



# PARISH MAGAZINE

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

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# REFLECTION

DIANE GORDON

Here is what Pope Francis said to the world in one of his Lenten messages: 'Indifference to our neighbour and to God also represents a real temptation for us Christians. Each year during Lent we need to hear once more the voice of the prophets who cry out and trouble our conscience'.

Instead of giving up chocolate or alcohol for Lent, the Pope seems to want us to give up our indifference to others. He continued: 'We end up being incapable of feeling compassion at the outcry of the poor, weeping for other people's pain, and feeling a need to help them, as though all this were someone else's responsibility and not our own'.

According to Pope Francis, even Lenten fasting must never become superficial. An article by Christopher Hale in *Time Magazine* points to a Lenten message that the Pope gave when he was still the Cardinal of Buenos Aires in Argentina. He quoted one of his favourite early Christian leaders, John Chrysostom, who said, 'No act of virtue can be great if it is not followed by advantage for others'.

'So, no matter how much time you spend fasting, no matter how much you sleep on a hard floor and eat ashes and sigh continually, if you do no good to others, you do nothing great.' Or as Pope Francis put it in his 2014 Lenten message, 'I distrust a charity that costs nothing and does not hurt'.

The Pope is saying that our spiritual activities must genuinely enhance others lives.

Since Pope Francis was elected Pope in March 2013, he has made evident through both word and deed that poverty is a core theme of his papacy. He implores us to make the circumstances of those who are poor a central concern guiding our action in the world at all times, not just for a day, a month, or for an hour a week.

He began his papacy by expressing 'I would like a Church which is poor and for the poor!' And in the first homily of his papacy, Pope Francis reminded us that it is everyone's responsibility to 'embrace with tender affection the whole of humanity, especially the poorest, the weakest, the least important, those whom Matthew lists in the final judgment on love'.

Pope Francis challenges us to take a disposition of 'encounter' offering that 'you can't speak of poverty without having the experience with the poor,' and that 'the path to Jesus is to find his wounds, to touch his wounds, to caress the wounds of Jesus, and to bind them with tenderness'.

Pope Francis speaks about poverty as a 'scandal, in a world where there is so much wealth,' and calls us to address 'the structural causes of poverty, inequality, the shortage of dignified work and housing, and the denial of their rights as members of society and as workers'.

## Front Cover Photo

### Painting of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Ventnor House

In 1854 Father Jules Chevalier was thinking of founding a society of men whose mission it would be to cure the evils of that time by leading people to the Heart of Christ as the healing source of life. He asked Our Lady for help. Having experienced her powerful intercession several times he felt that, out of gratitude, his society should honour her in a special way, bestowing on her the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Photo: Juan Rojas

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# THE STORY OF JUAN ROJAS

*Juan Rojas is readily identified as a volunteer, at Masses and in the grounds of the Parish. This article reveals more about him.*

1949. Two big events .The Polaroid camera was invented and Juan A. Rojas was born in Valparaiso, Chile. Photography was later to be one of Juan's skills. He was only two when his mother died – his father is still alive - and he was cared for by his grandparents and went to a Spanish Marist Brothers school.

'Very strict' says Juan recalling an incident when he was punished for hiding some mandarins in his desk. 'They had a good sense of smell too'. He remembers too, having to stand during recess for not memorising the prayers at the beginning of classes.

## ...friendly with the Nuns...

After leaving school in 1966, he completed six months National Service in the Chilean Air Force and was awarded an aircraft engineering scholarship in Panama. It was the start of his love of flying. He joined a sky diving club. Early in his training his parachute failed to open three times but luckily the reserve parachute did. 'Once instead of landing in a stadium' he said 'we landed in the nearby convent. We became friendly with the nuns who embroidered our logo – The Red Devils - on our jump suits'. By 1976 he had completed almost 500 jumps.

He enjoyed the Air Force. There were some British planes on the base needing maintenance and in return for making them airworthy Juan and his colleagues were permitted to use the hangars for recreation. The result? In his spare time Juan became a very good table tennis and volley ball player. Then one night in July 1972 a friend at the Air Force base knocked

on his window and said 'let's go to Australia'. And so he did. 'It was a spur of the moment decision I have never regretted it' says Juan. It was also the time of upheaval in Chile and he had begun to feel uneasy about the politics in his country.

He lived firstly in Lakemba then moved to Cairns and became a helicopter engineer for a couple of years, then bought a caravan, drove to Sydney and became a bus driver for the next 32 years until 2009.

'In driving a bus you learn a lot about people and their behaviour' he says. Unstated is that not all passengers have good manners. It was also a good training ground for a later role when he is asked to man the parking in the church grounds when there are big occasions. He found spare time while employed as a bus driver to completely restore the tennis courts at the Old Randwick Bus Depot. Sadly they are no longer there - having been replaced by a Nursing Home.

He met his wife Luisa in 1974, who had migrated from Uruguay. It was a whirlwind courtship according to Juan. For a while they lived in Coogee then settled into Randwick in 2004. Their daughter, Melissa, was born in 1986 and they travelled to North Spain for her First Holy Communion in Santiago de Compostela. Melissa (now an Assistant Manager) was a pupil at OLSH Randwick primary school and Juan was on the Parents and Friends Committee. Secondary School for Melissa was OLOR Kensington and Juan was President of that P and F Committee for three years.

Spare time – his life seems to be filled doing things – was devoted to photography. Bird life photography was his favourite and the Centennial



Park Trust has his photo of the Spoonbill bird on its website. The Park is also where Juan does his cycling. It's not the place for the faint hearted he says, as some cyclists regard it as a no-holds-barred competition for space on the track. There is currently a petition to restrain cyclists from speeding – some have been clocked at 48km/h in some areas where the limit is 10km/h.

2009 was looming as a quiet year for Juan so he told Fr Peter he felt like restoring something. The exquisite old baptismal font was in a bad state of repair. Juan saw it as a challenge to bring it back to its former glory, and he did. It is now one of the centre pieces on the altar.

## 'let's go to Australia'

He is now the acknowledged parish Handyman and is grateful to Fr Peter for his support and the friendship of the parishioners – including those who sometimes call him 'Father', confusing his beard with that of Fr Doug Smith's. 'I am happy to do anything' he says 'God has been good to me and to Luisa who has recovered from a serious illness'.

# LOVE IS OUR MISSION

## THE WORLD MEETING OF FAMILIES

Started by Saint John Paul II in 1992 the World Meeting of Families takes place in a different country every three years and seeks to strengthen the sacred bonds of family life while giving families an opportunity to meet and celebrate together. The Duane family, parishioners of St Margaret Mary's attended the 2015 meeting. This is their story.

The Duane family ventured to Philadelphia in late September to represent St Margaret Mary's Parish at the world meeting of families pilgrimage. The theme of the congress was 'Love is our Mission: The Family Fully Alive'.

Our first stop was Washington DC, catching up with the six other families representing their parishes from around Sydney and Darwin. The group comprised the Archbishop of Sydney Anthony Fisher OP, Bishop Michael Kennedy from Armidale (Bishop Delegate for Marriage and Family), Emeritus Archbishop of Perth Barry Hickey, Ron and Mavis Pirola (co-chairs of the Australian Catholic Marriage and Family Council), together with around 16 adults and 23 children.

The group settled well into sightseeing around Washington, visiting local churches and many historic US memorials. Favourites included the Basilica of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, in addition to Arlington National Cemetery and the Lincoln Memorial where the patriotism of the American people including elderly veterans was clearly on show.

The conference itself was held over seven days in Philadelphia – known as the City of Brotherly (and Sisterly) Love. In addition to being a City of Love, the Rocky Balboa films also feature prominently in the promotion of the city, while more importantly, we toured sites focussed around the US Declaration of Independence. The concept of religious freedom was one of the key drivers of the early pilgrims, who had suffered persecution in their European homes.

The congress began in earnest with our boys, Zach, aged 8 and Noah

aged 6, attending the Youth Congress for four days – a blaze of activities including singing, dancing and craft – celebrating the faith of Catholic Youth from around the world. The smile on their faces after a day of congress chanting 'Yes Lord, Yes Lord, Yes Lord' (or at times 'Si Senor, Si Senor, Si Senor'), was surpassed only by the delight of group leaders regarding the behaviour of the Australian children. One beautiful carer was moved to tears at having to say goodbye to the children.



range of topics from interfaith marriage to the impact of population growth on world religions, to more prevailing issues in the church around homosexuality and caring for the disabled. Each night, our Australian group members would share their personal highlights and thoughts of the presentations they attended.

### Some of the key themes that resonated with us as a family were:

- It is a privilege to look after the elderly.
- The greatest example to be human is to be a woman and a mother.
- Before we say 'I forgive you', we should say 'I'm sorry'.
- To strive to create a safe and tranquil home for our children; somewhere they want to spend time.
- The importance of the dignity of each individual.

The main conference started with an inspirational speech from Bishop Robert Barron, the Auxiliary Bishop of Los Angeles, to the nearly 20,000 participants. The topic 'The Image of God' covered the importance of evangelisation in the mission of the family and the broader church, as well as how attending weekly Mass helps to educate Catholic families in their daily lives. A key phrase that stuck with us is that the Catholic Church is a church of exceptional demand, but also exceptional mercy.

The remainder of the conference, over four days, covered a wide

After the congress, the following weekend was the celebration of the visit of Pope Francis, comprising the Papal concert and Festival of Families (emceed by Mark Wahlberg; better known to those parents in their 40s as Marky Mark), in addition to the Papal Mass. Over the course of the two days, we ventured out early in the day to secure our spots to catch a glimpse of the Pope as he scooted past in the Popemobile. The raucous crowd shouted approval at his every move and word, with the children loudly cheering for 'Papa Franciso!!' Excitingly one of the families in our group was chosen to accept, on behalf of Australia and Oceania, the Gospel of St Luke from the Holy Father during the Papal Mass.

After a final meal with our Australian group, we said our goodbyes, having shared a thought-provoking, family-binding experience.

*Adapted from St Margaret Mary's School Newsletter Dec 2015*

# WAR AND PEACE

KATE GERAGHTY

Kate Geraghty, a five-time Walkley winner, is a news photographer for Fairfax Media's The Sydney Morning Herald. She has covered some of the events that have shaped not only our nation but the world including the Bali bombings, wars in Iraq, Lebanon, and Afghanistan and the Refugee crisis. Here she tells of two of her experiences in the Ukraine.

In 2014 Chief correspondent Paul McGeough and I found ourselves covering not only a conflict but a disaster inside a conflict – the Crimean crisis that saw the Crimea break away from Ukraine and join Russia. In the Donetsk Oblast (province) we reported on the Donetsk People's Republic (DNR) referendum, where Pro Russian separatists claimed a vast majority supported the establishment of the People's Republics. In the weeks leading up to the referendum fighting broke out between Ukrainian forces and militias against Pro Russian Separatists.

At a moment's notice you grab your passport, camera gear and body armour and head to the airport to cover a conflict or humanitarian disaster, you never get used to seeing the destruction and chaos but what I never tire of witnessing is the strength, bravery and dignity of people on what is probably the worst day of their lives.

The rebel held territories were lawless and unpredictable. It was a volatile environment, the front line fighting was very fluid, changing hourly with armed groups sometimes under the influence of alcohol or drugs manning road blocks and checkpoints in the Donetsk region. Fighting or artillery fire could erupt at any minute.

We wanted to illustrate the intensity of the fighting and the impact on civilians caught in the crossfire. For a month Paul, myself and our local driver and fixer/translator covered the preparations for the referendum, the vote, the fighting and its aftermath, the funerals of those killed, people fleeing, the injured and the living conditions of the internally displaced people. We were witnessing a conflict descending into a bloody and bitter war that has killed over 8,000 people, injured over 17,811 and as of August 2015 approximately 1.4 million have been internally displaced.

I had just returned to Sydney when I was woken by a friend saying a passenger plane had been shot down

in East Ukraine – Malaysian flight MH17 had been shot down in the Donetsk region, killing all on board including 38 Australians. This would be the first time that Paul and I would cover a disaster inside a war zone.

Having Ukrainian government and DNR press accreditation we were able to pass through the checkpoints and the war zone. I immediately went to the MH17 crash site passing through both rebel and government held areas. It was late in the afternoon and the beautiful crops of sunflowers initially masked the horror of what lay on the ground.



Our driver and I stood there in silence and disbelief taking in the scene that stretched for miles, as we carefully walked through the crash site. I photographed the devastation. What most impacted on me was seeing the personal items of the passengers, knowing that some of the children's books and shoes could have belonged to the Australian victims. It is something I will never forget.

Every day our team would follow the Australian Federal Police who were part of the International recovery team to one of the three main crash sites held by the rebels. We documented the AFP searching for remains in very difficult



circumstances. Despite a ceasefire near the crash site, the shelling from both sides made it so dangerous that the International team had to withdraw.

Knowing that the families and loved ones of the Australian victims could never get to the site on our last day, we stood in the sunflower field surrounding the cockpit crash site at dawn and gathered a sunflower for each Australian victim to bring back to the families.

We hoped to offer the seeds from these sunflowers, so that they would be a living memorial to their loved ones. With the help and dedication of the Department of Agriculture, a second generation of plants were grown in quarantine and just before the one year anniversary in July last year we mailed out hundreds of packets of the MH17 sunflowers to the families. The website <http://www.smh.com.au/interactive/2015/planting-hope/> is an interactive story of our Sunflower project.

*Sister Philomene Tiernan a RSCJ Nun in our parish was killed in the MH17 crash and her friends, Srs Kath and Nancy, received their sunflower and seeds, some of which have bloomed beautifully.*

## AT THE MOVIES

PETER MALONE *msc*

*Fr Peter Malone is an internationally known film reviewer and critic, a former editor of Compass and for many years wrote film reviews for the Annals. He has just published his memoir An Ever-Widening Screen.*

I have been frequently asked: why does a priest review films? Actually, priests do quite a number of things, chaplains do racecourses, for instance, or appearing on radio and television (and YouTube), editing magazines. And reading and writing on films, particularly from a values perspective (which is shared by believers from other faiths and others who do not have faith).

A word about Randwick. My brother and I began school at Holy Family, Maroubra Junction. Our mother died in early 1947 when we were very young and we went to boarding school, OLSH Bowral and Chevalier College. In different circumstances, we might have gone to Marcellin and become Randwick boys! At boarding school, we saw a great number of films. I enjoyed them. They told wonderful stories within two hours or so running time, plenty to appeal to the imagination, situations, characters, make-believe, history – and a way of introducing many quite serious themes to us at an early age.

### ...My first review To Sir with Love...

Although our novice master was not too enthusiastic about films, we did see some in the seminary at Croydon, Melbourne. And Providence was kind to me, with two years study at ANU, specialising in English, Australian literature, History, and then being sent to Rome as a student, arriving the month that the Vatican Council opened.

Being outside Australia meant wider horizons opened up areas of study – and we saw more films in Rome than we would have back in Australia.

The idea of writing reviews in our MSC magazine, *Annals*, was a creative connection with the editor, Paul Stenhouse *msc*. My first review, for those with long memories, was *To Sir with Love*.

### ...searches out their values...

Since the reviewing raised questions, doubts and some criticism, this led to writing a number of books including *The Film & Films and Values* – the former a response to a confrere referring to me as an ecclesiastical Peeping Tom! In the late 1960s, there was a big movement towards discussing films and searching out their values, so I began writing Discussion Sheets on most of the films that I saw (now a rather large number, still available, to be found if one googles Peter Malone's Website).

Over the years, the reviewing widened. There were opportunities to teach media courses in seminary programs and Catholic institutions, leading to Fr Fred Chamberlain, Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, and founder of the Australian Catholic Film Office, nominating me for being responsible for the Catholic Film Offices of the Pacific, a member of the International Board of OCIC (The International Catholic Organisation for Cinema) which, in turn, led to my being the head of this organisation for four years, from 1998, and then working for the merging of this organisation with Unda, The International Catholic Organisation for Radio and Television, and the new association, SIGNIS. This is The World Catholic Association for Communication, and I ended up heading SIGNIS from 2001 to 2005.

This meant a great deal of communication with Catholics

involved in the cinema media, in writing, producing, directing, reviewing, as well as the association serving as a bridge between the Catholic Church and the professionals of this media world.

Not that I was reviewing all the time. I taught at Daramalan College in Canberra. I spent 17 years working in MSC formation of students and brothers. I was able to lecture in Introduction to Theology as well as Introduction to the Old Testament – and, especially, with editing the MSC topical theology review, *Compass*, for many years, being interested in reflection on Australian spirituality. And this has helped for many years in my work with the Heart of Life Spirituality Centre in Box Hill, Melbourne.

One thing I should add is that I have relied on a distinction to explain reviewing. The distinction is between 'what is presented' and 'how it is presented'. The easy question is the 'what?' – every human issue is legitimate for books, plays, films. The hard question is the 'how?'. We have to look carefully at context, treatment with sensitivity (a robust sensitivity with some of the challenging material that is always there).

I have been the editor of the MSC Province Website since 2010, generally putting on a new item every weekday and one on weekends. I hope it is a way of keeping in touch with all those with connected with the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. (You might even like to bookmark it on your computer [www.misacor.org.au](http://www.misacor.org.au)).

So, still busy, even after a golden jubilee of priesthood in 2015 – and, for reviewing, two years, at least, to go for 50 years!

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## IN THE DEPTH OF AFRICA

*Daughter of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Sister Rita Grunke, returned to South Sudan late in 2015 to continue her missionary work – educating and training, especially the women of Mapuordit. This is her story.*

Two weeks before Rita Grunke was born her mother fell from a ladder. Two weeks after her birth, free of bruises, Rita was baptised in St Patrick's Toowoomba. One of a large family, her early days were spent on the farm. Her primary school was at Bergin, a town so small it rarely appeared on maps and at harvest time she and her siblings sometimes stayed home from school to carry sandwiches and billy tea to the workers in the paddocks.

### 'Where to start'

'I had seven brothers and five sisters. Mine was a happy childhood but sadly the top end of the family had moved into jobs and employment before the youngest siblings came along. It was at my father's funeral in 1968 that the whole family assembled for the first time. The second time was for my mother's funeral in 1995'.

Rita completed the Leaving Certificate at the OLSH Juniorate at Leura. By reading of the *Annals* and *Harvest* magazines Rita knew she wanted to be a missionary. The OLSH Sisters were my choice. I was professed in 1963 and began my teacher training that year. I taught in various schools including 33 years in Papua New Guinea. By then it was time for a change. I wanted to do more pastoral work and South Sudan beckoned. It is like no other place, poverty and suppression of women is common but my work has been rewarding for women hopefully but especially for me I have learnt total unselfishness from these wonderful women.

Not well known is that Bishop Daniel Comboni, a contemporary of Jules Chevalier dedicated the whole of

Sudan when he was a Bishop to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in 1875. He was canonised as a saint in 2003. The OLSH Sisters established the Mapuordit mission in 1995 and Sr Rita arrived in 2004.

'Where to start' was Rita's first thought. The welfare of the women was her first and enduring main concern. They have few rights, considered slaves of their husbands and frequently regarded as non-persons.

When she arrived there were no girls in High School, few could read or write and most were forced into marriage at an early age. There was little knowledge of the English language and the influence of witch doctors was prevalent. Bible classes were started and small satellite schools were established in the surrounding agricultural areas. Progress in learning is slow. She relates the story of asking pupils for answers to questions in class and often gets the reply 'you're the teacher tell us'; Discovery method of learning is not so welcome!

The country has been described as the poorest country in the world so she set about helping the women to establish home gardens to grow crops, enabling them to not only feed their families but also develop an income stream by selling their produce at markets. These small scale agricultural endeavours are beginning to bear fruit as the women are gradually, but ever so slowly, freeing themselves from total dependency from their husbands.

Social problems abound. Polygamy is still practised, tribal chiefs are still highly influential and health problems widespread. There are pockets of leprosy and inter-tribal warfare is the cause of widespread deaths. Rita emphasises that prayers are



needed with the special intention of overcoming the hatred that exists. 'I know love is a much greater force but hatred in ethnic violence is a terrible thing' she says. 'It's savage, it's brutal and people are dying in the most terrible ways, not just isolated cases, but in some areas en masse'.

One other thing troubles her. While the mission has helped overcome some poverty, many cling to a life of dependency, demanding handouts, and resisting efforts to encourage a greater self-reliant life style. What is needed, Rita says, is a move away from this dependency attitude.

### ...like no other place...

There are a number of other OLSH Sisters in the mission, devoted to offering health and nursing care. The mission clinic has no shortage of patients needing treatment for the victims of violence and disease.

Why does she go back to Mapuordit? 'It is my hope to continue with development of small farms, improving the lot of the women and working to change attitudes' she says. 'I'm truly grateful for the support offered by so many people for our mission'. And please keep me in your prayers'.

*Donations to DOLSH Overseas Aid are tax deductible.  
Contact 02 9663 3599*

## MERV CROSS

### A MARCELLIN BOY

*Dr Merv Cross is an internationally known Orthopaedics surgeon, now in active retirement. Ever grateful for the education offered to him at Marcellin College he writes here of a very fulfilling life.*

1951 was my first contact with the Marist Brothers. It was in class 5A and Pop Matchett was my teacher. I knew many of the boys in the class as I had spent some time at St Michael's, Daceyville and St Aiden's, Maroubra Junction. I had spent fourth class at the now defunct St John the Baptist at Hunters Hill. Br Edmundus was Headmaster and there were only two lay teachers. Even then I knew that the Marist Brothers dedicated their lives to teaching. They laid the foundation for me. I am eternally grateful.

### ...It was not all about study...

In 1955 it became Marcellin College. The school had a great tradition for swimming and we had won something like 28 consecutive MCC (Metropolitan Catholic Colleges) Swimming competitions. Being close to the Coogee Aquarium may have been a big help. 1957 and 1958 were big years, winning the Rugby League MCC competition. In those days probably half the class left school after the Intermediate Certificate, mainly taking up apprenticeships. My Leaving Certificate class in 1958 of around 35 pupils produced three doctors; Paul Gaudry, Richard Regan and myself. Br Anselm had arrived in 1957 and the College has never looked back since then.

I was extremely fortunate in achieving a Commonwealth Scholarship into Medicine at Sydney University. Being born in 1941 was to be very fortunate as there was to be many great advances and opportunities in all walks of life. I was approached to do Electrical Engineering and enter the world of computers, as Siliac was being installed at Sydney University at that time. I however felt strongly about medicine.

It was not all about study. I played in South Sydney's President Cup in 1959, beaten by Balmain in the final at the Sydney Cricket Ground prior to the Australian England Test match. A year later, aged 18, I was selected in Souths first grade team. It was a great honour. Unfortunately I suffered a dislocated shoulder and needed surgery. I had played 16 games. I played with Souths in 1962 and then transferred to Easts and later to North Sydney. The old shoulder injury needed replacement in 2012 when I retired.

Having experienced the treatment of sports injuries as a player I saw great career opportunities to pursue Orthopaedics and later Knee Surgery. I was a pioneer in Arthroscopy, knee replacement and cruciate ligament reconstruction, and involved in forming the International Knee Society in 1977 and the Australian Knee Club in 1978. I had spent a year in America in 1972, researching the knee. To date we have over 100 published articles on Sports Medicine and the Knee. I was an original member of the American Orthopaedic Society of Sports Medicine. I was inaugurated into their Sports Medicine Hall of Fame in 1999, awarded an OAM for Sports Medicine in 1995 and achieved a Doctorate of Medicine from the University of New South Wales in 1992. A special honour for me was being asked to supervise the Orthopaedics for the Sydney Olympics, operating on more athletes than at any other Olympics. I often reflect that my success owes so much to the education Marcellin offered me.

In 1980, I established a clinic with sports physicians, surgeons, physiotherapy and radiology to cover all aspects of Orthopaedics. It is now at the Stadium site in Moore Park and my son Tom is one of the principals. I set up the Australian Institute of Musculo-Skeletal Research in 1988 to further studies and also to communicate with overseas centres.



We have had over one hundred overseas fellows visit, research and return to their various countries.

How did I spend my time? Operating sessions on Monday and Thursday mornings and all day Friday; patients on Monday and Thursday afternoons, and Wednesday mornings; Tuesdays were dedicated to public hospital appointments. Since 2000 research was done on Tuesdays. I have been fortunate to be able to teach students, residents, registrars and fellows both from overseas and local.

### How did I spend my time?

I met Virginia my wife at St Vincent's Hospital and we were married in 1965. Last year we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. We have four children Joe, Tom, Lindy and John. Lindy has blessed us with two grandchildren Matthew and Stephanie.

It amazes me how busy I still am. In March I will be presenting my experience with Cruciate injuries in Rugby League at an international conference on football. And, also at a meeting in the USA in July. I am also writing and have some business interests. I am on the board of the Australian Society of Orthopaedic Surgeons.

In summary, I wish to acknowledge the tremendous contribution to education of the Catholic Church and in particular, in my case, those wonderful dedicated Marist Brothers.

## WENDY AND KEN YAP

It was 1959 when Ken came to Australia to study with Wendy arriving in 1960. Both had different first impressions. Ken was impressed by how well the people dressed compared to Ipoh where he had lived; Wendy at how different the houses were compared to those in Ipoh. But they both fell in love with Sydney and with each other – more of that later.

Wendy completed her Leaving Certificate at Cremorne Girls High School. Sydney University was next where she completed her pharmacy studies in 1963. Ken had come to Sydney to begin his accountancy studies at Sydney Technical College as the opportunities for study at that time in Malaysia were limited.

### ...involved in community affairs...

Both Wendy and Ken were from Buddhist families. Ken attended St Michael's Institution, a De La Salle Brothers school in Ipoh and was impressed with their religious approach and was baptised into the Catholic faith at St Benedict's Broadway in 1960. Wendy was baptised in 1971 at her parish church of St Michael's in Ipoh.

When they first arrived in Sydney Wendy stayed at Belmore and Ken at Mosman. Later, Wendy's landlady at Ashfield was an amateur matchmaker and introduced Wendy and her two flatmates to Ken and his flatmates. The introduction worked but not straight away.

They returned to Malaysia in separate months in 1965, Ken to work in his father's tin mining company, Wendy as a manufacturing pharmacist in Petaling Jaya, Selangor. Their romance resumed and in 1966 Wendy and Ken were married at St Michael's Church where Wendy was later

baptised. This year marks their 50th wedding anniversary.

For the next few years they led the then normal life of newlyweds. Ken continued to work in the tin mining industry – rising to be the Area Manager for the Eastern Smelting Company in North Malaysia, Wendy a stay-at-home housewife with occasional stints as a chemist and rearing their four children – Adrian, Andrew, Alvin and Anthony. 'Our second child was going to be named with a B', says Wendy, 'but Ken and I could not think of one and when our third and fourth baby arrived we just felt A names sounded nice'.

Both were involved in community affairs in Ipoh, Ken a member of the Ipoh Rotary Club and Wendy becoming the president of the Ipoh Inner Wheel Club. The family moved to Sydney in 1981 and have been living in Randwick since 1983.

That year - 1983 - started a tradition among the Yaps and six other families mostly living in the Eastern Suburbs, and also Campbelltown and North Rocks. They call themselves the Family Rosary Group and each month they meet in a different home, say the Rosary, have a meal and the friendship has endured. 'This is our 33rd year, our children are involved too and it has been a wonderful way of maintaining faith and friendship' says Ken.

Their children have all different careers. Adrian lives locally, is an acoustics lagging contractor, has three girls, the eldest being an auditor and is a parishioner at St Michael's Daceyville. Andrew is a finance director, has two children, a boy



and a girl and is a parishioner at St Anthony's Marsfield. Alvin works in Singapore as a regional finance business partner and is a parishioner of St Ignatius Church. Anthony is a doctor living in Waterloo. Fr Paul Stenhouse is a family friend from a long way back and baptised five of the grandchildren.

Their return to Sydney also meant that Wendy resumed her career as a pharmacist again - becoming the owner of two pharmacies, one at Clovelly in 1983 and one at Earlwood in 1985. It became a family business with Ken handling the financial aspects. By 1997 it became time to step back from business and both retired.

### ...OLSH is a special parish...

OLSH is a special parish they say. At one stage Ken handled the parish banking and since 2001 he has been a Special Minister of the Eucharist. Wendy has been a Reader for the last few years. Life is now less hectic.

Keeping an eye on the grandchildren – now eight of them – a travel trip or two each year to visit Alvin and his family and the many siblings and being part of the OLSH community is for Wendy and Ken the ideal life.

# THE EMERALD ISLE

## RUTH ADLER

*Dr Ruth Adler is Australia's Ambassador to Ireland. A senior career officer with the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, she has previously served as Australia's High Commissioner to Brunei Darussalam. Here she writes of her role in modern Ireland, a place held dear by many parishioners.*

Australia and Ireland have a strong and enduring relationship. The Irish were among the first European settlers in Australia and contributed substantially to the development of contemporary Australian society. Among the very first Irish settlers were 155 convicts from County Cork who arrived in Sydney in 1791. More than 300,000 Irish settlers migrated to Australia between 1840 and 1914. In the 2011 Census, almost 2.1 million Australians indicated they had some Irish ancestry.

People-to-people links between our two countries remain as strong as ever. Each year tens of thousands of Irish people visit Australia, including those with skilled visa and working holidays arrangements. Several thousand Australians live in Ireland and many more visit each year.

### ...some Irish links...

There are also two sister city relationships: Ballina in County Mayo is a sister city to Ballina in NSW and Lismore in County Waterford is a sister city to Lismore in NSW.

There is a strong Australian business presence in Ireland, including a number of major Australian companies, as well as start-ups and small-to-medium sized enterprises. In 2014, Ireland was Australia's 33rd largest merchandise trading partner. Total merchandise exports to Ireland were valued at \$51 million and total merchandise imports were valued at \$1.6 billion. Australia's services exports to Ireland were valued at \$537 million and services imports from Ireland were valued at \$1 billion. Ireland's total investment in Australia

was valued at \$16.3 billion; Australia's investment in Ireland was valued at \$8.8 billion.

Australia and Ireland also enjoy strong education links. University College Dublin hosts the Keith Cameron Chair of Australian History, established in 1985 to promote Australian studies in Ireland. The current Chair is Professor Erik Eklund. Jeff Kildea, a parishioner of Our Lady of the Rosary Kensington, held that Professorship in 2014.

There is also collaboration between the Australian Research Council Centre of Excellence for Electromaterials Science at the University of Wollongong and Dublin City University on the development of bio-medical devices using 3-D printing technology.

As Ambassador to Ireland, my key priorities are to strengthen the bilateral relationship and to advance Australia's interests. This includes identifying opportunities for Australian business in Ireland and promoting Australia as an attractive destination for investment. As the Irish economy continues to recover, there is strong potential to develop trade and investment links, and the Australian Embassy is pursuing an economic diplomacy strategy to support Australian companies in Ireland.

The proposed Free Trade Agreement (FTA) between Australia and the European Union is also a major priority. Once negotiated, the FTA will strengthen our bilateral relationship with Ireland further.

Another key focus is to secure support for Australia's candidacy for a seat on the United Nations Human Rights Council for the 2018-2020 period. Australia's candidacy reflects



Archbishop Charles Brown Apostolic Nuncio to Ireland, Ruth and daughter Amelia Goonerage.

our commitment to the aims and purposes of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and to the ongoing promotion and protection of human rights.

My role also includes showcasing Australia as a centre of excellence in innovation and research, and promoting people-to-people links between our two countries in business, sports, science and the arts. Yet another priority is the Embassy's provision of consular and passport services to Australians in Ireland.

Highlights of my posting have included travelling throughout the island of Ireland, both north and south, and experiencing first-hand the generous and warm hospitality of the Irish people and Ireland's great natural beauty. I have particularly enjoyed visiting the many places with historical connections to Australia.

It has also been wonderful to discover some Irish links of my own. My great-great grandparents were Irish, from County Monaghan, who migrated to Australia in the 1860s. In 2013 – with the assistance of some genealogists – I was able to meet some third and fourth cousins, who were descendants of a younger brother of my great-great grandfather. It was fascinating to be able to compare family histories and to connect with my long lost Irish family.

This year marks the 70th anniversary of Australia's diplomatic presence in Ireland, which will provide an opportunity to reflect on our shared history.

# ON THE WAY TO BECOMING A CATHOLIC

## ANNE HAN

'Overwhelming' said Anne Han, recalling her first visit to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart church one week after arriving in Australia last July from China to take up studies at UNSW.

With an engineering and building background the elegant building was attractive, but I liked my friend Annie saying that God had driven me to step into the church. 'There was singing, people praying and what I now know as the Sign of Peace as people greeted one another. An added bonus was discovering a Chinese language Welcome to Newcomers in the Bulletin'.

'Nothing could match that feeling that morning' said Anne. For her, up until then, a church was merely a building. What occurred inside the walls was never of interest. No longer.

### ...More joy was to come...

Going abroad to study had always been planned after I graduated from Nanjing University in 2001. An only child, Anne cared for her mother during her long series of operations after she graduated. She then had the opportunity to spend a little time working in America and Europe. This experience convinced her to pursue her dream of going abroad to study again. Reading about Australia convinced her and her husband Eric to come to Sydney. 'What a fortunate choice we made' she said.

More joy was to come. 'I was educated to be an atheist in my country. When I grew up, I found that people need faith and religion to help them find the answers in their lives. I had prayed and constantly told myself that all would be OK when

my mother suffered the ten hours of heart surgery.

But the experience at OLSH that July morning made her think about her attitudes and beliefs. The stillness and smiles in the strangers faces moved me deeply, I believed then that I had found my faith. Fortunately



she met Annie Lau who suggested she might attend a Right of Christian Initiation of Adults (RCIA) gathering.

And her husband who she had met on a business trip also took up the invitation to meet the members of the RCIA. He shared Anne's views, He had no religion before, but now he too prays and participates in Mass on Sundays. Coming to Australia was a big move for him too. He is an Electrical Engineer but the opportunities for work are limited.

They have two children. Amy, aged eight and Grace aged three. Amy came with them and is in year 3 at a

local school. Late last year Amy went to her first school camp at Narrabeen Lakes. About that time there had been some shark sightings off Coogee and a parent at the school reassured her that sharks had never swum that far inland to the Lakes. 'I am too scared to swim in the ocean even though I like swimming very much. Last Christmas, I was shocked by a piece of black plastic when I was in the water at Coogee Beach'.

Grace was being minded by Anne's mother but she is with them now they have settled into Randwick. 'I could never have imagined', explained Anne, 'how my life would change'. Not only did she attend that first RCIA gathering she also joined the group preparing for their initiation into the Church at Easter. She began reading the Bible – in Chinese, reading the English version will come later – and feels very much part of the community.

### ...some shark sightings...

'There is so much to know about religion and the more I learn about religion the more I feel at peace. Arriving in a new country is a little bit frightening but the friends I have now made at OLSH has given Eric and me a sense that our lives can be more fulfilling'.

Like many foreign students Anne worries a little about her English skills but she should not - her studies require a high level of English language abilities - and the friends she has made at RCIA have made her feel at home. 'The OLSH community has made me feel so much at home and introduced me to my new faith that I would like to become a volunteer'.

## REMARKABLE SHRINKING

CARMEL MAGUIRE

Last spring my sister and I took off on a road trip up the coast to Brisbane. She has lived in London for more than 30 years and we both thought it high time to re-visit the scenes of our youth. Happily the east coast of Australia is too good, even for greedy development to ruin. More and more jacarandas were in bloom as we drove north and the might of the Northern Rivers delighted us.

### ...What teachers said...

We called into Murwillumbah and found our grandmother's old house, not only still standing but obviously lovingly cared for. In Brisbane, a pilgrimage of course had to be made to our old suburban neighbourhood, past the parish church and primary school, and then on to our high school. It began as a stately home which became a convent of the Sisters of Charity, where the sisters first ran a kindergarten and then a high school.

When I left in 1950 it had one purpose-built building and fewer than 80 students, now it is suitably housed in several buildings and has at least 800 students. Then we drove the length of our old road and past our old home. Had it changed? My sister nailed it when she said, 'It's shrunk!'

And indeed it has. Not only our house but the whole of Mareeba Road. It used to be much longer and wider, the houses were larger, and of notable variety - now they all look more or less the same.

The realisation moved me to inquire into the remarkable shrinking of Mareeba Road and of other possible similar phenomena. When it was for us the centre of the civilised world, when neighbouring suburbs possibly

housed dragons, how fixed and immutable were the values inculcated by Sister Berenice, with ruler, and Miss McCarthy, with piercing voice. Sermons and parental diatribes were readily assimilated if not soon forgotten.

What teachers said, especially what 'Sister said', retained canonical authority through most of our schooldays. So, with mixed feelings I have to acknowledge the shrinking of that authority, in the virtual disappearance from schools of those particular authoritarians. Complaining about the nuns was a no-no in our house. On one memorable occasion when I complained, my father said, 'O well, they're only women'.

I think he never did fathom the speechless but foot-stamping rage which this assurance brought on. Since, however, the concept of teenagers' rights had not percolated to Mareeba Road, my tantrum was ignored.

Every small incident in our young lives was enormously important to us. Exam results, for example, were important to us and no doubt to some parents, but the pressure on students seems now very much greater, especially in what cannot these days be accurately described as the 'comfortable' middle classes. Growing up remains hard to do.

St Paul advises us in 1 Corinthians to 'put away childish things'. The current popularity of adult colouring-in books may suggest that this advice is not always easy to follow. Aged pedestrians, no longer fleet of foot, faced with wheeled demons of all ages on the footpaths of Randwick, wish that big grown-up people could put away childish things like scooters. But is intolerance, including my own, another symptom of shrinkage? - this time of compassion.

The Randwick congregation's apparently inexhaustible generosity to good causes gives evidence of the

open-hearted generosity, which we like to think typical of our nation. Is there a paradox here? Why can't we find a way to address the shrinkage of compassion for the refugees who seek to try to share our good life? Stories from the concentration camps, onshore and offshore, can leave us in no doubt that terrible things are being done in our name.

All this is in the wonderful expansion of our horizons with a thoroughly grown-up Pope, who urges people to think of the church as 'a field hospital, where treatment is given above all to those who are most wounded.' According to the review of his new book, *The name of God is mercy*, in the *New York Times* on January 10, Francis chastises 'scholars of the law' who 'live attached to the letter of the

### ...Growing up remains hard to do...

law but who neglect love; men who only know how to close doors and draw boundaries.'

On a subject which should make all of us Australians sit up and take notice, he is totally without compromise. Of the poor, the homeless and those 'immigrants who have survived the crossing and who land on our shores', he says, 'we touch the flesh of Christ in he who is outcast, hungry, thirsty, naked, imprisoned, ill, unemployed, persecuted, in search of refuge'. The translation is a bit awkward and the language could be more inclusive, but Pope Francis's vision leaves very little wriggle room for any shrinkage of our compassion.

## PLACES IN RANDWICK NEWMARKET STABLES

*The Inglis Newmarket Stables, built in 1880 and also affectionately known as the Big Barn or the Old Stable are part of an 11 acre complex in Young Street, an iconic site embedded within the history of Randwick.*

Its original owner was the Hon. James White, a wealthy pastoralist and politician in colonial New South Wales. Before his death in 1890, he owned five AJC Derby winners, five Sires Produce winners and five winners of the St Leger. There are stories told about him having parties in the stables beneath a gas-lit chandelier and parading his champion horses to his dinner guests.

Arthur Reginald Inglis purchased the property in 1918; it has had several owners and since 1962 is now back in the Inglis family. During the Second World War, the stable building was deployed as a detention barracks with prisoners being confined to locked stables, arguably unaware of the priceless horseflesh that had been in there before them. Later it became a laminex factory. In 1982 it was a set location for the film *Phar Lap*, a production heralded for its attention to accuracy and period recreation. In all of this time though, the original fittings of the building remained untouched.



### ...the grand clock...

In 1985 it was decided to restore the Old Stable 'The architects scratched back the paint to its original colour', says Arthur Inglis, grandson of the original owner. It was work undertaken by the same company that Inglis has always used to maintain the surrounding stables. The project was

led by Timothy Court who had been an understudy architect in 1981, the year the Auction Ring was designed.

"There were just layers and layers of paint that had been applied over the years. Heritage consultants recreated the exact tones. Some of the wrought iron in the banister at the top was missing, and they got the mould from the existing wrought iron and recreated it to fill in the spaces'.

The steel crossbeams that brace the stable's ceiling were one of the only new additions, while the gas chandelier - though not live - is an original piece, as is the firehose. And still keeping time in a completely new era is the grand clock at the lower end of the barn, a piece that Arthur holds in considerable esteem.

'It is an Australian-made clock, which is quite interesting', adds Arthur. 'There would not have been many clocks made in Australia during the 1870s of that size. When we had the building restored we had the clock wagon cleaned and serviced, and there were a few clock enthusiasts who were asking us to write out a price on it. I don't know what it is worth, I've got no idea. It might be worth more than the stable!'

The Old Stable is protected by a permanent conservation order. A plaque erected on the site by Randwick City Council details the history of the site, the horses and trainers.

At sale time every year a draft of horses from Arrowfield Stud occupy the now 18 extraordinarily spacious



boxes. Arthur jokes that the boxes are so large they make the yearlings look small, but he is sure the horses don't complain over such human trivialities.

'You'd be surprised how many people come to the yearling sale and don't really notice it', Arthur adds. 'In current times you don't have to go to the box to see a horse. You just go to one of the grooms or the presenter of the yearling draft and they get the horse out for you, so a lot of times people don't even see the stable the horse is in'. A total of 620 boxes house horses on the site.

It is not only horses that add glamour to the Big Barn. It is in demand as a glamorous function centre for weddings and product launches.

A central feature of the complex is the Auction Ring playing host to hundreds of horses each year and international and domestic thoroughbred royalty - both horse and human alike. With ample amphitheatre-type seating the focal point is the Auction Box in the middle, where Inglis' experienced auctioneers conduct up to ten sales each year. The ring also plays host to a variety of social events, even charity boxing matches.

After some 150 years on the site the auction facilities are being relocated to Warwick Farm but the Big Barn will stay part of Randwick's history.

*References: William Inglis & Son Ltd*

## IT'S A DIFFERENT WORLD

### A GRANDPARENT

'Try not to catastrophise.' I can't believe it. This is my grandchild Minerva telling me I worry too much. She's learnt these words at the Big School this year but spelling is not her strength. She once wrote 'spelling is challenging,' one hundred times. Still her teacher didn't seem fazed by it.

And John her younger brother is not much better. He tells her not to invade 'his sleeping quarters.' That's his name for his bedroom. All that money the parents have spent on their education and this is the result. No wonder I catastrophise.

But there is hope. Before we all moved into our McMansion with its four bedrooms, and extras, and apparently a mortgage (in the high six figures according to their father), dinner was 'cafeteria style - open from 6pm to 7pm arrive any time'. Now we all eat together in the media room in front of a giant TV. There's not much conversation but at least we're together as a family for an hour or so. That's another thing. There is not a clock in the house. 'Why have one' says John, 'our mobile tells us the time'.

Don't let anyone tell you you're too old to learn. I'm on the wrong side of seventy but listening to Minerva and John has opened up a new world for me. Last week John came back from school saying 'we need a COLA.' I thought he was asking for that sugar loaded soft drink.

I was about to tell him to go to the refrigerator himself when he explained, 'it stands for a 'Covered Outdoor Learning Area.' Big dollars involved he said and another complaint about the government not helping his school. Minerva's no better. She talks of her graphic organiser. It's not a blackboard but apparently some type of chart.

Their father is the worst of all. He agendas the shopping list. I'm not kidding! And there is gloom and doom each month. When the credit cards arrive, Minerva and John whisper that their father will say 'We need to cut back'. He does, every month.

### ...But there is hope...

Some things in that house cause my hackles to rise. Minerva and John have friends and bring them home to 'chill out'. I get the general drift of that meaning. I rarely meet them, they drift past me into their bedroom (oops, sleeping quarters) and all I hear is sound masquerading as music.

Worse is their names. John's friends are Muggsie, Maxx (yes, with a second x), Dingbang and Joop. I had a laugh when Minerva introduced her friend called Paspaley. 'Pearls' must be your last name I said. 'No', she said 'it's Rigney'. What made you think it was Pearls?' It would have been too difficult to explain so I told her 'I get confused'.

I'm not the only one who gets confused in this house. Their father believes that everything in life can be scheduled. Each day of the week

### ...Big dollars involved...

has allocated tasks. Come hell or high water Saturday is 'shampoo the dog day' - Minerva's job; Tuesday is 'put out the garbage' - John's job. The kids do swaps, and often the garbage fails to make it to the street for collection.

Their father, trying to stay calm, and failing, is a sight to behold. 'It's time to skedaddle' they say to each other. I've no idea where they got that word from. They certainly could not spell it.

Mary is my daughter-in-law and is the hope of the side. Well, my side anyway. She's a no-nonsense type, rolls her eyes when Minerva often says to her brother 'Be human. How hard can it be?' Once when Minerva and I had 'words' - Minerva would have said it was contrary points of view - I heard Mary tell her 'your grandmother is as wise as a dove and harmless as a fly'. She is my Bestie. OMG, I think I'm talking like the rest of the family.

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## AT THE MOVIES

### Peter Malone's mini-bucket list of films.

For power, poetry, symbols, science and the future:  
**2001: A Space Odyssey**

For the devastation of war and for its effect on human beings:  
**Apocalypse Now** (the original, not the Redux version)

For one of the best explorations of the complexities of human nature in an ordinary setting:  
**Secrets and Lies**

For laughs: **What's up, Doc**

For a profound religious and Catholic experience,  
**Of Gods and Men.**

## LOOKING BACK, LOOKING FORWARD

### REBECCA FENECH

Growing up in Randwick I have fond memories of my childhood and the number of friends I met through Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Primary School and Parish.

After school in those days involved walking home from school, riding your bike to a friend's house, playing games in the neighbouring streets, and sometimes not being home until dinner time. Playing in a big backyard, ours or one of my friends, was another delight. Some of those playmates are still friends today.

### ...attend my old school...

When I became a mother it was natural to think that my own children would attend my old school. I was hoping to build on the family tradition where my grandparents and parents always had a strong association with the OLSH community.

The church was where we all received the sacraments - Baptism, Reconciliation, the Eucharist and Confirmation and where marriages were celebrated and funerals conducted.

Through this OLSH community I was introduced to so many other supportive organisations and programs like Antioch, the Randwick Netball Club and the Coogee Surf Club which many of my classmates joined. It is as an adult that the value of friendships is appreciated as there are many times that we need to lean on these friends throughout our life. A most valuable lesson I have learnt is that community support and networks are there when needed.

I feel blessed that in Randwick I am able to give my children the

same support network that I had experienced. So, I was over the moon when my eldest daughter Olivia was accepted into my primary school. I soon discovered that the same friendly spirit was there among both pupils and parents. It was a great school when I was there and I knew her attending would be the start of enduring friendships for her just as it had been for me. Her school years have confirmed that view.

Her sister Molly is in year 4 and now Zoe has joined the school community as a kindergarten student this year. Having three daughters there gives me a wonderful feeling. I walk into the school with them with a sense of contentment about the good education they will be receiving.

I have this strong feeling that the education they receive will prepare them, as it did for me, to confidently face the challenges of the modern world.

I wondered how the three of them would react to being together at school. Would they mix with other children or stay together, reluctant to make friends with other children? They have done both.

### ...same friendly spirit...

They each have different friends but I sense that they seem to be closer to each other as sisters. It is so exciting to pick them up and hear about their days and the things they have done individually but also together. What great memories they are fostering to take with them through life.

As mothers today we are constantly doubting our ability to be able to give our children all the things they need to make sure they are happy, well-adjusted and be successful in life.



What I have learnt from my three beautiful girls is the one thing that they need to achieve above all else is LOVE.

If they are happy and want to go to school and spend time with their friends then they will feel loved and give love in return.

Giving my girls the best start in life is the most important thing to me. I feel that by being able to bring them up within the OLSH community is the best start possible for them.

I hope that one day I will get to see my grandchildren in the OLSH uniform!!

In 2003 **Pat Ryan** wrote about her experience of her first year of teaching at the school in 1956.

'My most vivid memory is of the first day of the school year and being faced with more than sixty kindergarten children, whose parents deposited them at the door and left'. How times have changed.

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# THE BACK PAGE

WITH FR PETER

I don't think I can recall such a sustained sense of crisis concerning the Church in my life time. The foremost sign of the crisis within the Church is the issue of sexual abuse. An adviser to the Vatican, John Haldane, a Professor of Philosophy who is giving a course at the University of Notre Dame, Broadway, was quoted in *The Australian* (18 Feb 2016) as stating it will take the Catholic Church 'two to three generations' to regain the moral authority it had before the revelations of wide-spread, global child-sex abuse and attempts to cover it up'. As a cultural adviser to the Vatican he went on state, '... this rebuilding, it is not going to happen in the lifetimes of people alive today'.

The recently released movie *Spotlight* about sexual abuse in the previously prestigious Catholic Church in Boston elicited this response from the Vatican Radio: 'The reporters of the Boston Globe newspaper 'made themselves examples of their most pure vocation, that of finding the facts, verifying sources, and making themselves--for the good of the community and of a city - paladins [champions] of the need of justice'. This film has received top ratings and (Catholic) reviewers recommend all adult Catholics see it. Added to this is the ongoing controversy surrounding Cardinal Pell which is now so polarised as to be seemingly intractable.

For so many survivors of abuse, the effects of the trauma can be carried for the rest of their lives. However there are *powerful* and *beautiful* examples of survivors enabling others to grow through their personal suffering and trauma.

I recently read a moving book of meditations by a survivor of abuse: *Child, Arise! The Courage to Stand. A practical handbook for survivors of sexual abuse and those who support them*. It follows the healing journey of the author, herself a survivor, inspired and guided by the scriptures. '*Child, Arise!* offers hope: it lifts the shame of child sexual abuse from 'victims' and presents practical encouragement for ways to access light, vitality and insight in the darkest of times, when suffering seems unending'. The book by Jane N Dowling is available from David Lovell Publishing for \$29.95.

And from the world 'outside' the Church comes the ongoing trauma of hundreds of thousands of Christians and others, mainly in the Middle East, so often persecuted for their faith. The *Catholic Weekly*, 21 Feb 2016 reported that there had been no movement from the Australian Immigration Department on processing the 12,000 Syrian and Iraqi refugees promised resettlement here under the Abbott Government. Church groups have been prepared for sponsorship for months and the refugee homestay agency formed to help with this has shut down a program as no progress has been made. This information comes from the priests at Our Lady of Mercy Syrian Catholic Church which we support financially, most recently from our Ash Wednesday collection.

In the midst of these evils I draw strength, peace and life from the faith, hope and love of parishioners here and from the MSC community in which I live. Let us remember that no matter how disfigured the Body of Christ, the Church, becomes because of the crimes, sins and failures of her members, especially leadership, Christ's Presence is the source of life and the possibility of reform of Church structures and holiness within us all.