



# PARISH MAGAZINE

ST MARGARET MARY'S RANDWICK NORTH  
OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART RANDWICK



# POPE FRANCIS

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

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# REFLECTION

DIANE GORDON

The old sailor looked at the skies and saw a dark storm coming. As the sea became rough and choppy he calmly lowered the heavy-chained anchor link by link, battened down the hatches and went to bed for the night. He knew the storm would be rough. But he had faith in the grasp of the anchor. He knew his boat would be there in the morning.

Like that sailor, we have an anchor for our lives that can help us stand fast through the storms of life. It's called hope. In biblical terms, hope is closely allied with faith.

The writer of Hebrews tells us that, faith is 'the assurance of things hoped for. Hope therefore, is the object upon which we direct our focus and energies.

To the Christian, hope is the knowledge that we are being changed for the better as we trust in God's promises. It is the conviction that no matter what the circumstances, God's plans for our lives are for good and not for disaster to give you a future and a hope'. The Bible is full of examples of men and women who hoped in God's promises.

The patriarch Abraham is held up for believers as a model of hope. When Abraham was 75, God promised to bless him and give him as many descendants, as numerous as the stars in the sky. Abraham heard these words and believed God. But despite his belief, Abraham had to wait 25 years to see the fulfilment of his hope.

Yet all the while, Abraham trusted in God, until he saw the promise come to pass. You see, Abraham's hope wasn't in his own ability to father a child, it was rooted in a trustworthy, unchangeable God, and in His eternal promises.

What can cause our hope to go sour? Often it's so easy to place our hope in the wrong things. It's so easy to place our hope in this material world – what we can see, taste, touch, and feel. These things are controllable to us.

But God says His kingdom is not of this world. The things of this world do not provide a firm foundation for our lives. Only when we look to the truly firm foundation for living – Jesus Christ – will we find a hope that anchors our souls. It all begins with our relationship with God. If you are feeling hopeless right now, consider where your primary hope is grounded.

## Front Cover Photo

Papal Encyclical 'LAUDATO SI', mi' Signore' – 'Praise be to you, my Lord'.

This encyclical –Laudate Si'– is about human ecology or the interrelated relationship between humans and the environment. It begins by saying Sister Earth 'cries out to us because of the harm we have inflicted on her by our irresponsible use and abuse of the goods with which God has endowed her'. The encyclical has been described as a radical transformation of politics, economics and individual lifestyles', and one that pays particular attention to advancing the needs of the poor.

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# WE RUN A TIGHT SHIP

Jane James is a specialist anaesthetist and mother of four children at St Margaret Mary's school. Here she writes about her 'normal day'.

As dawn appears over the horizon of the Eastern Beaches on a Thursday, I join a large group of women gathered under the infectious fitness physique that is Jo Davison, OLSH Mum and Physio at POWH. We are all in the same boat striving to maintain a balance in our hectic lives, but starting my day there or with Andrew Griffin another inspirational exercise inducer at Queen's Park sets me up for the day.

## "No one is ever in the wrong"

'If it's not done by 7 it just doesn't happen!' Walking back into the house around the same time as my husband Chris, who will have also trotted out 10km or so but with much more ease, the chaos theory is tested to its limit as our four primary school aged children hit the ground running at us with forms to sign and excuses as to why piano practice is just not going to happen yet again this morning - I brace myself for yet another SMS from their teacher!!!

They know that if it's a work day they have half an hour to get me before I leave to prepare for the day's cases. Our bathroom door has a lock but the door needs to be shut for it to work!!! One last hug for each of them (several for the 6 year old) and I head off to the hospital. We have an au pair who holds it all together for us and lets me know when the Vegemite and honey are running low.

I aim to be at the hospital an hour before operations begin, giving time to assess the patients and plan the day's work ahead. Nowadays, regardless of medical history the vast majority of patients are admitted on the day of surgery as it is unnecessary and costly to spend any longer there. The day surgery unit is a hive of activity from well before 7am and all is geared toward having the patients cleared and ready for take-off so

that the operating lists in multiple theatres will start on time.

With all the hustle and bustle we mustn't forget this is a foreign environment for many people and so we aim to take their detailed history with empathy and time for questions. I run over the details of the anaesthetic and pain relief with each patient and head back to theatre to plan the cases with my anaesthetic nurse.

Each day varies but over the course of each week I work in several different specialties including Obstetrics, ENT, plastics and general surgery. Operations range in length from 40 minutes for a Caesarean to 8 or 10 hour for big general surgery or plastics cases. 16 years of medical and specialist training brings with it responsibility but huge job satisfaction.

As an anaesthetist it is easy to leave work behind when I finish after dropping the final patient of the day in recovery with highly trained nurses; once changed, I check on them, and head home to the trenches - where my OCD must become a bit more 'go with the flow'.

## "One last hug for each of them"

The unchecked enthusiasm of the pre-teenage years of our kids is hilarious but that's not to say there won't have been several bust-ups between any combination of the four of them. No one is ever in the wrong - my husband has no idea where they have got that attitude from!!! I value each day they are still excited to see



me - the hormone hits aren't far away and the grunts that will come with them will change all of that! With yet more help from someone else who will have ensured the kids complete their homework we reach the end of their day and the energy levels start to subside.

Dinner for the kids is often planned and prepared by me at the weekend and eaten before I get home - canvassing countless working Mums over the years (how do they all do it?!) has helped me fine tune our routine. With the wind behind us we can have them all in bed with a combination of reading, hearing about their day and cuddles by sometime after 8....sooner if I speak really quickly!!

Once the dishwasher is loaded and the washing machine on delayed start there will be emails to attend to....or deleted. Each night I promise myself I will have tomorrow a bit more sorted - good job there's no continuing professional development for parenting - I would have been up before the board a long time ago. As long as in my head we run a tight ship no one else really needs to know the truth.

Occasionally I'll ask my husband how his day was and then layout the lycra and the water bottle for the next morning's run before collapsing into bed myself!

The circle of life ...!

# TEACHING RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AT OLSH PRIMARY SCHOOL

GEMMA DEATH, Religious Education Co-ordinator

At Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Primary School we look to Jesus Christ as the great model in the teaching of our faith and this provides the basis of our Religious Education Curriculum. The Religious Education Curriculum as outlined by the Catholic Education Office aims to assist students to 'reflect upon, make sense of, celebrate and live more deeply the mystery of Christ as revealed in each person and in relationship with others, the Church, and Creation'.



## “...6 main areas of the Catholic Faith...”

Each grade has a sequence of units and teaching and learning activities centred around the liturgical year that aim to cover 6 main areas of the Catholic Faith. These areas are prayer, scripture, beliefs, sacraments, church history and the liturgical year. Each unit is carefully designed by the class teachers to help students gain access to and understand the Scriptures, the traditions of the Catholic community, its stories, and its teachings. Many of the Scripture passages are retold to students through a 'storytelling' experience. The 'storytelling' approach of Godly Play nurtures the natural capacity that young children have for curiosity, imagination and wonder. These experiences are always followed by students having time to reflect and respond to stories to consolidate their understanding. Reflection and response may include artworks, meditation, mind maps, lectio divina or a variety of activities that suit the needs and desires of the students.

Here at OLSH each grade participates in a class Mass, liturgy or reconciliation each term offering

an opportunity to celebrate these important elements of Catholic life with their parents, teachers and peers. Every Monday a class prepares and leads a prayer at the school assembly either based on their current class RE topic or the liturgical celebration of the day. Prayer is an important part of the life and culture at OLSH. Every day at 12pm the whole school stops to pray the Angelus followed by Christian meditation, the staff gather together for prayer one morning a fortnight and we have also been lucky enough to have Fr Doug visit the school almost every week to guide the students and staff through a Tai Chi and meditation session.

Throughout the year we celebrate a number of whole school Masses recognising important feast days and holy days of obligations. We have an Opening School Mass at the beginning of the year and a Mass of Thanksgiving to conclude our year, then we have Masses and liturgies for the whole school community for Ash Wednesday, Holy Week, OLSH Feast Day, Mary MacKillop Feast Day, the Feast of the Assumption of Mary, Mother's day and Father's day.

Alongside the Parish the school helps to prepare students for the sacramental programs with retreat days, additional prayer and class activities. We aim to nurture a deep

understanding of what the sacraments mean and the importance of these in the lives of each individual student.

Catholic social teaching is an integral part of school life and we contribute to numerous charities in meaningful ways each year. The school has a Mini Vinnies team who work together to initiate and promote fundraising ideas and also an understanding of those less fortunate than us. Some of the charities we support as a school are; Caritas Australia through Project Compassion, St Vincent de Paul Winter Appeal, Sr Christine's orphanage in Africa, Charitable Works Fund, Catholic Mission and the Gethsemane Project.

## “...Prayer is an important part...”

Recently we were also lucky enough to receive a beautiful statue of Mary as a gift from the Parish. The statue sits at the entrance of our school and as Father Peter stated in his blessing, all who walk by would 'look upon Mary and Jesus and be strengthened by their love'. We have a very busy, yet fulfilled life at OLSH Primary school and enjoy seeing our students growing and learning in faith every day.

# UFOs, PRINCE PHILIP and BOB MENZIES

Jim O'Farrell has been a member of the parish for many years. In a recent chat he recalls some of the lighter moments of his distinguished career as a Naval Officer.

'Most people' Jim said 'don't believe in UFOs but I'm not sure after my brush with two in 1954. I was on a night flight in a Sea Fury aircraft and near Yass, when two bright lights crossed my path at great speed. They then moved closer to my wing tips and I had the distinct feeling that I was being watched. A Petty Officer operating the radar at the Nowra air base called me and said that he had echoes of three aircraft approaching from the west. He asked me to do a 360 degree turn so that he could identify me. I asked him to identify the two aircraft with me. He contacted the Operations Room and advised me that there was no other air traffic cleared to be in my space at this time.

Unsettling that encounter was for Jim, but it paled into insignificance when he landed. 'I was asked if I had been drinking - I hadn't - and given a thorough medical examination. Even my Wine Account was checked to find out how much alcohol I had consumed over the past month'. But Jim had the last laugh. He was later interviewed by Professor Josef Hynek, advisor to the US President on UFOs who told him that he could not dismiss Jim's encounter with these mysterious objects. Were they UFO's? 'I still don't know' says Jim.

In November 1956 I was selected as the helicopter pilot to fly HRH the Duke of Edinburgh around Sydney during his visit for the Melbourne Olympic Games. Prince Philip was at that time learning to fly helicopters and it was made clear to me in no

uncertain terms that I was not to allow him to take command of the helicopter. He did ask, but in polite terms I told the Prince that he would stay as a passenger - it was my helicopter.

Everything was fine but as we climbed over the trees of Government House the helicopter engine gave two loud bangs. 'What was that' said the Duke. 'I didn't know and gave him some evasive answer. So I headed for the ES Marks Field, full of children waiting to see the Duke, still worried about the mysterious loud bangs. This time I made a running landing like a normal aircraft and just as I was about to land the helicopter gave two more bangs. Again I gave Prince Philip my evasive answer for the noise but he was more concerned about my method of landing as he had never been taught to land a helicopter in that manner.'

Later in the day Jim did another check flight - solo - and as he was about to land, the bangs occurred again. That was enough for Jim to decide not to fly it and he arranged for a low loader to take it back to his base at Nowra. What was wrong with it and was it serious? 'That's a secret' said Jim.

Many of us remember the ANA airline but do not connect it with Max Holyman, the eldest son of the founder. Jim certainly does. Max was flying a helicopter on a research contract when his engine failed and he landed on top of some trees, about 30 metres above the ground, on the west coast of Tasmania. Max and his scientist companion were unhurt but were perched on top of the branches of the trees. 'The rescue operation went fine and they were brought back to Queenstown. My superiors had



Commodore James O'Farrell AM ADC RAN

told me to return to Nowra as soon as I had rescued the crew, as I was to undertake another training course.

I was packing my gear when the phone rang. The voice at the end of the line was the Prime Minister, Robert Menzies. He asked me to stay and help them repair the helicopter. I told him that was not possible as it conflicted with Navy Orders. 'Stay by your phone' the PM said in his best prime ministerial voice. Sure enough, within minutes I had a call from the Chief of Navy to do as the Prime Minister said. And so I did, discovering later that the cause of the crash was that Holyman's helicopter had been refuelled with water'.

Jim later was promoted to the rank of Commodore and was posted to Washington as the Naval Attache to the Australian Ambassador. It must have been a quiet life with no surprises? 'Try being the regular host of dinner parties, looking down a long table with 14 distinguished guests. *More difficult than flying*' he said.

# 35<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE RANDWICK ASIAN CATHOLIC COMMUNITY

CAROLE GAN

35 years ago, Fr Ted Collins, then our parish priest noticed a growing number of Asian students in the parish. He thought that it would be a good thing for these students to meet besides coming for Mass and invited those interested in forming a group to meet him.

He convinced Fr Lucas Leong OFM to assist, and on 5 October 1980, Frs Collins and Leung met with seven university students Andrew Lim, Anthony Lim, Christopher Lean, John Ho, Jono Gunawan, Joyce Voon and Valerie Wong. They discerned that group needed to provide a mix of social and spiritual activities, and the Randwick Asian Catholic Community (RACC) was born.

## “Opportunities for spiritual formation”

Fr Lucas Leong was the RACC's first spiritual director. The group met weekly at Ventnor for faith formation and study of the Gospels. They were introduced to spiritual retreats, and some recount with amusement how challenging their first retreat, led by Father Sharpe, was. *How on earth were we going to be able to stay silent for two full days?* Opportunities for spiritual formation were never lacking as we also seemed to have a number of visiting priests from among the Redemptorists and Jesuits, some of whom led our retreats, which had become an annual winter activity held at Douglas Park or Katoomba.

The social component was never lacking either. Converging in someone's unit to watch videos, late night suppers in Chinatown, catching prawns on trips to Wollongong, and going out on Sydney Harbour, were just some of the regular activities. Any excuse was enough for us to get together.



At the 35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Mass

The RACC was blessed with much support from clergy and parishioners. It would be remiss of me though, not to name Br Valens Boyle SM, John and Catherine Sumantri, Paul and Annie Lau, Frank O'Connor, and Celine and Chris Lim, all of whom have been constant supporters of the group.

The RACC was well entrenched in the life of the parish, and Annie and Celine's culinary skills were well used and appreciated because food it seems, was usually on the agenda. The group held a couple of Asian food fair days and other activities to raise funds for the church steeple. The invitation to Chinese New Year and the Mid-Autumn (northern hemisphere) Festival celebrations at Ventnor after Sunday Mass were well received by supportive parishioners.

We were also involved in various outreach activities. Christmas carolling at the POW Hospital and the nursing homes around Randwick, regularly volunteering at the aged care home run by the Little Sisters of the Poor and at the Vinnies shop at Charing Cross were just some of these.

When the RACC celebrated their first anniversary, there was an additional reason for celebration – a couple of its members were baptised. This was to be a recurring theme throughout the life of the RACC. Whilst the majority of the original cohort of the RACC were Catholic Malaysians, there was an evident growth in the number of Indonesian students. Non-Catholics came to

OLSH with their Catholic friends and we soon found RACC members joining the RCIA process, and vice versa. It was not uncommon to see one or two from the group receiving the Sacraments of Initiation at the Easter Vigil.

The RACC provided opportunities for like-minded young people to meet, build friendships and support each other, and to share their faith. The Holy Spirit, it seems, was also hard at work. The Sacrament of Matrimony has been celebrated a few times; Ordinations and Religious Professions have also occurred. The Episcopal Ordination and Installation of Rev Julian Leow as the Archbishop of Kuala Lumpur on 6 October last year certainly tops the list. Angela Ng celebrates 15 years as a Verbum Dei Missionary, and John Wong OFM 19

## “Any excuse... to get together..”

years as a Franciscan Friar this year. Whilst the others in the group may not have chosen consecrated life, they have remained faith-filled and are active in their home parishes.

On 6 to 8 June this year, over 50 RACC members from around Australia, Malaysia and Singapore gathered in Sydney to celebrate its 35th anniversary. The strength of the friendships was evident as people chatted with those they hadn't seen for the last 20-30 years as if we had only seen each other yesterday. The group plans to meet again in 2020 for its 40th Anniversary.

# MY STORY KEN CALLANDER

Knowing my 50 year connection with racing everybody seems to think it was my doing my wife Helen and I moved into the Randwick parish. Not so. After our four sons left home our previous house at Blakehurst was too big for the two of us and it was Helen who went house hunting and found our present home in Wentworth Street in 1997. We are both glad she did. We love it.

Surprisingly I have not found a lot of racing people at Our Lady Of The Sacred Heart. One we ran into from the start was Margaret Murray, a beautiful lady and still a regular at Mass who is the widow of Pat Murray, a man who trained many topline racehorses including that mighty stayer Tails.

## “Racing has been my life”

I'm told in the old days there were several big bookies who worshipped at OLSH and the story is the size of the collection plate on Sunday would often depend on the number of favourites who were beaten on Saturday.

Racing has been my life since I started as a copy boy at the old Daily Mirror in Kippax Street, Sydney in 1962 after going to school at Christian Brothers High School, St Mary's Cathedral. I am one of those lucky people whose job has also been my hobby. I love the races, the racetrack, the horses and the people involved in the industry.

I was fortunate to write a column for the Sydney newspapers for close on 50 years only finishing in May. I worked for Channel 9 for 35 years on the racing coverage of the Wide World Of Sports as well as making appearances on other programmes such as the Footie Show and the Midday Show. I particularly liked working on the radio and hosted a Saturday morning show on 2GB and then later for about seven years on 2KY. I was lucky enough for a book I wrote "Good Luck and Good Punting", published by Pan McMillan in 2007, to be a success, selling just over 24,000 copies.

I have met a lot of characters in the racing game, two groups who

particularly seem to like the Sport Of Kings are priests and prime ministers. I won't mention names to protect the guilty, but I have had several priests ring me on Saturday mornings over the years for tips. One used to say to me, "Try and give me a tip in an early race as people want to get married on Saturday afternoons when the later races are run."

I have been fortunate to meet PMs like Bob Hawke, Tony Abbott and John Howard, captains of industry such as Kerry Packer, John Elliott, Jack and Bob Ingham and Jim Fleming as well as plenty of characters from the other side of the tracks and, racing being racing, I have also crossed paths with people well known to the constabulary.

The racing giants I knew on first name basis were headed by the likes of Tommy Smith, Bart Cummings, George Moore, Darren Beadman and Ron Quinton. I have also seen racing all over the world and have also travelled to places like China, Russia and the Czech Republic as well as spending time at the world's best stud farms in the bluegrass of Kentucky and the green fields of Ireland.

Not bad for a kid who grew up, as did my wife, in the then outer Sydney suburb of Padstow and was introduced to the Sport Of Kings as a ten bob punter. When I worked at Channel 9 I put bets on for Kerry Packer for a short period, bets ranging in size from \$10,000 to \$250,000. I liked Packer, he had a great knowledge of Sport, was easy to talk to and, for a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he had a fabulous feel for what the average man or woman liked, which I think was a big part of the success of Channel 9.

Helen and I have been extremely fortunate in life and we have tried to give back a little to the community. I was on the fund raising committee at Calvary Hospital at Kogarah for 10 years, a small group, who, in a decade raised the funds to build the new Calvary on Rocky Point Road at Kogarah. For 15 years until last



Christmas I was an active patron of the Sporting Chance Cancer Foundation, an organisation which donates over \$1m to Charity each year and I am proud to say there is a Fellowship at the Lowy Cancer Institute at the Sydney Children's Hospital at Randwick called the Ken Callander Fellowship which funds a scientist who is studying the effect of leukemia on infants.

Helen worked for a decade as a volunteer with the Sisters of Charity Outreach programme at St Vincents Hospital and is now tied up with the meals on wheels organisation. We have

## “I have met a lot of characters in the racing game”

four great sons, Dave, Matt, Richard and Steve, four terrific daughters-in-law and 11 grandchildren, ranging in age from five to 18. Madison, our eldest granddaughter, was school captain at St Clare's Waverley in 2014.

At the invitation of Cardinal George Pell I was on the board of the Catholic Weekly for almost seven years. The Weekly Board was chaired in my time by the former politician Johnno Johnson and during that period, guided by Johnno's expertise, we turned the Weekly around from a loss making venture to a profitable one.

You may have read in the Press or seen on Media Watch that I recently cut my ties with the Daily Telegraph and, at 70 years of age, I am going to enjoy retirement with no more TV work, no more radio and no more newspapers. I just hope Helen does not find too many alternate things for me to do.

# AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN HICKEY

John Hickey was appointed Headmaster of the College in 2015, becoming its 24th and first lay Headmaster of the College. In this article he tells us about himself and his career.

## Your last appointment was in Melbourne but any Sydney Connections?

Yes. I was born in Condobolin and came to Sydney when I was eight. Primary and Secondary schooling was at Benedict College in Lidcombe (Years 5 and 6) and Auburn (Years 7-12). The secondary college became part of a combined Trinity College in 1995.

After leaving school in 1975 I worked for four years in the NSW State Treasury, did some travelling, but teaching became my main aim and career – over time I completed a Bachelor of Education, a Graduate Certificate in Religious Education and a Master of Educational Leadership. All those studies were at the Australian Catholic University.

## Your first teaching appointment?

At St Aloysius College in Milsons Point. It was a good place for me to learn the importance of education and the central place of religion in the teaching of pupils. My time there and at the Jesuits other school at Mt Druitt was undoubtedly the best teaching foundation I could have had.

## Your next appointment?

At Domremy College – a girls secondary school. I was there for 6 years as Director of Curriculum and in 2003 I was appointed the Deputy Headmaster of Marist College, North Shore. I was there for six years before being appointed as the Director of the Senior Campus of Xavier College in Melbourne. So I have had a broad experience - I've taught at all levels, both boys and girls and for three different Religious Congregations. All enjoyable and on reflection it has given me a significant experience to draw on in my new role as Headmaster of Marcellin College.

## A word or two about Xavier College

Xavier College is big – big in many ways. On three campuses, an enrolment of 2,200 pupils, including 80 boarders, well-endowed with a range of facilities and a very wide curriculum including the teaching of five languages, most to HSC level. Being a Jesuit school it has a strong emphasis on education being of high quality and challenging for both pupils and teachers.

I was drawn to Marcellin because it has the same ethos about offering an education that seeks to provide a meaningful life of leadership and service to its graduates.

## Were you daunted by being the first lay Headmaster?

Well, if I was apprehensive, I shouldn't have been. I have been made very welcome by all the Marcellin community - the retired Brothers (some of whom had taught at Marcellin), the staff, the students, and the parents.

## What are your impressions of Marcellin?

Because it draws its pupils from the local area schools, it has this strong feeling of being a local community. A good example is probably that students wanted to know whether I would be a Roosters or Rabbitohs supporter! There is a sense of the practical view of life and the value of family connections. That is not to downplay the evident approach of wanting to be the best both in terms of high achievement in the classrooms and on the sporting fields.

There is also a strong link between the school and parents and one I wish to foster. More and more I see that need as both are partners in developing a well-rounded young man. Not easy in this modern world where there are so many pressures on families that make it difficult for them to know what is happening in a world so different from when they were young.

## So, what will Marcellin look like under your leadership?

The same but different is probably the best answer. Preparing our pupils for life sounds trite but that is what Marcellin has always had as its aim and that is mine too. But the world is changing and all of us need to respond. 'Collaborate learning' is an educational buzz term but it underscores an approach we now need to make part of our pedagogy. Teachers and pupils need to work together so our curriculum focuses on ensuring that our students are as engaged as possible.

## That's a challenge

Yes, for both staff and students. There is community pressure for schools to do better and we are responding. Teachers now need to be more than classroom teachers.



Coaches, mentors, and advisors are now part of their role, encouraging their pupils to be better prepared for life. For their part students are now being challenged to accept more responsibility for their learning. Asking them to accept that approach is no less demanding on them as on their teachers.

But one thing is constant and that is the emphasis that religious education remains part of our core curriculum, helping students to understand the Christian message and enhance their critical thinking and moral reasoning.

## So, what changes might we see?

Some are underway already and I am keen to expand what we can offer our students. The new building facing Avoca Street includes facilities for offering Food Technology and Hospitality programs and a Drama performance space. These facilities will significantly broaden the curriculum on offer and improve the teaching and learning environment here at Marcellin. The boys have already embraced these changes and now one term of cooking is offered to all students in Years 7 and 8.

At the moment we only offer one foreign language – Italian. That has been a staple of our curriculum for some years but I am keen to look at expanding our choice of languages. When resources become available I am hoping that at least one Asian language could be offered. Given our place in a globalised world, another language offering would provide real benefit to our students.

## So, now you've settled in, is it the Roosters or the Rabbitohs?

I'm not about to lose half the students. I'll support both, but my favourite team will remain my secret!

# TALKING ABOUT DEPRESSION

Depression is a common problem no matter our age. In this article an older parishioner writes of the effects of depression on older people.

There's so much one can say about depression. Distress at hearing of so many crippled in a black fog. So many young people with promising lives ahead of them feeling that they are worthless and friendless; turning to drugs or alcohol and often suicide.

So, when someone hears the term 'late onset depression' it seems almost trivial, an indulgence. 'What's to be depressed about when one

has had a long life, a grown family, grandchildren, enough money to live on?' But, it happens and it's complex and distressing.

From being needed at so many levels over the years, one becomes – particularly after losing a beloved spouse – rather a nuisance to family members running their own lives and coping with their own needs.

Of course this is not said, but one senses the resentment. Inevitably one feels diminished by being seen as old-fashioned in one's beliefs and comments, despite trying to 'keep up'.

After long retirement, the worth, even status, which a job gives, is long gone. The grinding loneliness of the loss of one's spouse is constant no matter how many activities one takes on. Frequently, one still occupies the family home unable to make the right decision about 'moving on'. There's the loss of confidence in driving, confusion about whether one is welcome as a 'single', feeling less as a widow or widower.

The constant impression one has of being invisible can be amusing initially, but reduces one's ability to function with a feeling of confidence. One

stops, or hesitates, to 'speak up'. Not wanting to become a nuisance to family members makes one diffident about asking for help with difficult chores. Increasing forgetfulness further isolates one. Sleeplessness becomes a constant.

The knowledge that one is 'depressed' seems shameful and not to be spoken of. 'I'm fine, thank you'. The idea of storing away the sleeping pills seems quite sensible. The lectures one gives oneself become part of the 'getting a grip'. 'Come on, get over it, you're such a fool'. On reflection, it all seems to have gone awry quite quickly but

one also has the awareness that it's been months or more since going to bed stopped being a comforting thing to do and became a nightmare of old memories, sitting up to read, listening to music.

The idea of speaking of this to one's doctor is impossible. Get the necessary scripts for the various maladies; a cheerful comment about something and leave it at that. 'Managing quite well aren't you?' The poet, John Keats said: 'half in love with easeful death', and it becomes incredibly meaningful.



One can speak of it with friends, but always in a distant sense as about someone else who seems different and may be becoming a bit senile. Keeping a sense of humour is a must – 'old age is not for cissies' – but it takes on a bitter edge.

# LAWS THAT BIND – AND NOT!

CARMEL MAGUIRE

Those of us much more likely to be demolished by bicycle on the pavements of Randwick than to be ingested by shark in the waters of Coogee must be careful to avoid obsession about need for regulation. Minor abrasions and sprains likely to be inflicted by two year olds on fluorescent green, blue and pink scooters are to be regarded as concessions to local child development.

Moreover, a quick call to the Council has ascertained that the matter of mingling of the wheeled and the walking citizenry is no longer in its list of responsibilities.

The guardians of our pavements are the State Government's Roads and Maritime Services (replacing Roads and Traffic Authority). The stout of heart can pursue them by website, online 24 hours, and the fleet of foot may even make it to their offices in Maroubra before they are whisked away into the wilds of Botany.

At least the Randwick City Council has preserved some stability of both address and nomenclature. Mind you, the combination of Roads with Maritime Services in the agency's latest emanation may also infer that its jurisdiction extends to potential visits by Great Whites to our City shores.

But enough of this absurd pretence that flouting of the laws, if you can find them, is confined to matters of traffic and physical wellbeing. On the spiritual plane, not all laws are equally acknowledged and strictly adhered to, by even the most observant of us. A certain encyclical, nearly fifty years old, is a case in point. And can any regulation on any plane, apart from the ten commandments, last forever – or apply in all societies at all times? Are there then signs of the times to be ignored or considered by the upcoming Vatican Synod on the Family?

While awareness of the sensus fidelium may have only surfaced for most of the laity after Vatican II, this intuitive sense of the faith possessed by ordinary people has long been part of the understanding of theologians. One of the signs of our times is the quality and ubiquity of education. While constant vigilance is required to ensure fraud and quick fixes are exposed, there has occurred in the

**“...a revolution in educational opportunities...”**

first world a revolution in educational opportunities. We have come a long way from the prevailing ethos of my Catholic youth in the first half of the Twentieth Century where the boys were to finish high school and perhaps go to university and the girls were to be shorthand typists.

The brightest of both sexes were of course given every encouragement to discover within themselves a vocation to the service of the Church. At that time and for pretty much up to Vatican II, parishioners well-informed generally, and in the history of the Church and its theology particularly, were rare, with none quite so rare as Hilaire Belloc whose confidence is reported to have allowed him to challenge homilists in mid-flight.

**“...A Pope brave enough...”**

In the pews, the sheep are still hungry and they expect their diet to be nutritious. And the ewes of the flock can no longer be fed with notions like 'complementarity', however kindly meant. Alana Harris cites this and

similar expressions as reflections of the 'old image of womanhood'. Pace some of the Desert Fathers and John Knox, neither trumpets nor diktats can dissolve the Monstrous Regiment of Women.

They are another sign of the times. A Pope brave enough simultaneously to have taken on the might of Western capitalism and shown compassion for refugees is unlikely to refuse to consider the signs of the times in matters of equality and sexuality.

I rejoice that I have landed by historical good luck into this grown-up faith in which conscience can rule. As Sister Joan Chittister says, 'Conscience is the cement of civilization. It binds us to one another.

It determines the nature of the society in which we live', and as she goes on to warn, 'The way we form our conscience can warp as well as develop us'. These are exciting times in which to be alive - and maybe times have always have been exciting for those of us with food, shelter and love.

Coming down from exultation, I doubt that the inhabitants (are we allowed to call them prisoners?) of our island gulags are likely to be enthused by matters spiritual, however extraordinarily brave the souls who try to minister to them.

Let us accept the wisdom of Mohsin Hamid, a Muslim novelist who points out that: 'Human beings don't necessarily exist inside of (or correspond to) the neat racial, gendered or national boxes into which we often unthinkingly place them'.

In unlocking the boxes that may quite recently have contained us, perhaps we need to develop sensitivity to our neighbours whose lives are bound by laws notable for their cruelty and injustice, and in some of these laws we are complicit.

# OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART FAMILIES

## THE CONOLLYs

The Conolly connection with Randwick dates back to Clarrie's father, Philip, who was injured in World War I. He was transhipped back to what is now known as Prince of Wales Hospital where he met and married a nurse – Lily Gosper. They had four sons, Clarrie being the youngest.

After leaving school Clarrie began work at the GIO of NSW. Also at the GIO was Joan who had been raised in the Eastern Suburbs and lived in Coogee during her teenage years. Joan and Clarrie were married at a Nuptial Mass at St. Brigid's Coogee in January 1955 by Father Raymond Campbell MSC. They had purchased a house at Kingsford some three months earlier in which Clarrie had 'batched' until their marriage. Children followed – with six boys in a row and the seventh, a beautiful baby girl, Cecilia.

**“...who became a little sister for Cecelia...”**

Between 1958 and 1965 Clarrie underwent transfers in his work as Branch Manager at Lismore and Newcastle during which time four of the children were born. Upon returning to Randwick, their existing house was found to be too small, so they moved to their current home in Canberra Street in 1968.

The children attended OLSH and Marcellin Junior for the boys and later, Marcellin Senior and Brigidine.

Because of the imbalance of the sexes in the family, Clarrie and Joan adopted an almost three year old girl named Teresa, who became a little sister for Cecilia. She is now 47, lives in Hobart, has two adult children, Sarah and Mark.

Their daughter, Cecilia, is married to Victor, and lives in Maroubra. They have three children, two boys, Jared

and Symeon and a girl, Liesel. Cecilia won a United World Scholarship to undertake her International Baccalaureate in Wales, returned home and was awarded a University Medal in her final year at UNSW. Liesel also succeeded in securing the same Scholarship and is now studying at UNSW.

The boys, says Clarrie, have also spread around the world as the present generation is wont to do. Peter, their eldest, entered the Marist Brothers and has fulfilled many appointments within Australia in his teaching capacity. He also spent three years in China and is now in Sydney as the Order's Property Officer.

David, their second son, married Angela Elkington, and works as an Electrical Engineer. The family lives in Maroubra where David is involved in many Parish activities. They have three adult children, Claire, Matthew and Luke. Claire is a qualified musician, studied overseas and is currently living in Holland. Matthew, a software engineer, lives in San Francisco where he works for Facebook. Luke is still living at home and attends UNSW.

Kevin, their third son, attended UNSW where he met and married Cathie O'Donoghue and became the proud parents of six children. Kevin initially became a schoolteacher and was subsequently successful in fulfilling his lifetime ambition -



The six Conolly boys



Fr Ted Collins with Joan and Clarrie

politics. He is currently serving his second term as the MLA Member for Riverstone.

Brian, their fourth son, also attended OLSH and Marcellin College and upon leaving school entered into a trade. He married Christine Evdokou, an 'old girl' of Brigidine and whose parents were in business at 'The Spot'. They have an adult son, Leon.

**“...their two foster children...”**

Their fifth son, Bernard studied Optometry at UNSW and married another student, Stephanie Csigler from South Australia. For three years they were healthy and happy until an aggressive Melanoma took Bernard's life in 1990. His widow continues to run the Optometry practice in South Australia.

Paul, (born at the time of the accession of Pope Paul VI) their sixth son, married Carol Walker from Holy Cross and they currently live in Cairns where Paul is an Immigration Officer. They have two sons, Andrew and Anthony, both of whom attend St. Augustine's High School at Cairns. Earlier this year, the day after his fifteenth birthday, Andrew achieved his aim of becoming a pilot and got his licence to fly.

The family, however, would not be fully complete without mention of their two foster children, Veronica and Robert. These were sister and brother and came to their family after

# BEING A GRANDPARENT IS FUN... SOMETIMES

## A GRANDMOTHER WRITES

'Why don't you have a credit card Nan? Mum has two'. What can I possibly tell my granddaughter? I'm struggling to think if she is nine or ten so it would be a bit embarrassing for me to tell her that I had one once but remembering the password was just too difficult. Sometimes I got it right but not always so it was back to cash for everything for me.

'It's a long story', I said. 'All your stories are long', replied Minerva. That name is a sore point with me. Minerva is apparently the name of some witch in a Harry Potter book. I'd preferred Mary or Anne as a Baptismal name. We compromised with my daughter Frances, agreeing on Angela as a second name. Perhaps I should not have worried as she gets called Minnie. At least that gives it an old fashioned feel.

Minerva likes to challenge me, all in good fun of course. Last week she asked me 'why do we sleep?' Telling her it is because we are tired didn't satisfy her so I reverted to my usual tactic when things get difficult - 'ask your father!' I'm betting he does not know as the topic has been dropped from our conversations.

Then there's my other grandchild, John. A great name, but he comes with problems. In the good 'ole days school reports had only one phrase

for lazy students - 'could do better'. That's John, but school reports now have myriad ways of saying the same thing. Last term was a bit of a worry. 'It's hard to assess John as he spends a lot of time in detention'. I worry too about the teacher and her spelling. It's a funny thing about modern schools. No-one ever gets an F for fail. It's either A, B, C, or D.

It's a really good time too when I can get the better of them. The other day I asked them what was five hundred. Minerva had her answer quick smart - five times a hundred. John struggled, so I told them another answer - a card game. Surprise, surprise, the three of us then spent an enjoyable afternoon with a pack of cards. I had a bit of trouble explaining what a Joker and an Ace were. It was certainly better than 'Snap' - shouting is not too good for my old ears.

That's another thing. Deafness comes with old age but it has advantages. Loud noises in the night used to bother me. Now, I don't even know if there is a noise! And I can conveniently turn off my hearing aids when Minerva and John tell me they are bringing home their noisy friends. However their friends are happy to chat with me and seem to enjoy listening to my stories. 'That's because they haven't heard the same stories as often as we have', John once said.

And, Minerva piped up, 'you give them Kit Kats'.

I sometimes tell them about my growing up. Walking to school, eating meals at the table, getting pocket money only after a job was done, keeping their room tidy. It's like telling them of another world. They do none of those things and have perfected a wonderful way of rolling their eyes when I mention some of those things I did when I was young.

Still being a grandparent is enjoyable - a bit like the guarantee of all care and no responsibility when we moved house years ago without insurance and somehow or other things got broken. I'd told Minerva about that once but the conversation stopped short when she asked what was insurance. That would have been too hard to explain to her.

The family is now thinking of moving house again - too small apparently for all of us. They've bought a McMansion. Four bedrooms with all the extras, including something called a Media Room to watch TV on a giant screen. The nicest part was that Minerva and John told me they had agreed that I could have the large second bedroom and they would be happy with the smaller ones. They got the biggest hug I could give them. They got some Kit Kats too.

## THE CONOLLYS

continued from 11

they had adopted Teresa and felt the need of a playmate for her. As a result, they welcomed her, but were then asked by the Department of Child Welfare (as it was then known), to take her brother, Robert, to which they agreed, in order to keep them together. Their birth mother, who lived in Perth, had voluntarily handed the children into the Department, considering herself incapable of caring for them.

Both children attended OLSH school whilst they looked after them and the

school did a wonderful job in trying to give each of them an education and so a chance of a normal life. Special thanks have always gone to Claudette Ashburner for her tremendous efforts in this regard. They are both adults now of course, and have gone their own ways, but Clarrie and Joan like to think that they are better off as a result of their time with them.

Joan and Clarrie have now both retired, Clarrie having spent the whole of his 40 years working life as a career officer with the GIO of

NSW. They have travelled extensively within Australia and still enjoy their continuing trips. In all, they now have seven children, seventeen grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren, of whom they are very proud. The family has always stayed very close to our Church in Randwick, both Bernard and Cecilia having served time on the Parish Council with Clarrie acting as an Acolyte and Joan as a Reader for many years and a very active Refugee Settlement worker when Randwick led the field in this endeavour.

# MY JOURNEY TO CATHOLICISM

## Dr AI MARSHALL

*This short reflective article is about my personal journey to Catholicism, and the personal and societal factors that have contributed to this journey (and the place that I find myself in late 2015).*

I was born in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), and my parents were coffee farmers, so I grew up a country boy, with a simple happy life with my parents and our farm workers on our farm. I now live in a big city in another country, and have a busy complicated life.

I was christened as a Presbyterian and have vague memories of going to Sunday school on some occasions. My parents were not particularly strict about religious education, and their attitude was best described as relaxed. They had open values and were not negative about any particular religion or denomination. My father had attended a Christian Brothers College, in Kimberley, South Africa (St Patrick's) which he often talked about.

“...helping other people...”

Perhaps because of my father's education and my parent's attitude, I had a very open attitude myself when a lecturing position became available at the Australian Catholic University. It was easy switching from UNSW where I had previously worked as an academic. I was attracted to ACU in large part because of the perceived caring atmosphere between staff, and the pastoral care offered to students. Real points of difference in fact!

Helping other people, be they my students, or other people is pretty central to how I maintain a sense of self-worth and purpose. We live in a very secular world driven by material values, and many people (myself included) find this challenging at times since we are part of that world, yet would ultimately like to live a life with greater meaning.

How we define such a life of course varies a lot between individuals. For me a life which offers greater meaning is one in which kindness, respect and help for other people (however small) is pretty central. For me kindness, respect and help should also extend beyond the human world into the natural world - the world of animals, plants, and landscape. Environmentalism and animal rights are a natural fit for me in my view of how to lead a good life. So what the Pope recently had to say about the environment and our need to protect and nurture it had real resonance to me. It helped to reinforce my decision to become a Catholic.

The birth of my children was also somewhat of a turning point, since it involves new life, and sudden new found responsibilities. I contrasted it with the passing of both my own parents. We learn our parenting styles and our essential life values from our parents, so for me I very much want my own children to also possess my parents openness and respect towards other religions and denominations. I also do not want my children to grow up entirely possessing the secular and materialist values that surround us, without also having some deeper values. Hence like my father, my son goes to a Catholic school, and I plan the same for my daughter. Their mother is of Spanish Catholic background.

This decision to become a Catholic was therefore not a single 'point in time' one. Rather my father's Christian Brothers education, my job at ACU, my personal view of how to live a good life in synch with other people and the natural world, and the birth of my children have all informed my thinking.

Several years ago we started attending Mass on a regular basis, and even though at this point I was



not 'officially a Catholic' I found the experience to be a very positive one - listening to the messages given, participating in the rituals, and the community feeling within the church were all very affirming, while at the same time also allowing reflective time. Attendance itself can be part of a Sunday ritual that for us quickly become incorporated in what we as a family regularly do on a Sunday.

“...we learn our parenting styles...”

I subsequently enrolled in and attended the RCIA course (a course for those wanting to know more about Catholicism, and who might then decide to go on and become a Catholic). I found that the course was a great way to formally build my knowledge about Catholic teachings, and the life of the church. I was particularly struck by the commitment of the volunteers within the parish running the course. I found that the course added to the 'life journey' that I have been on, and it helped validate my decision to formally become a Catholic. And so here I am in late 2015, thinking about where that life journey has taken me, and where it will take me, and indeed all of us, in the future!

## A PILGRIM'S REFLECTIONS

MARIE FARRELL *rsm*

Several parishioners have encouraged me to share some reflection about my recent pilgrimage which involved the coupling of two events in order to celebrate in a heightened way the significance of ecumenism and the role of Mary in the life of the Church.

The first event organised by the Ecumenical Marian Pilgrimage Trust<sup>1</sup> was the biennial Ecumenical Pilgrimage to Walsingham; the second was the fulfilment of a long-time dream to visit the famous ecumenical Benedictine Monastery at Chevetogne<sup>2</sup>. I was able to be there for the solemnity of the Feast of the Annunciation this year.

At Walsingham eighty international pilgrims represented a wonderful microcosm of the *communio* hoped for among worldwide Christian Churches today. Having come from several Christian denominations, this gathering of laity, clergy, Church leaders and religious Sisters came together in promoting ecumenical reconciliation under the aegis of Our Lady of Walsingham.

The pilgrimage programme was carefully designed to allow participation in ecumenical celebrations of Eucharist<sup>3</sup> in the Anglican, Catholic, Methodist and

Orthodox Churches of Walsingham. Scriptural meditations, homilies and talks/presentations<sup>4</sup> and periods of free time were greatly appreciated. Mealtimes were joyfully convivial. Ceremonies traditionally associated with this particular pilgrimage were reverently observed: Catholic Benediction, the singing of the Akathist Hymn before the Icon of the Mother of God and the



individual 'Sprinkling' at the Well. The Ecumenical Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary was prayed as 'Farewell' to the 2015 pilgrimage.

My time at Chevetogne was a uniquely graced opportunity for experiencing directly how a community of Catholic Benedictine monks lives, prays and works towards re-connecting the Churches of the East and West according to the will of Christ *that all may be one* (Jn 17:11). The monks divide into two liturgical groups for celebration of the Divine Offices in both the Latin and Byzantine traditions. Any words here would fail to express the sheer sensuous beauty of the architecture, iconography and liturgy of each of the monastery's Latin and Byzantine Churches. Time spent scrolling through the monastery's website certainly captures something of this and also enables one's appreciation of the sublime beauty of 'sound' from the monastic choir and the ceremonial pealing of the bells.

The 2015 Feast of the Annunciation will be forever a time to remember. A totally unexpected surprise came for me when the final Prayer of the Faithful asking for God's blessing on the **Church of Australia**, was expressed in **English**<sup>5</sup>!

<sup>1</sup> A pilgrimage supported by The ecumenical Society of the BVM, The Catholic League, The Fellowship of St Alban & St Sergius and the Society of St John Chrysostom. Pilgrims were welcomed from England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, India, Finland and Australia. See [www.ecumenicalmarianpilgrimage.org.uk](http://www.ecumenicalmarianpilgrimage.org.uk) For overview see also [www.portal.co.uk](http://www.portal.co.uk) or [www.ordinariateexpats.com](http://www.ordinariateexpats.com)

<sup>2</sup> See [www.chevetogne.monastery](http://www.chevetogne.monastery).

<sup>3</sup> Eucharistic abstinence was taken into regard where appropriate as the sign that Christian unity has not yet been achieved.

<sup>4</sup> My contribution was to speak on and illustrate "The Australian Scene: Aboriginal primal spirituality and the Mother of God".

<sup>5</sup> A typical sign of Benedictine hospitality for the only Australian guest present.



### Fr Tru

Father Tru's mother Lac symbolically presents the chasuble and stole at Fr Tru's Ordination on 24 July 2015.

Photo: Ben Macmahon, Southern Cross, Adelaide

## PLACES IN RANDWICK CENTENNIAL PARK

*'It is emphatically the People's Park... one of the grandest adornments of this beautiful country'*  
Sir Henry Parkes, opening Centennial Park, 26 January 1888.

Before its opening, the Park, some 189 hectares in size, had many uses. Traditionally home to the Gadi people, it was once a huge catchment of creeks, swamps, springs, sand dunes and ponds fed by ground water. Hundreds of unemployed men were enlisted to turn swamps, scrub and rock into a grand park in the Victorian tradition with formal gardens, ponds, statues and wide avenues for Sydneysiders to drive their carriages around to 'take the air'. It has played a significant role in the history of Sydney.

On 1 January 1901, Centennial Park became the focus of the nation, as the site marking the Federation of Australia and the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia. At a special pavilion erected in the park, Lord Hopetoun and Edmund Barton were sworn in respectively as the first Governor General and the first Prime Minister of the new Australian nation. 60,000 people are said to have been present and the ceremony took place in the Federation Pavilion, then a temporary structure made of plaster of Paris. The structure fell into disuse and was removed in 1903. A new Pavilion was designed by Sydney architect Alexander Tzannes as a permanent monument to Federation. It houses the original Federation Stone and was opened in 1988 to commemorate the centenary of the Park.

The Park is now home to Sydney's first outdoor public stone labyrinth, and possibly the most intricately built labyrinth in the world. The Labyrinth was made possible by the project's founding benefactor, Emily Simpson, who worked tirelessly and actively, in cooperation with the Centennial Parklands Foundation, to raise the significant funds required to create this unique structure. It is a beautiful sandstone labyrinth, that took a dedicated team over three years to get the approval, create the design, quarry the stone and lay over 1700

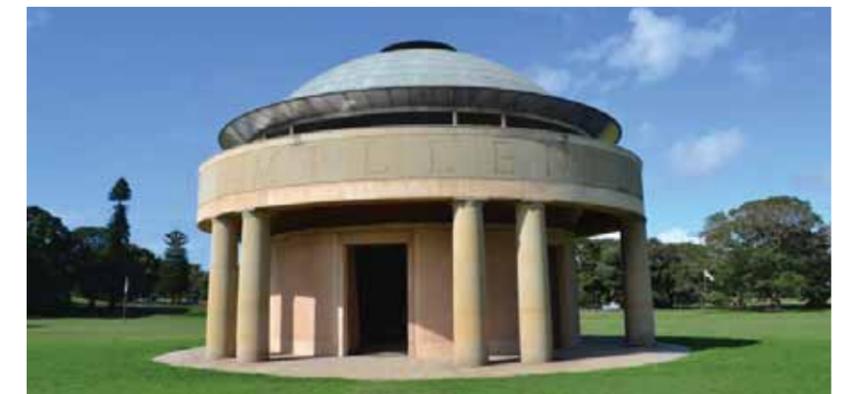
stones in an intricate pattern based on the iconic design in Chartres Cathedral.

A labyrinth, explained Emily, is not to be confused with a maze, often with hedges or walls and lots of different pathways, lots of dead ends and deliberately designed to get you lost. A labyrinth has no walls, it's completely flat. There's one single path which winds and meanders into a central point. The maze is an intellectual exercise, a labyrinth is a spiritual one.

The labyrinth is a universal and non-denominational symbol designed for quiet reflection and exploration. It is an inclusive sacred space which welcomes people of all faiths. It is used as a tool for reflection or meditation in many cultures and has been acknowledged for its therapeutic and medical benefits. Whether a person walks the path or simply traces the design with a finger, peace of mind is the ultimate goal.

You can find the Labrynth adjacent to the northern end of Willow Pond (off Dickens Drive).

References: Centennial Parklands; ABC Program, Compass.



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## THE BACK PAGE

WITH FR PETER

There is no doubt in my mind that Pope Francis has had the greatest impact for good on the Church and the world for many years. I think it is to do with a capacity to communicate in a way that is very pastoral and understanding of the concerns and often not ideal contexts in which ordinary, everyday people live.

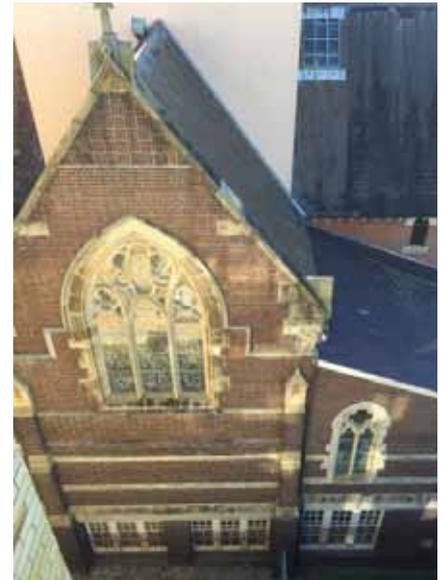
His latest Encyclical, on the Environment, *Laudato Si, Mi Signore, (Praise Be to You, My Lord)* has received wide acclaim, and some condemnation for parts of it in some circles: such as his critique of 'trickledown economics', acceptance of human induced warming, and so often the disjunction between economic development and the natural environment. The negative

assessments are outweighed by widespread support, especially from those who are disadvantaged, who don't have much of a voice in our fast moving world – the poor. We have been endeavoring to follow through this teaching in the Parish Bulletins over some months and still have more notes to come.

Recently in the Parish Council, and followed up by the newly constituted Building and Finance Committee, we have looked at some practical matters concerning the Church refurbishment. You will notice in the photo, that we have major problems in the transepts and nave. The architects will be consulted concerning a stepped program over a number of years to repair the exterior walls and parapets, and this will include any repairs to the Stained Glass windows as well.

Recently, luckily, I was reminded that November 15 represents the 130<sup>th</sup> year of the presence of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in the Randwick Parish. MSC and OLSH Sisters arrived in Botany 130 years ago from France where the MSC were expelled from their houses. They settled firstly in Botany which was to be a base for the recently established Pacific Missions. Later that year the MSC also sent a community to Randwick which was part of the large Franciscan area which spanned Edgecliff to Botany Bay.

On moving to Randwick in November that year, and in the absence of a house, they rented a terrace next door to what was then a church-school building in Avoca St. The first Presbytery was begun in 1887 and occupied later that year. (The present house is the third presbytery, built in 1963). The present Church was begun at the same time in 1887. To celebrate 130 years a committee will be formed to organise the occasion. It will be incorporated into the OLSH Feast Day which this year is the weekend of 24-25 October and could be a good occasion to lift our finances as the exterior refurbishment will be a substantial cost.



South Transept



Randwick MSC staff and visitors, 1895



First OLSH nuns at Botany Convent, 1885