

Parish Magazine

Number 28

July 2012

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Reflection	2
Our Story - Annie & Paul Lau	3
Becoming a Missionary of the Sacred Heart	4
Thinking About Nuns	5
Volunteering	6
My RCIA Journey - Molly Hutcherson	7
An Interview with Fr Tim Brennan msc	8
What's Happening @ Ventnor	9
Women in Prison	10
Places in Randwick - Marist Brothers	11
Reflections on Pain and Grace	12
A Confirmation Day to Remember	13
A Day in the Life of JOY	14
Seven Sacred Pauses	15
Did You Know	15
The Back Page	16



ST MARGARET MARY'S RANDWICK NORTH

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART RANDWICK

Reflection

DIANE GORDON

Everyone must realise that to deepen our faith in the Eucharist, the personality of Christ must become someone that is real and alive in each of us. It should remind us that this person Christ was a man of kindness, of tenderness, and of love. Our personality, when we receive Christ in communion, should radiate the qualities that Christ showed during his life time. Our devotion, our closeness, our love of Christ in the Eucharist enables us to develop the personality traits that were so much a part of the personality of Christ.

The Eucharist is also the power of Christ in our lives. When we say that the Eucharist is the power of Christ, we are saying that Christ is saying to every person, whatever problem you have, whatever cross you are carrying, it can be helped through the Eucharist. Christ is saying, 'Look, I know you are worrying about this child, this wife, this husband, or this problem. I know you have a sense of fear as to what tomorrow might bring. But I guarantee you this, that if you reinforce your devotion to the Eucharist, you will receive the strength the courage, and you will be given the answers to what you are seeking'. Centuries ago, St. John reminded us that there would come a time in our lives when God would wipe away every tear, and every pain and suffering would be vanquished. St. John wasn't just referring to the life after this life. He was referring to the happiness that can be ours through our devotion to Christ in the Eucharist.

Centuries ago, Christ said 'peace be with you'. He gives the same greeting to you in the Eucharist. The closer you are to God, the greater the peace of mind and soul. Peace we know escapes nations and the result is war. The greatest method we have for being at peace with God is through the Eucharist. St. Augustine was so right when he said, 'You have made us for Yourself, O Lord, and our hearts will not rest until they rest in you'. The Eucharist is the only guarantee we have on this earth for a lasting kind of peace, because it is rooted and founded in Christ, the Prince of Peace.

None of us have any idea where we will be in the future. During that time we should grow spiritually. And that growth will be helped by each one of us, by increasing our personal knowledge of Christ, making Christ become more real to us through the Eucharist. None of us can forget that on Holy Thursday night Jesus Christ took lifeless bread and changed it into the Bread of Life. The Eucharist changed the lives of the Apostles. The Eucharist can transform us into Christ-like personalities. ❖

Front Cover Photo:

'Glanmire' Alison Road Randwick

See story page 11

Names of authors who have contributed stories are shown at top of the articles. Other stories are the work of the editorial team.

Our Story - Annie and Paul Lau

Annie and Paul Lau have been parishioners for many years. Here, Annie tells their story.

Both of us were born and raised in Ipoh, Malaysia. Chinese culture and tradition were part of our daily living and belief. There was a combination of Buddhism, Taoism, Confucius, ancestor veneration and belief in different deities.

We were both converts into the Catholic faith.

I come from a large extended family where all my uncles, aunts, cousins lived under one roof of 14 rooms. My grandfather was the head of the family. He took care of the well-being of the whole family with authority and love. However, Paul's family was smaller. His father had three wives and Paul's mother was the youngest. They all stayed in one big family bungalow. Both our parents were committed community service leaders.

I attended a Chinese School where Mandarin was the medium of teaching. After high school I went to Taiwan National University to further my education majoring in International Trade while Paul went to Perth to study accountancy. In terms of education we are truly East and West in our mentality.

I only came to know about the Catholic faith when I was 11 years old. At that time my mother was seriously ill. My mother's aunt from Singapore took her to Singapore for treatment. While in Singapore my great-aunt's Catholic friends prayed very hard for my mother. They asked the nuns to pray for her. I used to see my mother praying with her rosary beads but she was not baptised. Her reason was that she did not want to be different from the family.

During my first year at Taiwan University I received a letter from my father informing me my mother was baptised in hospital and my father asked me to pray for her. In my desire to pray for my mother, I knelt down at my bed and asked for faith to believe in order to pray. I can still remember my first prayer clearly, 'God, if you exist give me faith to pray'.

Looking back it was my urge to pray that I searched for God. I also became curious about who this God is. I then began to attend Mass at the university chapel. I started to read religious writings. I was baptised in 1965 on Pentecost Sunday by Fr O'Hara an American priest who also lectured at the university.

I met Paul at the Taiwan Trade Fair held in Ipoh. I helped out because I was a graduate from Taiwan. Paul as a bank accountant had to be there every evening to attend to the finances of the Fair. As we both worked for a different bank we had a common interest. Also our families were friends.

Conversion for Paul was easier because in Ipoh he attended St. Michael Institution a Catholic school managed by the De La Salle Brothers from Ireland. We were married in 1968 in St. Michael's Church, Ipoh by Fr Ciatti, a French priest who came to Malaysia when he was newly ordained in Paris and served in our Ipoh parish for many years.

We were both active in our Ipoh parish. I was involved in the Legion of Mary visiting hospitals and homes while Paul served on



the Finance Committee. Also we were active in community services, that is the Rotary Club, drug rehabilitation centre and other Chinese associations.

The story of our coming to live in Australia is one of love at first sight. We came to Sydney to attend Paul's younger brother's wedding in 1976. We fell in love with Sydney's beautiful weather, freedom, fresh air, blue sky and sunshine. Within two weeks we travelled from Sydney to Canberra, Melbourne, Adelaide & Perth. Along the journey we decided to give migration a go.

The following year in September 1977 we moved to Sydney with our two sons, John and Thomas. They were then eight and six years old. We landed in Randwick and have been here since then.

Within the first month here in Sydney, Paul's aunt brought along a Jesuit priest, Fr James McInerney, to us in our small apartment in Randwick. Fr Mac visited us very often. We became good friends.

For me especially, I treasured his advice, inspiration and friendship. He gave me books to read. I felt that I could talk to him freely in all subjects and be very at ease in his company. He was my archangel. Meantime in 1980 I enrolled for full time study at UNSW.

continued on page 4

Becoming a Missionary of the Sacred Heart

Fr Doug Smith msc explains the formation stages

The process begins with those making enquiries or expressing an interest; these can be called **aspirants** when they begin discerning more seriously. The first official stage is the **novitiate**.

Our Order no longer has an initial period of postulancy and we increased the novitiate from one to two years. At this stage the main focus is on deepening the discernment of the novice's vocation as an MSC; on embracing the MSC spirituality and way of life; on personal and spiritual formation (including spiritual direction), with some pastoral work and a placement in one of

the Order's endeavours. A key feature of the novitiate is the 30 days Ignatian retreat.

At the conclusion of the period of the novitiate the newly professed are variously termed **junior professed, seminarians, students** and (an older term) **scholastics**.

While the students are involved fulltime in the required studies for a number of years, either in preparation for the priesthood or for ministry as an MSC brother, their personal, spiritual, MSC and pastoral formation continues, as a prelude to a lifetime of ongoing formation. Pastoral work figures more than in the novitiate, and



includes pastoral work during the summer holidays.

Final profession after no longer than six years is the next stage, followed by ordination to the diaconate for some and further pastoral placement leading up to **priesthood**. ❖

Our Story *continued from page 3*

I finished with an Arts degree in Sociology three years later.

I started to get involved in OLSH activities when I helped in the Church Refugee Resettlement Program.

There I met Joan Connolly and I was inspired by the generosity and open approach of the committee and the parishioners. My next step forward was my involvement when I walked into the RCIA meeting room in Ventnor wanting to be a supporter only. I was in the

RCIA until 1992. Meanwhile, I served as Special Minister while Paul was an Acolyte as well as doing the accounts for the Church for about 15 years when he took over the role from Basil Butler.

Paul and I re-joined RCIA during the time of Fr John Rate as parish priest when he restarted the program in response to many inquiries. In RCIA we learned a lot about the Church teachings and it deepened our faith. With this knowledge we would like to share and reach out to others.

It is almost 35 years since becoming parishioners of OLSH. Paul and I believe that our faith journey has grown and been nourished in this church. For this we are grateful to God, our priests past and present, and the parishioners of OLSH.

We are retired now and have four grandchildren. We enjoy walking, reading and travels. John and Thomas are doing well in their careers. We pray that in their busy working and family life they will find space for God. ❖

Thinking About Nuns ...

Carmel Maguire

In my experience, nuns can be 'very annoying'. To begin with Sister Berenice. Among us five year olds in 'First and Second Babies' at St Finbarr's she was described in playground parlance as 'scotty'. Not only did she bring with her a ruler, she brought a funny smell – a mixture of heated wool and Johnson's baby powder, which must have been one of the effects of having to wear a serge habit in Queensland heat.

Then a few years later there was Sister Thecla who had a fetish about mental arithmetic. So backs straight, arms folded behind them, we sat up every morning reciting the 'times tables'. This was no brief interlude in the day since we had to reach the heights of the 13 times table. By contrast, the world outside the classroom was quite exciting – a Japanese invasion could have happened any day, and occasional forays were ordered into the slit trenches dug by our fathers.

Then there was Sister Antonia Neylan. To that point, I would never have guessed that nuns had surnames, let alone parents. Antonia changed all that – we were as aware of the Neylans of Gympie, Queensland as we were of our own families. We were also made very much aware that we had talents and had to use them. Singing was one and visitors were required to witness these demonstrations of our talents.

Antonia made clear that being Australian carried great responsibilities, especially to trees. In the monthly assemblies in which the Irish parish priest identified those small sinners who had missed Sunday Mass, Antonia was not to the fore. For her, mortal sins

involved injuries to the few sparse trees in the dusty playground.

Serious though lesser sins involved bringing dogs to school. Pity the hapless child who allowed a dog to follow him or her to school. I lost my skipping rope when a white Staffordshire, or some approximation thereof, ran into the school yard to join in the fun. Sister confiscated the skipping rope, put the terrified dog to flight, and ignored my plea that I'd never seen the beast before in my life.

Apart from making us put our shoulders back, speak up and stand up for ourselves, Antonia taught us much more Australian history than at that stage appeared on the State syllabus. We were spared the pottery towns of England, but we knew something of the gold rushes, and the unjust treatment of miners, and at least an inkling that politics were important. Antonia was a great supporter of Eddie Ward, for many years the federal member for East Sydney, who had earned her respect for the help he had given her in a poor school in inner Sydney.

Among right-thinking Catholics of the time, Eddie Ward was denounced as that most wicked of creatures, a Communist, though not in Antonia's hearing. Many years later, on Sister's orders, I contacted Mr Ward and found that the regard was mutual.

The parade of nuns in my life continued. For all of my generation, they were the women who taught us to read and write and stand up

straight and not gawp at people. They also got across to hundreds of thousands of us that life has a purpose and that we are heirs of a rich heritage of belief in the love of God. As I said nuns can be 'very annoying'. My regular complaints about them were either greeted by my parents with lack of interest, or occasionally by my father's remark 'Well, they are only women', which was a severe assault on my latent feminist sensibilities.

What I was slow to realise is that nuns, in Australia as elsewhere, were the first women to found, manage, nurture and grow significant enterprises. As CEOs in the hospitals and school systems, they planned, organised, recruited staff and met payrolls, and as bursars they managed funds for their orders nationally and internationally. Their aim was profit for the rest of humanity, not for the big end of town, and their motivation is succinctly expressed in the motto of the Sisters of Charity, *caritas Christi urget nos*, the love of Christ spurs us on.

Times have changed – social services have been institutionalised and the opportunities for individuals of both sexes in prosperous societies continue to multiply. Among the outcomes is the emergence in

large numbers of scholar nuns thinking, writing, teaching in the universities and speaking to the world. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Roman curia seems to find some of these nuns very annoying. It would be unseemly to take bets on any ensuing conflict but my limited and insignificant experience suggests that getting better than even money on the outcome may be difficult. ❖

I would never have guessed that nuns had surnames

being Australian carried great responsibilities

Volunteering

Many volunteers are involved in various ministries at OLSH. Here are some of their stories.

Andrew:

I have been a Eucharistic Minister for over four years. I volunteered after reading an advertisement for volunteers in the parish bulletin. I felt it was a way to thank God for the abundant blessings that he has been bestowing in my life. It's been a great privilege to minister the Body and Blood of Christ to people from various parts of the world. I look at it as a blessing from God as he is using me to serve in his Holy Church. I am also a member of the Parish Council and very proud to be associated with it. I would love to be more actively involved in the parish activities but am not able due to my family and work commitments. I thoroughly enjoy spending my little time in the church activities and would encourage others to in one way or the other.

David:

It was just after World Youth Day when I was asked to assist at the children's liturgy. I was a newly arrived international student and barely a week in the parish. Nevertheless, as this was a church ministry I had never done before, I decided to get out of my comfort zone and respond to the invitation. Coming from a Catholic upbringing, being involved in a church ministry has always been part of my life. I've never considered it as volunteering, rather as a way of contributing back for the many blessings and faith received through the church. While true service does not count the costs or expect anything in return, the words of St Francis ring true, 'for it is in giving that we receive'. The experience in children's liturgy has certainly helped me develop a greater appreciation for gospel

teaching. The innocence, trust and eagerness of the children in receiving God's word every Sunday never ceases to inspire me. It is no wonder Christ proclaimed 'for it is for those who are childlike that the Kingdom of Heaven belongs'.

Judy:

I have been a reader for over seven years. Reading the word of God to the community to me is a way of evangelization. It also helps me to grow more spiritually and understand the word of God more deeply, especially when I reflect on them in preparation for the readings. I feel that the scripture words mean a lot to me when I read them out loud. Recently, a parishioner said she would like to be a reader, but the thought of standing in front of a crowd, draws her back. May I say to those of you who have the desire to read but are anxious, please give it a try, the Holy Spirit will give you the courage to overcome your anxiety. It is a great privilege to serve as a reader during the Eucharist.

Sulyni:

I started volunteering three years ago after 18 years being a Catholic. I went through a spiritual drought. God knew what I needed the most, and so He gave me the courage to join fellow volunteers. I started as Eucharistic Minister, then in the Piety Stall, then cleaning the church. My initial plan was to contribute my gifts and talents but I was completely wrong. In fact, I have received more than I gave. No words can describe what I get, it is only for oneself to experience. I have the opportunity to get to know other volunteers and parishioners and they have all



supported my spiritual journey in the parish. They have given me a sense of belonging - being a part of the big OLSH family community and together we serve and glorify the Lord. I have deepened my personal relationship with God. It has opened other channels to come closer to Him and to help me find my true self. I am no longer in a spiritual drought. How can I not love being a volunteer if in return I get all the above and more?

Teresa:

For some years, I have been helping set up for Mass on Friday evenings with the senior server. There are a few other roles I have also taken on: being a Eucharistic Minister, church cleaning once a month, and some tasks as they are required. At first, I agreed to do these things because I was asked and felt somewhat obliged to do so, but gradually, and working with others, not only did I learn to do things properly, I began to gain a strong sense of community. Seeing others' dedication, their joyful gracious, loving service, spurs me on. ❖

*Like to volunteer?
Contact the parish office
for more details.*

My RCIA Journey

Molly Hutcherson

I have lived in the Randwick area, save for a stint at university in Canberra, all my life. Countless times I have stopped at the traffic lights on Avoca Street and seen the sign outside OLSH informing passers-by about the Catholic inquiry program – ‘Come and See’. It was the question, implied by those words, which resonated with me: ‘What do you seek?’ (John 1:38). That question had rolled around within me for several years and may have done so for several more had tragedy not intervened.

A friend of mine, a woman I held in the highest esteem, died. She had overcome personal adversity in her life, and then dedicated the balance of it to helping women facing similar problems. I thought I knew well the measure of the woman but nevertheless was surprised to learn that her funeral was to be held at St Mary’s Cathedral. She was a practising Catholic, I discovered, and through discussion with her family after the funeral, I began to appreciate just how inseparable her Catholicism was from the life she led, the ferocious love she had for the women that she protected and healed, and her courage and calm as she faced death.

A sense of belonging had eluded me through my twenties and with my thirties well underway I felt afresh the loneliness of a faith practised alone. I had never really doubted the love of Jesus Christ, having felt His presence and seen His hand on so many occasions, but I longed to be a part of a community of faith. I thought of my friend, and her faith, and that sign on Avoca Street which now leapt out at me.

I began the RCIA course that Sunday.

Shortly after the second phase of the RCIA course commenced (we began with an inquiry course to introduce us to the main concepts of Catholicism), I discovered I was pregnant.

I feared that I would be asked to discretely leave the group, being unmarried, and I asked for the loving protection of Mother Mary as I told our course leader that I was expecting a child. Far from being cast out, she and the others in our group (both participants and team members) congratulated me and the only difference I was able to detect in the way I was treated was that the comfy chair was always waiting for me when I arrived for our sessions.

My sponsor, the wonderfully wise and warm Sister Margaret Daniels, was completely unfazed; ‘oh, there’s a baby in the RCIA group every year’, she said. As the months flew by, I began to assess challenges the way she does – What would Jesus do? What would Jesus say? – and as I came closer to the date of my confinement, I felt a certainty that I was in the right place, with the right people, at the right time. Each week we shared our insights as well as our doubts and confusion, our successes and our disappointments. I looked forward to our sessions, each with a different liturgical focus, and came to rely on our discussions after our dismissal from Mass to make sense of all I was learning.

We entered into a period of Discernment before Lent, to reflect upon our journey thus far and to consider whether we were willing and able to proceed to the next stage of the program. An essential step in this process was an interview with Father Tony O’Brien, to discuss our discoveries about the church and about ourselves.

During my interview, Father Tony administered the Rite of Reconciliation and I felt a weight lifted from me. For the first time in my life, I truly felt clean and fresh, freed from living my mistakes over and over and over, forgiven and allowed to begin again. Father Tony asked me whether I could see the parallels between the child growing in my



womb and my experience. I could. Just as my baby was growing inside me, preparing for his birth, I was changing and my faith was deepening as I moved towards my full acceptance into the Catholic Church at the Easter Vigil and my own rebirth. I smiled for days.

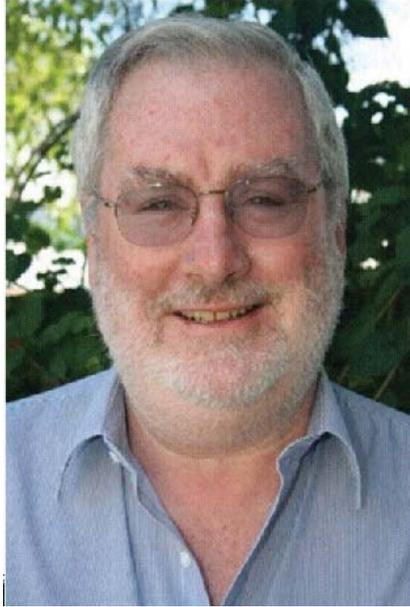
Our RCIA journey had its culmination at the Easter Vigil with our full acceptance into the Catholic Church. We had an intense period of preparation over the Easter period, including a retreat. Finally, ten of my brothers and sisters received the Sacrament of Baptism, and all fourteen of us received the Sacraments of Confirmation and the Eucharist.

My baby son, Clement Paul, had been born four weeks earlier and I was running on strong coffee, dark chocolate and very little sleep. I expected that I would be very emotional during the Easter Vigil and had a hankie at the ready for the tears I thought were inevitable.

What I was completely surprised by was the intensity of the joy I felt. We were all made to feel so special and welcomed so warmly into the OLSH family. I was electrified with excitement, for the new lives we were beginning, the friendships we were forging and the living church we were becoming a part of. The love of God enveloped all of us that evening and I have never been surer of a decision I have made. I was sorry that the RCIA program had finished – I loved every minute of it – but also very pleased and proud to be just a ‘regular’ parishioner. ❖

An Interview with Fr Tim Brennan msc

Fr Brennan, Provincial of the MSC Order from 2005 to 2010, has recently been appointed to the National Catholic Office of Professional Standards. Now living in the parish presbytery he tells us about himself in this interview.



Your connection with the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart is life-long

Yes, I went to school at the MSC Monivae College in Victoria. My parents were in the hotel business and along with my two brothers I was a boarder at Monivae. It seemed natural that when I decided to be a priest I would join the MSC Order. Peter Hearn is also an ex student of Monivae. We were in the same class and ordained the same year.

You began your MSC journey at Douglas Park

In 1966. Of the twelve who entered with me two were from Randwick families. I was the only one ordained. I was not ordained until 1976 (saying my First Mass at Ormond Parish in Melbourne) as I spent a few years at the Australian National University acquiring an Arts Degree with major studies in Sociology and I taught for two years at Daramalan College in Canberra. Following ordination I was appointed to the Northern Territory.

You spent twenty seven years in the Territory

Most of my first ten years were spent in remote aboriginal communities. It was a privileged experience particularly coming so soon after ordination. I was involved in parish work – including Alice Springs and Nightcliff in Darwin. From 1990 to 2004 I was the Vicar General for the Diocese of Darwin under Bishop Ted Collins msc and so part of the Cathedral Parish.

The MSCs have worked with aboriginal communities for many years. Impressions?

We have been working with their communities since 1911. There has been much improvement over that time - there are now trained indigenous staff, such as teachers and health workers but solutions are not easy and the challenge is to harness the goodwill of government and the communities in working together to solve those problems. Our Order and other groups of religious nuns and priests continue to work with them, both in the towns and remote areas.

What did you do as the Vicar General?

I was the deputy to Bishop Ted Collins. I handled administrative matters, co-ordinated the work of the various groups in the Diocese and was a member of the various Diocesan committees. As Vicar General you get to see the whole rich tapestry of a diocese rather than a thread or two which is often the case. One gets to know the gifts, and energy that people place at the service of God's kingdom. One sadness is that there has been only one aboriginal priest and he has left the ministry.

In 2005 you were elected Provincial of the Order

Yes. We have some 170 priests and brothers in the province which covers not only Australia but we have members in Papua New Guinea, Fiji, Vietnam, Japan, Kiribati and India.

What did I do? The office is at the Provincial House in Coogee - known as Treand House - named after Fr Treand, the first Provincial and the first parish priest of Randwick. There is a small staff to assist with the administration of the Province's affairs. The work is extensive covering the parishes we administer, the missions, the schools, various outreach programs, MSC formation. So there are broad responsibilities for the Provincial Office. Part of the role is to visit the countries where we operate. It gave me the opportunity to meet our members in those various places who are working amid differing cultures, encourage them in their ministries and listen to their concerns as they tried to make sense of church life in modern times while living out the spirituality of our founder Fr Jules Chevalier. My term as Provincial finished in 2010 and in 2011 I went on sabbatical leave.

What was the highlight of the sabbatical?

It was doing something quite different. From the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart until the Feast of the Sacred Heart I walked the Camino in Spain. It meant walking 600 kms across northern Spain. Following one of the pilgrimage routes to Santiago de Compostela is a tradition that dates back over a thousand years. Over the last ten years it has become very popular. They estimate around two hundred thousand people will walk it this year.

continued from previous page

I encountered people as old as seventy three and from countries as diverse as South Korea and Germany. There is a lot of information available about it on the internet.

Now you have a new role. What is involved?

The Professional Standards Office was established by the Bishops and Religious Orders to provide guidance to various arms of the church as they face the harm done to individuals and to the Catholic Community by the terrible evil of child sexual abuse. The office has two kinds of challenges. More immediately to deal with the victims of past child sexual abuse. But equally importantly to ensure that all elements of our church today

work to make the Church a safe place for children – and hopefully the wider society where sexual abuse is also a scourge that ruins the lives of unknown numbers of children. (Researchers say that one in five women is sexually assaulted before the age of sixteen).

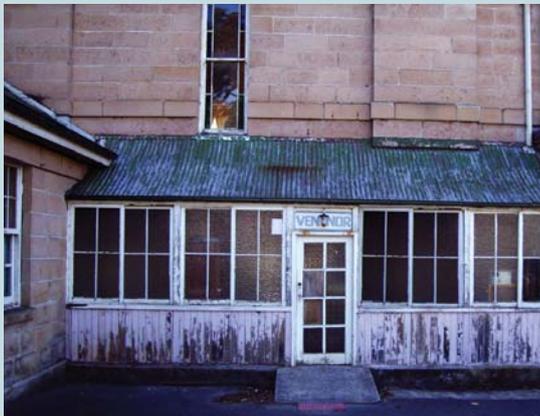
And the future of MSC in Australia

Yes like all religious orders we have had a veritable drought in vocations over many years. But in the last five years that has begun to turn around for Australian MSCs. We had five men in the novitiate prior to Christmas. And another three men doing their seminary studies in Melbourne. Plus nine seminarians in Vietnam.

Hopeful too about the young and their apparent alienation from the Church?

The alienation you ask about seems not just from the church. One reads how the young are not joining many of the long established community organisations. As adults we need to dialogue with the young. That is difficult since what they cherish may not be what adults would have them value. Our own sense of the need for community has changed too. Being part of a group and being an active member is seen as contributing to a civil society, however much of the media promotes a message about being an individual and having our own needs met. ❖

What's Happening @ Ventnor



These photos show the changes made to the back entrance of Ventnor House during the past eight months. The renovations include new roofing, an improved entrance with new joinery, an accessible ramp, a renovated toilet, painting and better lighting.

A garden bed has been established making the area more attractive. Randwick Council provided a variety of shrubs and trees which have been planted by a hard working volunteer. Water flooding that has occurred after heavy rain has been a long term problem and it is hoped that this new garden area and a new drain will alleviate the problem.



Inside the cedar staircase and balustrade leading to the upstairs rooms are gradually being revealed - thanks to the volunteer who has devoted considerable time to this tedious work.

An Open House in April was a success with the attendance of a large number of parishioners and local residents and it is hoped to have another one during History Week in September.

Ventnor House is a great venue for small functions and enquiries about hiring should be made at the Parish Office.

REMEMBER: all donations over \$2 to the National Trust Friends of Ventnor House fund are tax deductible. Enquiries to 9398 3904

Women in Prison **A Special Ministry**

Sr Margaret Jennings FDNSC ministered in Papua New Guinea for 40 years. On returning in 1999 she trained as a Spiritual Director and began working in Corrective Services. Here is her story.

This is a very special ministry. I have come to realise that I don't have to judge anyone; judgment is for God. I am called to be the loving heart and listening ear of Jesus for the people I visit. I feel I am privileged to be able to bring God's love to my people in a Corrective Centre. Am I frightened? No, never!

Women I meet in a Corrective Centre suffer in many ways. They are not just locked up, they miss so much;

they are separated from their family – a birth of a grandchild, the wedding of a son, unable to be there when sickness strikes, the death of a loved one and many other such family events are missed. Children often miss their mum and cannot understand what has happened. Some children stray or get into wrong company and there is nothing the mother can do about it. They suffer a great helplessness and absence.

In one area I visit, the women have not been able to have Mass or confession for nearly two years. I am in the process of becoming a Catholic chaplain there so I can celebrate the liturgy of the Word and Holy Communion with them and I will be able to take a priest to them sometimes for Mass and reconciliation. Does Jesus consider them as being amongst the

'poor' whom he so often defended? I have come to believe he does. They may be there through their own fault but that doesn't stop Jesus from loving each one.

This ministry changes the attitudes of the women. Each one comes to meet Jesus of the gospels and gradually comes to know that God

forgives, loves and accepts her as she is. As time goes by she comes to return this love of God and spends time in prayer; talking and listening to

God; just being with God as God continues to deepen this new relationship. Life changes and each comes to care for others. Some of 'my' women will see another suffering and influence her to come to me and their life changes.

Another step happens in their life. Each one comes to know that God forgives her. Then God calls her to

forgive herself and to put the past behind her and to realise she can become a new person. This is possibly the hardest thing of all but it is a most freeing gift and even though she may be surrounded by walls and wire her spirit can grow and attitudes do change. I have seen this happen with everyone I have accompanied.

they are separated from their family

Another step happens in their life

Some women who have come to me were not Christian and did not even know about God or the bible. One was a Muslim lady from an Asian country. I was with her for only about six months before she was discharged. In her last visit to me she told me that in her country Christians and Muslims were always fighting. Then she said that from now on she would not fight but work to bring good relationships between the two faiths. Was that why God wanted us to meet?

There can be other changes. Some have asked for and received baptism. This has always been a wondrous step in the person's relationship with God, with others and with herself. Perhaps even a deeper gift of God is that one of the women who received baptism a couple of years ago now prepares other women for baptism! She is full of joy and delight that God has chosen her to reach and lead others in their preparation for baptism.

This ministry of mine fills me with joy, with humility and praise as I see the loving compassion of our God at work and

how the divine fisherman 'catches' each woman and leads her into 'new life'.

Will you please help me in this work of God by sometimes praying for the women I meet? I truly believe that people like you who pray for this are deeply sharing in the work God calls me to do. ❖

Places in Randwick – Marist Brothers Residence

Brs Peter Codd &
David Hall

The residence for the Marist Brothers in Randwick is on Alison Rd and sits between Marcellin College and the restaurant, Lebanon and Beyond. The Brothers residence consists of the two, two-storey Victorian houses – ‘Glanmire’ and ‘Seabird’ - that front the street, as well as an extension at the back of these houses that joins the two.

The buildings we see now are the result of restoration and additions that were completed in 1991. The residence bears the signage, Marcellin House, and is named after the founder of the Marist Brothers, Saint Marcellin Champagnat, a French priest who died in 1840. Glanmire, next to Marcellin College along with the large extension at the back, is designed specifically to cater for retired Marist Brothers. There are currently 16 Brothers, along with a resident chaplain living in this home. Seabird, next to Lebanon and Beyond, is home to three Brothers who are involved in full-time Marist ministry, including the Headmaster of Marcellin College. As well as being the residence for these Brothers, Seabird is also a base for Marist young adult ministry.

In 1922 the Marist Brothers were asked to establish a school in the suburb on a five-acre property called ‘Greenstead’. In 1923 Glanmire became the original Brothers’ house and stands next to the school property. It was built in the 1880s by a Mr H Gibson. As the school grew and the numbers of Brothers on the staff increased, an extension was built onto the back of the house. This extension was demolished and replaced as part of the 1991 renovations.



Glanmire and Seabird

Seabird and Glanmire are both part of the land granted to Samuel Hebblewhite on 15 November 1852. He constructed ‘Brisbane Villa’ on the site in 1854. Title searches indicate that the land was sold to Herbert Shackelford Gibson on 10 August 1882 and subdivided. Gibson renamed Brisbane Villa as Greenstead. Some of the original sandstones of the demolished Brisbane Villa are to be found in the Marcellin College quadrangle. In 1923 it became part of the school when the Catholic Church purchased Greenstead. The name Greenstead has been retained as the name of a building of the College.

Glanmire and Seabird were built after the land was subdivided in 1882 and eventually became the property of the Marist Brothers. These two houses are very similar in style although sometimes different in detail. Both are large two storey stuccoed brick Victorian Houses with attractive ironwork on verandas. The render is grooved to simulate blocks of stone. Gable ends have fine timberwork barge detailing. Decorative render work between the ground and first floor windows occurs on the rectangular projec-

tion to the front rooms. The roof is slate except over the verandas that is galvanised iron.

There are a number of attractive stained glass windows in and around doors and above the stair landings. There are some beautiful cedar balusters throughout the houses. The ground floor of both houses has several arches that spring from ornately plastered corbels. The mosaic-tiled verandas on the ground floor are very attractive.

In 1989, Architects Twibill, Quinn and O’Hanlon were commissioned to restore and refurbish the two homes and add at the rear a building to connect these two properties in such a way that would enhance the original buildings while at the same time provide living space for twenty or more people with self-contained facilities similar to a hostel. They created the home that we have today with the alterations completed in 1992.

The National Trust classified the two houses in 1981. Later in 2012 repairs to the exterior of the building will be undertaken so as to preserve original features. There will also be a complete re-paint of the exterior. ❖

Reflections on Pain and Grace

Max Berghouse

In 2005 I suffered an acute back pain which resulted very shortly thereafter in surgery. The pain was in the 'L5-S1' area of the backbone – the most common cause of complaint and this resulted in significant removal of the offending disc. The operation was initially highly successful but for reasons unknown (although my surgeon said it was quite possibly due to my then very high state of fitness, at least in medical terms), scar tissue grew excessively rapidly back into the area created by the excision of the disc, enveloping the sciatic nerve and largely putting me back into the position I was before surgery. Having 'interfered' with the lower back there is now the medium term inevitability of further surgery on the upper back.

My everyday life is now a confrontation with pain and a mixture of pain-killers which can significantly diminish the pain at the cost of mental functioning. I get very tired and I don't think clearly!

As I grow older and speak to my friends, I realise that a significant part of our conversation has to do with exchanging information about ailments. I imagine there is nothing wrong with that as it is purely informational. Friends and family have a natural interest in one's health and it can also be useful information. If I say I'm having a particularly bad day, it is unlikely that my wife would expect me to climb a ladder and clean out the gutters for example. But there is a dangerous side to this if discussion of present ailments can lead to an investigation as to 'why did this happen to me'? That is a totally

useless exercise, firstly because there will never be a satisfactory explanation; secondly it can lead to some level of guilt because it implies that possibly one could have done something differently with the result of no injury; and thirdly because it discourages us from focusing on the here and now of our lives.

It is this third issue which I think is the strongest bearing on a spiritual approach to life. The injunctions on us to lead a more spiritual Christian life start from the basis of looking at ourselves and coming to terms with ourselves as we are day by day. By so doing we can focus our attention on what is within our power and not spend useless energy on what is outside our control.

I am no paragon of virtue and I have not always had this approach. For some reason I was able to handle the reverses

of my life following surgery, with significant equanimity. A secular person might attribute this to increasing age and I imagine that is a factor but a more spiritually inclined person might attribute it to Grace which I certainly do without reflecting very strongly on exactly what 'Grace' is.

When I was very young and learning the catechism or should I say having it drummed into me, I recall the admonition of offering up one's own small and pathetic pain and reversals as part of Christ's infinite sacrifice for humankind. For some reason which I cannot entirely figure out, I have been able to do this at least in my own terms of understanding. I am always in some measure of pain and



sometimes it grows quite intense but I always reflect that it is really only significant in terms of my lifestyle, that is who I am and the society I live in.

No matter how painful I experience things to be, they are vastly less real and important than a woman undergoing childbirth without anaesthesia, a soldier in Afghanistan whose limb has been ripped apart by mortar fire or a desperate refugee drowning in a capsizing boat in the vastness of the ocean, whose pain must be both physical and mental.

For me this Grace does not make the pain go away but it enables me to put it in perspective and it is that perspective which diminishes the subjective importance of that someone who is experiencing pain. I have said time without number to many people that until my surgery I was a fairly 'regular Catholic' – I did the external objectively required 'things' but subsequently I entered into a life with the Church and I hope with the Saviour that is more intimate, personal and committed. Without that surgery and subsequent pain, I doubt I would ever have made any of these steps.

So in a quite perverse way, I have every reason to be grateful to what has happened to me. ❖

A Confirmation Day to Remember

Noreen Boshell

Noreen Boshell has been an OLSH parishioner for 67 years. 80 years ago she was confirmed with the Confirmation name of Elizabeth. Here she recalls that day.

My fathers' ancestors were early settlers in the Hunter Valley area and I am a 4th generation Australian. My grandparents moved to Spencer and I grew up in the original family home. My father was an orchardist growing citrus trees as were my grandparents, and at that time there were many orchards in the area.

Although not far in distance from the centre of Sydney, Spencer was regarded as being in the country and the main method of travelling there was by boat from the Hawkesbury River village of Brooklyn. The river consists of many twists and turns and the launch took two hours to travel the distance. A plaque on a stone in the village of Spencer records that a boat with Captain Arthur Phillip in it explored that far up the river soon after he arrived in Australia.

I was one of 12 living children born to my mother, a city girl. For primary school we went to the local one teacher state school, a two mile walk, although my two older sisters were educated by Blackfriars Correspondence School.

The priest travelled from Brooklyn to Spencer once a month to celebrate Mass. He would arrive at 11 am, hear confessions and then start Mass about midday. In those days church rules stated that a person, even a child, had to fast from food and liquid including water from midnight to be able to receive Holy Communion. No wonder I fainted on my First Communion Day, falling flat on my face in the front aisle. The monthly Mass was a highlight of the calendar with best clothes worn and all the family's shoes freshly polished and lined up on the back verandah.

Now a priest comes from Gosford, and Mass is still held once a month in the Holy Trinity Catholic Church, built in 1909. The original slab church was built in 1861 on land donated by my great grandfather William Woodbury at the junction of Mangrove Creek and the Hawkesbury River.

To receive the Sacrament of Confirmation my two older sisters and I had to travel to Gosford. There were not many bishops then and most parishes only had Confirmation every few years, not yearly like Randwick these days.

Confirmation Day in 1932 was a cold dark June morning and we were up and dressed in our winter clothes and left home at 4.30am. My two sisters had to carry the large heavy suitcase which contained our change of clothes for the ceremony – best shoes, white dresses, veils and a hurricane lamp to walk the two miles to the wharf in the dark, where there was a specially arranged launch ready to take us on the two hour trip to the Brooklyn wharf. From Brooklyn

we caught a train to Gosford and walked to the convent where my mother had arranged for us to be allowed to change clothes in one of the classrooms. The church and school, called Our Lady of the Rosary, since demolished, were just near Gosford Railway station.

Because we attended the state school our mother had the task of teaching us our religion and every night after dinner we were schooled in the questions and answers of the little Green Catechism, which it was believed contained everything we needed to know about the Catholic Religion.



Holy Trinity Church, Spencer

Of course she also taught us our prayers, the Rosary and the Bible history.

Mum had insisted we know all the answers because before Confirmation the Bishop would ask questions to ensure we were knowledgeable enough to receive the Sacrament. I was convinced I knew everything there was to know and I was bursting to show off my knowledge. Imagine my disappointment when we were not asked any questions! In later years I realised that the children at the Gosford Catholic School had been questioned the day before when the bishop visited the school. There was no time for three little girls from out of town to be questioned.

I can't remember when or what we ate that day, but after the ceremony we returned to the classroom to change back into our warm winter clothes and begin the return journey home. Onto the train, off at Brooklyn, onto the specially arranged launch, two hours up the river and then the two mile walk home, my sisters again carrying the heavy suitcase and hurricane lamp. At 10.30pm we were met by our father coming towards us with another hurricane lamp.

A long day but certainly a memorable one, 80 years ago. As Confirmation time in Randwick came around again I still vividly remember my big day. Later on I went to boarding school, but the faith I learned at home has been and still is the basis for my faith today. ❖

**Confirmation day
in 1932 was ...**

A Day in the Life of JOY

Joy Ong

I am a postgraduate student enrolled in a PhD in Architecture, undertaking research on 'Building the Garden City', a program that none of my architecture peers chose. Just undertaking the bachelor course to become a qualified architecture graduate is a long five years journey. I still recall my first day as a student when the professor asked us why we chose to study architecture. 'Passion' is the word that had brought me thus far and even further in my pursuit in architecture. But 'this is the day which the Lord has made, let us be glad and rejoice...', the hymn I had heard over the speakers repeatedly as the musical school bell rang out each morning to mark the beginning of the day for ten years of my childhood, was also a reminder to live each brand new day of my life with joy.

**let us be glad
and rejoice**

After working in architecture practice for about two years, I wanted to do something different, besides designing and drawing. I chose to do a PhD in Architecture and was blessed with a scholarship to do it. Architecture, being a humanities subject, involves mostly reading and writing, missing during my undergraduate years, as they concentrated more on architectural design.

I am now near the end of my journey of writing my PhD thesis. It has been a long, tough and sometimes lonely process especially when my family members are in Singapore. However it has been a great joy to be able to live each day filled with meaning and hopefully in accordance to how God would like me to spend my time. Without prayers for perseverance and wisdom I could not have made it thus far.

I believe that it was tears of joy, which I unexpectedly experienced a few years ago in church that led me to my current student life and my unique interest in synchronised swimming. That day I started crying when I realised that every word was speaking to me and I felt so touched to be loved by God. I sometimes could not grasp the meaning of life, with so much sufferings and imperfections occurring in life but I tried to simplify it by naming myself 'JOY' at my baptism last year. 'J' for 'Jesus', 'O' for 'Others' and 'Y' for 'Yourself'. By placing Jesus first and others before yourself, you could

hope to experience a life of joy in abundance.

My PhD life would be quite monotonous without my newly found interest in synchronised swimming. Since I was young, I had an interest in dance and swimming, but never did I expect that I would enjoy synchronised swimming even more. I remembered that before, I jokingly said that if I were to be born again, I would do synchronised swimming and excel in it. I prayed about it, and here I am, being 'reborn' as a synchronised swimmer!

Being considered a relatively new sport, it was not easy to find a



club where synchronised swimming was taught, especially for adults. However, I was fortunate to be able to join Sydney Emeralds Synchronised Swimming Club, a synchronised swimming club in Sydney, when it was first set up in 2009. Since then, besides reading and writing my PhD thesis, synchronised swimming has become part of my life. Training sessions have become exciting days of the week that I look forward to.

I had the opportunity to participate in synchronised swimming competitions and performance displays within Sydney as well as in competitions at inter-state level. We represented New South Wales in

the annual Australian Open and Age Group Synchronised Swimming Championships held in Sydney in 2010, Brisbane last year and in Perth earlier this year. These experiences were

amazing and literally 'took my breath away', that is by holding my breath long underwater!

A Day in the life of JOY is about reading, writing and synchronising, both swimming and life, which is full of joy, all thanks to Amazing Grace! ❖

**I had an interest
in dance and
swimming**

Seven Sacred Pauses

Sr Margaret Daniels csb

Sr Margaret Daniels attended a recent retreat by Macrina Weiderkehr, a Benedictine Sister, on the practice of contemplative listening. Here she writes about Macrina's encouragement to use the traditional daily seven sacred pauses of monastic life.

The Night Watch:

The Heart of the Night. Night Watch is time for 'the medicine of deep listening', time to listen for 'the silent voice of God'. In the noisy, restless world in which we live, silence can seem like 'a foreign land', and, hence, a fearful place/space for some. But we can also let the darkness 'speak to us'. Hence, in leaning into and embracing the darkness we grow in wisdom.

The Awakening Hour:

Sunrise. Morning is a luminous symbol of renewal. As the sun begins to adorn our beautiful planet with its light, the earth stirs with new life. This, then, is 'the hour of joy'. With awakened hearts we lean into the new day full of eager anticipation of all that is waiting to unfold for us.

The Blessing Hour:

Mid-Morning. In the middle of our morning's work we honour the wisdom of pausing. We recall our blessings – the beauty around us, a kind word, a smile. When we remember to pause, blessings appear. Our work is sacred – so consecrate the task at hand.

The Illuminating Hour:

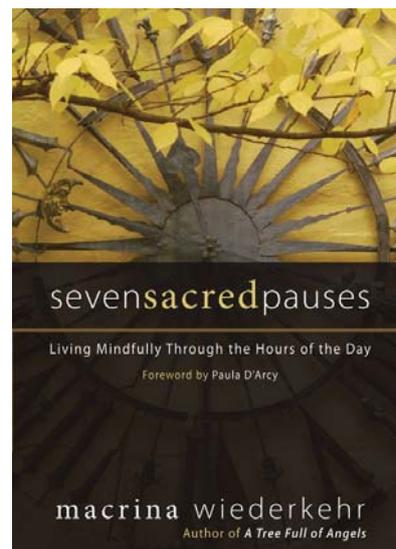
Mid-Day. With the sun at its peak, its brightness is a symbol for 'the enthusiasm our work needs'. Take in what you need at this moment. We do well to recall the Beatitudes of Jesus and therein remind ourselves that as we are called to be 'prophets of peace' in a disturbingly violent world, we have great need of nurturing non-violent hearts.

The Wisdom Hour:

Mid-Afternoon. As the earth turns away from the sun, we look into our hearts to end this day well. Is there anyone I need to forgive? Do I need to forgive myself? If so, do this quickly. When we conceal the sin in our lives, we cannot be healed of it. An unacknowledged wound can never be healed. We can learn more from our sins than our virtues - hence the need to be hospitable to our sins.

The Twilight Hour:

Evening. As the disappearing sun leaves behind its fading light, it is time to fill our hearts with gratitude. Looking back on our day we express appreciation for all we



are and have as well as affirm and thank others - 'pity parties' are incompatible with the following of Jesus. We are drawn into prayer conscious that 'we ache for God and God aches for us'.

The Great Silence:

Night. As darkness prevails we do our Examen, therein reflecting on the blessings, difficulties, struggles and failures of the day. We let the darkness, silence and our tears speak to us - our tears know more than we do. In keeping company with our 'inner monk' we grow in awareness that 'in the silent darkness we are given new eyes'. We learn to wait on God, and what a challenge waiting can be for us who live in a world where immediate results, often obtained by the flick of a switch, are a virtual expectation. ❖

Did You Know

There are 33 dioceses in Australia. A diocese usually has a defined territory and comprises all the Catholics who live there.

There are also five dioceses covering the whole country: one each for those who belong to the Chaldean, Maronite, Melkite and Ukrainian rites and one for those who are serving in the Australian Defence Forces.

In the Archdiocese of Sydney there is one Cardinal

and three auxiliary Bishops; more than 480 priests, 1200 religious sisters and 270 religious brothers.

There are 139 parishes; St Mary's Cathedral, established in 1821 is the oldest. Holy Spirit, Carnes Hill, established in 2002 is the most recent. Its Holy Spirit Primary School is also the most recent. There are 147 parish primary and regional secondary schools in the Archdiocese with more than 65,000 students. There are also 20 independent Catholic schools with more than 17,000 students. ❖

ST MARGARET MARY'S

Clovelly Rd (cnr Avoca St)
Randwick North NSW 2031

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART

193 Avoca St
Randwick NSW 2031

Phone:

9399 6775

Web:

www.sacredheart.org.au

Email:

parishoffice@sacredheart.org.au

PARISH STAFF

Fr Peter Hearn msc PARISH PRIEST

Fr Tony O'Brien msc

Fr Prasad Rao msc

Fr Douglas Smith msc

GENERAL STAFF

Anita Micallef

Trish Myers

BRIGIDINE HOUSE HOSTEL CHAPLAIN

Fr Patrick Sharpe msc

INDONESIAN CHAPLAIN

Fr Aloysius Tamnge msc

Parish Magazine email

olshmagazine@gmail.com

Editors welcome feedback on the magazine and its contents.

Email to:

olshmagazine@gmail.com

or place in an envelope marked 'magazine' in the Parish Office.

The Back Page WITH FR PETER

Around mid-August I will be going to Darwin for a week to celebrate the golden jubilee of the Cathedral. The first mission in the Top End was established following European contact on the Coburg Peninsular, north of present-day Darwin, in 1848. Fr Confaloniere set sail from Thursday Island at the top of Cape York with two lay missionaries. They were ship wrecked and the two lay missionaries were lost at sea.

Fr Confalonieri had a ready facility with languages and compiled the first dictionary for that area. He died of fever only two years later.

The next formal Catholic presence in the Northern Territory came with the arrival of Austrian Jesuits at Palmerston, known now as Darwin, in 1882. They established a mission at Rapid Creek and later, to get further away from European contact, at Daly River in three successive missions, all of which were either flooded out, or burnt out over the years from 1886-1899. Following many hardships the Jesuits withdrew from the Territory in 1899.

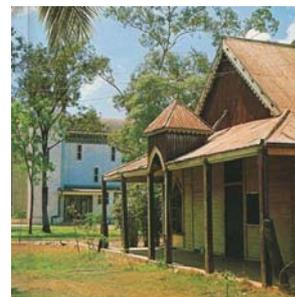
The MSCs, newly founded in Australia, were asked to begin a missionary presence in the Top End in 1906. Darwin was a small frontier outpost. The Jesuits had constructed a small chapel (pictured) and presbytery named St Mary's Star of the Sea. One Year after the arrival of the MSC priests and brothers, a convent had been built and a school was erected for the Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sisters. Over the intervening 100 years, the MSC would establish, together with the OLSH Sisters, five missions for Aboriginal people, a hospital for leprosy patients, seven parishes and two high schools.

When Darwin became a diocese in its own right, the small chapel was extended to accommodate the large influx of soldiers during World War II. All these buildings were damaged during the 65 subsequent air raids on the town.

The first Mass in the present Cathedral was held August 19th 1962 after a planning period of some 20 years, and it took 7 years to build. Local parishioners held working bees to cut the white local rock for the walls, while fund-raising was a mixture of balls and housie evenings. A feature of the Cathedral is its very large stained glass window (pictured) which survived Cyclone Tracey in 1974 – the same ill wind which demolished the city and the old Jesuit Chapel. The new Cathedral is a series of parabolic arches with the floor plan in the form of a cross. The bells in the large tower are named Larrakia after the local tribe; Isabella after the first infant to be baptised in the old Church; Jesus, in honour of the Jesuit missionaries, and Mary, for Our Lady. It is a war memorial Church with a statue of a 'Wounded Angel' pierced by shrapnel from a bomb in 1942. As the Cathedral is centrally situated, many tourists come there for Mass. It is a tribute to a very small Catholic population which built and paid for it in the 1960s. In the crypt are graves of the first two bishops – both MSCs: Gsell from Alsace Lorraine, and O'Loughlin from Adelaide. A former Parish Priest of Randwick, Ted Collins msc, the third Bishop of Darwin lives in retirement at Nightcliff. I was Administrator of the Cathedral from 1989-94. At that time, Fr Tim Brennan was the Vicar General. †



St Mary's Star of the Sea - Darwin



Jesuit Chapel

