

Parish Magazine

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ST MARGARET MARY'S RANDWICK NORTH

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART RANDWICK

Reflection

DIANE GORDON

Three factors define spirituality: our relationship with our own self, our relationship with others, and our relationship with God. All three relationships are concerned with the condition of our heart.

The first factor is our relationship with the self. What motivates us? What are the enduring values that help us decide whether or not to do a certain thing?

The second factor is our relationship with others. Where do you see yourself fitting into the world? Where do you feel a sense of belonging? How do you relate with others in the world?

The third factor is our relationship with God. What influence does God have on your life? How often do you turn to God for guidance? Do you spend time with God?

All these issues are matters of the heart. Everything that happens to you and everything you do goes through your heart, all your internal thoughts, all your external situations, and all your interpersonal relationships influence your heart; therefore, they influence your spirituality.

For true spirituality to occur, you need to continually turn to God to transform your feelings so that we love ourselves, love God, and love others.

Spirituality means saying to myself, 'I am a valuable person. I am so valuable that God wants to talk to me. I am so valuable that I do not need to do things that are illegal or immoral to fit in. I am so valuable that I can relate to others in my life as equals in God's sight. I am so valuable Christ died for me'.

Spirituality is love in practice. I am able to view myself as God views me, someone who is capable of sin but who God loves so much he sent his son to die for me. Because he loves me, I can love me; and because he forgives me I can forgive myself. I need to view God as being strong when I am weak, as someone who will never leave me nor forsake me. I am able to see others in the world not as adversaries but as people who God loves as much as he loves me. Spirituality means having a relationship with myself, God, and the world.

Daily prayer keeps me in touch with God. Confession and forgiveness helps me maintain good relationships with others in my life. Scripture readings give me encouragement and guidance for the day.

If we practice these religious behaviours our heart is changed and our view of ourselves, the world, and God is changed. Spirituality is a condition of the heart. We always live according to the condition of our heart. That is why we say we believe something with all our heart. If the belief is in our hearts, it will manifest itself in our behaviour. ❖

Front Cover:

Brigidine Convent 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.

A Day in the Life of Grace Ukich

My name is Grace and I am a fourth-year medical student. After living on campus at UNSW for three years, I moved to Albury, NSW, in March this year for my hospital placement. I am really enjoying it so far, even though I miss the beach, friends and OLSH.

I have to admit, I initially struggled to write this article! I began by reflecting on what a day in my own life might mean. On one hand, the things I do in an average day are nothing spectacular and might even seem a bit boring, especially on paper. I get up, go to Mass, head to the rural clinical school, attend some class and hospital activities, go home, might go for a swim or give a piano lesson and then study at night. On the other hand, I know that I don't find these things boring at all. At the end of the day, I feel grateful and inspired, albeit a little exhausted. So I began to wonder: where does this gratefulness and inspiration come from?

I had a bit more reflecting to do before realising that it mostly comes from the people I meet and spend time with during the day.

I realised that what I miss most about Sydney, and equally enjoy about Albury, is 'the people'. So I've decided to take you through my day and briefly describe some of the people I come across – those whose lives are, in some way, linked to mine.

At Mass, I see the same faces as most other mornings. Most of them are wrinkled, all of them friendly, and will smile at me if they see me. Sometimes I like to watch these faces during prayer, when some look so peaceful that it is as if they are somewhere else. During my time here, parishioners have introduced themselves and welcomed me so that I feel as though I have acquired more family members. I am very

grateful for this. I am inspired by how these people, in the midst of their busy lives of husbands, wives, children, grandchildren, work, volunteering, farms, bills and errands that before doing anything else, they come to Mass – to meet, be with and receive God. What a beautiful start to the day.

Ward rounds start at eight o'clock. There is a doctor, a registrar and an intern who together make up a team and visit the patients under their care. As students, our job is to follow, observe, have read-up on any topics they decide to quiz us on and of course, try not to get in the way! My favourite part is watching the doctor. This morning we're with one of the 'good' ones. The kind who is genuinely concerned about patients and their families, the kind who really listens. He even manages to fit in some jokes. I am sure this doctor has a hectic string of things to do today – work, family and home duties, and probably things he would like to do for

himself, yet he spends the better portion of his day trying to help others, doing for them more than just

what is required. He seems to have extra time for the especially sick and distressed, and for the dying. His example is what I hope to become a little bit more of.

After a tutorial given by a local GP who seems to be on a vitamin D crusade (insisting that everyone in Albury is vitamin D deficient because they didn't step outside during winter) and a video lecture from the Sydney campus, I return to the hospital. One patient I see is a woman who spent many years in Japan, teaching information technology. I can tell she is well learned. She has a slow, thoughtful way of speaking and I feel that she would never be one to miss small,



yet important and potentially beautiful details of places and journeys. I tell myself that I will try to better notice the beauty in small things from now on. Her teaching role is one that has seemed to stay with her. After I examine her thyroid gland, she kindly explains to me how I could have done better!

The patients I see are everyday people, who unfortunately have been touched by illness and now have the task of recovering, adapting or accepting. They have had to leave their homes, familiarities and responsibilities to come to hospital and receive care. Yet even though they are 'receivers', they give, even in the midst of illness. They give me as a student their own time, words of encouragement and new perspectives as they share with me snippets (or sometimes larger chunks) of their stories. I am grateful for and inspired by their generosity.

There are so many more people I could write about: my family – who I speak with on the phone once I get home, my two housemates, treasured friends and countless interesting patients, but you probably get the picture by now. The final part of my reflection process for this article made me more aware of yet another person – the person of Jesus who, now I think about it, is among 'the people'. I come across Him within the peacefulness, friendliness, kindness and generosity of the people whose lives are, in some way, linked to mine as I journey through my day. ❖

The patients I see are everyday people...

An Interview with Fr Doug Smith msc

Fr Doug Smith, recently appointed to our parish, brings with him a wealth of experience over his 45 years as a priest. In this interview he tells of those experiences

Your early life

I was the second of three boys (one of my brothers, Don, was also an MSC priest) to parents of a mixed marriage who were married in the sacristy at OLSH. I was born in 1939. My primary schooling began at Lane Cove, but because of the illness of my mother (a Randwick Finn) I was sent to a primary boarding school at Campbelltown 1948-51, and as a secondary school boarder from 1952-6 at Chevalier College in Bowral. When I did a Vocational Guidance test in my final year, my second preference, after lawyer, was to be a priest, but the desire was there from upper primary. In 1957 I began my studies for the priesthood, first at Douglas Park then at Croydon, Victoria and was ordained in 1967. During the early 1960s I completed my Bachelor of Arts at ANU majoring in Latin and Greek.

Your first appointments

I taught at Downlands College in Queensland from 1968 to 1971 and at Monivae College in Western Victoria in 1972. I was appointed an assistant priest in 1973 at our parish in Hindmarsh, South Australia. For me it was not a happy time, as I found it hard going, having to organise my work after so many years in the seminary and schools where it was all organised for me. In 1978 I was appointed parish priest at St Brigid's Coogee, the church where I had celebrated my first Mass in 1967. I found many couples, who had experienced a Marriage Encounter Weekend, actively involved in the parish, and everything I touched seemed to turn to gold. I was there until 1980 and was also a member of our MSC Provincial Council.

Rome beckoned?

Not really. I was not that enthusiastic but I accepted the offer to study there, as I felt that if I did

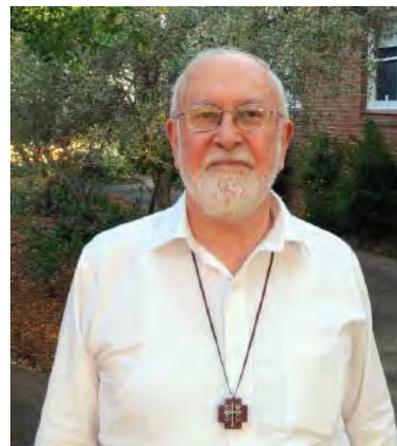
not go, then one of my brother priests, perhaps as unwilling as I was, would have to go. I spent two years there studying for my Licentiate in Moral Theology. It was probably inevitable that I would then be asked to be involved in the training of late vocations at St Paul's Seminary Kensington. I taught there and was Bursar from 1982 until 1990 and was the Rector from 1986 to 1990.

What then?

I ended up with burnout, and was relieved to be granted a year's sabbatical and undertook a Renewal program at Attleboro (near Boston) and studied at the Western School of Theology in Boston. Refreshed and reinvigorated after a year I took up the appointment of being in-charge of our MSC House in Drummoyne – it's no longer there – training our MSC students for the priesthood and religious life. Six years later in 1998 I became the MSC Provincial Bursar at Treand House in Coogee. I gradually did myself out of a job by having a professional to handle the finances.

Fiji beckoned?

Yes. Until then all my roles had been appointed ones, but I volunteered to go to Fiji in 2001, responding to a need for help in formation, finances and lecturing; I also gave retreats. I intended to stay until there were locals to take over. That eventuated in 2009. I lived and worked in the Suva area, which was always very green. Fiji is good if one doesn't mind some heat and humidity; that included me. The people are very friendly. I enjoyed my time there, even though there was more than enough to keep me busy. In particular I loved celebrating Sunday Mass in rural villages near Suva: hard work but rewarding. I spent my last three years in Fiji living and lecturing in the seminary.



A word about the political situation. Bainimarama, a navy man, led the last coup, which ousted a government that deliberately favoured the indigenous Fijians at the expense of the rest of the population. His methods were wrong, but his intentions were good, and besides the people were not really ready for democracy: the rural people generally voted for the chiefs. I think the Australian and NZ governments were ill-advised on how to respond to the situation, but are now seeing the light. Bainimarama has done much good, and wants Fiji to be for all Fijians, not just the indigenous.

Now, tell us about 'your best job'

Just before I came back in 2009 I was asked to be the Director of the Retreat Centre at St Mary's Towers Douglas Park in 2010. An absolutely wonderful job. The Centre is home to a way of life. The people there are motivated and informed by their personal experience of the love of the Heart of Jesus to create an environment where people can listen deeply to God in their personal lives and in creation. The retreats are held in an atmosphere of silence to nourish and support prayer and healing.

Are there benefits to both participants and retreat leaders?

Yes. One is privileged to be able to accompany people in the most

important relationship in their lives, and in a very supportive environment. In my Fiji days I became involved in Christian Meditation, and it remains a key influence in my life, but being involved at Douglas Park afforded me the opportunity to promote it. Fr John Main, a Benedictine monk, revived in the 1970s a form of meditation that goes back to the early Church and was brought to the West by John Cassian in the 5th century. Curiously, its biggest following per capita is in Australia.

There has been another important influence in your life

Yes. Marriage Encounter has been a significant long-term influence in my life. I first became involved with it at St Bridgid’s in 1978 and was in leadership roles in the 1980s, but had to be less involved in the nineties and in Fiji. The program there has been a great success. I am very much committed to its aims, being currently a member of its World Council and the priest on the Pacific Ecclesial Team. The name can be misleading, but in fact it is for both married couples, priests and religious, to renew and deepen them in their vocations.

Impressions of OLSH?

This is my first year here, but its reputation is well known for the friendliness, generosity and devotion of its parishioners, and the way they affirm people. And Fr Peter is a great PP, as is the MSC community. My connections to the parish go back a long way. My great aunt was Mary Agnes Finn, a member of a long standing Randwick family and the first editor of The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Ken Finn, her nephew has been a well-known OLSH parishioner. I’ve been welcomed warmly and feel at home here. I’m not quite full-time here (very few meetings!), still giving a few retreats, still heavily involved in Marriage Encounter, and enjoy-

ing my involvement in Masses, baptisms, weddings and funerals, hospital chaplaincy and school liturgies.

Regrets?

In one sense none, other than my sins and failings, and not being more committed. From the outset I adopted the attitude of going where I was asked to go, to be of service where needed, rather than pursuing any interests or preferences of my own.

I try to do God’s work and leave the rest to God. In another sense I regret not having had much earlier a richer understanding of MSC spirituality of the Heart, of not having come across much earlier Christian Meditation and Marriage Encounter. I also regret not having kept up with relatives more than I have done over the years; not working in areas where they lived did not help. But I have been close to my only sister for a good many years now.

Concluding remarks

Underpinning my whole life as a religious and priest is my being a Missionary of the Sacred Heart and living our MSC spirituality and charism. This gives a special *flavour* to who I am and all I do.

I came to Randwick to slow down a bit, and I expect and am happy to remain here long-term, barring some more urgent or more important unexpected need elsewhere. Meanwhile, I welcome any feedback to help me to be a better person, MSC and priest. I am grateful for all the support I have received and still receive. ❖



St Mary’s Towers Retreat Centre

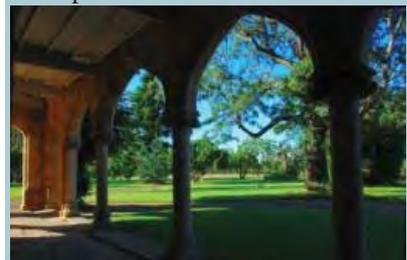
- ◇ Set in 500 hectares of pleasant bushland and pasture land at Douglas Park, St Mary’s Towers creates a beautiful, pastoral, peaceful, environment for anyone seeking to relax and enjoy God in silence and solitude with a supportive, prayerful community.



- ◇ Retreats are held in an atmosphere of silence to nourish and support prayer and healing.



- ◇ Retreats are supported by a team of dedicated spiritual directors who listen to and enable individuals to respond to the Spirit of God in their personal lives. Ongoing spiritual direction is available.



For details of 2013 Retreats:

Telephone: 4630 0233
 Email: towersretreat@bigpond.com

Spring has Sprung

DEBRA LAZENBY

There has been much activity over the autumn and winter months in the Ventnor and car park gardens. Soil has been dug, moved, levelled and mulched. At times it felt a bit like weight training or rowing. The constant work with shovels, hoes and wheelbarrows has kept the gardeners fit and healthy.

There is nothing like the feeling of creating something from nothing. That is the essence of why we garden. Propagation of plants from a packet of seeds, a cutting, a division, that is then nurtured in a new setting.

Gardens seem to be a bit like music, a wonderful way of bringing people together. Of course, there is all the hard work, much of which the onlooker does not see. But, then there is the reward. It was wonderful to see a variety of plants blooming each day in early spring. One day the wisteria, then iris, daffodils, jonquils and now roses with the gardenias also about to burst. A constant question was 'what plant is that?' (see page 11)

Gardens are about sharing. Many parishioners have shared some of their garden plants and so far it looks like everything is settling in. A constant motto when planting was *survival of the fittest*. Will the Morteon Bay Figs or the under planting win out? Hopefully, all will coexist and thrive happily together.

Patience is a virtue, or so that saying goes. It will be a good while before all the shrubs reach their full potential and the garden beds are over-flowing. I wish that day will be tomorrow (or even yesterday). Thankfully, people have very good imaginations and can appreciate that what is now small will grow into its own.

Thank you to all who have donated plants, mulch or muscle. There is still a long way to go and let's not forget to have a cuppa, sit back and *smell the roses*.



Back to the Past with Church Wardens

J.M.

When I was young the parish church I attended had some Church Wardens (not quite prisoner officers and not quite Swiss Guards types and men only of course) who were on duty at each Mass. Their duties were varied and were carried out in a different manner by each Warden.

They took up the plate at collection time, they showed people to their seats if necessary, such as at busy celebrations - Easter, Christmas - and a few of them took great delight in escorting late comers down the middle aisle, right up to the front seats, which invariably still had vacancies. Being so publicly on show was a good way to ensure you arrived well before Mass commenced!

I can remember clearly one Warden. He was a large man, tall and well-built and with a stentorian voice and imposing manner. You were brave indeed to reject his escort efforts. He really came into his own at Communion time. He would race down to the front row,

place himself in the middle aisle, arms outstretched, and work backwards so that an orderly progression of row by row proceeded to Communion. Perhaps his day job was as a traffic policeman on point duty herding unruly pedestrians across busy streets.

I often think of him at our Masses at OLSH, and think he could be quite useful here. Sometimes our Communion queues resemble the Boxing Day sales at DJ's/Myers when the rush to receive Communion starts. Do people worry that the Communion Hosts will be all used before they reach the Eucharistic Minister? At some Masses I have seen people rush from the back seemingly without noticing that there are still people in the front seats waiting, and thus blocking them from moving into the aisle.

While I'm not a stickler for law and order I think we could all be more patient and wait our turn. What about trying a row by row approach as most other parishes seem to achieve so easily? Another way that a modern day Warden

could be useful at OLSH would be showing people to the vacant seats at crowded Masses. It seems that many people who arrive early for Mass place themselves at the end of the seat and are immovable like the rock of Gibraltar.

I can understand those who have difficulty with accessibility not wanting to move into the middle of the seat, but what if the rest of us, when we see someone looking for a seat and we know there are spares in our row, being generous and indicating to those looking that they are welcome to join our row, usually with us moving towards the centre.

A Warden would be very handy in the car park too. Recently I saw a car reversing off the grass area and nearly knock over an elderly couple walking along the path. I hope that when the proposed building program near the Presbytery is completed it will be safer for pedestrians. The rush to exit the car park is similar to the rush to Communion. Perhaps we could all try to be more patient and courteous. ❖

Remembering Past Parishioners

ALLAN JOHNSON DFC and BAR

For many of us World War II is a fading memory. Fewer still would be aware of the war record of one of our former parishioners, Allan Johnson, whose exploits resulted in him being awarded the *Distinguished Flying Cross and Bar*.

Allan and his twin sister Beatrice were born in March 1920. Thirteen months later their father died leaving his mother to bring up his two older sisters, his brother Brian and the twins. Allan's primary schooling was at St Anthony's Clovelly, and he was a secondary school boarder at St Stanislaus College in Bathurst. He worked at the Commonwealth Bank and joined the Army Reserve.

Allan's mother wouldn't sign his service papers until he was 21. Allan then enlisted in the Air Force - he did not like the Army and possibly the Army did not like him. 'He started a small bush fire' says Joan, his wife, still a parishioner of OLSH.

He was posted to Melbourne where in September 1941 he met Joan who was a Hostess at dances for servicemen. 'It was very prim and proper' she says. In December that year he began pilot training and left for England in September the following year. Joan was not to see him again until January 1946. Allan was not a great letter writer, although one time he wrote to say he had been on leave and hadn't had time to write. 'His photo got turned to the wall for a little while after that!' she recalls.

In England Allan was one of the thousands of Australians who

served with Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force through the Empire Training Scheme and flew a series of aircraft, including the Lancaster bomber, over Germany and France with 466 Squadron.

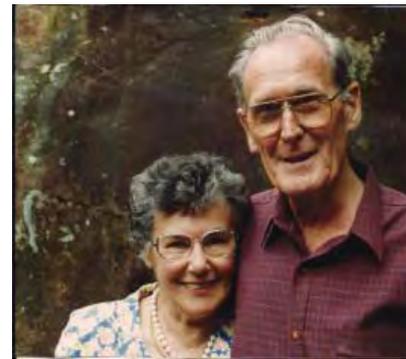
In 1943 Allan transferred to the 635 Pathfinders Squadron. Their mission involved the laying of mines along Germany's North Sea Coast but their primary operational focus was the strategic bombing of Germany.

Allan was promoted to the rank of Flight Lieutenant and in November 1944 he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for 'Skill and fortitude in operations against the enemy'. Three months later he was awarded the Bar to accompany the Cross. The citation read that 'as pilot and captain of aircraft he has successfully participated in many attacks against the most heavily defended targets including Berlin... the high standard of efficiency attained by his crew is largely due to his fine leadership and attention to detail'. Being awarded the Pathfinder Force Badge was also treasured by Allan.



He returned to Australia on 3rd January 1946 and married Joan four months later on 4th May.

Allan and his brother Brian had dreamt of being in business together. They bought a small newsagency in Hurlstone Park and after a few years moved to one in Petersham. By then Joan and Allan had a large family. Allan wanted to have more time at home so he and his brother then bought a hotel in Redfern, the Surry Club. However, with the introduction of ten o'clock closing, Allan needed



to spend more time working so the hotel was sold and Allan began working with AMP.

In 1976 Allan suffered a heart attack and had to retire. He had more time to play Bridge and even more time to tell Joan in minute detail every move he had made. 'I loved him dearly but not his bridge moves!' says Joan.

Their first home in the Eastern Suburbs was in Marcel Avenue (Allan's childhood home) and for 25 years they were parishioners at St Anthony's Clovelly, where Allan was a member of the Radio Choir. Joan and Allan later moved to Alison Road Randwick, and became active members of our parish. They were members of the Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults (RCIA) when it first began in the parish. Allan was a reader, a counter and a Special Minister of the Eucharist. Joan was a reader and is still a member of the Rosary Makers' Group.

The day before Allan died on 3rd June 2007 all nine children were at his bedside. 'It was so moving, we sang all the hymns he loved...' Joan says.

Joan is loved by her nine children, twenty grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

All of them can be proud of Allan and of his war service record. ❖

On Belmore Road (An Echo)

JOHN SHINER

The elderly shopfront at 126 Belmore Rd, that, until recently housed the STA travel agency held a very different interior some twenty years ago. Back then it was the entrance and display window for Shiner's Pharmacy. It had also been the front door to our family home for the preceding forty years.

When Dad bought the business in the early nineteen fifties, the Shiner family unit of six who made the move from our first home in Avoca St was comprised of four Shiners, a Peoples and a Fogarty. There was Kathleen (Mum); Vic (Dad), Ellen Peoples (Nin), an elderly aunt who had lived with Mum's family for many years prior to Mum and Dad's marriage; Norah Fogarty, Mum's niece/our cousin, but more of a big sister to us, who had been reared by Mum and Ellen following the death of her own mother shortly after giving birth, Denise (my sister) and John (me). The youngest member of the clan, Peter, was born a couple of years after we moved to Belmore Rd.

From memory, the move to the shop happened fairly seamlessly. It was not as if we were uprooting to a strange, faraway place, but rather, to somewhere that already had a familiar feel to it. Dad had managed the business for the previous owner, Bob Stinson, and later for his widow Nell, virtually from the end of the Second World War (in which Dad saw service as a Lieutenant in the Ninth Field Ambulance in New Guinea). He had been apprenticed to, and managed for Bob prior to his army service.

Even then, the shop's interior and fittings had a patina of age to them. The blackwood and glass wall cupboards, together with the display cases and serving counter had been recycled from earlier premises on the south-eastern side of the road and refitted here in the late nineteen twenties. Separated from the shop by an almost full height display cabinet and mirror partition was the Dispensary section of the shop. Chock full of bottles and jars (mostly all with Latin labels) on shelves and in storage drawers below the always busy dispensary work benches, this seemed an exciting, mysterious space for a seven year old. That many of the customers prescriptions, e.g. mixtures and ointments, had to be prepared by Dad and his staff in



a busy shopping street with trams plying between the City/Railway and Coogee, was just another facet of this comfy neighbourhood. I guess it's only now, in hindsight, that I can appreciate the magic that stemmed from having a shop as our front door.

Our neighbours were the surrounding shopkeepers, and, in some cases, their families, who were living in similar circumstances to us. Allied to them were the staff in the shop - chemists and apprentices and the boys who worked an afternoon delivery run by bicycle. They seemed to merge the shop into the family home. Regular customers, as well, added to the many familiar faces on any given day. Shops work well as front doors; they welcome people easily.

this bustling place only added to its aura. The age of prepackaged medicine, although present, had not yet completely arrived.

These early years were terrific - kids' heaven! We were living next door to a milk bar, the Odeon picture theatre was only 100 yards down the road, and Arthur, Blenheim and especially Clara St were still quiet spaces. They served as our big backyard and playground. High St too made an excellent scooter run to Botany St, and if you were game enough right down to Anzac Pde. Belmore Rd, though

Because of Dad's longevity in the shop, because he and Mum had been parishioners since the mid-nineteen twenties, and also the shops' proximity to the Church and Presbytery, it meant that quite a few of the priests that served the Parish during this period were not only customers but, more importantly, family friends. Today's elder statesman of the Parish, Fr. Tony O'Brien, together with one of his early contemporaries, Fr. John Conroy, who now resides at the monastery in Kensington, could flesh out a lot more detail on that period in Randwick. Frs. Tony and John, together with Fr.

Pat Sharpe were still ministering, bringing the Eucharist, to Mum and Dad in their final years of retirement.

Among all the priests who served Randwick then, there was one, a fairly elderly man when I first met him, who was unforgettable. This was Fr. Jim Bourke. The word 'ecumenical' was probably invented when they needed an adjective to describe him. He seemed to know all of Randwick and everyone in Randwick knew him. Likely to drop in at any time, he'd stay talking and laughing for ages. He enjoyed the races and the people who made up that important local industry, especially an old Randwick trainer, Pat Murray, who had the knack of getting a well-priced horse into the right race on the right day down to a fine art. Fr. John Conroy would often pop over on Friday nights if his brother Stephen had any pacers in that night's Harold Park meeting to be shown on the TV. I like to believe that Randwick was a better place for having people such as these among us.

Life for us in the late fifties and sixties followed a pretty normal family path. Norah finished school at Brigidine to commence a nursing career at St Vincents hospital. Denise followed in Norah's footsteps at Brigidine and, after her Leaving Certificate, went on to complete a pharmacy degree at Sydney University. I followed a similar path at Waverley College (Dad's alma mater) through the Leaving Certificate and then on to study architecture at UNSW. Some eight years behind us, Peter completed the Higher School



Certificate also at Waverley, before continuing on to his medical degree at UNSW.

Over the next decade our lives and society generally were seeing many changes. The pharmacy business was not immune to this, becoming larger and more competitive, but Dad wasn't. His business, which had afforded us a relatively carefree passage through our student days, had slipped into a slow, inexorable period of decline. The once bustling shop, like its proprietor, was slowing down. Mum realised it, as did Denise when she worked in the shop prior to her marriage, but Dad was never too forthcoming about the state of the business or what to do. Perhaps he just couldn't find a proper answer. The little shop stayed as it was, but just got quieter. The seventies were becoming fairly dark times.

Mum and Dad persevered, and with a lot of hard work, some much appreciated help and advice from a couple of good friends, and not a small amount of luck, we were able to lift the

business back to a viable state. The shop, our home base, could proceed into the eighties. Another generation of Shiners' and Lyons' (Denise's married name) could come and enjoy time with their grandparents in the same, albeit slightly slowed, surroundings that we had grown up in. These later

years though, still contained a deal of uncertainty. The business was surviving, but only just, with Mum and Dad having to manage both home and shop by themselves.

By the late eighties, I was, fortunately, in a position to be able to work with Dad in the shop. The world's most inept shop assistant had been added to his problems with his eightieth birthday approaching. Somehow this 'odd couple' arrangement worked OK until the time Bob Hawke became Australia's greatest Prime Minister by introducing a redundancy scheme to reduce the number of small pharmacies that were still operating. This timely 'gift' coupled to some savings, purchased a comfy semi in Frenchmans Rd for them to retire to (and where I still live). They continued to grandparent from here just as they had done at Belmore Rd, until old age and illness finally gathered them in.

Our final years at the shop before it closed in 1991 saw the construction and completion of the Randwick Village shopping centre just across the road from us. Now, some twenty years on, Dr Peter Shiner and his wife, Dr Catherine O'Hearn are an integral part of the medical centre that operates in this bustling arcade. I'm really happy to see the Shiner name displayed again, close to where it started, in a profession, like Dad's, whose basic aim is just to help other people. This, simply, was the abiding legacy that Mum and Dad's life left us... that echo... I'll bet they're really happy too. ❖

What's in a Name....

There was nothing unusual about the knock on the door – visitors, people seeking help, the occasional enquiry about Mass times – but this one surprised Fr Peter. A little man with a little red cap. A Cardinal with an Italian accent.



What could be wrong thought Peter. He had lodged his yearly reports, the finances had been audited and the parishioners seemed happy with him and his brother priests. 'Nessum problema. Il Papa would like to know about the numbers' said the Cardinal. 'Ah', said Peter, 'the Mass numbers are increasing each week, they were in the report'. But the Cardinal was not interested in them. 'It's the obelisks, they are so beautiful' said the Cardinal. Well, thought Peter that must be a Rome way of looking at things. He could think of many other ways to describe the bollards, but obelisk was not one of them.

The Cardinal pointed to the tree near Avoca Street. 'Five obelisks are so symbolic. Five barley loaves fed 5000 people. The MSCs started here with three priests and two brothers and look how you have expanded to spread the Word. Magnifico, magnifico' said the Cardinal.

They walked to the next tree. Peter did a quick count. There were ten of them and cost a fortune. 'A very important number. Do you know why', the Cardinal asked. Peter had just been to the school and told the children about the commandments. Ten represents

the commandments, he told the Cardinal. 'Fantastico, fantastico', said the Cardinal.

The Cardinal moved to the next tree. 'Thirteen obelisks. Very symbolic too. Thirteen was the number of people at the Last Supper so thirteen should not be seen as an unlucky number. It's a very important Bible number'.

'Tell me' said the Cardinal, as they moved to the entrance to Ventnor, 'why did you install nineteen obelisks at this tree'. Peter was

desperate, he needed an answer. 'Well, each one represents the eighteen parish priests of OLSH'.

'Bravissimo' said the Cardinal 'but what about the nineteenth one?' 'It represents the church, it is specially stamped R.C.C. for the Roman Catholic Church' said Peter. It was a joke and they both knew it and a broad grin showed on the Cardinal's face. 'Bless you my son' was the Cardinal's final comment. 'Il Papa will be pleased'.

(If the Cardinal had really visited he would now be surprised to learn some bollards had been removed. 'The power of prayer?' asked a parishioner. 'A bit more like a big dose of common sense' said Fr Peter). ❖

**a very
important
number**

A to Z of Plants

Can you recognise these plants within the OLSH gardens? Would you like to know what these plants look like? Do you have a garden and would like to share your plants and knowledge? Do you live in a unit and would like the opportunity to potter in a garden?

The garden group is reforming. Please come along to Ventnor on Saturday 24 November at 9am to meet with others keen to help out and nurture the OLSH gardens.

Aechmea, Azalea, Agapanthas, Aspidistra, Anigozanthos

Bromeliad, Begonia, Balsam

Clivia, Chlorophytum comosum, Convolvulus cneorum

Daisy, Diosma, Dietes, Daffodil

Echium candicans, Eriostermon myoporoides

Ficus macrophylla, Frangipani

Gardenia, Gazinia, Grevillea,

Hydgrangea, Hypoestes

Impatiens, Iris

Jonquil

Kangaroo Paw, Karkalla

Lavendular, Liriope

Moreton Bay Fig

Narcissus

Ornithogalum

Pansy, Philodendron Zanadu

Rhoeo, Roses

Syzygium

Tree Fern, Tea Tree

Urn Plant

Viola hederacea, Violet-native

Westringia, Wisteria

Yellow buttons

Places in Randwick – Brigidine Convent Randwick

Sr. KATHLEEN BUTLER CSB

In May 1893 the Irish Brigidine Mother General advised Mother John Synan the Superior of the six Brigidine Sisters who had volunteered to work in Australia to be patient as she looked for a Sydney site for a convent. Mother John, a woman of solid practical sense and foresight, considered Sydney important for two reasons: it provided educational opportunities for young sisters and a convent by the sea would be a welcome respite

for sisters from the convents in Coonamble, Cooma and Cowra. In 1901 while the Brigidines lived and taught at 152 Avoca St Randwick, Mother John considered two other offers, one at Croydon and the other at Manly. Neither of these presented the possibilities she envisaged for the novices and professed sisters at the time.

The Brigidines knew of the Dainty Estate – Aeolia – and it was this eight acre property that was purchased. A well-known politician, the Hon. W.P. Crick MLA and Cardinal Moran Archbishop of Sydney, assisted Mother John with the transaction. The neglected estate was very overgrown with pines, Christmas bush, geebung, and

exotic plants and natives, but this did not deter the sisters who saw only the beauty of the single storey old stone house with its cedar doors, skirtings and marble fire places. Three sisters first took up residence in December 1902. The community worked tirelessly to pay off the acquisition and held the first fete in 1903; at one fete a ride in a motor car was offered as a novelty! A second storey with access by a staircase was added in 1905.



The College in 1914

wing of the College as St Brigid's Centenary Hall in 1908. As the number of novices and pupils increased the school buildings took on the familiar U shape of the present College buildings by 1930. The imposing white structure, its two wings facing north, and high above the grassy terraces was known as Mount St Brigid.

It was not until 1923 that the beautiful chapel with its rounded sanctuary and crenelated structure

outside, and marble altar was constructed. A stained glass window, designed by Mother Xavier Kenny CSB, depicts aspects of St Brigid's story. It remains in the chapel at Brigidine House today. In the late 1920s a third storey was added to the convent.

For different sisters the convent represents certain aspects of Brigidine life: it is, in a way, a spiritual 'home', a house of prayer, warm hospitality and many memories, from school days, to novitiate, to ministry as professed religious women. It was necessary then, to renovate the convent so that the needs of the sisters at a different phase could be met. The first major renovation was in 1986 when the interior was made more comfortable and safe for the needs of an ageing religious community.



Convent, Chapel and College 1930

Another major transformation of the convent's purpose took place in 2004 when the decision was taken that Catholic

Health Care Ltd would provide aged care ministry to the sisters and other residents in an assisted living environment. The Brigidine spirit continues here in the stories held within the stones of this elegant edifice. ❖

What Plant is That?

Echium candicans - Pride of Madeira

This plant attracted a lot of attention by passers by and looked absolutely fantastic when in full bloom.

An eye catching and easily grown shrub with striking sapphire blue to violet blue flowers and large downy leaves. An ornamental plant for traditional and drought tolerant water conserving gardens. Thrives in hot dry positions. Also suited to seaside conditions where they will tolerate poor, sandy soil providing drainage is good.



Alcoholics Anonymous - A Fellowship that Saved My Life

Ross Fitzgerald, historian, author and columnist, now sober and free of other drugs for 42 years, has recently published his memoir MY NAME IS ROSS: AN ALCOHOLIC'S JOURNEY. Here he writes about the beginning of Alcoholics Anonymous.

When I visited the famous psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung's son, Franz, some years ago, I was very taken with the inscription over the front door. It had been put there by Jung Sr himself and it read: 'Called or not called, God is always there'.

It's the sort of statement that his mentor, the great Sigmund Freud, might not have approved of and it marks Jung as a mystic, whereas Freud was very much a pragmatist, obsessed with sex and sceptical of the metaphysical.

Born in Switzerland on July 26 1875, Carl Jung remains one of the seminal thinkers of the 20th century. The reason for my visit to the Jung family home in Kusnacht was that, although many people don't know it, Carl Jung was involved with the beginnings of Alcoholics Anonymous, a fellowship that saved my life.

Jung was instrumental in the founding of AA and, through a series of letters to AA's co-founder Bill Wilson shortly before Jung died on June 6 1961, he was also involved in the development of the AA movement.

Jung maintained that an alcoholic's craving for alcohol was 'the equivalent of the spiritual thirst of our being for wholeness, expressed in medieval language': 'the union with God'. As he explained: 'Alcohol in Latin is spiritus and you use the same word for

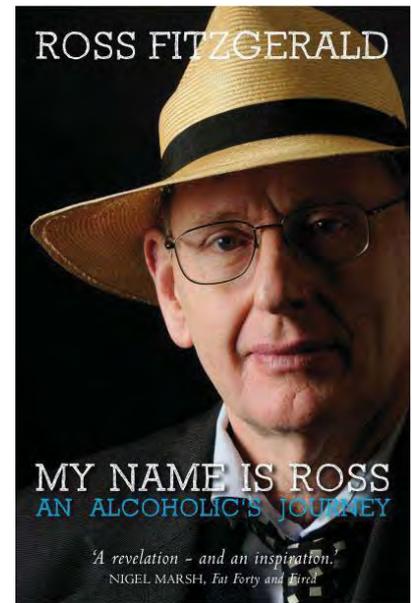
the highest religious experience, as well as the most depraving poison'. Jung said the most helpful formula for an alcoholic wanting to stop drinking was spiritus contra spiritum, 'spirit against spirit, power against power'.

Jung maintained that to get and stay sober most alcoholics needed to find a power or a force greater than that of alcohol. This is why, in AA, members, even those like me who are atheists, often talk about finding or using a 'power greater than oneself', which in many cases is the AA group to which they belong.

Jung's contribution to AA began in his Zurich office in 1932 when he had some sessions with an American alcoholic, Roland H. Instead of offering Roland any encouragement, Jung told his patient that there was nothing he could do for him and stressed his utter hopelessness as far as any further medical or psychiatric treatment was concerned.

Coming from someone he so much admired, the impact on Roland was immense. When he asked if there was any alternative, Jung told him that a spiritual experience might be his only hope. This might change him when nothing else could. But Jung cautioned that, while such conversion experiences sometimes brought recovery to alcoholics, they were rare. The substance of Jung's advice was that Roland place himself in a religious atmosphere and hope for the best.

PROFESSOR ROSS FITZGERALD



Back in the United States, Roland joined the Oxford Group, an evangelical Christian movement, later known as Moral Re-Armament, which emphasised the principles of self-analysis, confession, restitution and the giving of oneself in service to others. In this atmosphere, he was temporarily released from his obsession to drink.

Feeling that he could help other alcoholics, Roland and another member chanced upon Ebby, an old school friend of Bill Wilson. Ebby had been threatened with lifetime committal to an institution. With Roland's help, Ebby became sober, for a while.

At this time (1934) Wilson, a New York stockbroker on the skids, was threatened with permanent committal himself. Fortunately, his physician was William Silkworth of the Charles B. Towns Hospital in New York City, who had previously dried Wilson out a number of times.

For years, Silkworth had been saying alcoholism was an illness that had two components: some sort of metabolism difficulty, which he then called an allergy,

**'power greater
than oneself',**

which explained the phenomenon of craving; and an obsession of the mind that compelled the sufferer to drink against their will and interests. Though initially he thought it possible he could be of help, Silkworth was finally obliged to tell Wilson of the hopelessness of his condition.

After leaving hospital, and despite all his efforts, Wilson drank more compulsively than ever. Ebby came to see him. Wilson, who had long regarded Ebby as a hopeless case, was impressed by his friend's abstinence. After three more weeks of uncontrolled drinking, Wilson returned to hospital in December 1934, when Ebby visited him and again told him his story.

Aware of the futility of his own efforts, Wilson recounts that he cried out: 'If there be a God, will he show himself?'

There came upon him a sense of release, which he describes in the language of mystical illumination. From that moment until his death in January 1971, he never drank alcohol again.

Silkworth took great pains to convince Wilson he was not hallucinating: 'Something has happened to you (that) I don't understand. But you'd better hang on to it. Anything is better than the way you were'.

After his discharge, Wilson tried to save other alcoholics, but with no success. Yet, by talking with other alcoholics, he had remained sober himself. Silkworth suggested that, rather than stressing his spiritual experience, Wilson should first explain in detail the progressive nature of his own condition.

Soon afterwards, alone on a business trip in Akron, Ohio, and afraid that he would drink again, Wilson tracked down another alcoholic with whom to talk. This was a surgeon, Bob Smith, who had also been in touch with the Oxford Group, but whose attempts at staying sober had failed. When Wilson, following Silkworth's advice, told of his own experiences of the hopelessness of alcoholism, Smith accepted defeat and, after a brief relapse, stayed sober until his death in 1950.

Wilson and Smith's example established throughout the world groups of sober alcoholics whose

'If there be a God, will he show himself?'

primary aim was to solve their common problem and to help others to recover from alcoholism.

Four years after their meeting, Smith wrote: 'Of far more importance (than the medical information Wilson gave) was the fact that he was the first living human with whom I ever talked who knew what he was talking about in regard to alcoholism, from actual experience. In other words, he talked my language'.

AA began on June 10, 1935, in Akron, then spread to New York, Cleveland and all across the US, after which it went to Australia and then to Ireland. Although Jung was not involved in formulating AA's 12 suggested steps of recovery, the great Swiss psychoanalyst nevertheless played a pivotal role in the foundation of what remains the most successful self-help group of the 20th and 21st centuries. ❖

The Twelve Steps

of Alcoholics Anonymous

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol - that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics and to practice these principles in all our affairs. ❖

Signs of Hope Among Despair

Unknown to most of us is the Diocese of Tzaneen situated in the far north of the Limpopo Province of South Africa, the country with the largest number of HIV infections in the world. The diocese is bordered by Botswana, Zimbabwe and Mozambique and is larger than Tasmania with a population of 2.4 million and a Catholic population of about 50,000 people.

The majority of people live on marginal land and in informal settlements and are very poor. Orphans and vulnerable children experience an increased risk of death, suffer from emotional distress, malnutrition, inadequate health care, inferior education and are often subject to abuse.

Witchcraft is another source of fear and human abuse where the more powerful can take advantage of the illiterate and exploit them. It is a deeply entrenched system in this rural area.

Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart work in this diocese and their mission is to bring Christ's love and compassion to those suffering - the sick - especially those affected by HIV/Aids, the orphans, the refugees, the poor, the homeless and the vulnerable. They strive to bring hope and to raise the dignity of each person. This is done through education, live-in care at their children's places of safety, emotional, spiritual and material support of families, distributing anti-retroviral medication to the sick and monitoring their nutrition and overall health.

Sr Christine Martin is one of those OLSH Sisters. She joined her Order not out of any particular desire to be a missionary but because she was attracted by the example of her teachers, all Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Our

Lady of the Rosary School, Kensington, where she was a student. My chief responsibility is to care for the orphans and vulnerable children, who are increasing every day, Sr Christine explained in an interview with Sydney's Catholic Weekly.

The Congregations' ministries include: nursing, teaching, alleviation of poverty, caring for orphans and vulnerable people including



refugees and facilitating Parish outreach programs for Home Based Care and promoting the opportunity for education.

The gamut of teaching goes from traditional schooling to adult Faith Development in Christian Leadership through catechetics, scripture, prayer methods and Theology of the Body to help gain a perspective on the respect, behaviours and responsibility that assist the prevention of the spread of HIV/AIDS which is devastating the population there.

The Sisters also run a Skills Centre to train young women, mostly orphaned ones, to learn financial management, sewing, computer and marketing skills to start their own home industry. The Sisters pay for those with small children to go to a local crèche so the mothers can attend the Centre or for others, still very young, to return to school.

A desperate need for an outreach program to follow the children sent back to their villages from orphanages (as they grow independent) is imperative. The children go from a place of security which provides healthcare, food, school

and study opportunities, clothes that fit, water and electricity every day to a vulnerable life of extreme poverty. Sr Christine says that in every village, more and more children must attend funerals of their parents or other close family members. There are hundreds of child-headed households where the eldest family member is a teenager still at school.

Sr Christine told the Weekly that a hostel for little girls thought to be at high risk, has been set up in an old clinic building next to the Catholic girls high school and the Sisters have also established a palliative centre, called the Holy Family Centre, to provide care for children and new mothers who are dying of AIDS.

Sr Christine hopes to utilise the resources of the small Christian communities from the local villages to see whether they can set up centres where sick children can be cared for, orphans can go for a meal and a health check and develop simple life skills such as home maintenance and gardening.

The Sisters' residence, located in the diocese headquarters grounds, is called Kurisani, which means **we help each other to grow.**



And it is true. With help they have received from the Church, the child-headed households of Tzaneen diocese are now places where there are signs of hope in the eyes of children who see a

possible future after all the grief they have experienced.

Sr Christine recently visited OLSH Primary School and spoke to the children and shared many photos of the poverty, poor housing, lack of amenities we take for granted, with children as young as 12 being left to fend for themselves or look after younger children. ❖

Donations to the DOLSH Overseas fund are tax deductible. Contact 9662 8419

Why I Read Books

MARY MARAZ

It was the famous writer C.S. Lewis who wrote that ‘we read to assure ourselves that we are not alone’. Sometimes when reading, the sensation is that we are more fully alive (in the book) than in one’s real life, and again, one is not lonely in that complete world. You know you’ve read a really good book when on reluctantly turning the last page you feel the pang of losing a friend.

Escaping into a book is another aspect of reading; tuning out the chatter of mobiles or someone’s TV; or even ignoring the pile of never ending chores. This has the added bonus of feeling somewhat wicked – why would anyone be so lacking in true diligence?

The joy of finding a book or even a favourite author that one simply must follow, bringing new ideas, challenging old philosophies, exciting us with a new way of looking at the world; perhaps a wake-up call to value another’s way of life or to open up anew one’s imagination. Jane Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice* is treasured not only by women and can easily be reread with enjoyment and often with a new discernment. Dickens’ amazing ability to conjure up another world of extraordinary characters, who, despite their weird names, can be immediately recognized in today’s world.

Sadly, I don’t recall who said ‘so many books, so little time’, but when the years creep along it becomes all too relevant. Occasionally there is even a sense of desperation on reading those lists which inform one rather smugly of the 100 books one must read before dying. But I do know I must

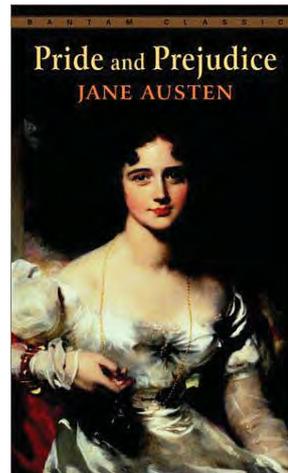
find time to read again *Madame Bovary*, *Middlemarch* and *Vanity Fair*.

Of course, entertainment and escape are part of the reading adventure, but, one can actually learn - even by default - bits of another language; a new invention; an amazing medical breakthrough, without even booking in for a course. And, another bonus, one does not forget so easily if it’s not just another item heard on the late news.

When one looks at the great literary works of literature, lovingly guarded on one’s shelves, it’s not hard to see why they don’t end up, like so many lesser works, on the discard piles at the bargain bazaar or garage sale. They can be reread with so much pleasure and renewal and the authors are still recalled.

As one ages, reading has another treasure to bestow. A sense of occasional tranquility, some reflectiveness, a different perspective on life. One is not reading compulsively for study or a work deadline but at one’s own pace. Occasionally, an acceptance that memory loss in itself is not tragic but increasingly is shared with a younger generation!

In those times when much of one’s world seems to lack meaning it’s helpful to remember that many have experienced that tedium, but found in a particular story that they’re not alone but just fearful in looking beyond their own disquiet. That astonishing moment of complete recognition of words and nuances which we already know, is priceless. One sees that there is really no limit to the number of



lives well lived or even just managed.

Emerson said ‘never read a book that’s not a year old’ – my feeling was that it was rather a snobbish dismissal of anything not vaguely Shakespearean.

However, in recent times I have too often been disappointed with a highly rated novel, just published to much acclaim. Perhaps Emerson was right, or was my analysis faulty!

To examine the genre of religious reading takes a fair bit of concentration as the attraction of interesting books (sometimes ‘tomes’) often includes investigative and debatable themes not always fully welcomed by those of a very traditional bent. But we know the Catholic Church has many who welcome reasonable discussion on themes which 50 years ago were being welcomed at the 2nd Vatican Council. So it is always worthwhile to press on, examine one’s own opinion or feeling of dissatisfaction and know that many ideas are not set in concrete but are completely debatable. A recent read, admittedly rather cursory, of *Religion for Atheists* by Alain de Boutton, left me feeling rather amused at what I saw as his agnosticism.

Book Clubs can be fun, sometimes depending on who is in charge of selecting the next title. Occasionally someone with prima donna aspirations can make one tread warily. One can be quite inspired by the clear or clever insights some contribute, but also, too often they deteriorate into chat. But, it’s still all about reading books and that can only be wonderful. ❖

‘the joy of finding a book...’

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

The Back Page WITH FR PETER

In October I attended a gathering of all the MSC priests involved in parish work in Australia. 22 of the 24 priests from parishes attended. Most of us are over 60 years with many in their 70s.

Including the combined parishes such as the Adelaide cluster under Hindmarsh, MSCs minister in three Aboriginal Parishes in the NT, with Daly River about to be returned to the MSCs next year, another two urban parishes in the NT, four in SA, two in Tasmania, one in Victoria which is also a formation centre for seminarians; ACT has one, two in Wilcannia-Forbes Diocese, one in Armidale, a Mass Centre at Douglas Park which is also a retreat house and novitiate centre, one in Brisbane and six in Sydney - 24 parishes. Some dioceses are in huge stress - Tasmania has about eight active priests; Wilcannia-Forbes is being divided between other dioceses and has about half a dozen active priests. The Darwin Diocese has only three or so diocesan priests. In many of these country/outback dioceses, the distances between parishes are enormous. The absence of religious and clergy in so many country towns, where once a convent and presbytery were well supplied, can add to the sense of abandonment of the towns when the inevitable day arrives and they leave. It is such a contrast with the Eastern Suburbs where one can walk reasonably comfortably between parishes. How do we MSCs prioritise our commitments?

One wag stated that it was a little like rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic. And at first glance, one could be easily enough convinced of that. But attending were three young priests from flourishing overseas MSC Provinces - two from India (our Randwick MSCs), and one from Indonesia in the ACT. Further, there were three MSC Seminarians in their 20s and early 30s, three of six in formation. There are a number of priests in their 30s and 40s and 50s - not all of us are over the 60 mark. The profile then began to look a lot brighter, but a diminishing profile for all that! The Titanic was not exactly holed!

We have met over the years to see what we could or should do about the looming shortage of priests - simply hang in with parishes until someone gets sick or dies and then hand it on to the Bishop; or try an orderly movement out of parishes with an attempt at a planned handing over to...well, to whom? That's part of the issue - each Diocese has its own plans when it comes to vacant parishes. Many have embarked on recruitment of overseas clergy from countries where seminaries are still well stocked, with the stated aim that each parish, often combined with two or three former parishes, will have a resident parish priest.

However, while it is up to the Bishop to determine how a vacant parish would be administered, MSCs are meant to cooperate fully in the progress of laity formation for so many roles within the local church parishes. For example, preparing and organizing aspects of the liturgical life of the parish; RCIA and sacramental preparation and catechesis of adults and children; visitation of sick and homebound, the hospitalised; building up the social and religious identity and spirit of a parish to form a communion of people who have opportunities to get to know one another; welcoming and induction of new members; organisations such as St Vincent De Paul; social justice issues at home and abroad; the world mission of the Church, and so on.

Recently, because of illness in our community it has come home to us at Randwick just how thin the line has become. Inevitably, ageing is another factor.

It is my personal hope that OLSH will become a centre for the formation of MSC Postulants (the first year of formation), and also for international MSCs to continue to come to us. With our long history here, the National Shrine and very viable numbers for Masses, a rich liturgical and sacramental life and spiritual and lay formation which is so abundant here, the schools, the hospitals and nursing homes, Randwick is certainly an active centre for ministry. However, over time, with the inevitable diminishment of our numbers, and the presence of large MSC parishes around us, some structural changes will need to be worked out. †