christ and the Church

THEFORE, do not sever the head from the body so that the whole Christ no longer exists. For Christ is not whole and entire without the Church, nor the Church without Christ. The whole Christ, the complete Christ, is head and body.

- Isaac of Stella [1100-1178 AD]
Sermon 11. An English Cistercian monk, friend of St Thomas à Becket, and by 1147 abbot of the Monastery at Stella, close to Poitiers in France.
From *The Roman Breviary*, second reading at Matins for Friday of the 23rd Week of the Year.

or spiritual experience. It depended upon grace bestowed through things done.

Unlike the Spooner boys, I was in catechism class taught to speak of *sola gratia*, and was told that the truth in that phrase divided us from the Catholics, but, as best I can remember, I was much more impressed by the *gratia* and disinclined to pick a fight over the *sola*. We both knew that we were to keep the commandments and try to please God in all that we did. The distinction supposedly was that I, as a Lutheran, tried to be good in gratitude for being saved, while Catholics tried to be good in order to be saved. I don't recall ever discussing this with the Spooner boys, but I expect we would have thought it a distinction without much of a difference. We knew we were baptized children of God for whom Christ died, and that it was a very bad thing to get on God's wrong side. In catechism class I was told that they, as Catholics, were more afraid of God's punishment than I, who was sure of forgiveness, but I never noticed that to be the case.

Don't get me wrong. I was not theologically precocious at age five, or even ten. I was not even especially devout. I really didn't like having to go to church. But I am looking back now, trying to understand the formation of an ecclesial Christian – a Christian of lower-case catholic sensibilities who would, step by step, be led to upper-case Catholic allegiance.

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There were other seemingly little things. St. John's and the other Lutheran churches I knew had a high altar. As did the cathedral. With candles. Also important, there was not a bare cross but a crucifix. And a communion rail at which we knelt and received what we were taught was really and truly and without any equivocation the Body and Blood of Christ. As were the Spooner boys taught, and as we both said we believed although we agreed that we sure couldn't figure it out. And we had catechisms to memorize that were almost identical in format and questions, although not always in answers. And everybody knew that

the way to tell the difference between Catholic and Lutheran churches and all the others is that Catholics and Lutherans put a cross on top of their steeples instead of a weather vane or nothing at all.

Then too, although in catechism class I heard about *sola scriptura*, we both knew we had a Magisterium, although I'm sure I never heard the term. When it came to settling a question in dispute, they had the pope – and we had the faculty of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis. It was perfectly natural to ask the question, 'What's our position on this or that?' The 'our' in the question self-evidently referred to the Missouri Synod, and the answer was commonly given by reference to an article in the synod's official publication, *The Lutheran Witness*, usually written, or so it seemed, by Dr. Theodore Graebner.

Why the Spooners went to one church and we to another seemed obvious enough; they were Catholics and we were Lutherans. They were taught that they belonged to the 'one true Church' and I was taught that I belonged to the Missouri Synod and all those who are in doctrinal agreement with the Missouri Synod, which community made up 'the true visible Church on earth.' So, between their ecclesiological claim and ours, it seemed pretty much a toss-up. They were taught that, despite my not belonging to the one true Church, I could be saved by virtue of 'invincible ignorance.' I was taught that, despite their not belonging to the true visible Church on earth, they could be saved by – in the delicious phrase of Francis Pieper, Missouri's chief dogmatician – 'felicitous inconsistency.'

I doubt if ever for a moment the Spooner boys thought that maybe they should be Lutheran. I am sure that I as a boy thought – not very seriously, certainly not obsessively – but I thought about being a Catholic. It seemed that, of all the good things we had, they had more. Catholicism was more. Then too, I knew where all those good things we had came from. They came from the Church that had more.

Much later I would hear the schism of the sixteenth century described as, in the fine phrase of Jaroslav Pelikan, a 'tragic necessity.' I thought, then

Catholicity and the Church of Rome

by Paul Stenhouse

ST Cyprian of Carthage [died AD 258] calls Pope Stephen [AD 254-257] 'the head and root of the Catholic Church'.¹ He calls the Church of Rome the 'root and womb of the Catholic Church',² and writing to Pope Cornelius [AD 251-253] he calls the Church of Rome 'the root and mother' of Catholic Unity.³ When the bishop of Carthage heard of the election of Pope Cornelius he wrote to him telling him that he had sent letters throughout the north African Province so that 'all our colleagues might approve and cling to you and your communion, which is not only the unity but the charity of the Catholic Church'.⁴

– Cyprian was bishop of Carthage from 248-258. See [1] *Epistle lxxii*, [2] *Epistle xviii*, [3] *Epistle xiv*, [4] *Epistle xviii*. For all references, see *Migne Patrologia Latina*, tome iv.

and now, that the tragedy was much more believable than the necessity. But in my boyhood, the division did not seem tragic. It was just the way things were. I do not recall anything that could aptly be described as anti-Catholicism. My father's deer hunting buddy was a Catholic priest, and deer hunting, for my Dad, was something very close to *communicatio in sacris*. In the Missouri Synod of those days, praying with Catholics – or anyone else with whom we were not in complete doctrinal agreement – was condemned as 'unionism.' The rules didn't say anything about the deep communion of deer hunting.

Of course, we kids went to different schools; they to the 'separate' (meaning Catholic) school and we to the 'public' (meaning Protestant) school. Sometimes they would walk home on one side of the street and shout, 'Catholic, Catholic ring the bell / Protestant, Protestant go to hell.' To which we on the other side of the street reciprocated by reversing the jingle. It was all in good fun, much like a school cheer. I don't think for a moment that either of us thought it had any reference to the other's eternal destiny. It is just the way things were. There were other differences. Timmy and Eddie went to confession, and I was curious about that. At St. John's Lutheran, on Saturday evenings before 'communion Sunday,' people came to 'announce' for communion, a pale ritual trace of what had once been confession, utterly devoid of any sense of sacramental mystery. It was a simple matter of writing down their names in the 'communion book,' and, if my Dad wasn't there to do it, it was done by my Mother or one of my older siblings.

And there was this: St. Columkil's had a Bishop, put there, it was said, by the Pope in Rome. St. John's had, well, my Dad, put there, as he told the story, by his seminary classmate who got him the call. To be sure it was, in Missouri parlance, a 'divine call,' but I wonder now if as a child I intuited that there was, between Bishop Smith and my Dad, some qualitative difference of ecclesial authority. Not that I was inclined to doubt what my Dad taught. After all, he had the Bible, Martin Luther, and the St. Louis faculty on his side. And he was indisputably authoritative in manner. Not for nothing

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during his days at seminary was he called 'Pope Neuhaus.' But this young boy sensed, although he could not say just how, that between the Bishop of Pembroke and the pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church in Pembroke, there was a qualitative difference of office.

It was not a matter of life-or-death urgency. Live and let live was the order of the day. Where we differed, we were right and they were wrong. In disagreeing with Catholics, everybody on our side – what was vaguely described as the Protestant side – was agreed. But then, we Lutherans disagreed with many Protestants and took the Catholic side when it came to, for instance, baptizing babies and knowing that Jesus is really and truly and without equivocation present in the Holy Communion. It was all very confusing, and didn't bear too much thinking about. I would in time come to understand that the question is that of authority, and it must be thought about very carefully indeed.

I will return to the question of authority, but for now I simply underscore the ways in which being brought up a Missouri Lutheran – at least then and at least there – produced an ecclesial Christian. One might also speak of a sacramental Christian or an incarnational Christian, but, whatever the terminology, the deepest-down conviction, the most irrepressible sensibility, is that of the touchability, the visibility, the palpability of what we might call 'the Christian thing.' To use the language of old eucharistic controversies, *finitum capax infiniti* – the finite is capable of the infinite. Put differently, there is no access to the infinite except through the finite. Or yet again, God's investment in the finite can be trusted infinitely.

Although Lutheran theology discarded the phrase, it is the *ex opere operato* conviction evident in Luther's ultimate defiance of Satan's every temptation by playing the trump card, 'I am baptized!' *Ex opere operato* is the sacramental enactment of *sola gratia*. It is uncompromisingly objective. By it, morbid introspection, the delusions of religious enthusiasm, and the endlessly clever postulations of the theological imagination are called to order by truth that is answerable to no higher truth; for it is Christ, who is the Truth, who

speaks in the voice of his Church – 'I baptize you . . . ; 'I forgive you your sins . . . ; 'This is my body . . . '

Moving forward to my teenage years, I had in high school what our evangelical friends would call a born-again experience, and for a time viewed with contempt the ritual and sacramental formalities of what I thought to be a spiritually comatose Lutheranism. For a time, I suppose I might have been a good candidate for the Baptist ministry, but it did not last. Missouri's traditional hostility toward 'pietism' – an exaggerated emphasis on the affective dimension of Christian faith – struck me as hostility toward

Hives ready to swarm

You have a clique, an *elite*, of Christian men and (more importantly) women, who are trying to live a less worldly life than their neighbours; to be more attentive to the guidance (directly felt, they would tell you) of the Holy Spirit. More and more, by a kind of fatality, you see them draw apart from their co-religionists, a hive ready to swarm. There is provocation on both sides; on the one part, cheap jokes at the expense of over-godliness, acts of stupid repression by unsympathetic authorities; on the other, contempt of the half-Christian, ominous references to old wine and new bottles, to the kernel and the husk. Then, while you hold your breath and turn away your eyes in fear, the break comes; condemnation or secession, what difference does it make? A fresh name has been added to the list of Christianities.

– Monsignor Ronald Knox, *Enthusiasm*, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1950, p. 1

piety. But after a period of frequently anguished uncertainty about the possibility of sorting out subjective experience and egotistic assertiveness from the workings of grace, I came to a new appreciation of Luther's warnings against religious enthusiasm. Several years later, at Concordia, St. Louis, I was to discover the possible synthesis of piety, clear reason, and ecclesial authority in the person and teaching of Professor Arthur Carl Piepkorn.

The students most closely gathered around him called him – behind his back, to be sure – 'the Pieps,' and those who in American Lutheranism today describe themselves as 'evangelical catholics' – perhaps a fourth or more of the clergy – are aptly called the Piepkornians. Piepkorn was a man of disciplined prayer and profound erudition, and was deeply engaged in the liturgical renewal and the beginnings of Lutheran-Catholic dialogue. At St. Louis he taught the Lutheran confessional writings of the sixteenth century, which he insistently called 'the symbolical books of the Church of the Augsburg Confession.' They were, he insisted, the 'symbols' of a distinctive communion within the communion of the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church. They represented a way of being catholic as the heirs of a Reformation that was intended to be a movement of reform within and for the one Church of Christ.

Piepkorn underscored the Church's tradition prior to the Reformation, the tradition of which Lutheranism was part. The accent was on continuity, not discontinuity. Perhaps the sixteenth century break was necessary – although that was never emphasized – but certainly the Lutheran Reformation, unlike other movements that claimed the Reformation heritage, had no delusions about being a new beginning, a so-called rediscovery of the gospel, by which the authentic and apostolic Church was reconstituted. Lutheranism was not a new beginning but another chapter in the history of the one Church. The Church is not a theological school of thought, or a society formed by allegiance to theological formulas – not even formulas such as 'justification by faith' – but is, rather, the historically specifiable community of ordered discipleship through time, until the end

of time. Piepkorn emphasized that we are Christians first, catholic Christians second, and Lutheran Christians third. In this understanding, the goal was to fulfil the promise of the Lutheran Reformation by bringing its gifts into full communion with the Great Tradition that is most fully and rightly ordered through time in the Roman Catholic Church.

In this understanding, the conclusion of the Augsburg Confession [known to Lutherans as the Augustana] of 1530 was taken to be normative. There the signers declare:

Only those things have been recounted which it seemed necessary to say in order that it may be understood that nothing has been received among us, in doctrine or in ceremonies, that is contrary to Scripture or to the church catholic. For it is manifest that we have guarded diligently against the introduction into our churches of any new and ungodly doctrines.

For us Piepkornians, everything was to be held accountable to that claim. In some streams of Lutheran orthodoxy, as well as in Protestant liberalism, a very different notion of normativity was proposed. In the language of the twentieth-century Paul Tillich, catholic substance was to be held in tension with Protestant principle, with Protestant principle having the corrective and final word. But a principle that is not part of the substance inevitably undermines the substance. And what is called the Protestant principle is, as we know from sad experience, so protean, so subject to variation, that it results either in the violation of doctrine itself or further schism in the defense of doctrinal novelty. Theology that is not in service to 'the faith once delivered to the saints' (Jude 3) turns against the faith once delivered to the saints. Ideas that are not held accountable to 'the Church of the living God, the pillar and bulwark of truth' (1 Timothy 3:15) will in time become the enemy of that truth. Such was our understanding of the normative claim of the Augustana to have received nothing contrary to Scripture or to the Catholic Church.

But the Lutheran chapter in the history of the Church did occasion schism, and for that unhappy fact there was blame enough to share all

around. In my judgment, the division was tragic but not necessary. There was and is no truth that requires division from the pillar and bulwark of truth. The Catholic Church, as Chesterton observed, is ever so much larger from the inside than from the outside. And especially is that the case, I would add, for those whose identity as Protestants depends upon their being outside.

And so it was that for thirty years as a Lutheran pastor, thinker, and writer, as editor of *Una Sancta*, an ecumenical journal of theology, and, later, *Forum Letter*, an independent Lutheran publication, I worked for what I incessantly called 'the healing of the breach of the sixteenth century between Rome and the Reformation.' For a long time there seemed to be believable, albeit painfully slow, movement toward that goal. Very hopeful was the reappropriation of the Lutheran tradition associated with the nineteenth

- century 'evangelical catholic' Wilhelm Loehe, and the *ressourcement* - the going back to the sources - evident in the 1970s production and reception of the *Lutheran Book of Worship*. Then too, there were promising new levels of understanding and theological reconciliation achieved in the formal Lutheran-Catholic theological dialogues.

These hopeful signs, however, were not to last. The last several decades have not been kind to Lutheranism. By the end of the 1980s it seemed evident to me that real, existent Lutheranism - as distinct from Lutheranism as an idea or school of thought - had, willy-nilly but decisively, turned against the fulfilment of its destiny as a reforming movement within the one Church of Christ. Lutheranism in all its parts, both in this country and elsewhere, had settled for being a permanently separated Protestant denomination: or, as the case may be, several Protestant denominations. Some of my Lutheran friends say that, in entering into full communion with the Catholic Church, I acted precipitously. I jumped the gun. To which I say that I hope they are right; and if, some day in some way that cannot now be foreseen, there is ecclesial reconciliation and a healing of the breach of the sixteenth century, I hope that my decision will have played at least a minuscule part in that happy outcome.

Mine was a decision mandated by conscience. I have never found it in his writings, but a St. Louis professor who had been his student told me that the great confessional Lutheran theologian Peter Brunner regularly said that a Lutheran who does not daily ask himself why he is not a Catholic cannot know why he is a Lutheran. That impressed me very deeply. I was thirty years a Lutheran pastor, and after thirty years of asking myself why I was not a Catholic I finally ran out of answers that were convincing either to me or to others. And so I discovered not so much that I had made the decision as that the decision was made, and I have never looked back, except to trace the marks of grace, of *sola gratia*, each step of the way.

My reception occasioned some little comment, including the observation that I and others who make this

Allaying Fears

IN ENGLAND the only great objection to the reconciliation [of England with the Catholic Church] had been the fear entertained by the grantees of Church lands that they would be required to give back their possessions to ecclesiastical uses. But on this subject assurance was obtained from Rome that present possessors were not to be disturbed; and on the 30th November 1554 Cardinal Pole, as the Pope's legate, in presence of a kneeling Parliament, even the King and Queen being on their knees before him, formally absolved the realm from excommunication for past disobedience and schism.

- James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, Macmillan and Co, London, 1908, vol. 1, p.325. James Gairdner was a Protestant author, an authority on the period leading up to the reformation in England.

My Family Name is 'Catholic'

MY FIRST NAME is 'Christian' my family name is 'Catholic'. The first name, 'Christian,' identifies me; the second, 'Catholic,' proclaims me. My identity is proved by the first; my significance by the second. And if I must explain the meaning of the word 'Catholic' by translating the Greek word into Latin: 'Catholic' is where there is Unity; or, as the more learned think, where there is Obedience to all the commands of God. Hence the Apostle [Paul] says: 'I wrote to see ... if in all things you were obedient'. [2 Cor ii, 9]. And again, 'As by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners; so the obedience of one man made many just.' [Romans v, 19]. Whoever is Catholic, obeys Jesus, the Just One; and whoever obeys Jesus is Christian; so every Catholic is a Christian. ... In all things, one Church; and over all things, one Church.

CHRIŒTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, Catholicus vero cognomen. Illud me nuncupat; istud ostendit : hoc probor, inde significor. Et si reddenda postremo Catholicici vocabuli ratio est, et exprimenda de graeca interpretatione Romana : Catholicus, ubi unum, vel, ut doctiores putant, obedientia omnium nuncupatur, mandatorum scilicet Dei. Unde Apostolus : *Si in omnibus obedientes estis (11 Cor. ii 9)*. Et iterum : *Sicut enim per inobedientiam unius peccatores constituti sunt multi: sic per dictam obedientiam unius, iusti constituentur multi (Rom.v.19)*. Ergo qui Catholicus, idem iusti obediens. Qui obediens, idem est Christianus : ita Catholicus, Christianus est. ... Ergo, in omnibus, una [ecclesia]; et una [ecclesia] super omnia.

- Saint Pacianus, bishop of Barcelona [370-392 AD] First Letter to Sympronianus Novatianus, *De Catholico nomine*, Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, Tome xlii, 1054ff.

decision have a 'felt need for authority.' This is usually said in a condescending manner by people who believe that they are able to live with ambiguities and tensions that some of us cannot handle.

Do I have a felt need for authority, for obedience, for submission? But of course. Obedience is the rightly ordered disposition toward truth, and submission is subordination of the self to that by which the self is claimed. Truth commands, and authority has to do with the authorship, the origins, of commanding truth. By what authority? By whose authority? There are no more important questions for the right ordering of our lives and ministries. Otherwise, in our preaching, teaching, and entire ministry we are just making it up as we go along, and, by acting in God's name, taking His name in vain.

It was sad to read that a Lutheran

denomination in this country is undertaking a major study with a view toward revising its teaching on sexual morality, with particular reference to homosexuality. Especially striking was the assurance that the study would be conducted 'without any prior assumptions.' Imagine that. The entire course of Christian fidelity is obedience to the received truth of God's self-revelation in Jesus Christ, and the Spirit's guiding of the Church's reflection on that truth.

At some point this Lutheran body will arrive at its new teaching. Through a complicated process of bureaucratic planning, interest group agitation, and a legitimating majority vote, it will eventually arrive at the point of saying 'this we believe, teach, and confess.' Undoubtedly Scripture will be cited, but, as Luther said, biblical texts, like wax noses, can be twisted

to fit. If, as seems probable, this body adopts a new teaching and one asks by what authority it teaches this new doctrine, the only honest answer will be, 'Because we will it to be so.' 'It is what was decided by the procedures adopted by our religious society,' they might say. 'Ours is, after all, a voluntary association, so nobody else has any right to complain.' By the rules of that denomination, the Church through time and the contemporary Church universal, to which Christ promised the Spirit's guidance, does not get a vote.

From my boyhood intuitions as an ecclesial Christian, it seemed self-evident that, if God intended to reveal any definite truths for the benefit of humankind, and if Jesus intended a continuing community of discipleship, then some reliable means would be provided for the preservation and transmission of such truths through the centuries. Catholics believe that God did provide such reliable means by giving the apostles and their successors, the bishops, authority to teach in His name and by promising to be with them forever. The teaching of the apostles and of the apostolic churches, securely grounded in the biblical Word of God, continues to this day, and will continue to the end of time.

Catholics believe that, under certain carefully prescribed circumstances, the pope and the whole body of bishops are able to teach with infallibility. That is a word that frightens many, but I don't think it should. It means that the Church is indefectible, that we have God's promise that He will never allow the Church to definitively defect from the truth, to fall into apostasy. Infallibility, Avery Cardinal Dulles writes, 'is simply another way of saying that the Holy Spirit will preserve the Church against using its full authority to require its members to assent to what is false.' Without that assurance, he adds, 'the truth of revelation would not be preserved in recognizable form.' And, I would add, to obey the truth we must be able to recognize the truth.

The question of authority, the question 'Who says so?', has been with the Church from the beginning. In Corinth some invoked Peter, some Paul, some Apollos, and some Christ. And so it was later with the Montanists, the Arians, the Nestorians, the Valentinians,

the Donatists, and on and on. A sure mark of a heretical and schismatic community, said St. Augustine, is that it names itself by a man or an idea rather than by the simple title 'Catholic.' Also centuries later, for example in the sixteenth century, those who had sense enough to know that the Church did not begin with their new theological insight tried to reconstruct Christian history to fit their views. Thus the Lutheran Matthias Illyricus Flacius compiled the *Magdeburg Centuries*; thus followers of John Knox claimed to have re-established the polity of the New Testament Church; thus the 'Landmarkist' historiography of American Baptists who trace the lineage of the one true Church through Cathari, Waldensians, Lollards, Albigenses, and all the way back to Jesus himself. All such efforts attempt to answer the question of authority. Some are less ludicrous than others, but none is plausible. As St. Augustine and all Catholic teachers have known, the teaching of the Church is lived forward, not reconstructed backward.

St. Augustine appealed to the *securus judicat orbis terrarum* – the secure judgment of the whole world, by which he meant the Catholic Church. Yes, but what do you do when that judgment is unclear or in heated dispute? Augustine's answer is that you wait, in firm communion with the Catholic Church and in firm confidence that the Holy Spirit will, as promised, clarify the matter in due course. The point is that apostolic doctrine cannot be maintained over time without apostolic ministry, meaning ministry that is both apostolic in its origins and apostolic in its governing authority.

This argument is brilliantly advanced in his polemic against the Donatists who appealed to St. Cyprian as precedent for refusing to recognize the sacraments of the *traditores*, those who had lapsed in time of persecution. Yes, answered Augustine, the holy Cyprian was confused, and admitted as much; but he awaited clarification by the *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. The one thing he would not do, unlike the Donatists, was to break communion with the Catholic Church.

The Church is holy in practice and correct in doctrine, said the schismatic

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Donatists, and therefore it cannot exist in communion with the unholy and erring. It follows that the Donatists are the true Church. To which Augustine replied:

If, therefore, by such communion with the wicked the just cannot but perish, the Church had already perished in the time of Cyprian. Whence then sprang the origin of Donatus? Where was he taught, where was he baptized, where was he ordained, since [you claim that] the Church had been already destroyed

by the contagion of communion with the wicked? But if the Church still existed, the wicked could do no harm to the good in one communion with them. Wherefore did you separate yourselves?

'Wherefore did you separate yourselves?' Augustine's question echoes down through the centuries, directed at all who have separated themselves from communion with the Catholic Church. Today the criticism is heard that the Catholic Church, for all its magisterial authority, will permit almost anything in teaching or practice so long as one does not formally break communion with the Church.

There is truth in that, although I think it not a criticism but a compliment. While what Lutherans call the *publica doctrina*, the public teaching, of the Catholic Church is lucidly clear, it is true that the Church bends every effort, puts the best construction on every deviant opinion, in order to avoid what Augustine calls 'the heinous and damnable sin of schism.' For instance, in the twenty-three years of the supposedly authoritarian pontificate of John Paul II, the number of theologians publicly censured can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the only schism has been that of the integralist Lefebvrists of France. Disagreement, confusion, and false teaching can do great evil, but the remedy for such evil is always

Why They Became Catholics

THEY found in it [Catholicism] a sure framework for spiritual progress, literary creativity and political stability, but also for an ordered and coherent view of the world to replace the increasing intellectual and ideological confusion evident outside the walls.

- Professor Adrian Hastings, *A History of English Christianity, 1920-1985*, Collins, London, 1986 p.133.

Don't Twist the Truth Around

You have certainly heard those words of the Lord Jesus Christ himself, the Master of the apostles: 'Let your works so shine before men, that they may see your good deeds, and give glory to your Father who is in heaven,' that is, who made you as you are. 'For we are the people who belong to his pasture, the flock that is led by his hand.' So let him be praised who made you good, if you are good, not you who by yourself could only be bad. Why do you want to twist the truth round, so that when you do something good, you want to be praised, when you do something bad, you want the Lord to be blamed? For he who said, 'Let your works shine before men,' also said in the same sermon: 'Beware of practising your piety before men.' As these things seemed to you to be contradictory on the lips of the apostle, so too in the gospel. If, however, you do not muddy the water of your heart, you will recognize the harmony of the scriptures, and you too will be at peace with them.

— St Augustine of Hippo, [354-435 AD] *Sermon 47* quoted *Roman Breviary*,
Second Reading at Matins for Tuesday of the 14th Week of the Year.

to be found in communion with that body that is gifted with the charism of providing, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

Councils can err, said the Reformers. No, says the Catholic Church, but the Church's teaching lives forward, and no definition, including that of councils, is entirely adequate to the whole of the truth. The Catholic Church has always taught with St. Paul that now, as he says in 1 Corinthians 13, we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. (Now we know in part, then we shall understand fully, even as we have been fully understood. Along the way to that eschatological fullness — which is a frequently jagged, confusing, and conflicted way — it is promised to the Church that she will not, she will not irretrievably, lose the way. It is not everything that we might want, but it is enough; it is more than enough.

The Church's teaching lives forward; it is not reconstructed backward — whether from the fifth century of the sixteenth or the nineteenth or the twenty-first. But through all the changes of living forward, how do we know what is corruption and what is authentic development?

Recall Cardinal Newman's reflection on the development of doctrine, a

reflection that has been incorporated by magisterial teaching. He suggested seven marks of authentic development: authentic development preserves the Church's apostolic form; it reflects continuity of principles in testing the unknown by the known; it demonstrates the power to assimilate what is true, even in what is posited against it; it follows a logical sequence; it anticipates future developments; it conserves past developments; and, throughout, it claims and demonstrates the vigor of teaching authority. And thus it is, said St. Vincent of Lerins in the fifth century, that in authentic development of doctrine nothing presents itself in the Church's old age that was not latent in her youth. Such was the truth discovered by Augustine, a truth 'ever ancient, ever new.'

And so it is that this ecclesial Christian, this son of St. John's Lutheran Church in Pembroke, this former Lutheran pastor of St. John the Evangelist in Brooklyn, was led to September 8, 1990, to be received into full communion by John Cardinal O'Connor in his residence chapel of St. John the Evangelist, my patron saint. In every way, including my awareness of the intercession of St. John, the

continuities are ever so much more striking than the discontinuities.

In the words of the Second Vatican Council, my Protestant brothers and sisters are, by virtue of baptism and faith in Christ, truly but imperfectly in communion with the Catholic Church. Which means also, of course, that I am truly but imperfectly in communion with them. Moreover, and according to the same Council, all the saving and sanctifying grace to be found outside the boundaries of the Catholic Church gravitates toward the perfection of that imperfect communion. Some view the Catholic Church as claiming to be self-sufficient, but that is not true. Her ecclesiology is such that, of all Christian communions, she knows herself to be most in need. Nowhere are the words *De unum sint*, 'that they may all be one,' prayed so fervently; nowhere is the wound of our broken communion felt so keenly; nowhere is the commitment to reconciliation so relentless or irrevocable.

It would take another essay to survey the current prospect for such reconciliation. Suffice it to say that, whether with respect to the Orthodox Church of the East or the separated communions of the West, these are hard times for ecumenism, hard times for the hope for Christian unity. But the Church has known many times that were harder, much harder; she has learned that the better part of fidelity is sometimes simply persistent waiting upon the movement of the Holy Spirit toward possibilities that she can neither anticipate nor control, but for which we must together pray.

As for now, I end where I began — as in my life's course I began where I have ended — by saying again: 'To those of you with whom I have travelled in the past, know that we travel together still. In the mystery of Christ and his Church nothing is lost, and the broken will be mended. If, as I am persuaded, my communion with Christ's Church is now the fuller, then it follows that my unity with all who are in Christ is now the stronger. We travel together still.'

Richard John Neuman (1936-2009) was Editor-in-Chief of *First Things*. This article is adapted from a presentation at Concordia Theological Seminary, Fort Wayne, Indiana, a sanctuary of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. Copyright © *First Things*, April 2002.

265 cases of violence against other religions

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN INDONESIA IN 2008

By Adianto P. Simamora

JAKARTA: Religious intolerance is getting worse here, with state agencies, radical groups and community organisations involved in violations of freedom of faith and religion, according to a report released Tuesday.

The recent sealing of the synagogue in Surabaya, East Java, by Muslims in a protest against the Israeli attacks on the Gaza Strip was the latest case of religious intolerance in Indonesia.

The incident was not included in the *2008 Report on the Condition of Religious and Faith Freedom in Indonesia*, which was released by the Setara Institute for Democracy and Peace.

But Setara Institute chairman Hendardi said the closure of the Jewish place of worship was against the principle of religious tolerance.

"It is clearly part of religious violence and cannot be tolerated," he told *The Jakarta Post* after launching the report.

The report found 265 cases of violence against religions from January-December last year, a significant increase from only 135 cases in 2007.

"The increase is spurred by the rising persecution against the Jamaah Ahmadiyah by Islamic organisations to pressure the government to issue a presidential decree banning the minority sect," the report said.

Last year, the government issued a joint ministerial decree forbidding Ahmadiyah from spreading its religious teachings, bowing to pressure from extremist groups that had attacked its followers, their mosques and houses across the country.

Out of the 265 incidents, the institute recorded 367 violations against freedom of religion and faith.

"Of the 367 violations, the state was involved in 188 cases of violence both by commission and omission," Hendardi said.

The report said police were involved in 121 cases of religious intolerance, regents and mayors in 28 cases while 52 others involved courts and regional legislative councils.

"What is worrying is that more individuals and unidentified groups launched sporadic religious attacks, which reached 91 cases last year," Hendardi said.

The report blamed the radical Islamic Defender Front (FPI) and the Indonesian Ulama Council (MUI) as the main actors in the religious violence.

"We record the MUI involved in 42 cases and the FPI in 27 cases including in the Monas incident last year," he said, referring the brutal attack on activists during a pro-tolerance rally in the National Monument, Central Jakarta.

The Setara conducted investigations in North Sumatra, South Sumatra, West Sumatra, Jakarta, Banten, West Java, Central Java, Yogyakarta, South Sulawesi, South Kalimantan and West Nusa Tenggara.

West Java was the province recording the highest rate of religious violence with 73 cases, followed by West Sumatra and Jakarta provinces with 56 and 45 cases, respectively.

- Source: <http://www.thestar.com.my/news/story.asp?file=/2009/1/14/nation/20090114102335&sec=nation>. ANN/ The Jakarta Post.

Part II: Don't tell the old man

DON

By Don Gallagher



WHEN he got to Grade 3 Don was sent to the Brothers' School a few blocks away. His first teacher there was a happy little round-faced man called Brother Hanley who was the choir master.

At the back of his classroom was a piano and a stand of steps for the choir. Don was put in the second row of the choir. He knew he couldn't sing - he couldn't do anything - he was hopeless - the old man was right. But, I'll show him he thought. I mightn't be able to sing, but I can move my lips like all the rest, and who would ever know. *If you go down to the woods today...* they sang and Brother Hanley, with one ear cocked, passed in front of each singer, trying to locate the boy off the note. Well, Don thought it won't be me and he opened wide his mouth, wobbled his lips, threw his head back and rolled his eyeballs.

Brother Hanley stopped and moved in closer, then shook his head sadly. "You're not singing son," he said "go and sit at the front of the classroom." He sat alone in the front seat with his head down, crying for Sister Andrea ... *the day the teddy-bears had their picnic.*

When the singing was over, Charlie Considine came and sat beside him. "You lucky coot! How did you manage it? I'd love to get out of that damned choir!"

He became good friends with Charlie Considine. They were always seen together - Conny and Donny they were called.

On the first Thursday of each month, the whole school went to the church for their Confessions in preparation for the First Friday Mass.

The church was in the same grounds as Don's old school, and

We hope that *Annals* readers who enjoyed the adventures and wisdom of Joe Meagher in our long-running series *Pilgrim People* by Father Max Barrett CSSR will find that *Don* has much to say to them about growing up, and growing up Catholic. *Ed.*

after his Confession he would sneak around to Sister Andrea's classroom and stand near her door. "Please God, please God, make her open the door and see me". He would wait and wait, and at last he would have to go, or he'd be late back to school.

One first Thursday his prayer was answered, she opened the door and saw him standing there alone. At first she didn't recognise him...

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Please sister," he said, "could you sharpen my pencil?"

"Oh Don," she laughed. "It's you!" She put her arm around him and they sat together on one of the playground seats. Sister Andrea seemed to forget all about her own class as they talked and talked. Don told her how he had been put out of the choir, of his difficulties with Geography, and of his new

friend Charlie Considine.

The next first Thursday Sister Andrea had her door open as if she were half expecting Don's arrival, and she had work on the blackboard for her class to do. These first Thursday meetings became a regular thing, she always had a word of encouragement for him, and his confidence grew so much that he had an occasional strange whimsy of asking to rejoin the choir.

One of these first Thursdays happened to be his birthday. I wish she knew, he thought, but I shouldn't tell her. That wouldn't be right. To his surprise Sister Andrea greeted him with "Happy Birthday Don," and gave him a gift.

"How did you know it was my birthday?" he asked.

She told him she had looked up the old class rolls, where the dates of birth are listed. Later, he wondered why she had gone hunting through the old rolls just to find his birthday. He thought he knew the answer and it made him happy.

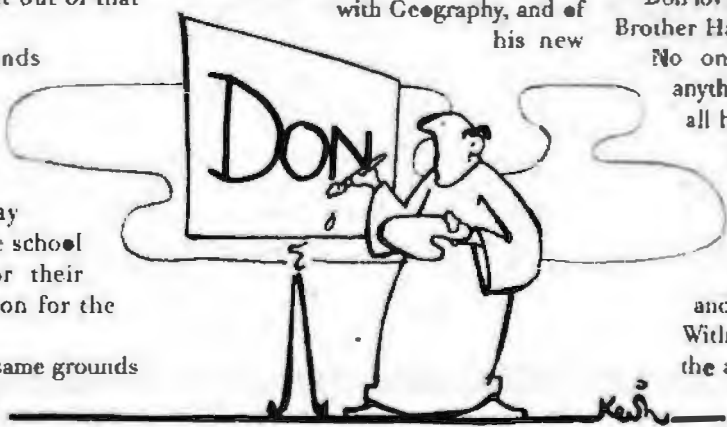
Sister Andrea told him about her gift. It was a left-over book from a class set which Sister Bridget had bought. It was a recently published atlas with maps of all the Australian states and illustrations in colour of each state's industries.

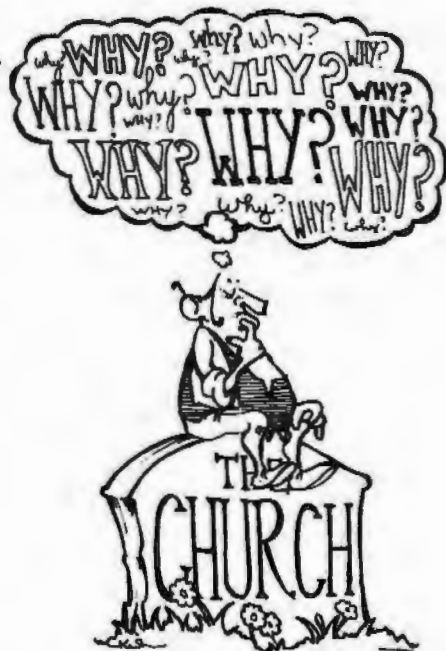
"It will help you with your Geography," she said.

Don loved it, Charlie was jealous and Brother Hanley said it was wonderful.

No one in the class had seen anything like it. Don would spend all his idle moments turning the pages and looking at the pictures, until one day, he took it from his desk and discovered that the pages had all been cut to pieces and torn.

With a grief-stricken sob he took the atlas to Brother Hanley and showed it to him. Don had





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tears in his eyes and he was unable to speak.

Brother Hanley examined the damage and concluded it was the work of some boy who wanted the pictures to stick in his Geography project book. He had suggested they could cut pictures from old magazines or newspapers. But this was dreadful.

"Get out your Geography project books," said Brother Hanley, "place them on your desks and stand around the room in silence."

He then examined each book. When he turned the pages of Benny Dalton's book, a number of the missing pictures fluttered to the floor.

"Benny," he said, "you remain standing. I'll deal with you at recess. The rest of you sit down."

Don sat down with the rest and looked at Benny - poor quiet lonely Benny, who couldn't even afford shoes and came to school barefooted. There he stood near the door, with his head down, in his bare feet. At recess everyone brushed roughly past him as they trooped out to the playground. When Don's turn came, he had a sudden thought - he put a friendly hand on Benny's shoulder "It'll be OK Benny!" Benny looked up and tried to smile through his tears.

Three days later, Benny came to him with a new atlas.

"Brother Hanley told me to buy this for you."

"Wherever did you get the money, Benny?"

"Brother Hanley gave me the money, and I have to pay him back. It will take me years, I told him, 'cos I never get any money. He told me that would be OK, he could wait, there was no hurry."

After school that day, Brother Hanley noticed Benny sneaking out of the classroom, hiding something under his old raggedy jumper.

"What have you got there Benny?"

It was the remains of the damaged, cut-up atlas.

"Don gave it to me. He said I could keep it."

After that, Conny, Donny and Benny were always seen together.

On the next first Thursday, Sister Andrea met him with tears in her eyes and gave him a big hug.

"I'm so proud of you," she said, "for your kindness to Benny Dalton."

Brother Hanley had told her all about it and she signed his new atlas with her beautiful big signature.

There was an art lesson every week and Don found, at last, something he was good at. Charlie was hopeless at art so Don sometimes helped him with his drawings.

"Could you copy this?" Charlie asked him one day. It was a cigarette card showing Don Bradman playing a cover drive. "But make it much bigger - about ten times this size."

Don thought he could, and gave it a go. Charlie loved it.

"Sign it with your name," said Charlie. "and watch me!" He showed it around the lunch area.

"Take a peek at this - Don Bradman in action, drawn by Don Geoghegan who was named after Bradman - it costs a penny!"

It was snapped up. "Do two more," Charlie said "I'll sell them, and you and me and Benny will get a penny ice-cream each at the corner shop after school."

It was done, and it was the first ice-cream of Benny's life. The next few days were spent sketching Bradman, with Charlie making the sales and the three of them enjoying the profits.

At the end of the week he thanked his mother for calling him Don.

"Oh?" she said.

"All the kids at school think I was named after Don Bradman."

"Well that's OK," she said. "but don't tell the old man."

BROTHER DON CALLAGHER CFC taught in Rose Bay, Albury, Wairara, Goulburn, Balmain and Bondi Junction before moving to St Edmund's Canberra in 1967. It is perhaps as an artist that he is most widely known. His paintings adorn collections throughout Australia and overseas.

'Don' is excerpted with permission from *A Story & Paintings*, by Br Don Callagher, CFC, published by Choicez Media, Canberra 2008 RRP. Copies may be obtained from GPO Box 14, Canberra City, ACT 2601.



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- Editor, *Annals*

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LET RELIGION, which is of the spirit, imitate the processes of the body. For, although bodies develop over the years and their individual parts evolve, they do not change into something different. It is true that there is a great gap between the prime of youth and the maturity of later years, but the people who reach these later years are the same people who once were adolescents. So, although the size and outward appearance of any individual may change, it insull the same person, and the nature remains the same.

The limbs of infants are tiny, while those of young men are large, but they are the same limbs. The man has no more parts to his body than the little child; and if there are parts that appear with age and greater maturity they are already present earlier in embryo. As a result, it can be said that nothing new is produced in old men that was not already present in an undeveloped form when they were boys.

There is no doubt, then, that this is the correct and legitimate rule for development and the best and most striking order of growth, if the passage of years sees those parts evolve in the adult, which the Creator in his wisdom had prepared in him beforehand when he was a child.

But if the human form is changed into some shape that is not of its own kind, or at least if something is added or taken away from the full complement of its members, then the whole body must perish or become a monster or at least be weakened in some way. It is fitting, then, that Christian doctrine too should follow these laws of development, so that with the passage of years it may be strengthened, with time it may make progress and with age it may achieve greater profundity.

— St Vincent of Lerins, died before 456 AD. *Commonitorium*, Chapter 23.
Quoted by the *Roman Breviary*, for the Second Reading at Mass for
Friday in the 27th Week of the Year.

MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Wallaby Way

Up close and too personally we are seeing a mutation of *Laissez-Faire Capitalism* into *Fail-Safe Capitalism* which involves the former being deprived of a key dynamic: the risk of loss. Essentially, therefore, *Fail-Safe Capitalism* is a socialised capitalism in which the government does not own the means of production but does control the money supply needed to prevent *caradysm*.

It is a mutation unmentioned by Prime Minister Plenipotentiary Kevin Rudd in his economic *Magna Carta*, written for *The Month* and the world, before he found a \$115-billion hole in the hucker he was using to bail out the *Good Ship Oz*.

In his 7,000-odd words, Rudd declared for social democracy against neo-liberalism. He ignored the Treasury orthodoxy as promulgated at Davos by his deputy Julia Gillard. He also ignored a new economic development: The Australian Rugby Union Model (ARUM), or the *Wallaby Paradigm*.

Under this, players agreed to a cut in match payments. But only after board members and executives had reduced their emoluments following a \$85 million loss in season 2007. Obviously the *Wallaby Paradigm* involves a co-operative approach, compatible with social justice encyclicals from *Rerum Novarum* onwards. It also involves the value of social capital. Cardinal George Pell described to the national congress of the Australian Workers Union.

What price of her businesses imitating the *Wallaby Paradigm*? These would have to include the Big Four Banks, as at there being delivered

to customers without a day interest-rate cuts announced by the Reserve Bank.

In this context, your correspondent had a retrospective dream: an earlier run for the Labor Party leadership by Kevin Rudd and, in the inevitable deal making, Mark Latham becoming his Treasurer.

Now there's a dream: Latham staying who must be done to win a tax-payer bail-out, as it is.

Treasurer Wayne Swan appears to be allowing bankers, private and retail, to go laughing all the way back to well, the bottom line that delivers their obese bonuses.

Right not to be Born

IN ITS July 15 issue, the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's official newspaper, expressed outrage at the "shocking and aberrant principle" established by a French high court that a handicapped baby has a "right not to be born." On July 13, a French high court confirmed an earlier November ruling that parents of a disabled child or the child himself can sue a physician for not providing information on his handicap before birth and offer an abortion. The ruling was based on the case of the Peruche family, whose son was born deaf, partially blind and mentally retarded in 1983 after the mother caught rubella during her pregnancy, a condition which her physician failed to diagnose.

Veritable Style

The style of the Rudd *Magna Carta* raises the question: does its author have a gene for writing? Tempting to think of the Queensland author of *On Our Selection*, Steele Rudd. But pointless. This was a pseudonym for Arthur Hoey Davis.

On Kevin Rudd's maternal side, however, there are clues. His mother was a De Vere and the De Veres have

been eminent in literature. Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford (1550-1604) swung between Catholicism and Anglicanism before following his Queen, Elizabeth the first, and settling for the later. He was a prolific writer of prose and poetry under his own name. He is also said by some to have written the plays that bear the same William Shakespeare name.

The Irish De Veres were also writers. Sir Aubrey De Vere (1788-1846) wrote a set of sonnets praised by Wordsworth as "the most perfect of our age."



The unknighthed Aubrey De Vere (1814-1902) wrote *The Combat at the Ford* describing an epic fight in which Ferdia the Firbolg is killed by his friend Cuchullain who sings:

Each battle was a game, a jest, a sport
Till came, fore-doomed, Ferdia to the Ford
I loved the warrior though I pierced his heart...
Huge lion of the forestry of war;
Fair central pillar of the House of Fame;
But yesterday he towered above the world.
This day he lies along the earth, a shade

Possible to see in the extract's opening line a description of parliamentary battles in Canberra. Impossible to say whether Kevin Rudd or Malcolm Turnbull is Ferdia or Cuchullain.

King Barack

The ascendancy of Barack Obama re-emphasises that the President of the United States is an elected monarch, something that must be remembered in the evolution of Australia to a federal republic (with room for Aotearoa-New Zealand if it so wishes).

Such a monarch needs the say-so of the people not parliamentarians. What of the coronation-style hype that surrounds the presidential inauguration? It was not always thus: founding father Thomas Jefferson's inauguration was almost puritanical in its simplicity. More recently Jimmy Carter kept the hoopla to a minimum, his wife incurring criticism for wearing an oldish gown to an inauguration ball.

Obama's formidably elegant first lady, Michelle, made no such mistake. She followed a monarchical example going back beyond Jacqueline (Camelot) Kennedy. It is recorded that Gloriana, Queen Elizabeth I, had four different outfits made for her coronation in London on January 15, 1559 and the subsequent banquets, routs, tourneys and masques.

Ring-a-ding AO

Congratulations are still in order for actor-manager John Bell of the Bell Shakespeare Company following his appointment as an Officer in the Order of Australia. Bell is more generous about his background than the coverage given to his award.

In the coverage (*The SMH*, Jan 26) there was reference to, 'the English teacher at his Maitland high school' who was 'a Shakespeare scholar and football coach'.

*Shakespeare scholar and football coach? Who was this paragon? The coverage did not say. Yet in his memoir, *The Time of My Life*, Bell is specific that his school was Marist Brothers, Maitland and his 'first truly inspirational teacher' Brother*

Elgar (who published poetry under the name RD Murphy).

A similar omission occurred in coverage of the Australian of the Year award to Professor Mick Dodson. He was reported (*The Australian*, Jan 27) to have attended 'blue-riband (sic!) Monivae boarding school in the Western District of Victoria'.

Make that, 'Hamilton, Victoria' and make it, 'Monivae, a school run by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. Catholic? Is the Pope?

How relevant is such information? Given deadlines and space-constraint subbing, difficult to say. But if Catholic identification is necessary amid scandal, for balance it should also be used about positive achievement.

Graham Greene in one of his essays remarked on the rarity of Catholic minor characters in 1930s popular fiction. Earlier GK Chesterton saw a tendency in obituaries not to mention the deceased's Catholic religion, remarking that it might not be important to the obituarist, but it could be important to the deceased.

In another essay, GKC suggested that every great actor in the theatre had Celtic bloodlines. Add to the list John Bell.

Success Gate

Apropos Celtic, the Gate Theatre, Dublin is a major contributor to festivals throughout Australasia by way of writers, actors and directors. Despite its global orbit, the Gate operates on continuing to produce the work of Irish-born writers exclusively.

Some may see such reliance as parochial, particularly in the Irish Republic, where membership of the European Community has had a transformative effect. Others may see it as a precondition for a national theatre. Is there a theatre company in Australia or New Zealand that operates on a similarly exclusive basis? Should there be?

Liddell Truth

Nice to see the British High Commissioner Helen Liddell place Rabbie Burns at the head of a column to mark the 250th anniversary of his birth (*The Australian*, Jan 24-25). She was correct in praising his anthem *Auld Lang Syne* (which, incidentally, should be sung with a hard 's' not a 'z'). She was wrong in suggesting the Scottish folk-tune *Craigielea* is the basis for the music of *Waltzing Matilda*.

Peter Sculthorpe, Australia's most distinguished composer, once discussed setting the words of a *Reconciliation Anthem* to the *Waltzing Matilda* tune.





After examining original sheet music Sculthorpe told your correspondent there was no connection between *Craigielea* and *Walzing Matilda*.

The Reconciliation Anthem? During cheque droughts, your correspondent makes a drinking song of it.

Noir Carr

News that Bob Carr, ex-premier, Marquarie Bank consultant and literary gent had appealed to outgoing President George W Bush to grant a pardon to the jailed Conrad Black struck a chord.

Black, far from being the lofty, overbearing character of myth, not only reviewed the late Paul Fregosi's classic, *Dreams of Empire*, with a fellow writer and Napoleonophile's acumen, but he also entertained Fregosi generously. In writing to Black, your correspondent found him meticulously courteous in personal response.

At what is now Fairfax Media, there may be critics of Black who could wish that its current clouds had a Black lining. He was, and may be again, a journalists' proprietor not a bean-counter.

Cool Hands

Old clichés, like old soldiers, never die, they only fade away. One, long faded, is 'the man in the street', formerly a staple in *Time* magazine reportage of public opinion. Similarly faded is 'the little people'. Intriguing to see it revived by Michael Kirby in his farewell to the High Court of Australia. Give us a break. Australia is a nation of great ethnic diversity but when was the last recorded sighting of Leprechauns.

Still as enduring as 'tip of the iceberg' is the cliché that suggests, 'If you pay peanuts, you get monkeys' recently aired in comment on payment of parliamentarians.

Surely, however, the global financial crisis

has proved that if you pay more than peanuts, you get gorilla executives so greedy they cannot take their paw out of the cookie jar even while totting up losses and firing workers to balance the books?

Nine Seven

If *Nine's 60 Minutes* does not, new rival *Seven's Sunday Night* will: that is, profile James Packer, authorised or not. Fourth in the line of a wealthy media dynasty, he preferred to go hunting for an even greater fortune in the worldwide gambling archipelago, its waters a haunt of whales and sharks.

Luck, difficult to define, difficult to catch, always has timing as an essential element. And James Packer's timing could have been better: a profile would find him where, like all gamblers, he must decide to hold or fold.

Memo Worthy

Newspaper third leaders tend to be lighter than first or second leaders. Whoever wrote the third leader in *The Australian* (Jan 20) deserves an internal and external award.

It began: 'The people who decide what to screen on television probably were not all that bothered about the death of novelist and TV writer John Mortimer on the weekend. But everyone who loves a good yarn will be sad he is gone.'

It ended: 'Perhaps programmers could watch Rumpole or even read one of Mortimer's books - it might give an idea about what television is meant to deliver: intelligent entertainment.'

Great stuff. It might have been more effective as a confidential memo to Rupert Murdoch, boss of *The Australian*, and font of television influence worldwide.

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Wasting Taxpayer Lives and Wasting Taxpayer Dollars

THE Obama administration has promised to spend more money on embryonic stem cell research and promote more human embryo destruction, and the FDA has now approved the first experiments using embryonic stem cells in patients. The new President has stated that he wants to promote science, but he must have meant political science. The focus on embryonic stem cells emphasizes unethical and poor science, least likely to help patients, and wastes both human lives and dollars.

— Excerpt from an invitation to attend a lecture in Washington DC on February 12, 2009 by Dr David Prentice, Senior Fellow for Life Sciences, Center for Human Life and Bioethics at Family Research Council.

'Let us remember that [many of] the tribes of Arabia were Christian'

MIDDLE EAST CHRISTIANS PERSECUTED

By 'Abd al-Nasser al-Najjar



IN IRAQ, a crime is currently being committed – another in a series of iniquities brought by the winds of change that came in the wake of the [U.S.] occupation, which sought to impregnate Iraq with the seed of democracy. [But] the [resulting] fetus emerged deformed and weird. The worst outcome of this situation is, possibly, the carnage against ethnic communities and minorities that has swept through Iraq. Neither Sunnis, nor Shi'ites, nor Christians, nor Kurds, nor Turkomen, nor [members of] other [groups] have managed to escape it.

However, the string of murders and expulsions of Christians, which has been going on for several months, is by far the most grievous – [and] it [must be taken as] a warning that hostility and crimes against minorities may spread to the neighboring countries [as well].

Christians are being persecuted not only in Iraq, but in most Arab countries, regardless of their numbers there. They are subjected to every possible kind of discrimination, as well as expulsion. The problem is that it is not only Arab officials who are remaining silent [in the face of these crimes] – [they do so] because their primitive mentality is centered on the cult of the ruler – but, alarmingly, so are Arab intellectuals, the elites, non-government organizations, and leaders of the private sector. All these groups look on at these unprecedented [acts of] folly without apprehending the danger with which these crimes are fraught.

Statistics show that in 2005 the number of Christians in Iraq was as high as 800,000. By early 2008, it had dropped by half, [indicating] that 50 percent of Iraqi Christians had been expelled from their homes and lands.

Today, this problem is also rampant in Egypt, Lebanon, Algeria, and Palestine –

and while the situation may be slightly different in Palestine, the trend is the same.

Let us be honest with ourselves and courageously say out loud that Palestinian Christians are taking many severe blows, yet are suffering in silence so as not to attract attention. I do not refer here to the suffering caused by the occupation... but to actions of the past 20 years at least – that is, since the beginning of the occupation in 1967 – involving the confiscation of Christian property, especially in Bethlehem, Ramallah, and Al-Birah.

What makes things worse is that those who are plundering [the Christians'] property are either powerful [in their own right] or are backed by various elements, among them high-ranking military officials or influential members of large clans.

Attempts by the political leadership, to partially rectify this situation have failed. Nor has the judicial system been able to [resolve] many of the problems, which we still face today. Over the past few years, several of my Christian friends have told me of the harm they have suffered, including various threats, even death threats, for trying to gain access to their lands after they were taken over by influential Bethlehem residents.

Furthermore, there has been an attempt to marginalize Christian culture in Palestine, even though it is rich and deeply rooted [there]. This began

with [accusations] of unbelief [against Christians] – a move that ultimately harmed Palestinian society as a whole..

Despite all the injustices [against the Christians], no one has seen or heard of any constructive action to curb it and to [defend] the Christians' rights – whether by the elites, by any of the three branches (executive, legislative, and judiciary), by non-government organizations, or even by the political factions themselves [Such action should have been forthcoming] not out of kindness and compassion, but [due to] regarding Palestinian Christians as indigenous to this land, and [therefore] no different from us, with the same rights and obligations [as Muslims].

But the most fundamental problem here may be related to culture. We continue to instill a horrific culture in our children, one that sees Christians as infidels... and as 'the other.' We need an injection of humanistic and national awakening; we must raise an outcry and stand up to restore the Christians' rights, of which they have been deprived – [and we must do this] in order to preserve the demographic balance, which will safeguard the unity of our homeland and the justness the Palestinian cause.

[Let us] remember that [many of] the tribes of Arabia were Christian. The best writers and poets were Christian, as were [many] warriors and philosophers... It is they who bore the banner of pan-Arabism. The first Palestinian university was established by Christians.

Enough [examples] ! It is not words that we need, but progressive attitudes, and the truth, so that it can be presented to tyrannical rulers, and so that priests and old men will not be the only Christians left in the Holy Land and in the city of [Jesus'] birth."

Martyrs

If death troubled us only a little or not at all, the glory of the martyrs would not be so great.

– St Augustine of Hippo [354-430 AD, Treatise on St John, 123,5. From the Second Reading at Matins, in the Roman Breviary, for the Feast of St Nicholas of Bari, December 6

The above excerpts were taken from an article by 'Abd Al-Nasser Al-Najjar that appeared in *Al-Ayyam* (Palestinian Authority) October 25, 2008. The translation is taken from MEMRI Special Dispatch | No. 2112 | November 12, 2008

A little known pioneer of Australian Music Theatre, and Catholic Music History

ANNE THÉRÈSE CLARKE

By John Colborne-Veel



ANNE THÉRÈSE CLARKE was a London theatre singer who arrived in Hobart in 1834. Historically she is an obscure figure, but in cross-referencing my research of early Australian theatre, Mrs Clark has emerged as an important catalyst. In regard to this, her Hobart company was responsible for first bringing to public attention many performers who went on to become the stars of nineteenth century Australian theatre. The children of Mrs Clarke's performers (such as Nellie Stewart and Emma Howson) also made an immense contribution to Australian Theatre. St Mary's Cathedral in Sydney – and doubtless, the Cathedrals of Hobart and Melbourne – benefited from the extraordinary musical talent introduced by Mrs Clarke.

She was herself a multi-talented performer with a great deal of organisational ability that seems to have been combined with a certain degree of

single mindedness and an enterprising entrepreneurial flare. She had "a reputation for presenting properly rehearsed and varied programmes at modest prices." But all that remains of her extraordinary contribution would seem to be a handful of posters in the Tasmanian Library and a sentence or perhaps a paragraph here and there in Australian theatre reference books.

Anne Thérèse Clarke née Remans was born in England in 1806. She must have had some early training because she sang in a London theatre before coming to Australia. Subsequent events suggest that Anne was also well connected in London's theatre world. She left England with 238 other 'free female immigrants' aboard the 'Strathfieldsay' departing Gravesend, London on May Day 1834 and arriving in Hobart after a voyage of 107 days on August 15. Anne immediately found work in the theatre.

Her first public performance in Hobart on August 23 1834 received favourable reviews, and *The Colonial*

Times' appreciated her professionalism. 'it is evident that this lady has trod the boards before; she had a good deal of tact and stage attitude, which cannot be obtained but by continued appearance before the public', and the *Tasmanian* praised her for being 'accurate in time and tune'. *The Hobart Town Courier*² found her singing 'highly respectable'.

There were two theatres in Hobart at this time³; the first had been opened at the Freemasons' Tavern (which was fitted out with a gallery, a pit and a stage for the occasion) in December 1833 when Samson Cameron and his wife arrived with a group of actors. In January 1834 they produced 'Clari' the first Ballad Opera seen in Australia; the second theatre was opened in February 1834 by J. P. Deane at his Argyle Rooms as the 'Theatre Royal' for a series of concerts, pantomimes and plays. Anne first appeared for Deane in concerts and also Burgoyne's opera 'The Lord of the Manor' then, in November joined Cameron's company to perform a range of burlesque plays, and opera.

At the end of 1834 Deane (who had been a leading force in the colony's music since 1822) leased the Royal to Cameron so that they could combine resources with Deane leading the Orchestra. They followed a spectacular series of operas that concluded at the end of 1835 with both Deane and Cameron temporarily placed in a debtors' prison for 'having been deceived in theatrical speculations.'

Anne married Michael Clarke on October 25 and then continued to work in the theatre as Mrs Clarke. Anne's daughter (also named Anne Thérèse) was born in 1835 but during the year she still found time to appear in both Hobart and Launceston. In 1836 Mrs Clarke joined John Meredith's company in Hobart.

The Tasmanian for February 17 1837 published a review of a performance

Beauty ever ancient ever new

LATE HAVE I loved you, O Beauty so ancient and so new; late have I loved you! For behold you were within me, and I outside; and I sought you outside and in my ugliness fell upon those lovely things that you have made. You were with me and I was not with you. I was kept from you by those things, yet had they not been in you, they would not have been at all. You called and cried to me and broke open my deafness; and you sent forth your beams and shone upon me and chased away my blindness: you breathed fragrance upon me, and I drew in my breath and do now pant for you; I tasted you, and now hunger and thirst for you: you touched me, and I have burned for your peace.

St Augustine, Confessions, quoted *Roman Breviary*,
Second Reading at Matins for the Feast of St Augustine,
August 28.

noting that Mrs Clarke, "Cannot be excelled, we may perhaps say, cannot be equalled, out of London. She dressed, sang and also acted to the perfect satisfaction of a crowded audience."

There is a poster for a benefit concert for Mrs Meredith at the Theatre Royal for Monday 10 July 1837. The programme includes, Overtures performed by the band of the 21st Fusiliers; 'The Fire Raiser or the Prophet of the Moor' which is described as an entire new ballet from the Tale of Beauty and the Beast; a song from Mrs Clark: Medecai's Courtship by Mr Meredith; and 'The Invincibles, or Ladies ala Militaire' by a Tasmanian.

Mrs Clarke is said to have been at the Royal Victoria Theatre in Sydney from October 1837 until October 1839, which is interesting because the theatre didn't open until March 26 1838 and I doubt that the penny-wise proprietor⁴ would have rehearsed a cast for five months.

Her time in Sydney was accompanied with a great deal of critical acclaim, for example: the Sydney Herald for September 12 1838 found that Mrs Clarke was, "Letter-perfect in every part she plays."

On her way back to Hobart in late 1839 Mrs Clarke held a soiree in the Lamb Inn in Melbourne. At that early date the settlement must have been little more than a collection of wattle-and-daub huts. A census taken three years earlier on November 8 1836 gave the population as 186 male and 38 female settlers. By the time she returned in 1845 the town boasted two theatres (and this was before the Gold Rush era).

In March 1840, Mrs Clarke returned to Hobart at the height of her artistic powers. By April she had formed her own company and taken over as lessee of Hobart's Royal Victoria Theatre, which remained under her control until February 1841.

A poster from this period, printed in black on cream silk edged with blue ribbons and bows, survives in the Tasmanian State Library. The poster details the sorts of resources that Mrs Clarke had at her disposal at the Royal Victoria Theatre and the style of entertainment that she presented – Grand Concert – Friday June, 12, 1840 – Mrs Clarke – Concert of Vocal

Speaking of hoaxes ...

I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around the banks will deprive the people of all property until their children wake-up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered.

– Attributed to Thomas Jefferson, 1802. The sentiments touch a chord with millions suffering as a result of the recent financial meltdown, but the word 'inflation' as applied to currency was unknown to the original editors of the 18 vol. Oxford Dictionary before 1864. While this does not prove that Jefferson didn't use it in this sense, it diminishes the probability. Moreover, as your editor couldn't find any one who claimed Jefferson to be its author who was able or willing to cite in which of Jefferson's easily accessible writings it is to be found – we thought it worthwhile warning readers that the quote which is widely circulated, may well be a hoax.

and Instrumental Music – Colonel Elliott assisted by the Band of the 41st regiment – Mr Leffler will preside at the piano.

Ten months experience as manager of the Royal Victoria Theatre must have led Mrs Clarke to the realisation that Hobart could potentially support a first-class music theatre company, and she had the enterprise to formulate a plan that would put her vision into effect. The plan was simplicity in itself: she would take twelve months off from the theatre, sail to England, recruit an all-star cast and bring them back to Hobart as assisted immigrants⁵ contracted to work solely for her company for three years.

Where did the money come from? The performers would have certainly asked for cash advances and someone had to pay the return passage to England for Mrs Clarke, her husband and daughter. For the company to be successful it needed an up-to-date repertoire of the latest plays, farces, melodramas and operas from London. A library of this sort was not only a valuable capital asset it was also a very expensive item. And then, to carry the whole enterprise off without a hitch, she must have also had some sort of official introduction to the Colony's agent in London.

Whatever the answer to the above questions might be, at a time when the

theatre had a well-earned reputation as a fly-by-night enterprise, Mrs Clarke seems to have commanded a lot of credibility and resources.

She sailed for England in February 1841. Unfortunately we know nothing of the perils and adventures of the long ocean voyages there and back or her time in London (nowadays the complete epic would probably make a best-seller in its own right) but we do know that she returned in February 1842 with a brilliant company that not only went on to become the great stars of Australian theatre in their own right, but also produced children (such as Nellie Stewart) who eclipsed their parents in reputation.

Mrs Clarke's enterprise, foresight and imagination enhanced and changed the face of Australian nascent music theatre.

[Next Issue: Mrs Clarke's triumphal return]

1. August 26 1834
2. August 29 1834
3. They must have been successful because a third theatre quickly followed.
4. Joseph Watt a former publican, made a huge fortune as a haberdasher. He had scant regard for either public opinion or his actors' welfare. He seems to have made a practice of renegeing on verbal contracts as well as abusing the benefit system to his own advantage.
5. Under the Wakefield scheme the British government paid immigrant's passages to provide the Colonies with a source of cheap labour.

JOHN COLBORNE-VEEL is a regular contributor to *Annals*. For six years President of the Fellowship of Australian Composers, John is a distinguished jazz musician, composer and librettist.

Good

German professor John Halder (Viggo Mortensen) has written a novel dealing sympathetically with euthanasia. It brings him to the attention of the Nazi Party represented by Bouier (Mark Strong) who makes it clear that the novel chimes with the party's theory of race purity, starting with the eradication of the physically and mentally handicapped.

Director Vincente Amorim and scriptwriter John Wrathall, working from CP Taylor's play, put together a powerful film showing how early compliance with the *zeitgeist* in exchange for favour can lead to unintended consequences, in this case death camps.

Mortensen, cast against type, is utterly convincing despite, it must be said, a wig that looks to have been acquired from a Bert Newton garage sale. To support him producer Miriam Segal has brought together a superlative cast; it also includes Anastasia Hille as Halder's abandoned wife, Helen; Jodie Whittaker as his eminent mistress, Anne; Gemma Jones as his senile mother whom he saves from suicide and Jason Isaacs as Maurice, the Jewish friend, he fails to save.

CP Taylor's play was written in the 1980s. Its theme has continuing relevance as witness the advocacy and activities of current proponents of euthanasia.

M★★★★NFFV

The Reader

Examination of another facet of the anti-Christian religious cult: Nazism. Stephen Daldry directs David Hare's script, both working from Bernhard Schlink's 40-language best-seller.

Kate Winslet, her beauty muted, comes on as the drab Hanna who helps the young Michael Berg (David Kross) when he is sick in the entrance to her apartment block.

Her help turns into an affair where bedding is enhanced by readings from *The Odyssey* and *Huckleberry Finn*, Hanna being illiterate. Daldry intercuts these scenes with Michael grown to be a lawyer in the person of Ralph Fiennes.

To his role Fiennes brings his woebegone air of a bloodhound that has lost its scent. No wonder, Hanna it transpires during a subsequent war

MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

crimes tribunal, is a tram conductor who was once a death-camp guard.

Here the enthralling talent of Winslet cannot quite conceal glib mitigation, if not outright defence, of Germans who voted the Nazis to power and then became ignorant when the Nazis practised what they had preached.

Bernard Schlink, who came to adulthood post-World War II, shares with a contemporary Rolf Hochhuth a tendency to scapegoat. Hochhuth scapegoated Pius XII in his play *The Representative*. Schlink uses the fictional Hanna.

Why otherwise make her the illiterate character who takes the blame, does jail time and, on the eve of release from jail, hang herself using a platform of hooks for her taking off?

Germany's educational standards were high and essential to the Nazi death bureaucracy. Would a woman who could not even sign her name have been recruited as a guard?

The scapegoating appears to have escaped the attention of Schlink's movie collaborators, who may have forgotten the two moral categories of ignorance: culpable or invincible.

This forgetfulness is exacerbated by the double character Rose Mather/Hanna Mather (Lena Olin), a Jewish survivor who disdains Berg's offer of Hanna's savings while agreeing that they should be used to set up a foundation for illiterates - this while living in Manhattan luxury, thus subtextually reinforcing the myth of the ever-surviving, ever-rich Jew.

Ersatz (phony) is the wartime German word that comes to mind. Ironically, the late, great Sydney Pollack had a hand in the production overseen by the owner of the film rights, Harvey Weinstein, both Jews.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Valkyrie

The run of World War II movies continues with Tom Cruise's stab at the heroic Colonel Claus Von Stauffenberg, key figure in a plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler by subverting an existing emergency measure. Operation Valkyrie.

Cruise, pound for pound, the most formidably focused of actors, brings out Stauffenberg's desperate courage, the courage of a wounded fighting soldier, and the force of personality that enabled him to carry more senior officers with him.

His finely judged performance raises the question: how does an actor use his personal background in playing a character. Stauffenberg's Catholicism, brought out in the movie by images rather than statements, enabled him to see the falsity of Nazism as a death cult. By what alchemy did Cruise, raised a Catholic, now an adept of the cult of Scientology, use these factors in his vivid embodiment?

If the movie, directed by Bryan Singer and written by Christopher McQuarrie, occasionally fails in verisimilitude, unlike an earlier German version, *Stauffenberg*, it is because of a plethora of top British character actors. These include Tom Wilkinson, Kenneth Branagh, Bill Nighy, Eddie Izzard, Tom Hollander and Terence Stamp. To see them stiffen upper lips as German officers tests the suspension of disbelief to surreal limits of incongruity.

M★★★★NFFV

Two Fists. One Heart

One of those movies that makes you think it should have been shot in black and white to further enhance its realism. Writer/co-star/executive producer Rai Fazio, director Shawn Seet and veteran producer David Ellick put us ringside at the life contest of Anthony Argo (Daniel Amal), a boxer who moonlights as a nightclub bouncer.

Tough guy. Tough neighbourhood. But not as tough as his trainer-father Joe (Ennio Fantastichini), who wants him to bounce less and box more. Anthony splits from home and meets Kate (Jessica Marais), who opens his eyes to a world beyond boxing and bouncing.

Family honour remains. When Joe is betrayed by another boxer, Nico Manchini (Rai Fazio), Anthony gloves up for a revenge bout. Not just another pug movie. The players bring a rough conviction to their roles that makes it a one-off classic.

M★★★★NFFV

Tulpan

Incongruity rules, according to director Sergeev Dvortsevov and his co-writer Gennady Ostrovskiy. In the arid region of Kazakhstan, known as Betpak Dala (Hunger Steppe), they present Asa (Askhat Kuchinchirekov) wearing the full-dress uniform of a Russian sailor spinning yarns about an encounter with a giant octopus.

Asa's hearers are his sceptical brother-in-law and the parents of his hoped-for bride Tulpan, never seen. She rejects him, not because his tales are too tall, but because his ears are too large.

Will Asa, inspired by a wind-blown picture of the flap-eared Prince Charles and his beautiful Princess Diana, persuade Tulpan to marry him?

The answer is as wry and dry as the steppe. On it depends Asa's getting a sheep flock to manage or heading for city lights and uncertainty.

M★★★NFFV

Summer Hours

Different terrain, different culture: a classic French, transgenerational movie that illustrates how catalytic a will can be, in this case the will of Helene (Edith Scob). She lives in a run-down but spacious, still elegant house, replete with antiques and art, including the work of her uncle whose last beloved muse she was.

Her three children Adrienne (Juliette Binoche), a New York based designer, Frederic (Charles Berling), a Parisian academic and Jeremie (Jeremie Renier), a businessman based in Beijing.

Writer/director Olivier Assayas does not strive for his effects. They seem to happen as in life, thanks to the superb naturalism of Scob, Binoche, Berling, Renier and the actors playing their wives and children.

Assayas's major problem is to reconcile us to why, on a vote, these civilized people would let such a house of beautiful memories go, selling its treasures to the Musee D'Orsay.

His ambivalent ending indicates that Assayas himself may not be reconciled: he and his cinematographer, Eric Gautier, show us the younger generation gathering for a last party at the house: a continuum or traditional France perishing in the global youth binge of rock, booze and pot?

M★★★★NFFV

Official Classifications key

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

Annals supplementary advice

SFFV: Suitable For Family Viewing;
NFFV: Not For Family Viewing.

Last Chance Harvey

Harvey Shine (Dustin Hoffman) is trapped in a pun: his life has grown dim after his divorce. As he prepares to leave New York for London and the wedding of his daughter Susan (Liane Balaban), his boss makes it clear that Harvey's television jingles are no longer worth the doh-re-me he is being paid.

Kate's (Emma Thompson) days are numbered. She is forty-something, blind-date single and collects statistics at London's Heathrow Airport. Perfect set-up for a meeting. But not before writer/director Joel Hopkins adds Harvey's discomfiture and departure when Susan tells him she wants her stepfather Brian (James Brolin) to give her away.

Only then do Harvey and Kate meet for September love, laughter and resolution of whether he will attend the wedding. If the comedy is less than the sum of its stars, it's because Hoffman is so relentless in his display of technique to which Thompson dithers channily.

In the end - and it is in Hoffman's career rather than the script - Harvey makes you think of Willy Loman. Contrary to Arthur Miller's play, Willy did not commit suicide; he scarpared to London. And there he is, grinning wryly while gazing up at the statuesque Kate as if she has taken over from Nelson on his pillar in Trafalgar Square.

PG★★★SFFV

Doubt

Writer/director John Patrick Shanley adapts his hit stage play without losing the compressed, cloistered impact of its characters: school principal Sister Aloysius (Meryl Streep), parish priest Father Flynn (Philip Seymour Hoffman) and Sister James (Amy Adams).

Central to the action, set in 1960s New York, is Sister Aloysius's suspicion that Father Flynn may be into paedophilia with the school's only African-American student. Her suspicion hardens into certainty and she confronts Flynn with unpredictable results.

Shanley does load up his characters. Where Sister Aloysius is solitary, austere, Father Flynn is companionable, bibulous and a cigar smoker. In a sermon, using a mock-Irish brogue, he relates an anecdote about gossip. The anecdote was originally St Phillip Neri's and the topic was slander.

Streep plays as a battleaxe so sharply honed she could reduce teak to matches. Hoffman counters with urhanity and polished fingernails (hint, hint?). Adams shades from naivete to spite to sympathy with Flynn.

It falls to the student's mother, played by Viola Davis, to twist the plot further with an unexpected revelation.

M★★★★NFFV

Confessions of a Shopaholic

Souffle. And it rises again and again thanks to director PJ Hogan, the irrepressible Isla Fisher and the best-seller of the same title by Sophie Kinsella, scripted by Tim Firth and Tracey Jackson

Fisher, ex-local television apprentice, plays Rebecca Bloomwood. She dreams of working for a fashion magazine. While waiting, she flies her fantastic plastic to the limit in the bazaars of Manhattan despite preventive efforts by her rich flatmate Suse (Krysten Ritter, who shoplifts whole scenes from Fisher).

Rebecca's dream is fulfilled via a finance magazine edited by Luke Brandon (Hugh Dancy). There, through ignorance of her subject, she achieves success. Implausible? Not really. Think any number of lucre gurus chuntering cluelessly.

Fisher takes the kind of risks once taken by another redhead, Lucille Ball, by sacrificing her beauty for pratfalls.

Kristen Scott-Thomas takes similar risks. Having played a high-powered, glossy magazine editor in *The Horse Whisperer* and a heart-broken mother in *I've Loved You for so Long*, she creates a fashionista Alette Naylor constructed from every French cliché.

Add Joan Cusack and John Goodman as Rebecca's thrifty parents plus John Lithgow as magazine mogul Edgar West, and it is clear that producer Jerry Bruckheimer realises that in the midst of a market crash cinema-goers don't want his trade-mark vehicle pile-ups – they want romantic comedies.

TBA★★★★SFFV

W.

Director Oliver Stone has essayed two other presidential movies, *JFK* and *Nixon*. Both his subjects were safely dead. With *W*, his subject George W. Bush, is still alive and kicking on with his memoirs.

Thus Stone and scriptwriter Stanley Weiser have a major difficulty in ending the movie. They go for Bush, here, watching TV, back on the beer and munching pretzels (though earlier he has been established as a confirmed nut eater).

Not that the movie lacks authentic power when post September 9/11 and into his second term, Bush succumbs to reports about Iraq dictator Saddam Hussein's possession of weapons of mass destruction. More could have been made here with the part played by *The New York Times* in giving weight to the reports and to Downing Street, ex-Fleet Street spin doctors 'sexing up' memos.

Stone, through his star, Josh Brolin, catches the wayward charm of the Texan you might care to go drinking with but not to war with. Others in the cast are equally impressive, particularly Elizabeth Banks as Laura, the librarian who tamed Bush; Ellen Burstyn as his mother, Barbara Bush, and James Cronwell as President George Bush I whom *W* sought to emulate.

One of the movie's pleasures is watching Richard Dreyfus and Toby Jones stealing scenes from each other as vice-president Dick Cheney and consultant Karl Rove. Jeffrey Wright does not quite catch Colin Powell's essence: a former fighting soldier out manoeuvred by civilians. Thandie Newton's part as Condoleezza Rice is

underwritten, perhaps because Stone and Weissner are more for macho than subtlety.

Stone's take on George W Bush is inevitably premature. The campaigns he began were ill-advised and ill-timed and – albeit in a different form, and not necessarily in Iraq or Afghanistan – they are likely to continue.

M★★★★NFFV

Frost/Nixon

Before his death Richard Nixon had gone some way to rehabilitating himself following his resignation from the US presidency. Inadvertently or deliberately, this film about the celebrated Frost/Nixon television interviews takes the process further.

Frank Langella's virtuoso performance gives Nixon the dimension of a classic tragic hero brought down, not by circumstances, but by a character flaw.

Against him, Michael Sheen as David Frost, though winner of the interviews, still bore the tag conferred by his contemporary, the comedian Peter Cook: 'He rose without trace.'

Director Ron Howard working from Peter Morgan's stage play makes it clear that Frost was working in Australian television when he opened his bid for the interviews. And it was his own hold, personal bid.

Why did Nixon do it? Money – just under a million dollars in a deal negotiated by Swifty Lazar (Toby Jones) under the impression Frost was basically a lightweight entertainer. Had he consulted Rupert Murdoch, Nixon might have saved himself grief. In a notorious earlier TV interview in London, Frost cut Murdoch down to size.

M★★★★NFFV

Gran Torino

Monumental – that is a monument to the *persona* of Clint Eastwood who has transformed himself from a lightweight television actor to a world heavyweight of the cinema.

Here he produces and directs himself as a kind of superannuated version of his cop-character Harry ('Make my day') Callahan – but by no means ready for a Zimmer frame. As ex-auto worker Walt Kowalski, he is still lean and mean with a touch of grim nobility in dealing with his challenge.

Simple: to rid his run-down Detroit suburb of ethnic, youth gangs: African-American, Latino-American and Hmong-American, the latter a tribe who allied themselves with the United States during the Vietnam War.

The trigger for Kowalski's action is not altruism but the attempted theft of his prized '72 Gran Torino by Thao (BeeVang) the son of his Hmong neighbours and brother of Sue (Ahney Her) both natural actors who match Eastwood's acquired naturalism.

In his action, Kowalski calls up his past as an infantryman of the Korean War, adding depth to Eastwood's performance. He served in the US Army during the Korean War but was assigned swimming instructor duties.

Eastwood's writers, Nick Schenk and Dave Johannson, provide him with a spiritual twist worthy of Graham Greene, though Greene's take on sacramental confession might have been more meticulous, and, therefore, more powerful than the version provided by Father Janovich (Christopher Carley).

M★★★★NFFV

Slumdog Millionaire

Exhilarating musical set in the slums of Mumbai, directed by Danny Boyle from Simon Beaufoy's script and Vikas Swarup's novel *Q&A* ingeniously constructed round the Indian version of the television show, *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?*

This enables Boyle to intercut the harsh childhood of the hero contestant Jamal (Dev Patel) with adult gangster scenes and scenes of torture by police before moving to a triumphal reunion with his sweetheart Latika (Freida Pinto), in a rousing Bollywood dance sequence.

Exhilarating as noted. And thought provoking. What would the reaction have been if Danny Boyle, in his breakthrough movie *Trainspotting*, had given his Edinburgh slumdogs the equivalent of his Bollywood dance ending, say an Eightsome Reel to the music of the massed pipes and drums of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo?

Answer: He would have been mocked in every Scottish pub from Benbecula, South Uist to Hawick in the Border Country.

MA 15+★★★★NFFV

Seven Pounds

Disguised as a tax inspector Ben Thomas (Will Smith) targets seven strangers worthy of receiving pieces of himself for life enhancing transplants.

Director Gabriele Muccino obscures Ben's motivation for too long. He also sets much of his parable in a Catholic hospital, which complicates the moral aspects of Ben's ultimate gift: his heart. To get it to Emily (Rosario Dawson), whom he loves, he has to commit suicide.

Smith and Dawson bring high definition to their roles. Woody Harrelson plays the blind phone salesman and piano-player chosen to receive Ben's cornea and be united with Emily.

This reviewer is convinced that the more bizarre the suicide method, the more it is likely to be mimicked and will not give details here. Nor should Muccino have in the movie.

M★★★NFFV

Revolutionary Road

Frank Wheeler, ex-infantry man turned desk jockey and his wife April, ex-drama student, think of themselves as special perhaps because they admire each other's beauty – a beauty evident in the casting and playing of Kate Winslet and Leonardo DiCaprio.

Director Sam Mendes and scriptwriter Justin Haythe base their movie squarely on the Richard Yates novel, published in 1961, critically admired but not popular. It relates how the sense of specialness became moribund in commuter suburbia until April suggests life in the city where all good Americans go when they die: Paris.

The suggestion spells a wild, downward spiral for April and bewilderment for Frank. In visually over-emphasising suburbia's effect on them, Sam Mendes seem to forget that he and his wife Winslet were both born in Reading, England scarcely a hub of metropolitan sophistication.

That they now live in a New York loft-apartment suggests, to paraphrase country-boy Will Shakespeare, the fault lies not in our postal codes but in ourselves.

Richard Yates always insisted that his work was not about suburban restriction. Indeed his life and death

as a disappointed alcoholic might well make a better movie than his book

MA15+★★★NFFV

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button

Curious indeed. It is based on a 1920s short story by F Scott Fitzgerald inspired by an earlier quip of Mark Twain's about the advantage of living life backwards.

In the title role, Brad Pitt amazes as an ugly, aged infant who grows into a handsome hero before regressing to infancy and death, nurtured along his way by his sweetheart Daisy (in childhood Elle Fanning, in adulthood Cate Blanchett).

Tilda Swinton steals the movie as the rich diplomat's wife with whom Benjamin has an affaire in Russia. The period sets are magnificent; Benjamin's skipper Jared Harris (son of Richard) chews them up like so much popcorn.

Director David Fincher does, however, handicap Cate Blanchett. She is the story's narrator and initially burdened with so much latex make-up she brings to mind Vivien Leigh's quip about Laurence Olivier: 'First, you hear Larry, then you see Larry's make-up, then you see Larry.'

M★★★NFFV

Marley and Me

To the Hollywood pooch pantheon that already houses Rin-Tin-Tin and Lassie add Marley, the Labrador that fetches most of the laughs in this romantic comedy directed by David Frankel.

Owen Wilson plays the journalist John Grogan who parlayed Marley's



antics into column inches that raised him from a Miami local rag to New York best-sellerdom. Jennifer Aniston is his wife Jenny. She occasionally gets hissy but not enough to expel the main bread-winner from their family.

PG★★★SFFV

Hotel for Dogs

Another poocherama featuring so many dogs it is difficult for the humans to get into frame. Director Thor Freudenthal does contrive to make room. Result: a pawful comedy showing what happens when Audi (Emma Roberts) and her brother Bruce (Jake T Austin) are denied their dog, Friday, and take over a derelict hotel in New York, transforming it into pooch paradise where laughter outdoes barking.

PG★★★SFFV

Bedtime Stories

Skeeter (Adam Sandler) is a handyman who dreams of management in the hotel chain of Barry Nottingham (Richard Griffiths, doing a fruity, portly version of entrepreneur Sir Richard Branson).

Opposition comes in the preening shape of executive Kendal Duncan (Guy Pearce), support from nutty, Cockney waiter Mickey (Russell Brand). Director Adam Shankman meshes Skeeter's stories to his niece and nephew (Laura Ann Kesling, Jonathan Morgan Heit) with his real-life pursuit of career and Nottingham's daughter Violet (Teresa Palmer, doing a Paris Hilton) while Jill (Keri Russell) waits to win.

Sandler can be seen as a Jerry Lewis clone. But he is also able to enliven sequences of surreal comedy that would not be out of place in Monty Python's Flying Circus or its inspiration, The Coon Show.

G★★★SFFV

Yes Man

Comedian Jim Carrey's movies are based on the premise that enough is not as good as a feast. Director Peyton Reed does little to diminish this. Carrey is Carl, a finance officer persuaded by a guru, Terrence Bundle (Terence Stamp), to say Yes to everything, small loans to skint customers included.

Disaster? On the contrary, not only

success but Allison (Zoëy Deschanelle) a free spirit who matches Carl, screwball for screwball.

M★ ★ ★ NFFV

Bride Wars

Best friends Liv (Kate Hudson) and Emma (Anne Hathaway) have long dreamed of weddings in the Plaza Hotel, New York. Awry is the word when their wedding planner Marion St. Claire (Candice Bergen) books them into the Plaza simultaneously.

Friendship splits into a nuclear catfight, Liv, a rough lawyer, trying for precedence over Emma, a demure school teacher who finds her inner Amazon.

Director Gary Winnick and scriptwriter Greg DePaul deliver their duelling stars tricks and japes in abundance while supporting actors dance around them.

PG ★ ★ ★ SFFV

Twilight

Direction Catherine Hardwicke. Script Melissa Rosenberg. But this movie's potency derives from the cult best-seller by the young Mormon housewife, Stephanie Meyer, which introduces a brood of vampires, the Cullens.

Bella (Kristen Stewart) falls in love with the handsomest of them, Edward (Robert Pattinson). Yes, it's a vampiric Romeo and Juliet in small-town, high school America. But the Cullens have learned to discipline their genetic blood lust.

Some, including her publishers, may wonder at Meyer's cult status. Not simple. Could it be her clever use of the handsome young vampire as a metaphor for the restraint that the young still seek?

M ★ ★ NFFV

Australia

Classic. But a classic of a special kind defined in the Hollywood line: "They shot the deal." And what a deal Baz Luhrmann conjured with Rupert Murdoch's 20th Century Fox and Australian Government organisations. Shooting the deal does have a downside: the story-line gets lost in a fog of marketing hype, Luhrmann's fate. Trying for total Chaplinesque creativity

Understanding Prayer

YET because [these afflictions] are difficult and troublesome, increasing our sense of our own weakness, we pray with all our human will for them to be taken away from us. But we owe this much trust to our Lord God that if he does not take them away we should not suppose ourselves to be neglected by him, but should rather hope with devout patience for good things greater than the evils. For in this way virtue is made perfect in weakness. These things are written to stop a man thinking highly of himself if his prayer is heard ... on the other hand, should his prayer not be heard, he may become utterly depressed, despairing of the divine mercy towards himself, though it may be that what he is asking could cause much more terrible afflictions if granted, or else bring good fortune which might corrupt and ruin him.

- St Augustine of Hippo, *Letter to Proba*, Epistle 130. Quoted in *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Thursday of the 29th week of the year.

as producer/director/story-teller, he achieves the uneasy laughter that occurs when pathos turns to bathos.

Stars are a movie-deal must. Here Luhrmann cast well. His main players perform above and beyond the call of duty. Nicole Kidman is Lady Sarah Ashley arriving at Faraway Downs (on the Ludicrous Track?) to protect it from dastards.

Her part is Mills and Swoon. How much this is down to English scriptwriter Ronald Harwood and local co-writers Stuart Beattie and Richard Flannagan, how much to Luhrmann's direction, how much to Kidman's interpretation is moot. The part of Drover, played by Hugh Jackman, is also Mills and Swoon but muscled up.

Aboriginal child discovery Brandon Walters as Nullah carries the movie and its stolen-generation sub-theme. What a kid. Horseless, whipless dogless - he halts a stampede of cattle. How? He uses Crocodile Dundee-style humbug.

Luhrmann is less *auteur* than *pasticheur*, a bower-bird assembling bits and pieces from a variety of movies to woo his audience. He does have the grace to give an end-credit to the work of Xavier Herbert, a tie-in reprint of his novel *Capricornia* also published to coincide with the movie release.

Consolation may lie in the failure of Australian movies by truly accomplished film-makers. Alfred Hitchcock's *Under Capricorn*, starring Ingrid Bergmann, was an abysmal dud.

Lewis Milestone, director of *All Quiet of the Western Front* and *A Walk in the Sun*, failed with *Kangaroo: The Australian Story* despite Maureen O'Hara's feisty performance. There's a message in a bottle - the bleaching bottle - for Nicole Kidman: phony blondness suppresses the natural ebullience and wit of the redhead.

The most criticised element in the deal was the daft introduction of a Japanese invasion force (presumably to enable Japanese tourists to follow their fictional tracks). But what about the omission from a movie, with one eye on the American box office, of the USN warship Peary? During the bombing of Darwin, its crew fought their anti-aircraft guns even as it sank.

Luhrmann's chosen ending does not give Drover a heroic last, 303 stand. He must run to a final embrace with Lady Sarah. *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*. Missionary clerics get a like summary dismissal.

Arguably, with more benefit to the local industry, 10 movies each budgeted at \$20 million could have been made for the reported \$200 million cost of *Australia* - undoubtedly a turkey, a golden bush turkey.

Italy has the Spaghetti Western. Spain the Paella Western. Japan the Sushi Western. Australia now has the Vegemite Western. What price a director's cut with a new ending using out-takes?

M ★ ★ SFFV

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SOS! - Christianity in the Middle East

DEEPLY saddened by the crisis engulfing Christianity in the Middle East, Pope Benedict XVI has asked the Catholic charity Aid to the Church in Need (ACN) to provide urgent help.

In many parts of the land Our Lord Jesus Christ knew so well, the faithful now live in fear as increasing poverty and growing extremism threaten the survival of these ancient communities.

A mass exodus of Christians from the Middle East is now taking place. For some it is a question of escaping bloody persecution. In the Holy Land for example, the proportion of Christians has plummeted from 20% to as little as 1.4% in the last 40 years.

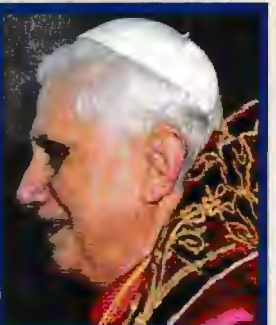
ACN is helping to keep faith and hope alive throughout the region by providing urgent aid to priests, religious and lay people, offering subsistence help to refugees and building and repairing Churches and convents. Please help us strengthen and rebuild the Church in the land of Christ's birth.

A beautiful, olive wood crucifix, handcrafted in Bethlehem, will be sent to all those who give a donation of \$20.00 or more to help this campaign.

Please tick the box below if you like to receive the little olive wood crucifix*.



"... Churches in the Middle East are threatened in their very existence... May God grant ACN strength to help wherever the need is greatest."
Pope Benedict XVI



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We enclose \$..... to help keep Christianity alive in the Middle East.

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Made of olive wood from the Holy Land, this small crucifix is powerfully evocative of Christ's passion and death. The crucifixes are lovingly handcrafted by poverty stricken families in Bethlehem and your donation helps them survive. Comes in a display box with accompanying religious image.
(Size 12cm x 7cm)



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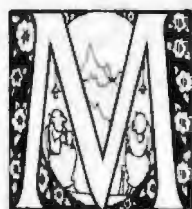
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Aid to the Church in Need ... a Catholic charity dependent on the Holy See, providing pastoral relief to needy and oppressed Churches

Parable with a difference: musing with 'the eyes of faith' on Science and the Bible

DNA IN THE BIBLE

By Lionel Hovey



MOST PEOPLE know that a parable is a simple, complex, homely or intriguing story hiding a deeper, usually spiritual or moral, truth. Parables are to be found in the Sacred Books of Jews and Christians – the Old and the New Testaments.

The musings that follow arose from the hypothesis that a parable may also touch on other aspects of truth as well – including those regarded as 'scientific'.

Turning to science for a moment, we know now that the DNA molecule exists as a double helix [i.e. spiral]. Two strands are coiled around each other and have side-chains which connect them, but also keep them apart. The double molecule can be regarded as a twisted rope ladder, the long side-walls of which consist of alternate phosphate

and sugar molecules. The rungs of the ladder are two nucleotide bases linked together rather weakly. This bond is broken in the process called mitosis, and two complementary chains are formed. Each old chain acts as a template to form an identical new pair and these migrate into two new cell nuclei and the former complementarity is maintained.

There are four bases in the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, with minor variations in some fungi.

The four bases are divided into two pairs, called purine and pyrimidine. A purine base can fit across the space between the two strands only with a pyrimidine base and vice versa. Further, Adenine can only link with Thymine and Guanine with Cytosine.

Thus there are only four possible linkages, A-T, T-A, C-G, and G-C.

The genetic material, called DNA,

is arranged into long chains called chromosomes. These can be seen with a microscope and take up some chemical stains, which are coloured, giving rise to the word *chromosome* or 'coloured body'.

A gene is regarded as a group of 10-30 bases on a strand of thousands; thus there are many genes per chromosome. A change in a single base is called a mutation. It may be immediately fatal to that cell, or cause it to become cancerous, or it may confer some benefit. It is thought that a mutation in a bacterium might allow the bacterium to withstand an antibiotic and this ability is transferred to its multiple offspring. Radiation and some chemicals are the usual agents which cause mutation.

The DNA molecule is a three dimensional sine-wave. The intermodal distance in DNA is 34 Angstrom Units [A.U.] where 1 Angstrom Unit = 10^{-8} cm.

There are exactly 10 pairs of bases per intermodal distance. Thus each base pair is separated by a distance of 3.4 A.U.

The width of a "rung of the ladder" counting the width of the side wall of the ladder is about 11.2 A.U.

If we divide these three lengths by 1.12 A.U. we obtain the numbers 30, 3 and 10. Why do we divide by 1.12? Because that is the distance between the two protons of the Hydrogen molecule. They are connected by a covalent bond. Hydrogen is the most common substance in the universe and is thus suitable to be used as a unit.

Turning to the Sacred Scriptures, is there a story in the Bible with the numbers 30, 3 and 10 [or 5 if we are to consider a single strand]? The story must also have something to do with four linkages.

Can Hell be [almost] Empty?

I do not say that I could state in the form of an apodictic judgment coming out of my own self-understanding or out of a certain concept of God that 'hell' may be empty. One can hope, however, that radically forgiving love can ultimately bring it about that all human beings say a final 'yes' to God so that actually no person must be damned in the face of divine judgment. So I may hope. But I cannot make a theoretical statement about it, since in this earthly sphere definite knowledge on this matter eludes the created mind. Yet, if I hope for God's grace and forgiveness for myself, I also have the right and the duty to hope for the same for every human being. So, as a Christian, I don't have to take the position that it is certain that many human beings are damned, and that I have the right to hope for something better, namely, salvation, and not only for myself.

- Karl Rahner, *Faith in a Wintry Season, Conversations and Interviews with Karl Rahner in the Last Days of his Life*, Crossroad, New York, 1991 p.114

There is no such story.

If we multiply by 10, however, we get 300, 30 and 50. And then we find that Noah was asked to build an Ark 300 x 30 x 50 cubits. Noah went on board with his wife and his three sons and their wives: a total of four linkages.

But hang on a minute: is it fair to multiply by 10? A cubit is the distance from an elbow to the finger tip. It is 1.728 feet or less than 53 cms. These dimensions would hardly allow a pair of elephants on board. Could that be why the Bible storyteller has multiplied the distances by 10?

There are other flood stories in ancient literature. None of them contains these dimensions and none has exactly four couples on board.

DNA is the structure that carries all life. In the Bible, the Ark is the structure that carries all life.

Consider this diagram of the four bases as if the ladder could be stretched out. It would also do nicely as a cross-section of the Ark as we are told that it had a *lower, middle and upper* stories and of course a roof.

In the distant future a biology class may be given a structure like that in the diagram and asked to build a larger strand. If Adenine is put on the left only Thymine will fit on the right and if Cytosine is on the right, only Guanine will fit on the left. In other words, 'the animals' come on two-by-two.

The DNA in the nucleus sends out small strands of RNA into the rest of the cell. A structure called a ribosome assembles proteins according to the order of bases on the RNA. This order of bases is derived from the order on the DNA. When its job is done, the RNA breaks up into its parts and is used again. It disappears. Other chemical structures come into the nucleus to give information to the DNA.

Thus RNA is symbolised by the raven which does not come back and the dove that comes back with the olive branch symbolises the other chemical coming to the nucleus with a message.

I see the story of Noah and his Ark is a parable; one that no ordinary man could have composed 3000 years ago.

The father of Genetics was Gregor Mendel, a Catholic priest-scientist and monk who died as recently as 1884.

THE CHURCH IS THE BEAUTIFUL LAMPSTAND

THE WORD will not suffer being kept under a bushel: it needs to be set on that great and beautiful lampstand that is the Church. For if the word is restricted by the letter of the law, like a light hidden under a bushel, it deprives all men of eternal light. It offers no spiritual vision to men striving to free themselves from the senses. For they recognize that these are misleading, capable only of error and able to grasp only what is of their own nature, that is to say subject to decay. But once the word is placed on the lampstand, that is the Church, where God receives true worship in spirit, then it will give light to all men.

If the letter is not understood according to the spirit, then it can only be grasped with the senses, which means that what it has to say is restricted and the force of what is written is not allowed to sink into the mind.

Therefore, let us not put the lamp (that is the enlightening word of knowledge) which we have lighted by spiritual contemplation and action, under a bushel. Let us not be guilty of restricting the incomprehensible force of wisdom by the letter. Let us put it on the lampstand (by that I mean the Church), where on the heights of true contemplation it may hold out the light of divine teaching to all men.

— Discourses of St Maximus the Confessor, [580-662 AD] addressed to Thelassius, Quaestio 63.

Double helix was elucidated only in 1953.

If these musings of a scientific mind have validity they point to the Bible's being truly inspired by a Superior Intelligence, traditionally known as the Holy Spirit.

In the light of the above, the literally minded no longer has to accept that every animal then in existence was on board the [relatively] riny vessel and was dispersed to the various continents; that Noah told the kangaroo to stuff

koalas and wombats into her pouch and hop off to Australia.

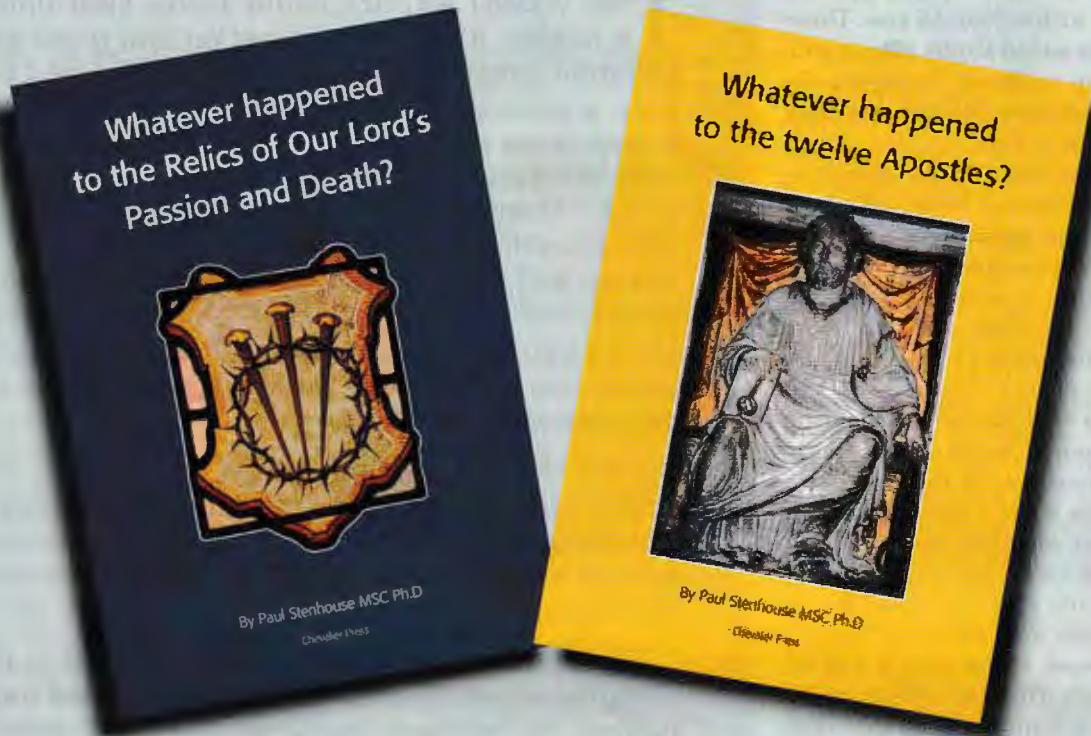
The parallels between DNA and the intriguing story of Noah and his Ark reflect the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and help us appreciate not only the wisdom and creative genius of God, but also the fact that our Creator, who also created our genes, has a sense of humour.

Lionel Hovey is a retired medical doctor who has long taken an interest in the alleged dichotomy between Faith and Science.

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