

Parish Magazine

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ST MARGARET MARY'S RANDWICK NORTH

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART RANDWICK

Reflection

DIANE GORDON

Faith is a word with which every Christian is familiar. We compete for our faith, we share our faith, we are saved by grace through faith, and we all have faith in Jesus Christ.

I often struggle with faith. I don't mean faith in my salvation through Christ. I struggle with putting my faith completely in God, I tell God I will put the problem in his hands and then find myself impatient with God's timing. When God's timing doesn't match up with mine, and it rarely does, I misdirect my faith into my own ability to get things done. I confess, 'waiting upon the Lord' is not my forte.

Abraham was an old man when God promised him a son. When Isaac was finally born, it was nothing less than a miracle. But God decided to test Abraham's faith, by telling him to sacrifice Isaac. Abraham displayed faith by following God's orders. He knew that God had a purpose for everything, and there must be some reason behind this as well. God saw Abraham's faith, and Isaac was given a reprieve at the last moment.

Job was a man of faith. This man lost everything near and dear to him, yet he resisted the promptings to curse God. He maintained his faith in God.

I love reading Hebrews chapter 11. This passage is too long to quote here, but it definitely teaches us about the power of faith. It places all faith on God, rather than on people. It is resolved, unwavering, unquestioning. It is this faith that opens us to miraculous works and healing.

Terms like spirituality and faith mean different things to different people and often are used interchangeably. But I think faith refers to our response to God's love. It is belief in a divine being whom we cannot see or adequately understand, and hope that is God's gift to us. Faith has some element of decision to it, but at its core is our own belief in God. ❖

With this issue we farewell one of our editors and long time friend.

Joan McNamara

This Parish Magazine is a tribute to the hard work of Joan and her husband Tony.

Front Cover Photo: People's Pope (2013)

Oil on canvas 137x167cm by Jiawei Shen. Vatican Art Collection.
A life-size painting of Pope Francis against a backdrop of men, women and children.
Birds are featured including an Australian parrot and they pay tribute to traditional depictions of St Francis of Assisi after whom Pope Francis took his name.

See story on page 3

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

Painting the Pope

JIawei SHEN

Jiawei Shen arrived in Australia in 1989, a refugee from China. Now a leading Australian artist, he was commissioned in 2013 to paint the first official portrait of Pope Francis. This is his story.

My painting, *Mary MacKillop of Australia* won the Mary MacKillop Art Award in January 1995, and on the next day, as the winner, I met Pope John Paul II at the front of my painting in the Sydney Powerhouse Museum. We talked about the painting, and he then gave me a commemorative medal. It was a turning point in my Australian career. Until then I had been drawing portrait sketches for tourists in Darling Harbour and the Australian Wonderland to support everyday life. Pope John Paul II changed my life. In 2008, when visiting the Vatican for the first time as a tourist, I came to Pope John Paul II's tomb. I knelt for a long time with tears of gratitude.

Then one day in April 2013 my fellow artist Byron Hurst and the chairman of the board of the Hazelhurst Regional Art Centre was in Rome visiting the Australian Embassy in the Holy See.

There was a poster on the wall - a copy of my winning painting *Mary MacKillop of Australia*. Byron told John McCarthy, the Ambassador, that he was a friend of mine. John said he had been looking for me, because he had an idea, to let me paint a portrait of the new Pope, to be the official present of the Australian Government to the Holy See, to celebrate the 40 years anniversary of the diplomatic relationship between these two countries.

In his email Byron told me the arrangements would be made to have my wife and me attend the presentation in the Vatican, and provide free accommodation when we would be in Rome. I agreed and replied immediately because although Pope Francis had been Pope for just one month, he had been so welcomed by people in the whole world, including me, a non-Catholic artist. Also after I won the Mary MacKillop prize I wanted to donate it to the Church, but in 1997 I bought a home-studio, and facing the heavy pressure of mortgage, I had to sell the painting to a Hong Kong gallery.

Since then, I've always felt that I owed the Catholic Church. Now, it seemed the right time, to let me pay off that debt!

We waited for approval from Pope Francis about this portrait project. It came in early August 2013. In his email Byron told me: 'The Pope has approved our portrait project on the plane on his way back from Rio at the World Youth Day celebrations where he said Mass for three million pilgrims. The Vatican has approved your access to their photographic archives to select some images. They are looking for something depicting the Pope amongst the people reaching out



to ordinary people of various backgrounds'.

The presentation was to take place in September and it meant I had to create this work within three weeks. But with the announcement of a federal election the presentation was delayed and held in the Vatican on 28 April 2014. That morning Pope Francis walked into the hall to see his first portrait. It was a life size image of him in the painting, exactly the same as the real subject! Pope Francis gave it his warm approval and loved the dove in the painting. He then blessed the painting, and blessed all of the people in the hall.

It was the first time I had painted a portrait before meeting the subject. In the next week my wife and I were invited to attend the meeting in St Peter's Square. I saw how the Pope reviewed millions of people in his white car, and how the people expressed their love to the Pope. They simply called out his name: 'Fran - cesco! Fran - cesco!' I had caught this scene in my painting, - before I had seen it by my own eyes!

I am the luckiest artist in the world. I have met and shook hands with the two greatest Popes of our time. ❖

...loved the dove
in the painting...

Places in Randwick: Fred Hollows Reserve

Blink and you can miss it – the little sign on Alison Road just before Carrington Road – it says ‘Fred Hollows Reserve’. And it is just two hectares of bushland that has survived the ravages of the surrounding urban development that characterised the 1970s. The Reserve was formerly known as the Glebe Gully as it was part of the 16 hectares of the Glebe Lands granted to St Marks Darling Point in 1857. In 1993 it was renamed after Fred Hollows, an ophthalmologist who became known for his work in restoring eyesight for countless thousands of people in Australia and overseas.

The Reserve is the last of the moist gully forests which once ran from the ridges of Randwick to the Coogee Basin. The Reserve is surrounded by large sandstone ridges, and amongst these are a series of gullies. This is the only one to have survived with its

original vegetation virtually intact, with the others having been obliterated by urban development. It survived following opposition by residents to the building of further high rise apartments.

Randwick Council constructed a boardwalk, viewing platforms with information plaques, and a footbridge across the creek which allows for a walk through from the Alison Road entrance to the Bligh Place entrance where a series of high rise blocks had been allowed. The sign there competes with parked cars for attention.

A walk through the Reserve is like a back to nature outing. A total of 44 indigenous plant species occur in the reserve. A canopy of mature rainforest trees - Coachwoods and Lillypillys and a mid-storey consisting of Corkwood, Scentless Rosewood and Cheese Tree - plus



a variety of ground covering ferns including Gristle Fern, False Bracken Fern and Sickle Fern can be seen on the thirty minute 430 metres walk through the Reserve. Bats and possums regularly appear at dusk. Scattered among the natural habitat is landfill and rubble from the earlier tower building developments. Randwick Council has a maintenance program to assist with the clearing of weeds and overgrown vegetation. It also has a Bushcare program assisting volunteers who regularly work to restore various sections of the Reserve. ❖

References: Randwick District Historical Society, Randwick City Council

What I Do: MSC Provincial

Fr JOHN MULROONEY msc

Greetings to the people of OLSH Parish, Randwick.

My name is John Mulrooney and I am presently the Provincial of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. Prior to being elected Provincial three and half years ago I primarily worked in MSC Schools throughout Australia and I have been Principal at Monivae College, Hamilton Victoria, Chevalier College, Bowral NSW and Downlands College, Toowoomba Qld.

In my present role I have overall responsibility for the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart who are working in Australia, Papua New Guinea, Japan and Vietnam. The first responsibility of the Provincial is the care of our men who work in an extraordinary variety of ministries – in parishes; schools; overseas missions; spirituality services and a whole variety of individual ministries in Australia and other countries. There are other responsibilities involving the good stewardship of the resources of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart ensuring there is support for the missions we undertake and a myriad of overall governance issues.

As you can imagine this involves a lot of travel both within and outside Australia as we are spread far and wide as our Missionaries tend to do. As Provincial I have some International responsibilities as well to attend Conferences of MSCs in various parts of the world. This year it will involve extra travel to Indonesia and Guatemala.

You have a wonderful team of MSCs at Randwick led by a wonderful Parish Priest, Fr Peter Hearn. Thank you for the extraordinary love and support you offer these men. A priest is only as good as the people who love him and whom he serves.

The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have a long history of commitment to the people of Randwick and we thank you for the support you have given all the men who have served there. ❖

With every best wish to you all.
Take care. God bless.
John Mulrooney MSC
Provincial

A Musical Interlude for the Heart

Fr PETER HEARN msc

It has been said that ‘music hath charms to soften rocks and soothe the savage breast’. Whatever it is about rocks and savage breasts, I believe that music opens Heaven to us. Beautiful music, beautiful anything, I guess is a royal road into the Mystery of Transcendence, opening the soul and imagination to the wonder of God.

Even before I was appointed to OLSH, I knew from the occasional Masses I celebrated here whilst living at the Provincial House, that there was a large group of musically talented people here. I have now seen that it is even greater than I suspected and of course, one wonders about what other talented people are still to be drawn into our liturgical life via music.

And, what of the many other talents of our parishioners – talents for welcoming, visitation, leadership, service of all kinds, evangelisation...? Uncovering individual talents by offering avenues for people to shine in building up the community of faith is an impor-

tant, and to some extent, still under-exploited (for want of a better word) aspect of our parish life.

The concert in our church on Sunday 15 June was outstanding. The leadership and sheer talent of Tony Amidharmo, ably assisted by Randy Amidharmo as our conductor and cellist, Cinzia Montresor the principal soloist, Jessie Tu our violinist, Alana Thorne with the flute, and Tom Holland our trumpeter, brought together a delightful combination of choir and musicians – a joy to be with. I believe we all bring an extra quality to the presentation of sacred music. One can find choirs which are note perfect, but without any sense of underlying faith in the sacred words they sing, and something is lacking by comparison with those who sing well and sing ‘from the heart’.



That is exactly what the concert was termed: ‘A Musical Interlude for the Heart’. All most appropriate. So many have written or commented on how delighted they were with the concert. Amongst those who were delighted was Sr Duschene of the OLSH Convent at Kensington who tutored Tony and Randy in music some years back now.

Our thanks to all who gave so willingly of their time and talents to delight us, including those who prepared the supper that followed. ‘When’s the next one?’ is all I hear. ❖

Joan McNamara 1937 – 2014

Joan was associated with the Parish Magazine when it was revived in 2002 with Ruth Paton as its first editor. From 2008 when it became a colour magazine Joan was part of the editorial team with her husband Tony, and Debbie Lawrence. She wrote some articles, was the magazine’s grammarian (incorrect placement of commas and apostrophes were her chief targets) and many articles about parishioners resulted from her gentle persuasion to encourage them to tell their stories.

For Joan, life revolved around her family, her friends and her community. She was an active member of the OLSH community since 1959. Her involvement included taking Holy Communion to the sick, membership of the Sacred Heart Sodality, the Friendship Group and the Readers Roster. For many years Joan was active in the Parents and Friends Association of OLSH Primary School where their five children - Stephen, Clare, Timothy, Deirdre and Peter (Mango) - attended over 15 years. Her friendship extended well beyond Randwick and she maintained a regular and enduring friendship with friends from her school days.

In recent years, in addition to the Parish Magazine Joan was especially committed to the restoration of Ventnor House. She passed away on 3 May, exactly 27 years to the day when her mother died. She was farewelled at a Requiem Mass at OLSH Church on 8 May 2014.

Joan was a gentle woman and loved by her family and her friends. And they loved her. ❖



Fifty Years of Religious Life

Sr ELAINE TROY

I am Elaine Troy (and yes, my mother gave me Helen as a middle name!), a Daughter of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and in January this year, along with six other sisters, I celebrated fifty years of Religious Profession.

I believe that I was attracted to religious life by the example of the sisters I encountered over the years and particularly by their kindness and acceptance. I am sure I joined them with the desire to help other people uppermost in my thoughts. This slowly developed over the years of reflection and prayer and a relationship with God became foremost. As Karl Rahner says in one of his essays, *'It is not why we came that matters, but why we stay'*.

I had entered to become a sister and had not given much thought to what I would do as one. Teaching was suggested and after training I was sent to Melbourne to our secondary school at Bentleigh. The students were wonderful: I particularly enjoyed teaching mathematics and I learnt a lot about geology and astronomy in order to cover the Year 9 science syllabus. I remember the day spent watching a fuzzy TV as man first walked on the moon, the night I was up late and saw the Aurora Australis lights in the southern sky, and how I was constantly amazed by the trust, love and friendship offered by the students and their parents. I realized that they extended to me a privileged place in their lives and that I should always strive to return that trust.

I attended UNSW, studied Mathematics and Physics, and enjoyed the opportunity. I then went into administration at Bentleigh College, initially as deputy and later as principal. This last role was very rewarding as it gave me an opportunity to work

with the teachers to make things happen. I will always be grateful to the staff for the dedication and expertise they showed as well as their concern for each girl they taught.

In my spare time I began theology studies at Corpus Christi seminary and it was then that I became particularly aware of the role of ongoing revelation in our lives, and the unfolding and development of scripture in our personal existence. I also found the study of moral theology most enlightening. I still find myself today reflecting on the importance of growth in our understanding of our religion, and how that can be offered in today's very busy world.

In my mid-fifties my life took an unexpected twist. After coronary by-pass surgery I developed depression. (I cannot recommend highly enough the need to choose one's parents carefully!). At first



this was a complete disaster for me. I no longer had the energy to teach and this took me from the students whom I loved so much. Eventually with the aid of medication I recovered sufficiently to undertake other roles such as looking after the refugees who came to our parish and visiting the sick and elderly, bringing them the Blessed Sacrament. This opened up a whole new experience and has given me opportunities for personal growth. It is certainly not the path I would have chosen for myself but it has given me freedom to be available to people whom I would not otherwise have encountered. God certainly moves in mysterious ways.

Meanwhile the other members of my profession group were getting on with their lives. We have lived and worked in NSW, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Northern Territory, Rome, South Africa and Southern Sudan. Who said you had to join the Navy to see the world?

My Golden Jubilee has given me the opportunity to look back on these fifty years and I do so with gratitude to my family and the friends who have supported me, with enjoyment of the opportunities given, and with love for the God who has been with me every step of the way. ❖

There are many different sayings in which the way to live a 'Good life' has been encapsulated over the centuries of human existence.

Possibly the best known comes from the Bible, 'You shall love the Lord your God with your whole heart and your neighbour as yourself'. Lk10:27

For me the words of Micah, 'Act justly, love tenderly and walk humbly with your God', sum up the meaning of my religious life: fifty years of trying to the best of my ability to follow Jesus' example of living a life of poverty, chastity and obedience. I hasten to add that I have done this with more or less success.

Caring for Children - Becoming a Foster Carer

**ANNE-MARIE
LEIS**

Anne-Marie Leis and her husband John are Foster Carers. Here she writes of the joy of their involvement in foster-caring.

I was fifty-eight years old when I started fostering children through Barnardos. Of all the different occupations I have undertaken during my life, fostering young children is the most rewarding and satisfying work I have ever done.

It was through our involvement with Randwick St Vincent De Paul Society (SVDP) that I began thinking of becoming a Foster Carer. Part of our work involves responding to requests for assistance to relatives of children in the Sydney Children's Hospital. Often these people are from country areas and find themselves struggling with the unexpected and high cost of living away from home. As members of SVDP, we are able to provide Food Vouchers or assistance with accommodation and travelling expenses.

About four or five years ago John and I assisted relatives, in three different cases, of babies who were in hospital suffering physical abuse. These babies were taken into the care of the Department of Family and Community Services (FACS) and upon discharge were placed in Foster Care. In one case we learnt from the baby's grandfather that FACS were having difficulty finding a carer and eventually the baby was placed with a woman who already had three unrelated children in her care. This made me realise there was a serious need for more Foster Carers.

After some soul searching and making enquiries we were contacted by Barnardos. We prayed and talked about it during Lent 2010. In the week following Easter Sunday, a Barnardos caseworker asked us if we were still interested in caring for children. I took this as a sign that

God was calling us in this direction so we immediately agreed and were soon involved in the assessment process, which took another three months. In August 2010 we were approved as Short-term Carers; a couple of weeks later we got our first placement.

All except two of our placements have been involuntary where children have been removed from their family because of Domestic Violence or babies who were taken from their birth mother because of a drug dependent lifestyle. We have cared for four newborn babies, three of whom were suffering withdrawal. Despite their initial set back all these babies are now thriving and have moved on to permanent care, two to live with grandparents and the other two to families who hope to adopt them.

We prayed and talked about it

Two placements have been for two siblings of primary school age. It takes more time to settle older children into a routine and sometimes they may initially have some challenging behaviours. With the help of Barnardos workers and other professionals, things soon start falling into place. The children thrive on good care, routine and kindness along with rules and boundaries. We soon start functioning as a family unit and become quite attached to each other. We respect and cherish the innocent trust the children put in us as their carers while their case proceeds through the court system.



Children may be in our care from two to twelve months and there is no problem taking a break between placements.

Bonding with the children in our care is of great importance, especially for newborns and very young children who desperately need the security and comfort of attachment with their caregiver to enable them to have normal, healthy development and the best start to life. While this is of utmost importance for the child, it is hard for us when they have to leave. However, when we see the children go to good families where we believe they are going to be loved and have security for the rest of their lives, it fills us with hope and softens our loss and sadness. We feel it is a great privilege to love and care for these vulnerable little ones.

Our work with SVDP and Barnardos has given our lives much purpose and meaning. Barnardos is often looking for short-term foster carers and I am happy to answer any questions about our experience.

Our Randwick SVDP Conference is also looking for new members and welcome enquiries from anyone who can attend a meeting every second Tuesday and has a little free time now and then to visit clients in their home or at the hospital. Our visits are conducted in pairs so initially you would accompany an experienced member on these visitations. ❖

You can contact us at home on: 9326 5384, John's mobile: 0413 811 208 or Anne-Marie's mobile: 0425 246 012.

Our Story: Kay

I am a Randwick Girl, born on Friday 20 December 1957 to Betty and Jack Franks, and the three of us lived opposite the Randwick Bus Depot in King Street Randwick.

I started my school years at the newly built Our Lady of the Sacred Heart infants' school with Miss Pat Ryan as my teacher and I have fond memories of a young red-headed Father O'Brien greeting us as we played around the school grounds. My mother was a Tuckshop Lady and it was lovely to know she was nearby.

As an impressionable youngster I was mesmerised with the old buildings that seemed to appear around every corner; The Prince of Wales Hospital, Sandgate (now occupied by a real estate agency), our wonderful Church, the Odeon Theatre (closed in 1980), and the still operating Ritz Theatre, to mention a few, and my imagination would run wild as to who or what would be found in these old buildings.

When shopping with Mum we would visit Hannans Butcher shop (the former Star and Garter Inn, now the Cook House restaurant), to buy our meat, and just outside

was Captain Cook's statue facing due south as if he was standing on the bridge of one of his many ships. I firmly believed this was Captain Cook's final resting place just outside Hannans Shop, that is, until Mum set the record straight.

My Holy Communion breakfast was held at Ventnor and I was enchanted by the beauty of Ventnor, the French doors that opened up to a panoramic view of the water in the distance.

Growing up in the 1960s, Randwick Shopping Centre was a hub of activity with dozens of different shops including; clothes shops, shoe shops, a variety shop, at least six chemists, a haberdashery, a delicatessen, two jewellers, two cake shops, four cafes, two banks, two churches, two motels, two picture theatres, butchers, fruit shops, and newsagencies, all fertile ground for the imagination as to what I would like to be when I grew up. At one stage I wanted to be a Bus Conductress on a double-decker bus, so I could race up and down the stairs and hang precariously by one hand out the side the bus while blowing my whistle (*real daredevil stuff*) and then I wanted to work in a shoe shop because I loved shoes. Alas,

neither profession was to eventuate but my passion for shoes and handbags has never waned.

My association with the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry Hospitals began at an early age when my mother was treated for breast cancer. I was in awe of the wonderful staff who worked tirelessly to treat and comfort the people in their care and I was ever mindful that some people were facing the most arduous and dire times of their lives. These wonderful people would be there in the darkest hours to comfort and support both patients and relatives, and I wanted to be a part of this wonderful place.

I started work at the Prince of Wales Hospital in 1977 and began a life time of wonderment and reverence. There is the ebb and flow of a busy hospital and the characters you encounter, the selfless and tireless work performed, all for the betterment of people. For me it has been very humbling and very spiritual times.

Among the unsung heroes of POWH I met a dashing young man by the name of Max and we married on St Valentine's Day 1998. ❖

How does your garden grow?

The west facing garden of Ventnor House was planted in June 2012, soon after the completion of the new back/front entrance.



Our Story: Max

KAY and MAX CAMPBELL

I was born in Wollongong to Freda and Robert Campbell and I have two brothers and one sister. My father died when I was a baby and we moved to Dubbo to live with my Maternal Grandparents. When I was eight we moved to Sydney, and I attended the De La Salle School (now St Bridget's Primary School Coogee) and later Marcellin College.

My Brother Paul and I served as altar boys at St Bridget's Church Coogee and I was involved in all the usual after school activities, being a paper boy, football and being a larrikin.

Life in Sydney in the 1960s was simple with plenty of surfing, cricket, football, girls, more surfing and every Sunday we attended Mass at St Anthony's at Clovelly and Mum would buy pies from the Arden Street pie shop (*does anyone remember those pies?*). They were scrumptious, and we would scoff down the yummy pies and read the Sunday papers in our sunny backyard.

Upon finishing my Electrician's apprenticeship I worked on various building sites before a downturn in the building trade gave me a chance to review my career

directions and I decided to follow in my Mother's footsteps and become a registered nurse. The interest in medicine and first aid had always been with me from an early age so this was a great opportunity to fulfil the dream, and my Mother's tireless devotion to her family and the nursing fraternity has been my inspiration.

My training was done through the Hospital system which meant getting firsthand experience by working in wards by day and studying at night. We would have 'study blocks' where we would participate in full time study and examinations. I lived in the nurses accommodation at Concord Hospital and together with my fellow students we shared a great camaraderie, working and studying together.

Upon my graduation I worked for various hospitals and then for a time with the NSW Ambulance Service, then back to the Prince Henry Hospital and the Prince of Wales Hospital where I met Kay



and we married on St Valentines Day 1998 at the Prince Henry Hospital Chapel. In my early days I used to play the piano. Kay has now started guitar lessons and there is this faint hope that we might make it onto *Australia's Got Talent* as the 'Campbell's Music Makers'. Just kiddin'!

The hospital is an inspiration to me and Kay and we think often of the words of Dr Clem R Boughton, Director of Infectious Diseases Prince Henry Hospital in 1960... *'The soul of the Hospital is in the spirit of those who serve in it'* and we have had the privilege of serving with wonderful people for wonderful people.

We count our blessing for our faith, family and friends who enrich our lives every day. ❖



These photos show two years of patience and growth.

In a few months time the spring flowers will be in full bloom just as, hopefully, the new Church additions will be complete.

A Letter from the Outback

Fr JOHN SHALLVEY msc

Fr John Shallvey, who spent many years at OLSH is now the parish priest at Bourke. Here he writes about this ministry in the Outback.

It goes without saying: The outback is very different. No traffic jams, no view of the glistening sea from the dining table or lounge room. No community. No parking or car park concerns!

On the other hand a beautiful night sky to glory in, and wonder with stars, no pollution or city lights to dim their twinkle. Fresh country air, little hassle and bussle, and lots of opportunity to pray and reflect with long drives in country bushland.

**It was my
father's country**

How did I come to be here? Ten or more years ago I heard that bishops wanted to retire elderly priests, who were unwilling to retire if no priests could be found to take their place. I volunteered for the neediest Diocese in NSW – Wilcannia-Forbes and was appointed to Hillston, a rural town in the Riverina. After 5-6 years an old MSC compatriot cum Bishop, Terry Brady, the Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese, tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I would 'go to Bourke'.

It was something of a surprise. It was my father's country. He was baptized in Bourke and spent his early years growing up here. Some of the clan are still around.

Country people have been going through a difficult time with drought, floods, reduced water allocation and the vagaries of climate change. Bourke like many regional towns continues to experience a decline in population. My first couple of years saw

floods at Bourke. There were some harrowing experiences trying to reach places on time with road closures. One of the consequences of abundant water was the proliferation of emus. Driving at night is very dangerous. Pigs, goats, sheep, cattle and emus are common enough. But the real dangers are 'roos'.

A great blessing at Bourke is the presence of four Missionaries of Charity, Mother Teresa's Sisters. Mother arrived here with some of her sisters in 1961. I thank them for being in Bourke. They are the real pastors of Bourke. They reach out to all in Bourke but particularly to the indigenous who make up half of the 3000 people living in Bourke.

The Parish School has around 100 students, half of whom are indigenous. There has been a rich tradition of religious in Bourke.

**What do I do
with myself**

Sisters of St Joseph, Sisters of Mercy and Marist Brothers have all spent time in Bourke. The staff at school can be justifiably proud of their fine contribution.

Security is an issue. The local Police Command has a complement of 45 officers and staff. High fences, dogs, alarms and locks tell a story. There are a similar number of agencies caring for the various needs of our indigenous community.

What do I do with myself? For one there is no Coogee, although I do enjoy a fine local Olympic pool in the hot months. More recently, I have taken to walking. There are

many good podcasts with some excellent teachers available to enrich my spiritual, physical and mental health. The nearest sizeable town is Dubbo, 360km away and Sydney around 770km. It is a long way to get away for some R and R.

It is not easy for parishioners if there is not some degree of stability among the clergy. I have found it does take more time than usual to find your way in Bourke but the parishioners have been very good to me, supplying my every need. Just being a priest to be with grief filled people at very sad moments in their lives or baptisms and other sacramental encounters with the Lord's love is something only a priest can know.

There are few meetings in my itinerary and, I at least, have found 'visiting' is not a characteristic of Bourke. At five o'clock the shutters are drawn and at 5.30pm you could fire a blunderbuss down the main street without fear of hitting anyone.

I would love to experience among my people a deeper thirst for the precious gifts of the sacraments. It is more of a challenge for me to enter more deeply in the ocean of His love by way of Holy Mass, the Breviary and deepening my spiritual faculties.

**... parishioners
have been very
good to me ...**

To my very dear friends at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart I think of you often. I have many memories of wonderful people and experiences with you.

My love and Blessings to you all. ❖

Sport and Spirituality

Dr JOHN FRANCIS COLLINS

Dr Collins is the Projects Manager Catholic Enquiry Centre – National Office for Evangelisation (Australian Catholic Bishops Conference). Here he reflects on the links between sport and spirituality.

The poet Bruce Dawe begins his poem *Life Cycle (for Big Jim Phelan)* with the following stanzas.

When children are born in
Victoria they are wrapped in club-
colours, laid in beribboned cots,
having already begun a lifetime's
barracking.

Carn, they cry, Carn ...
feebly at first
while parents playfully tussle
with them for possession of a rusk:
Ah, he's a little Tiger!
(And they are ...)



I was born in Victoria and it is true, along with mother's milk and Vegemite rusks, infants are inducted into Australian Rules football through a process of cultural osmosis. My parents agreed that the boys would follow the South Melbourne (now Sydney) Swans and the girls the Richmond Tigers. At the recent funeral for my father in Melbourne all those who entered the church were presented with a small red and white lapel ribbon. Some Collingwood supporters refused to pin the colours to their jacket as a display of conscientious objection. In my crib I became a Swan and I remain one, the totem has stuck.

In an era in which game fixing in cricket and when supplements scandals in the NRL and AFL are front page you may think it fanciful to join the words Sport and Spirituality together. Perhaps it is. Let us see.

Apart from the problematic nature of contemporary professional sport the term 'spirituality' is also a potential hornets' nest. There is a booming industry in body, mind

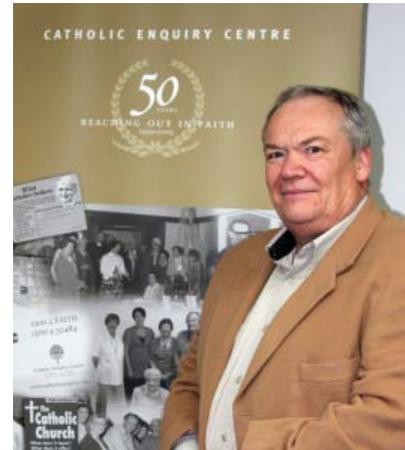
and spirit products, publications and festivals. Many people claim to be spiritual but not religious and the term spiritual is commonly associated with a vague sense of connection to the life-force that permeates all of creation.

There is however nothing vague about the joy of kicking a goal or hitting a soft ball 'just so'. A fuzzy notion of a connectedness to the energy of all creation is also a very poor substitute for the richness and depth of a Catholic view of God, prayer, life and creation.

Sport and prayer have more in common than you might first imagine. Currently it seems as if politics, community and family have all been conscripted to be servants of the economic market. In such a world running, hitting, throwing or kicking a ball or swimming, skating or surfing for no other reason than it is fun can be seen to be instances of wasting time. Perhaps they are and maybe that is the point. These useless activities offer the potential for the sportsperson to wrest back glimpses of humanity from the grinding market machinery and the culture of efficiency and production that conceivably, we have all too easily adjusted to.

**In my crib I
became a Swan**

Prayer is another human activity that can be viewed as a waste of time. Prayer of course has many forms. First among prayers is the extraordinary richness of a Mass. The simple act of stopping briefly to offer thanksgiving for the food before we eat is also important. Prayer has the potential to remind us that we are human. Like sport, prayer can be seen to serve no real purpose and achieve no tangible result. Try putting the word 'Prayer' in one column and 'Key



Performance Indicator' (KPI) in the other column.

Prayer is a wonderful waste of time. Whether one is knelling or sitting before the Blessed Sacrament, reciting the Prayer of the Church (either alone or with others), silently or vocally reciting 15 decades of the Rosary, praying with the scriptures or simply attempting to be still and know that God is God, a disinterested observer could say that it is all a waste of time.

Achievement through hard work of course is a means through which men and women co-create with God, build a sense of self-worth and give glory to God. That said, sadly, it seems that currently, many people experience work as a dehumanizing grind. A vital part of the mission of the Church is to be an influence in the creation of a culture that promotes human flourishing.

In the midst of our world as we currently experience it, we all might benefit from more opportunities for prayer. Spending time in prayer is of course not a waste of time. Prayer provides occasions for our heart, mind and body to realign in such a way that we may get a glimpse of God manifest in the sheer exuberance of simply being. Sport can be a celebration of that exuberance.

Carn, they cry, Carn ... feebly at first, Carn the Swans. ❖

*For more reflections visit the Catholic Enquiry Centre Blog
<http://www.catholicenquiry.com/blog.html>*

An Interview with Dermott O'Neill

St Margaret Mary's Primary School Randwick North was established in 1956 with about 45 pupils. It now has 193 pupils, a staff of 13 teachers – 9 full time, 4 part time and 5 support staff. It also has a new Principal, Dermott O'Neill, and in this interview he talks about himself and the school.

Your background?

All my school education was in Orange, New South Wales. My first primary school was at St Mary's and I completed my secondary schooling in 1988 at James Sheahan Catholic High School. Teaching was always my first choice for a career (I briefly thought I might become a Pharmacist or a Veterinarian) and I have never regretted that choice.

What studies did you do after school?

I gained my initial teaching qualification, a Diploma in Teaching, at the Castle Hill campus of The Australian Catholic University and then a Bachelor of Education at the University of South Australia. And in 1998 I completed my Master of Educational Administration at ACU and a Master of Theology at Notre Dame University in 2012. I was fortunate then to be selected to be part of the team with Cardinal Pell undertaking the Pilgrimage in the Footsteps of St Paul.

You have had a variety of school appointments

Yes. My first teaching appointment was in 1994 as a primary school teacher at St Mary's Orange. I was there for eight years until being appointed the Assistant Principal at St Piux X School Dubbo, before moving to Holy Family School at Bathurst.

I moved to Sydney in 2006 mainly for further career opportunities and became the Assistant Principal at St Francis of Assisi School Paddington. In 2010, I was appointed the Assistant Principal at St Mary's School Erskineville and in 2013 was appointed Acting Principal. I enjoyed my time there immensely but could not pass up the opportunity to become the Substantive Principal of St Margaret Mary's School Randwick North.

What did you know about this school?

Not a lot, but what I did, told me it was a faith filled and dynamic teaching environment with a strong supportive community. The opportunity to be its Principal was compelling.

Were you disappointed?

No, I could not be happier. It's a great school, even better than I thought.

What stands out about it?

The students show a maturity of outlook and the leadership qualities of our Year 6 class are extraordinary. They have this outward looking view to 'do good' and encourage the rest of the school to do the same. We have a mini Vinnies group and there are plans for an hour 'Stayout' one night in the school grounds sleeping in cardboard boxes to experience firsthand the difficulties faced by those less fortunate than ourselves. A bit like the adults 'Vinnies Sleepout', though evening is somewhat shorter. The school is looking for ways to link with and support Cana House at Redfern which provides safe overnight shelter for the mentally ill.

What Else?

Lots. It's true that a school is only as good as its teachers and our teachers are first class. Probably because we are a small school there is much more of a pastoral attitude that can prevail in the classrooms and on the playground. The teachers have more opportunities to know the pupils within the school and that helps not only their learning but their ability to care for each other.

Being small has not restricted the learning opportunities available at the school. Not many schools can claim, as we can, to have a

dedicated Visual Arts classroom. And we offer additional classes in Drama, Music, Italian and Spanish. There is also two school bands with time set aside for them to practice. And if reputation counts for anything we had nearly twice as many applications to enrol next year than we have places available. That is recognition that our school offers a quality education.

There must be some negatives?

Not negatives, but I would like all students to have greater access to classroom technology. Funding in a small school is always tricky so it is a matter of having a very clear vision as to where you would like to see the school move to in the coming years and sticking with it. We are planning to trial a Bring Your Own Designated Device program which will allow, I believe, far greater student engagement with learning and a much deeper understanding of what they have learned. It will also offer children more diverse opportunities to show their knowledge and understandings of a given topic or concept covered in class. Technology, used well, can give students a greater voice in directing their own learning and learning about what excites them and what they are passionate about.

What worries parents?

Predictably they want the best for their children. More and more they are concerned that they receive the best primary school education to prepare them for high school. There is also the worry about cyber bullying and bullying although that is not a present problem here. When the Naplan program was introduced there was some apprehension and concerns about stress levels of students. I don't believe it is so much of an issue now although there are aspects of it that

A Parent's Nightmare

ENROLLING MY CHILD

For parents enrolling their children in school for the first time it is a daunting experience. This story is a result of listening to those many experiences. Parents may see a little bit of themselves in this mythical tale.

We're not from Sydney. We moved here to be close to the school of our choice. You don't know us. We have two children, Kingsley and Jonathan. We lived on an 1100 acre farm, now we live in a two bedroom unit described by the agent as 'spacious'. His idea of spacious is not ours. But it is near our preferred schools.

Last year we had a few problems – drought, falling cattle prices and resisting coal seam gas mining. Nothing really compared to this year. The problem this year? Enrolling in the local schools.

It seemed so easy. Back home you turned up on the first day after Australia Day. That was it. Filled in a couple of forms and provided a phone number for emergencies. Here it is different. It started with an Open Day, a bit different to our Open Days. We called them Farm Days with exhibits of working machinery, new farm products, lots of dirt and local showground

mud. Open Day here is a bit more glitzy – spotless classrooms, students all smiles, prospective school parents dressed to the nines. Heaps of literature, including a dreaded enrolment package. There is more information needed than an application to government for drought assistance.

We struggled to get past the first few questions. School reports? The farmer's wife next door did a bit of pre-school stuff for Kingsley. Jonathan attended second class until the old wooden bridge into town collapsed. It would have been a two hour trip to school and two hours back so we home schooled him. At least there will be some glowing reports we can submit!

Links to the parish? A bit harder since we don't have a parish, just a visiting priest once a month. Still we can claim involvement as we clean the community hall for Mass and Father gets a plate of homemade scones as he heads home.



We must have done something right as we got an interview. Normally we do the interviewing, quizzing the local MP about support for the bush. Here we are interviewed. 'Can Kingsley read and write', asks a stern voice from behind a big desk. 'I can also ride a horse' piped up Kingsley. That certainly earned a smile.

Jonathan was a bit more straight forward when asked a similar question. 'Food security' he said 'is the biggest threat to this country and it needs farmers'. We had never heard him say that before but that comment was a show-stopper.

The teaching staff must have been impressed. They have both been accepted and it's now to the Uniform Shop. I bet they don't have R M Williams boots. ❖

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can still create confusion for some parents. My own view is that it is a bit like the Curate's egg – good in parts, not so in others.

Another worry is the mix of students with a tendency for boys to leave after Year 4 and creating a bit of gender imbalance in years 5 and 6. I'm not that troubled as I think that as our school continues to enhance its teaching reputation parents will opt to have their boys stay here despite the negatives that can come from having a smaller area in which the children can play.

What worries you?

A principal not only has to look after the teachers and pupils, he has to look after the finances of the school too. A small school like ours does not have the luxury of a range of financial sources and with a smaller parent group we cannot call on them for support more than we do. Generous as they are, but it would be nice to have a broader financial base to do more for our pupils. My role as Principal has meant that I don't do any teaching but I still get a boost from popping in every now and then to observe our classes.

If you had a Magic Wand what would you do?

Ours is a small school not just in numbers but in space too. So a wave of the magic wand would give us bigger buildings and a couple of grass covered ovals. The present classrooms are excellent but what joy it would be to have more of them and more playground space. Hope springs eternal. ❖

Religious Orders at OLSH: The Society of The Sacred Heart Of Jesus

Sr NANCY FITZGERALD rscj

The Society of the Sacred Heart was founded in France in 1800. Its mission was the education of young girls in the Faith, in the hope that as future mothers of the next generation, they would be responsible for bringing this faith back to a country where the revolution was endeavouring to stamp it out. For some time a group of priests, known as the Fathers of the Faith but in effect members of the suppressed Jesuit Order, had been trying to get this Order of women religious established but had failed to find a suitable leader.

Louis Barat, a teacher and later a priest, proposed for this his young sister, Madeleine Sophie, who had received from him an education far in advance of that of any woman of that time. Sophie was thus prepared for the work that God had in store for her. At the age of twenty-one she was appointed, against her will, as superior of those who took their first vows at Amiens in 1800, in what was to become the Society of the Sacred Heart.

Many were the tribulations...

Many were the tribulations which Sophie underwent, from within her own Order and without, until her death 65 years later in 1865. (Sixty years on from this, she was canonized by Pope Pius XI). A contemplative by nature, Sophie had a great missionary outreach and the Society has carried its mission to the four corners of the earth.

Strict monastic rules were imposed on Sophie's Order and so its works were confined, in the main, to running schools for both the wealthy and the poor, in

orphanages, and providing retreats for women and encouraging them to promote the faith. The Order had two streams, choir nuns, who taught and recited their Office in choir and co-adjutrix sisters, who cared for the material needs of the children (mostly in boarding schools) and their own House. Both took the same vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, with the choir nuns taking a fourth vow for the education of youth. All were equally Religious of the Sacred Heart.

The Second Vatican Council (1962-5) did away with strict enclosed monastic life, as well as the two streams of religious. Faced with a choice of being 'solemnly enclosed' like the Carmelites, or 'Apostolic' with no enclosure, the Society opted for being Apostolic and so was able to allow the religious to work in a wide variety of areas.

Their calling to be educators, as well as by teaching, now enabled them to be in areas of health, psychology, parish and social work, where other Orders, such as the Josephites, Mercies, Charities and many others had already been contributing so magnificently to the faith development of the Church in Australia. Sophie insisted that in all of this, the Society be 'based upon prayer and the interior life'. In latter years, as the number of vocations has fallen lay staff have assumed responsibilities for our schools, although our Order's presence remains.

St Madeleine Sophie's vision for the Order, which she always referred to as, 'this little Society', was to bring the knowledge and love of the Heart of Jesus to the very ends of the earth. For this she worked tirelessly. The 14,000 of her letters which are



still extant, are said to be but the tip of the iceberg. She was a very humble person, affectionate and approachable. While longing to be able to go as a missionary to faraway lands, she was tied down to the work of administration, in which she excelled but for which she had no inclination.

The type of education that Sophie envisioned for her Order was not a matter of precept or book knowledge. It is more in the

...this little society...

nature of 'heart touching heart' reflected in the words of our Constitutions: '*Caught up as we are in the desires of His Heart, we want people to grow in dignity, as human beings and as children of God*'.

Like our OLSH sisters and the MSCs, our Order is international and this internationality is highly valued. It is now on the mission outposts of Africa, Asia and South America that vocations are flourishing. We believe however, that God is still calling women to give their lives to Him in our own time and place and confidently pray for a generous response to His call to share in this wonderful and rewarding life. ❖

On First Name Terms

CARMEL MAGUIRE

Uninvited use of my first name can be irritating. Such persons never seem to bother to volunteer any portion of their names to me. To be called ‘Carmel’ on my first encounter gives me as much assurance of their respect and good will as if their form of address had been ‘Hey you’. Age and decrepitude are no barrier. Kindly old folk say: ‘They are just being friendly’; the unkindly ones like me believe it is separating ‘upstairs’ from ‘downstairs’ as surely as being offered a lower chair in a consulting room by a professional of any variety.

Yet recently in the midst of such sombre musings in the Prince of Wales Hospital Outpatients Department, I had a minor apocalypse. Suddenly, as, ‘Jimmy’, ‘Agnes’, ‘Carmel’, etc. were called by our names, we were all eight years old again –walkers, crutches, wheelchairs, plaster casts and stiff joints melted away as we gambolled like young lambs towards the proffered medical attention.

Once the first name ritual was quite different. In Victorian times and well into the twentieth century, gentlemen who were associated in business and in the professions called each other ‘Mister’. Only if they approached the barrier between acquaintance and friendship did they address each other by surnames, not first names. Ladies referred to their husbands as ‘Mister’ or ‘my husband’ in conversation with other ladies. To be on first name terms meant something.

Looking back now, it is just quaint that with long time next door neighbours in the Brisbane of my

childhood, the fathers called each other ‘Harold’ and ‘Jack’ only after many years’ amicable existence living side by side. The mothers never got to call each other ‘Kath’ and ‘Ev’. The very notion of first names exchanged across the great gender divide would have been cause for scandal.

Postwar Australia had to assimilate the fact that not everybody has a ‘Christian name’ but the idea of ‘first name’, like most other adjustments amid the growing diversity of our population, seems to have been taken on board without

difficulty, even by those who had to re-design forms for official use. A recent exchange between Pope Francis and Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netan-

yahu made me realize that Jesus did not have a ‘Christian name’ either. During their interview, Netanyahu said firmly, ‘Jesus was here, in this land. He spoke Hebrew’.

The Pope corrected the prime minister. ‘He spoke Aramaic, but he knew Hebrew’. Scholars who have risen to the occasion agree that Jesus would have spoken Aramaic, which had a wide currency among Jews at the time of Jesus, but that

it was closely related to other semitic languages including Hebrew. It seems likely that Jesus knew Hebrew and also spoke some Greek. Even some familiarity with Latin may have also reached him. So the pope and the politician are probably both right, though both may have under-estimated Jesus’s language knowledge.

Whatever Jesus’s linguistic preferences, Jose Pagola in his book *Jesus: An Historical Approximation* makes the point that Jesus was a Galilean Jew. His father gave him the name Yeshua at his circumcision, and in his village he was called Yeshua bar Yosef, that is, Jesus son of Joseph. Outside it he would have been Yeshua hanotsri, Jesus of Nazareth. Another theologian, John Maguire (yes, he is kin) opts for Y’shua ben Yosef which is the name used by some Jewish scholars. The name Jesus comes from the Greek form, Iesous. Digging for names nearer to his cultural heritage may let us lift a corner or two of our Graeco-Roman overlay.

An Iranian friend tells me that Jesus is repeatedly mentioned in the Holy Koran. He is called Eesaa and Eesaa Maseeh (Jesus the Christ). The holy book and scholars also refer to him as Eesaa bin Maryam (Jesus, son of Mary) which is unusual in a patriarchal culture and this form has been adopted because Muslims believe her child was conceived through the power of the Holy Spirit.

The first names of our friends are very important to them and to us. Maybe also thinking about the names of Jesus can be a salutary

reminder of how little we know about how the rest of the world lives and breathes and believes. In particular we may raise a hackle or

two about anti-semitism in all its forms and about the ignorance that seeks to equate Islam with terrorism. Certainly, in the names of humanity, let’s acknowledge the sins being committed in our name in detention centres on-and off-shore, and work for the speedy and just assessment of the claims of all refugees. ❖

To be on first name terms meant something

...not everybody has a ‘Christian name’...

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The Back Page WITH FR PETER

I am writing this on the Feast Day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is one of the most beautiful celebrations of the Church's Year and one so dear to us as Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and as a Parish Community under the patronage of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We MSCs have somehow picked up a more recent motto: 'To be on Earth the Heart of God'. Regardless of its origins, it expresses beautifully what we are called to be, as Christians, as a community desiring to further the Mission of Jesus.

One of our sister parishes recently held a Parish Assembly – a get-together open to all. We have had them in the past. However, it is difficult to gather in large numbers without a readily accessible hall – and while the school hall is excellent, it is not easily accessible for many of our parishioners. And so the Parish Pastoral Council is concocting another way to assemble: in smaller, already existing groups – such as the Bible Study, Prayer and other groups such as the upcoming Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion renewal gatherings with another planned for Readers. It is too easy to become stale, ticking over on maintenance and neglecting the mission of evangelization as a religious community, as a parish. Another avenue in lieu of an Assembly may be to provide questionnaires at Masses, or online.

An area of concern for me with the demise of the Antioch Youth Group is discerning how to further the faith formation of youth, to give them a peer group to nourish their lives as young Catholics. One of the Opening Prayers of the Mass in the previous translation used to pray that we may find our way 'in a world filled with lights contrary to your (Christ's) own'. Faith needs development appropriate to one's age and circumstance and youth are particularly vulnerable without a community supporting them, especially a community of support peers. Hours can be spent on Facebook, but finding time to contribute to one's peers in the faith community poses problems. We do have a responsibility for one another as a community. Finding the right recipe for youth has to come from youth themselves. Maybe Facebook and the different apps available for daily prayer etc are all that is needed?

Bishop Peter Comensoli has informed us that he is 'unable to provide ... any certain information in relation to the timing of the announcement (of the new Archbishop of Sydney), other than the consultation process is well advanced, and an appointment might be expected sooner rather than later'. Another matter of huge importance for the Church is the up-coming Synod on the Family in Rome in October. One matter that will draw media focus is the question of the admission of divorced-remarried Catholics lacking an annulment, to Holy Communion. They are interesting times with an interesting Pope as Christ's Vicar.

The building program progresses as does the appeal for funds: at \$420,000 we are 90% or so there. Thanks for the support of so many. The builders are 'above ground' and brick arches are progressing. ✚

