

Parish Magazine

Number 32

November 2013

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:



Reflection	2
A Day in the Life of a University Student	3
Care for Aged Program	4
Things of Which my Mother Never Spoke	5
Anointing Mass	6
Meditation the Fr John Main Way	6
Sacred Heart Palliative Care	7
The Hoe Family Story	8
The Life of a Seafarer	9
Gardens of OLSH	10
In Search of Food	10
The Christmas Visitor	11
Timelines	12
Awakenings	13
Snapshot of My Life on Mission	14
On the Road to Rio	15
The Back Page	16

ST MARGARET MARY'S RANDWICK NORTH

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART RANDWICK

Reflection

DIANE GORDON

Honesty is an opportunity to move through the world gracefully without harming other people. To speak or act dishonestly is to put our own interests ahead of someone else. To distort what they experience to fit our needs, or to take their possessions for ourselves. This is why dishonesty causes such disappointment and pain whereas to be honest is to cherish the needs and wishes of someone else. It is a statement that we care about another person's welfare.

Honesty is vital to making effective changes and identifying who we really are and what we really want. When we lie about who we are or what we really believe, we reinforce the idea that we need to pretend to be someone else or that we are not fundamentally 'good enough'. Many people use self-deception and denial as a way of avoiding having to deal with issues about themselves.

If we have found our honesty and our truth, we will also have learnt many other spiritual tools to help us cope with some of the difficulties that arise. We need to practice honesty at every level of our life.

In this modern world of marketing, spin and half-truths maintaining honesty might be seen as a bit of a challenge! But in reality it is not, we always know at a fundamental level what is truly honest.

Being honest actually simplifies life considerably and releases an enormous amount of life energy. Stay honest with yourself, be honest with others and always come from a loving place. ❖

*'In the world of spiritual endeavour;
as in the world of athletic competition,
we must learn never to be content
with the level we have reached
but, with the help of God
and with our own determined efforts,
we must aim at ever greater heights,
at continual improvement,
so that we
may in the end reach maturity,
'the measure of the stature
of the fullness of Christ.'*

Pope John XXIII

Front Cover Photo:

Statue of Christ the Redeemer on the Corcovado mountain in Rio de Janeiro

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 a University Student

KATE MYERS

The day to day life of a uni student could be best described as unpredictable; having recently left school, and without the responsibilities of a full time job, being a university student is a unique period of time dedicated to exploring interests, discovering new ones and enjoying the freedom of self-directed learning.

Whilst my choice to pursue an Arts degree dictates my university experience to be an ever-changing one, probably more than most, the vibrancy and diversity of campus life also contributes significantly to the constant variation of the university experience.

A typical day for me usually starts slightly later than most school and work days, usually with a mid-morning lecture.

Having never chosen to study history at school, it was important to me to finally have the chance to explore a new area of interest, and thus the choice of Renaissance History seemed perfect. Starting the day with a lecture full of complex Italian names, medieval political systems and countless philosophers can be a tiring start to the day, but having had the good fortune to be taught by a lecturer who is both enthusiastic and passionate about his subject, there is never a dull moment.

This is usually followed by a quick dash to the next lecture of the day, usually French. French lectures could be best described as an hour of confusion and struggle, as we try to copy the fluency and expressiveness of our lecturer. Needless to say, we never manage to completely get it right, but nevertheless, we have fun, and the benefit of learning a language is that it not only provides you with

a valuable skill, but also provides an engagement with other students that isn't as readily accessible in other subjects.

After leaving my lecture, I set off on my walk to the first tutorial of the day. Tutorials are a completely different experience to a lecture. Instead of 600 unknown people sharing a large lecture hall, with little to no interaction with the lecturer or other students, tutorials comprised of 20-30 students, each led by one tutor, who acts as a mentor and instructor, often completing their own university education.

Tutorials are an opportunity to engage with the material of the course, ask questions and have the chance to hear a

variety of different perspectives on material discussed in the lectures.

Each subject's tutorials are very different. Psychology tutorials are challenging but give me a chance to experience a subject within the Faculty of Science, exposing me to a completely different way of learning and thinking. World Politics is probably my favourite tutorial, with the student driven nature of the course allowing debates about everything from nuclear proliferation to the calculated art that is the points system at Eurovision.

University is not just about attending required lectures and tutorials. Sydney University in particular is a university fortunate enough to have a large, architecturally rich campus, so this makes the journey to and from



classes a lot more enjoyable. The main avenue of the uni is often full of interesting stalls advertising everything from overseas exchange to political organisations to student elections, making it a vibrant and diverse part of the campus. The clubs and societies available to students on campus are many and varied with everything from the Film Society to the French Society to the Disney Appreciation Society! Joining a club or society is the best way to meet people who share similar interests and passions, and makes navigating the student population of university a lot less intimidating.

The transition from high school to university is probably the biggest change experienced by students

in their academic life, but it is also one of the most exciting. My choice to study Arts has been one of the most

beneficial decisions I have made in regards to my learning as it has allowed me to discover where my passion lies and what career path I would like to follow.

My plan for the rest of my university experience is to complete my Arts degree and then enter post-graduate studies in Law, with an emphasis on Media Law, particularly on an international level. ❖

...a quick dash to the next lecture...

....My choice to study Arts.....

Care for Aged Program

BEATE STELLER

Why would you want to visit the frail aged, people with dementia and the dying in Residential Aged Care every week? This question, I ask myself often, as I ponder the reason why many generous people from churches and the community volunteer to spend a few hours every week with strangers as a Volunteer Pastoral Carer.

Moving into aged care is an enormous time of transition and change which is highly underrated. Emotional and spiritual needs become great and are often not able to be met by care staff with the limited resources in this area. Southern Cross Care (SCC) Pastoral and Spiritual Care Program evolved out of the belief that care of the spirit is an integral component of wellbeing for older people, particularly those making the adjustment to moving into residential care.

In 1999 SCC decided that the most appropriate response to meet this need was to create a pastoral care program for which, at that time, there was no real model of funding. Recognising that the long term support needs of aged care residents are very different to those of acute care hospital patients, SCC developed an Aged Care specific Pastoral Care Program aimed at using the services of trained and supported volunteers.

The program is comprehensive and comprise Recruitment, Selection, Training Support and Professional Development components. The program is a

journeying one based on the formation of intentional friendships showing mutual respect and trust and provides consistent, compassionate support to enable our residents to attain a sense of purpose, peace and fulfilment in whatever way they wish.

Some of our Pastoral Carers have been in their role for over 10 years, since the beginning of the program in 2000. At a recent 10 year celebration they shared that at first they felt uneasy about walking into the facility as strangers and they had to work hard to win the trust of residents. It was not easy at first, but with time, a willingness to listen without judgement and no preaching and a commitment to visit each week, they feel they have become part of the Facility's family and look forward to visiting their residents each week.

At a recent celebration, it was a great joy to have some of our residents, that the Pastoral Carers met 10 years ago, say a few words of gratitude and joy about the way their relationship had grown over the years. Dulcie's words below are an example that reflects the significance of this special relationship.

Thank you Ann for being my Pastoral Carer for around 6 – 7 years. The time we spend together is a precious and special time each week for me in terms of friendship, caring, support and being deeply aware of God's Spirit in each other, in each



person and the Supreme Power for Harmony in the Universe. It is always a pleasure and special time when you knock at the door. We smile in greeting and share what has happened since our last meeting and I say a deep prayer about what is on my heart. It is with kindness and awareness that Ann responds and I always feel supported and she is a great source of encouragement. It is a time of letting go of burdens that I carry from my past and a time of just being here. I try to forgive the decisions and mistakes of the past, appreciate the wonderful joys of my life and be grateful for family, friends and what each day presents.

These words from Dulcie, are one of the many reasons why Pastoral Care Volunteers keep turning up each week! ❖

Recruitment and training for new Pastoral Carers begins every February each year. If you are interested in joining the Pastoral Care team at either the Sth Coogee, Daceyville or Maroubra facility, please ring Beate Steller, Pastoral Care Team Leader, East and South Sydney on 0413 746 915 for more information.

Things of Which my Mother Never Spoke

MARY MARAZ

Mary Maraz delved into her family history to discover some surprising aspects about her mother's family.

Just recently, a chance comment while chatting to a friend about family peculiarities in general drifted to the world of genealogical research. It gave me the lead to my own preoccupation with the rather dismissive world of raking over the past. An aspect of genealogy which I have found rather amusing is the off-handed way in which the family-tree climbers also sometimes cheerfully termed 'the genies' are dismissed by the self-described 'proper historians'. Ah well . . .

To those who have no particular interest, it all seems rather dreary, and one very early notes the tell-tale glassy eyed look as one finds oneself enthusing to another about a new discovery in the 'tangled web'.

Some early interest in family history on my part taken about 40 years ago (!) relating to the origins of the paternal great grandparents, as far back as 1815 led to the not entirely unexpected discovery of the Irish convicts. Finding this gang of very upset Irishmen who had linked up in their village in search of the excise man who made their lives less than satisfactory, led to the arrest of the whole gang of 40, way back in 1819. They were charged with Conspiracy to Murder.

The ringleaders were executed and the rest, including of course my great-grandfather and his brother, were transported to the Great South Land. Very concise record keeping on the part of their captors made the search fairly straightforward right up to the time (and occasionally beyond)

the issue of the Ticket of Leave and later Conditional Pardon.

Sadly, the problem of the convict's family, left behind in Ireland, would have meant wife and children were made a charge on the mostly impoverished Irish parish. One illuminating moment in my search opened up the inevitable politicking on the part of the various governors etc of the colony. Applications to bring family out were dealt with in ways which could be seen as quite significant payback. Some were lucky, some weren't. In one notable case it pointed to the identity of an important

dignitary of the time who managed to irritate the ruling governor of the period to the point where he refused to act on any of the requisite recommendations. Oh dear . . .

Of course the manner and customs of the times meant these rather interesting facts were kept well hidden for generations by the families who followed. I was told, as were most feckless searchers, that it was 'the stain'. One can only have complete admiration for these early, albeit unwilling, migrants to Australia for their tenacity and survival instincts.

So – moving along, we come to an interesting duplicity on the part of the maternal side of my family. Having earlier being informed of the purity of this side of the family as not being of convict stock but free, I found the first discovery of something just a

little awry in the marriage of my maternal grandmother having been an underage bride. Perhaps having been the fourth daughter in a Catholic country family of 13 daughters could have made an early marriage a welcome form of escape! However, two children later (the first being my mother) the bridegroom apparently decided that it just wasn't his thing, and decamped.

My feisty grandmother didn't collapse with the vapours but applied for a divorce citing desertion. Imagine! All this information started from a small notation on the marriage certificate of *decree nisi granted etc, etc*. The drama and confusion which must have happened at the time (c.1900) within these quite ordinary families, was mirrored when I informed my three brothers and various others of these amazing facts. 'You've got it wrong, it wouldn't have happened' was very firmly spoken. A certain degree of distress was evident in 'why wouldn't Mum have told us about it all'.

This is where the aforesaid duplicity comes into the equation. The big cover-up went into operation. My lovely Mama was

'adopted' by her father's sister, kept her father's surname and was not informed of the facts except that her mother had died. This left

out any mention of the brother who was 'adopted' by the country family of many daughters. Quite incidentally, said brother had been told that he had a sister but 'she had been sent to a nunnery'!

Also omitted was the interesting fact that not only had that feisty grandmother not died, but was

...charged with Conspiracy to Murder

...Don't let the neighbours know

continued on page 6

Anointing Mass

Each second Friday of the month, the noon Mass is an Anointing Mass. It is especially a celebration for those seriously ill, injured or elderly people whose health may be beginning to decline.



Anointing of the Sick is one of the seven sacraments of the Church – formerly known as Extreme Unction and administered only to those extremely ill - but not so now, and at OLSH and at other parishes, the Anointing Mass is a communal occasion to support and pray for those who are sick. During the Mass there is a prayer of faith asking God's help for the person who is sick, the laying on of hands by the priest, which is a sign of blessing of the Holy Spirit and anointing with the Sacred Oil on the forehead to give comfort, peace and courage to those who are sick.

As the Mass is a communal celebration all parishioners may attend and receive the graces of the Sacrament. In doing so parishioners support and pray for those who are ill. ❖

Meditation the Fr John Main Way

Fr DOUG SMITH

Fr John Main taught that meditation is as natural to the spirit as breathing is to the body. While meditation is common to many religious traditions around the world the methods of practice may differ. The discipline as taught by Fr John Main based on the teachings of the Desert Fathers and Mothers is approached for 20 to 30 minutes twice daily, morning and evening in the following way

- 📖 Choose a quiet place
- 📖 Sit down comfortably with your back straight
- 📖 Close your eyes lightly
- 📖 Sit as still as possible
- 📖 Breathe deeply, staying both relaxed and alert
- 📖 Slowly and interiorly began to say your mantra (= a prayer word) .
The one recommended is **MA-RA-NA-THA** (an unfamiliar word and therefore less distracting).
Listen to the word as you say it
- 📖 Say it once breathing in and once breathing out or **MA-RA** breathing in and **NA-THA** breathing out
- 📖 Continue repeating it gently and faithfully for the whole time of the meditation
- 📖 Return to it as soon as you realize you have stopped saying it
- 📖 Stay with the same word throughout the meditation and from day to day.

Do not evaluate your meditation. Do not be discouraged by distractions. Rather let them come and go always keeping your attention on the mantra. You stop praying only when you become **aware** of a distraction and **stay** with it. In time, the fruits of your meditation (the fruits of the Spirit as in Galatians 5:22 – love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, generosity, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control will become more evident in your self, your life, and in all your relationships.

Meditation sessions are held at 11.30am before each Monday Mass and at 7.00pm on Monday (Ventnor) and Tuesday SMM.

Things of Which my Mother Never Spoke *continued from page 5*

granted her divorce on the grounds of desertion and a few years later married and had a son. My brothers and I had absolutely no idea that away in the country were numerous relations of whom we knew nothing. An additional wow factor appeared after a scrutiny of various certificates showing that

the first husband was still alive at the time of the second marriage – a fact apparently not noticed or discovered by relevant religious authorities. Oops! Genealogy is an interesting occupation is it not?

I have found with a degree of amazement that the continuing

cover-up of rather unseemly affairs was fairly commonplace. 'Don't let the neighbours know' perhaps a deciding factor. I imagine it's just our fragile humanity in all its varied colours and patterns. Perhaps it's true that we're all just six degrees apart from anyone at a time. ❖

Sacred Heart Palliative Care: St Vincent's Hospital

TERESE COMPTON

Sacred Heart is a forty-five bed inpatient unit for people with a life-limiting illness. Patients come to us for palliative care including: management of symptoms that are causing distress, i.e. pain, breathlessness, nausea etc ; respite periods, where the family or carer need a break from full-time care and responsibility; and for terminal care of the dying patient. Sacred Heart also has a community-based program which looks after up to three hundred patients at home, managing their symptoms and assisting and enabling families to care for their loved one at home.

The Motto of the Sisters of Charity is 'The love of Christ impels us', and it is in this spirit that the multi-disciplinary team of doctors, nurses, social workers, physiotherapists, occupational therapists and pastoral carers care for those who come to Sacred Heart. Sacred Heart is open to people of all faiths. The ethos is always respect for life and treating people with dignity in an environment of care and compassion, noting that in doing so, we are caring for the whole person....not only the physical self, but the emotional and spiritual self. The aim and vision of Sacred Heart is to assist and journey with patients and their families through the dying process in a supportive and caring environment of trust and respect whether it be a day/days/weeks or sometimes months.

Our patients come from a broad socio-economic background. We

cover the south-east of Sydney which includes patients from Vaucluse to Botany and the inner city around Darlinghurst. Patients range from the generally well educated and financially secure in the east, to those in public housing and boarding houses, through to the homeless poor. Some have problems with drug and alcohol addiction and mental health issues, as well as the other difficulties people confront. All this needs to be taken into account in their medical care and particularly in their need for loving care and compassion at a time when they are most vulnerable.

...we are caring for the whole person...

Nurses have a special role within the multi-disciplinary

team in that they are with the patients around the clock. Their role is practical and physical: we wash and toilet patients when they are too weak to manage themselves; we attend to their physical symptoms of nausea, pain and constipation, fatigue and anxiety etc; we change dressings that only we see because some patients are too embarrassed and ashamed of their terrible disfigurement.

...the nurse is the patient's advocate...

We know the physical and psychological pain they are carrying and we listen ...not only to words spoken, but to non-verbal clues... body language, tone of voice, eye contact.

We see patients at their most vulnerable, when family and friends have gone home and the long afternoon/night awaits them...or under the shower when no one else can hear them or see their free-flowing tears; or

the lonely and sad person with no next of kin, who looks to the nurses for comfort and support and affirmation that they are of value and their life has meaning. For many patients, the nurse is the patient's advocate; we know what is happening and we can advise and recommend. We keep families updated as to any change of condition and we provide support and care for them as they travel with their loved one.

In caring for patients and families, we are hopefully giving them confidence. Patients sense that we know what is happening, we know what to expect and we know what to do. We take the burden of care away from the family or carer so they can focus on and treasure this time.

...The ethos is always respect for life....

It gives patients and their families the opportunity and environment to remember and reflect. For many

patients it is a time of healing as they restore broken relationships and seek forgiveness for past hurts. Very often, a patient will request to see the priest, minister, rabbi, imam or someone from pastoral care, when perhaps for the first time their inner journey becomes more central.

In an environment where a patient experiences being listened to, where symptoms are managed, and most importantly where pain is controlled and where they are treated with dignity, care and compassion, I have experienced hundreds of people dying well, without their wanting direct action to end their life. ❖



The Hoe Family Story

It's a long way from Burma to Randwick but that is the path travelled by Martin Hoe, OLSH's 'resident guitarist'. Rangoon was the start, said Martin, with the birth there of his father James (Jim) Kyaw-Hoe in 1917. Jim was brought up as a Christian and his mother was Buddhist. He was raised by his aunt as his mother had died at an early age. Jim's sister, Jenny, introduced him to her friend Mavis Boudville and her family.

Not only were the two families close, romance between Jim and Mavis blossomed. It was a period of great insecurity and Jim is reported to have said that he did not want to lose Mavis so he quickly married her on 8 April 1942 in the Sacred Heart Church at Maymyo and their honeymoon was spent dodging enemy bullets. They were to be together for almost 70 years. Jim died in 2011 and Mavis passed away in August this year.

There are seven children, Jeffrey, Joan, Jill, James, Janice, Joseph and Martin. The siblings are scattered in various parts of the world. His brothers and sisters all have Christian names beginning with J but Martin the youngest sibling says that when he was born his mother claimed naming rights and he was called Martin, after St Martin de Porres, a favourite saint of hers.

For the Hoe family the years of World War II and the later internal troubles in Burma are a tale of both hope and anguish. Hope, said Martin that they survived. To avoid the enemy Jim and Mavis successfully trekked from Burma to India – four days by foot and a perilous trip by raft

on the Chidwin River where Jim became part of the British Army Intelligence Unit and was awarded the Military Cross along with the Burma Star for his war contributions. Anguish, said Martin because following the 1962 military coup in Burma Jim spent nearly 3 years in solitary confinement. His father never spoke of his time in custody and it has only been in recent times that Martin has begun to soften his feelings towards the Burmese regime.

After his release from imprisonment Jim and Mavis with Martin, then nine years old, and four of his siblings – his brothers Joseph and James and his sisters, Janice and Jill, left Rangoon on 11 February 1969, the Feast of

Our Lady of Lourdes. Jeffrey had left earlier for Denmark. Joan was then married and stayed in Rangoon. The family spent some time in Thailand and Singapore with Jim working in the teak building industry. The choice for the next move was either USA or Australia. Sydney won out and they arrived in 1973, settling in Hurlstone Park.

Martin began playing guitar by practising on a friend's guitar. He only knew three guitar chords and the tunes of three simple hymns. When Fr Bob McGuckin (now the Bishop of Toowoomba) blessed their house and noticed a guitar in Martin's bedroom he invited Martin to play the music for the 6pm vigil Mass at St Paul of the Cross Church in Dulwich Hill. Over time he has played regularly at four other



churches. Martin has never had a music lesson and still cannot read music.

It was at St Paul of the Cross church that Martin met Catherine. They were both part of a youth group, and were married by his brother James, a Salesian priest based in Fiji. The wedding date was Australia Day 26 January 1985 and according to their daughters, Alison and Jennifer, Mum and Dad have a public holiday each year to celebrate their marriage. Our courtship was a bit longer than my parents Martin is quick to add. Alison has just completed her Social Work degree at UNSW and Jennifer is at Brigidine College.

Being unable to read music has not been a disadvantage. Martin counts as his fondest memories being invited by Br James Maher msc to play and record his 'Gospel of Love' CD and its launch at the OLSH concert in 2010. He was also part of the band at that year's As One Voice concert. His 50th birthday was typical for a muso, 'jamming' at home with his musical

friends. Life has been kind to me says Martin. In 1986 he was one of a few to be offered an adult apprenticeship and later he undertook further business studies. Not so with golf. He is a tragic golf player but his family are passionate Swans supporters, even travelling to see their team play earlier this year in New Zealand.

...he only knew
three guitar
chords...

**Involvement
at OLSH was
unplanned**

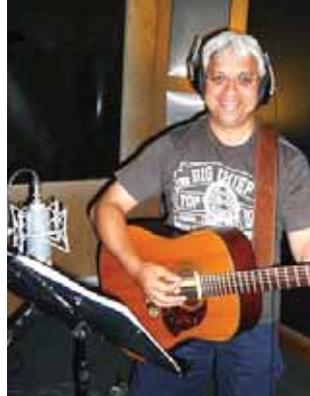
continued on page 9

continued from page 8

Involvement at OLSH was unplanned. At one Mass some years ago it was announced that Sr Loretta Kilmartin fdnsc who was playing the organ at the vigil Mass was retiring. Martin asked Fr Chris McPhee how he might get involved. The next minute he was invited to play and, as they say, the rest is history. Martin often plays with different groups at Masses and regularly joins other groups in other parishes. We've played at six parishes over the years according to Catherine who with Alison and Jennifer are part of the Hoe Musical Team. Alison plays piano, Jennifer bass guitar, and Catherine sings.

Not surprisingly OLSH is his favourite parish. There is something special about the Randwick community; it is simple yet beautiful according to Martin and Catherine. Now we can never

walk past without bumping into someone we know. For us it's home.



Music and faith are closely linked. Martin's hope is that young people don't only come to Mass for the big occasions but that their parents and schools instil in them a love for the Mass. Playing a musical instrument at Mass is a great way to praise the Lord and contribute to the community.

His original surname is Kyaw Hoe. Unless you are Burmese it is a tricky word to pronounce (Chore). When applying for Australian citizenship the official had difficulty with the pronunciation and asked Martin if he wanted to keep it. I took the simpler option says Martin and now my surname is just Hoe.

Some months ago his sister Jill asked him if he would like to join a tour to Burma. At first reluctant because of the memory of my father's treatment I have come to realise, he said, how true it is that life is too short to harbour resentments.

In October he and Catherine planned to travel to Burma on what he called 'his journey of peace' but just before leaving Sydney advice was received of renewed uprisings in Rangoon and the visit was unfortunately cancelled. ❖

The Life of a Seafarer

Sr Mary Leahy, a Josephite nun with the Apostleship of the Sea has been a chaplain to seafarers for almost 20 years, providing pastoral care for merchant seafarers on foreign vessels, she greets the seafarers when their ships arrive at Port Botany. It is not so much the clothes and treats she provides for them but the companionship and break in routine she offers. For many, they never see people other than the crew, the shipping agent, and customs. Her sympathetic ear is a refuge from the tense, hierarchical atmosphere on board. They are poor people so they are afraid to complain officially but share their confidences with me, she says. Here is a heartfelt letter written to her by Angelo (not his real name).

My life as a seafarer is more than just a profession. This is a way of life where you have to handle the dangers at sea, difficulties in adjusting to your fellow seamen and the bosses. But the hardest part is being separated from your loved ones. There are times that you need their hugs and kisses as your inspiration for your work.

Yet they are too far away from your reach. It's only the memories of your happy moments with them that keep your longings, and loneliness turns to encouragement

and inspiration. But what makes life at sea more colourful is the opportunity where you meet different types of peoples and nationalities. Sharing with them your experiences and spending with them some light moments lessens the burden of my work at sea.

But for my whole life at sea I dedicate it all to my family because I know that they are the only reason why I am striving and struggling to survive all those unexpected dangers and miseries



only to support them and give them a decent life. Totally life at sea is exciting because of the guidance of the Almighty at Sea. ❖

The Gardens of OLSH

For many years the only garden in the grounds of the church was the one adjacent to the presbytery. Known as Our Lady's Garden with its blue and white shrubbery it was largely cared for by Peter James. Following the renovation of the western entrance of Ventnor House some eighteen months ago Debbie Lazenby established the garden outside that entrance and also developed the area outside the old main northern entrance and the area surrounding the large Moreton Bay Fig tree. Rodney Courey donated the materials and labour for the nearby sandstone walkway.

Enthusiasm for beautifying the grounds has resulted in the establishment of the garden area near the Avoca street driveway and known now as the Madeline Sophie Barat (Founder of the Society of the Sacred Heart) Garden and grass have been planted along the area facing that street. A number of groups now tend the grounds and set times for parishioners to apply their 'green thumbs' are published in the Weekly Bulletin. The parish has continued to provide the funds for improving the gardens.

All these efforts have been worthwhile and on 14 September



at the Randwick City Council Garden Awards, the Friends of Ventnor House were awarded third prize in the Community Garden category for the gardens surrounding Ventnor House. ❖

In Search of Food

THE EPICUREAN

I have been a member of the parish since 1959 and that year was also my introduction to the food of Randwick.

It was with Eric's Cafe in Alison Road, a bit of a misnomer really as it was what was colloquially called a hamburger joint frequented by late night taxi drivers - and me. I can still conjure up the smell of beef, onions and bacon. A Big Mac doesn't have that alluring taste. Sadly the cafe is no longer there. The owner had a heart attack and sold the cafe. He would turn over in his grave to learn it was later a paint shop.

The Odeon Theatre on the corner of High Street and Belmore Road has also disappeared. The films were great, but more so was the Ice Cream Soda drink served in a tall Glass, available at Interval. That opportunity for eating too has gone but Popcorn, a later delicacy, is now available at the Ritz, even before the movie has started. Wonderful!

A couple of doors away from the Odeon was the Zebra Motel. My memory is dim but I seem to recall a breakfast there with friends staying overnight. If so, it would have been a big English breakfast.

A Chinese meal at one or other Chinese restaurants in Randwick was another once-a-week outing for foodies like me. I remember that we ordered by number - 37 was chicken chow mien. Still in Belmore Road after 37 years is Choys Restaurant where the fare now is very much modern cuisine without the numbers.

For many years there was a little cafe with leather seats at Peter's Corner but that too has gone, replaced by a Thai Massage studio but you do get a cup of tea with the massage. Pity no biscuits are on offer. Long gone too is Cec Pippen's the Watchmaker, For over 40 years until the 1980s not only was your watch fixed but a



cup of tea was on offer all day.

Oldies among us will remember that pre-Vatican, fasting from midnight was required to receive Holy Communion. I can remember attending 6am Mass so that my hunger would not disturb my Mass attendance. Now, I can have breakfast and morning tea before attending midday Mass. Pathetic isn't it? 'Yes', I can hear you say, 'you need help'.

In those days now past there were probably no more than a dozen cafes in Randwick but from Randwick Town Hall to the Spot there are now at least 60 places to eat. That's a challenge for a foodie. ❖

... pity no
biscuits are on
offer ...

The Christmas Visitor

HUGH LUNN

Hugh Lunn, an award-winning author and journalist wrote Over The Top With Jim, the biggest selling childhood memoir ever published in Australia. It told with humour and affection of his Brisbane suburban childhood. Now, in this article for the magazine he tells of a Christmas Eve incident in the family's cake shop.

It was the day before Christmas and Fred had made so many Christmas cakes, plum puddings, shortbread and fruit mince pies that he was down to his last 70lb bag of sugar. Normally, the Store Room outside his kitchen in the 'Lunns for Buns' cake shop at Annerley Junction was crammed with large hessian bags of flour and the more tightly-woven, and smaller, sugar bags.

But now there was only one sugar bag left, the size of a fat pillow, standing all by itself in the corner. It was Jackie's and my job to carry the 70 lb bags of sugar into the kitchen where Fred was cooking because the 110lb bags of flour were too heavy for us. Only Fred was strong enough to move them. Jackie and I grabbed each ear of the last sugar bag but it was so light it bounced up into the air raining sugar down on us... and my little sister Sheryl screamed 'Rat' 'Rat' – and my other sister Gay leapt up on the bench in her tap shoes.

This dirty great big rat had chewed his way into the back of the bag and had gradually eaten out the middle and -- just like white-ants do to timber -- left the outer layer untouched so that the sugar bag was a hollow mask. Dad was angry but reflective. He stood with his thumbs hooked through his apron strings and said: 'Christmas is only good for women and kids.'

Olive poked her head in the door to see what the commotion was all about and soon took charge. As she always did. Olive was a big woman who was afraid of nothing,

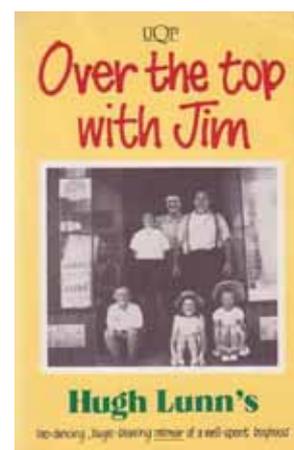
nothing at all. She first told Gay to get down off the kitchen bench. Then she ordered us kids to clean up the mess. 'What are you going to do about it Fred?' she said accusingly. 'We've got to kill that rat.'

Fred was unmoved. He stopped sweeping and leaned on the broom and said: 'I can't come at killing things; I leave that to them that enjoys it.... Anyway, Duck, there are two things you'll always have in this world: cockroaches and rats.' This was the cue for Gay to show off. Just that week, I'd been doing my homework at the kitchen table and the question was: 'Name a domestic animal' and Gay had said: 'a rat'. Well didn't the nuns give me what-for when I gave that answer the next day!

So now Gay was gloating: 'See Hughie. I was right. Dad agrees with me, a rat is a domestic animal.' Olive was unimpressed: 'Alright, Know-all Not,' she said to Gay, 'use your muscle instead of your mouth and put some elbow grease into

cleaning up.' Then she ordered Jackie home to fetch his Stella air rifle, and sent Sheryl next door to buy a rat trap from Mr Mewings the grocer. Olive then turned on Fred. She'd been up at the bank, and discovered that a cheque from one of our customers, Mr Harry, had bounced.

'You've got to stop accepting dud cheques Fred, or we'll go out backwards,' Olive said. Fred shook his head, and said: 'If someone reached out and twisted



my nose, I'd wait to see if they did it again ... to see if they meant to do it the first time. **Everyone deserves a second chance.**

We had all gathered back in the kitchen when, out of the blue, my classmate Jim Egoroff arrived. 'How have you been going these couple of last days, Mr and Mrs Lunn?' Jim said. Jackie explained our problem, and handed Jim our shanghai which was already loaded with a Queensland nut. Jackie shouldered his air rifle and handed me our Bowie knife: 'Hughie, this is for you. If we only wound him, you leap on him, and finish him off.' I didn't like the sound of that, so was I glad that Sheryl had bought an enormous rat trap, like a wooden chopping block with a giant spring that snapped shut like a guillotine.

Olive baited the trap with an old trick her wood-cutter ancestors used at Nerang: 'You take the white kernel of a Queensland nut; tie it onto the trap with string so the rat can't steal it, and then drip vanilla essence onto the nut. It will entice any rat within shouting distance.' But -- seeing as the rat had already eaten 60 lbs out of a 70 lb bag of sugar -- Jim Egoroff was skeptical. Jim was an inventor as well as a Russian, and so he quickly came up with his own plan.

'Mrs Lunn,' Jim said, 'this is honestly honestly true, I have of

**Everyone
deserves a
second chance**

continued on page 12

continued from page 11

invented a fool's proof rat catcher. All you need is a mirror and the Tarzan's Grip. You place the mirror in the corner. You squirt the Tarzan's Grip on the floor. The rat will see his reflection and think it is an opponent and attack ... and get stuck in the Tarzan's Grip!' I spoke up: 'What a stupid idea, Jim. Only a Russian would think of that.'

Jim turned slowly and looked at me, squinting with disdain: '**Christmas is a time of forgiveness,**' he said. '**But the only people worth forgiving are those who don't deserve it. So I forgive you Lunn.'**

Soon everyone was arguing about whose method would be best when, of all people, Fred spoke up: 'Why don't we put the Queensland nut and the vanilla essence in your old budgie cage, Hughie, put it under the shop with the cage door held open by a length of Christmas tinsel. You kids lie in wait, and when the rat goes in to eat, you let go the tinsel, and you'll have him!'

Fred had come up trumps. Olive was impressed. She beamed at him proudly and her blue eyes looked even more beautiful. 'Now THAT'S showing gumption!' she said. 'Your brains are worth bottling Freddie.'

So the five of us kids put Fred's plan into action: we lay on flattened cardboard boxes on the dirt under the shop, and waited for the rat to show up. Meanwhile, upstairs, Mum and Dad cleaned up the shop for our holiday at Kingscliffe. All was quiet, and pretty soon Gay and Sheryl were squabbling, and Jackie and Jim were taking turns firing the air gun at cockroaches. In no time at all we were out in the yard playing 'hit the tin' with the kids from Marshall's Shoe Emporium.

It was only when the sun had finally set on Christmas Eve that Olive yelled out from the back landing, that it was time to shut the shop. We were all ready to head home when suddenly Sheryl piped up: 'What about the rat?' We'd forgotten all about him.

Downstairs, under the shop, was the budgie cage. The door had dropped shut, and at the bottom of the cage, surrounded by red and green Christmas tinsel, munching on a vanilla-flavoured Queensland nut, was the fattest rat you'd ever see. He stopped eating and looked up at us and you'd have to say, he had a guilty look behind his whitened whiskers.

Jim was the first to speak: 'Without word of a lie, this must be the Christmas Rat!' Even though we had between us a shanghai, a rifle, a guillotine trap, a Bowie knife, and a tube of Tarzan's Grip, not one of us could bear to kill him. Not even Olive.

Fred lifted up the cage door and our Christmas Visitor crawled out and staggered away, his full belly dragging in the dirt. Fred turned to Olive and said: 'You see, Duck, **everyone** deserves a second chance.' ❖

Copyright Hugh Lunn

Timelines

75 years ago in 1938

The Randwick Catholic Church Record reported that for many years the sleeping quarters for the Brigidine Nuns had been inadequate and most uncomfortable. With the increased number of Nuns required to teach the growing enrolment of students it became imperative to build suitable rooms for the Nuns and plans had been prepared for a third storey to be added to the Convent building. In an appeal for support, said the Record, 'any donations, however small, will be gratefully received and donors will ever be remembered in prayer by the Nuns.'

50 years ago in 1963

In November that year the new presbytery fronting Avoca Street was blessed and opened. Replacing the old presbytery at the rear of the church, the new presbytery allowed the priests to be more accessible to parishioners. The building had been designed to provide comfort and convenience for the priests, and had been planned very wisely for practical use. After the building was blessed by Bishop Freeman and Mass celebrated at a special outdoor dais the Record indicated that 'the doors of the presbytery were opened to all and afternoon tea was served to the large crowd by a devoted group of ladies.'

Awakenings

CARMEL MAGUIRE

‘Wake up to yourself’ was my father’s advice to any of his four daughters suspected of entering a universe parallel to his own. Eight decades into my allotted span, staying awake is an increasing challenge, whether in television documentaries or sermons, however worthy. Staying awake to life’s challenges is a still greater challenge. One of the newer realities is the power and influence of the so-called social media. The ‘Twittering’ of opinions I don’t want to hear at the bottom of my television screen moves me quickly to the ‘off’ button, and, while the Editors let me, I will confine my ‘blogging’ to this publication.

After at first deciding that Facebook and all the rest of the tribe could be more aptly described as the antisocial media, I have begun to suspect that the social media may not be all bad. After all, perfectly sensible friends and acquaintances keep reporting their doings on LinkedIn Updates, even though I’m not sure I want to hear details of their every tiny step up the career ladder. What has finally convinced me that good as well as misery can come from these media is hearing about the imaginative flair of RE teachers, one of whom has her Year 7 girls (12 and 13 year olds) creating Jesus Apps, while another had his class compile Facebook profiles for Jesus.

Waking up in the literal sense can be difficult if the morning is cold, the preceding night has been late, and the prospects for the day ahead challenging. Waking up to

the essential neutrality of most innovations, whether technological or social, is much harder, and the more difficult the longer we have believed in the old ways. The rush to judgment is a very common human impetus. So is the capacity to remain unaware that we all create our own realities, and for most of our lives we proceed as if our own is the only perception possible of people and events.

Differing perceptions of reality are all around us. It seems that most of us who have good education, good homes and good health do not regard ourselves as privileged. About half the Australian population apparently is not disgusted at government policies which stigmatize people seeking asylum in boats.

At ‘Tampa’ time, wearing a badge announcing ‘We are all boat people’ was an invitation to abusive objections in the street. Only indigenous Australians have the right to object since the rest of us are descendants of boat people if not off boats in Australia’s wonderful Postwar immigration. The planes may bring lots of the wealthy seekers of a new life, but the boats have always been full of the oppressed, and will continue to be so. Happily the boats carrying my Irish ancestors were not turned back because they were economic refugees. A friend with similar ancestry has remarked that ‘Then, we were the towel-heads’.

...the social media may not be all bad...

...turn back to what we ought to ask...

I believe in the middle class, wherein people like myself have been nurtured by loving parents, with formal education available to the limit of our abilities, and with working lives full of opportunities and challenges, and are now coddled in superannuated old age. In some countries grinding poverty oppresses all but the politically and religiously powerful, when childhood is truncated by slavish work, with health of the whole population compromised by war and famine. Thank God I have so little part in the reality of these people, who are the ‘boats’ which some of us are so anxious to turn back. Turn back to what, we ought to ask.

When I see serious discussion in local coffee shops between parents and three- and four-year olds about whether one or two marshmallows should be added to the babycinos, I rejoice at the glorious trivia of our daily concerns. I just wish that I could rid myself of the other images that arise of children on boats or in the sea with or without their parents, whether bound for detention centres or for heaven.

Litanies seem to be out of fashion in our current quiver of prayers. Maybe we could campaign with our splendid responsive parish for the introduction of a new litany in which we recognize our privilege and extend our consideration to the refugees at all stages in their plight. It might help us to wake up to ourselves if we prefaced our supplications with the mantra, ‘Lampedusa, Manus, Nauru’ – in any order. ❖

Snapshot of My Life on Mission

Sr MARY STEVENS fdnsc

I grew up in Nabic and Taree and educated by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Lochinvar and on leaving school, worked in Taree as a secretary. Responding to God's call to give my life helping others, I took up nursing completing my General Certificate at OLSH Hospital, Randwick. This period was a time of happiness and fulfilment which cemented my calling to the healing ministry and a further calling to enter Religious Life entering the congregation of the Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Kensington in 1970 and was professed in 1973. The Congregational charism, 'To be on Earth the Heart of God,' pulses with the life of all the people of the world. It impels us to live our ordinary lives with extraordinary presence, grace and commitment and to live in deep compassion with all the pain and suffering of the least among us.

In my early years as a religious Sister I nursed in the Convent Infirmary, Kensington, OLSH Hospital, Randwick and was a foundation member of St. Joseph's Nursing Home, Kensington, 1975. In 1978 I successfully completed my Midwifery Certificate at St. Margaret's Hospital, Darlinghurst and was assigned to the isolated Aboriginal Mission of Port Keats, now known as Wadeye. I found the Aboriginal people to be friendly and kind, with a great love for their children and old people. I learnt their way of life, participated in and enjoyed many cultural activities. Sadly, with the introduction of Social Welfare Benefits and alcohol, the community began to disintegrate and the effects are still evident today. Without a medical doctor, frequent power outages and no phone connection administering the clinic/hospital was a challenging and learning experience but one which I relished.

Over the years the Health Team, including Aboriginal Health Workers, did much to improve the health standards in the community. The Port Keats people will always hold a special place in my heart as well as the Aboriginal people of Santa Teresa, Alice Springs and Daly River, N.T. – missions in which I also worked.

In 1991 I was missioned to the Philippines as Regional Leader and held this position until 2002. The Filipino people come from a vibrant culture in which hard work and the celebration of life are strong values. The disparity between the rich and the poor was heart wrenching. The rich live in huge gated houses; the poor outside their gate are housed under cardboard boxes, while others live under bridges, in dug out holes or in squatter settlements.

Desiring to liberate both the rich and the poor our sisters followed Jesus' instructions to Proclaim the Good News that the Kingdom of God is near doing this through education, health clinics, working to free people from unjust social patterns and structures, establishing income generating projects, responding to humanitarian emergencies and just being with people listening compassionately to their stories of hardship.

I was then missioned to Timor-Leste and experienced poverty the scale of which I have never seen elsewhere. Due to the war with Indonesia the people had lost everything. It was a country of destruction and destitution. I began a mobile clinic and set up a nutrition program in a number of places. The people suffered from diseases controllable in Australia: tuberculosis, malaria, leprosy, worms, hepatitis etc. They



lived in dire poverty – no water, power, sanitation and little food, some eating only cassava for three years. The nearest clinic was in Dili and the frail and sick would die before they could get there.

The children were dreadfully emaciated. Despite their suffering and hardship the people were faith-filled. 'Go to the poor and you will experience God' became a deeper reality for me in Timor-Leste.

'Unless you become like little children you will not enter the Kingdom of Heaven' was the daily reminder I received when I took up the directorship of a Children's Home: Holy Family Care Centre, in Ofcolaco, South Africa in 2008. For Jesus, a child was the model of humility, trust, wonder, playfulness and joy. There were 70 children, boys and girls, in residence at Holy Family, ages ranging from infancy to 18 years.

The home was initially set up for children with HIV and Aids but was later expanded to accept children who had been orphaned, abused, abandoned and neglected – the most vulnerable and neediest in the society. It was my privilege to welcome, love, value, serve, protect and hold as a blessing these beautiful children.

In concluding this brief glimpse of my mission life I must say I gained infinitely more than I ever gave. ❖

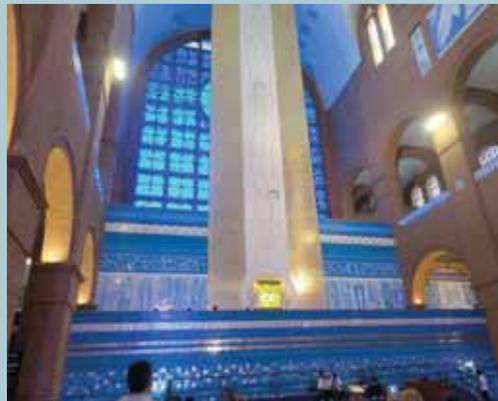
'Glory to God whose power working in us can do infinitely more than we can ask for or imagine'.

On the Road to Rio

In August Frs Peter, Prasad and Joshua attended the World Youth Day Pilgrimage in Brazil. It also provided the opportunity to visit some significant churches and sites and Fr Peter's camera reveals some of these in the photos below.

Basilica of the National Shrine of Our Lady Aparecida in Rio

It is dedicated to Our Lady Aparecida, (a variant of the Immaculate Conception) as the principal Patroness of Brazil. It has become the greatest Marian pilgrimage centre in the world.



'I had never seen anything like this in India. The floor plan of the Basilica is built in the form of a huge cross and a big altar is built in the middle of the church'.

Fr Prasad

Candelária Church in Rio

was built and decorated during a long period, from 1775 to the late 19th century. The church combines a Baroque façade with a Neoclassical and Neo-Renaissance interior elements. Six panels are painted on the ceiling above the main aisle telling the history of the church.



'The most beautiful church I think I've ever seen'.

Fr Peter

Jesuit Missions in Santa Anna

is one of 20 missions founded by the Jesuits in the 17th and 18th centuries to convert local tribes to Christianity. After the expulsion of the order from Spanish territories in 1767, the missions were abandoned and fell into ruin. Some of the remains are registered as sites of significance by UNESCO.



'Celebrating Mass in the courtyard among the ruins was profoundly moving'.

Fr Peter

Favela school on outskirts of Lima city.

A significant number of the children attending had been abandoned by their parents because of poverty. The teachers are their life-line and their affection for these little ones is beautiful.



'The school captain welcomed us in English and through an interpreter he told us he loved football but was 'no good at it and they always kicked him off the team'.

Fr Joshua

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 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

randwickmagazine@gmail.com

**Copies of past editions of
the Parish Magazine are
now available on the
Parish website.**

Editors welcome feedback on the
magazine and its contents.

Email to:

randwickmagazine@gmail.com
or place in an envelope marked
'magazine' in the Parish Office.

The Back Page WITH FR PETER

How often on returning from an experience (like World Youth Day) or a holiday we slot back into our everyday life which tends to swamp the experience and we can lose the taste of it. Memories and taking time and quietness to cherish them, I piously tell myself (and others), are so important.

Pretty early on in my life, I learnt to seek the Lord's immediate help in prayer – and to this day I often hear myself saying, 'Lord, I can't get through today, unless you get me through it.' It is now a habit of prayer – which often becomes: 'Lord, I don't want to get through this day through my own abilities – but only in and through you.' I love the insights of the medieval English mystic, Julian of Norwich: 'nothing is too great or too small for the Lord's attention. Bring everything to him.' And there's the down to earthiness of St Teresa of Avila: 'Let nothing disturb thee, be thou of nought afraid. Hold on to God who alone abides. Be patient (there's the rub for me) and thou wilt of all things attain.'

Prayer, consistent and attentive is the currency of pastoral energy and spiritual sustenance. Perhaps you feel that contemplative prayer is for inhabitants of some other planet, not yours? For too long I thought it was only for monks and nuns, very holy and recollected people, or saints. I've learnt otherwise, to my surprise, during a retreat quite some years back on St Teresa of Avila at Douglas Park. We learnt that 'Infused contemplation is a divinely given, non-conceptual, loving awareness of God. It can take the form of loving attention, dry desire, intense thirst. None of these experiences are the result of reading or reasoning. The prayer is serene and purifying. At this stage of prayer there is *a great desire for God*, linked with the call to let go of the discursive way of praying. Always it is transformative of the person.' Yes, I can hear you say, 'What on earth is that all about?' But if you take the time to unpack it, it makes sense.

How often people say to me, 'I can't pray as I used to – I want to, but nothing seems to come.' Yet they are expressing an 'intense thirst' or a 'dry desire' for closeness, for union with Christ. Prayer sometimes just does not seem satisfying – but Jesus may be purifying us: seek the Giver (Christ) more so than the gifts. Perhaps one is holding onto habits of prayer which need to be broadened?

Often we can get locked into 'saying prayers', when the ever-patient Lord is inviting us to button up the lips and mind, and simply be quiet, listen, in his Presence. However, 'simply being quiet', as one will probably quickly experience, can be something not so easily achieved. I heard a story once of a visiting holy man who said to some men gathered for a retreat: 'If you can be totally free of words and distractions for the length of one Our Father, I'll give you my horse.' One boofhead said 'No problems' and settled into becoming quiet. After a few seconds he said, 'By the way, does the bridle and saddle come with the horse?' The Parish meditation groups can help us gain that interior quiet so conducive and necessary for prayer. I highly recommend them – see the weekly *Bulletins* for Fr Doug's John Main meditation groups and Brigidine Sr Teresa Boyle's Wednesday group.

To conclude I found this quotation from David Tacey in his book, *Re-enchantment: The New Australian Spirituality* (2000) p.198. It certainly speaks to me.

'I would suggest that rather than being 'modernised' in some sense that is synonymous with demystification, the people want the churches to be 'monasticised' - turned into local monasteries that teach reflective prayer and meditation, offering a transformative, inward experience of the sacred. This is, paradoxically, how churches can regain contact with the world: not by diluting the message even further to accord with a disenchanting sensibility, but by providing a sturdy and solid spiritual brew, one that is based on monastic traditions of mysticism within the Church.

Currently young people are turning to India and the East if they are to find a contemplative path that encourages meditation and spiritual exercises...' Out of our spiritual tradition we 'have to get beyond the dogma and arrive at a transformative experience of the sacred.' ❖