

MARIST NEWSLETTER

Marist Brothers • Province of Melbourne

• Volume 42 • Number 4 • May 2011 •



*Easter Sunday is God's response to Good Friday:
life out of death.*

Richard Leonard SJ

**Province News - Letter from Br Emili Turú - Easter Reflections - The Gift of Joy -
The Roots of Forgiveness - Dom Helda Camara - Holy Week at the Red Centre -
Manziana Musings - The Washing of the Feet: a post-Easter Reflection.**



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Marist Newsletter of the Marist Brothers Province of Melbourne is a private publication for the dissemination of news, notices and articles of interest among the Brothers, the affiliated members of the Province and our lay associates who serve on Committees of the Province.

Copies are sent to each of the Brothers' Communities in the Sydney Province as well as to the General House in Rome and to some other overseas Marist Communities.

The Editor welcomes contributions and suggestions
from our readers



Our deceased and their families...

* **Zack Davey**, Year 12 student in 2010 at Sacred Heart College, Somerton Park.

* **Charles George Meier**, aged 99 years. Great benefactor to Assumption College, Kilmore.

For those who are unwell ...

* **Br Kevin Hogan**, Netley. General deterioration in health.

* **Br Brian McGrath**, Forbes. Continuing treatment for cancer

* **Br Charles Howard**, Campelltown.

* **Br Austin Stephens**, Netley, Adelaide. Progressing well.

* **Br Alexander Moss**, Randwick.

* **Br Ken Eaton**, Ashgrove. Ex-student of St Ildephonsus, New Norcia.

* **Wayne Dean**, teacher at Trinity College, Lismore. Seriously injured in a traffic accident.

And also for ...

* **Christian groups in Pakistan**, fearing reprisals in the aftermath of the death of Osama Ben Laden.



From the Provincial



2 May 2011

Dear Brothers and Friends

I wish you a joyful Easter.

With the recent announcement about the Mission Council we can claim that something new is happening. Maybe we have not seen much evidence of change in our own area yet. Most things are going on as before. We hear wonderful stories of collaboration but it usually appears to be happening somewhere else and not where we are. So we may be, like the disciples in the upper room waiting, hopeful but uncertain.

But the disciples locked themselves in the upper room. Fear and doubt kept them locked-up. They had heard that Jesus was risen but had not seen him face to face and so they wait. Is this our story too? What fears keep us locked inside some little space, reluctant to join something new and prevent us from wholeheartedly moving into the Australian Marist mission in this part of the world? Maybe we are afraid of losing the distinctive tradition of our Province, its unique history and stories. Maybe we are afraid that we will try something new and fail. Maybe it's a fear of being swamped. It will indeed be safer to carry on doing what we have always done.

But like the disciples we need to have our fears and doubts dissolved and be ready to *"be sent"*. Of course we have to remember that *"being sent"* does not always mean travel. Rather we are sent into our communities to make each other strong and give each other life for the Mission that is ours.

Fraternally

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Br Julian Casey".

Br Julian Casey
Provincial



KEVIN HOGAN

Kevin's general health has deteriorated. His energy levels are very poor and therefore he is very sleepy. Doctors are monitoring his condition. Leo Kavanagh is to have a review with Kevin's doctors on Friday, 6 May. Please keep Kevin in your prayers.

BRIAN McGRATH

Brian continues to undergo treatment for his cancer and is seeing his surgeon in early May. He is in good spirits and continues to manage well, living independently at Forbes.

AUSTIN STEPHENS

Austin is progressing remarkably well and is due to have a review in three weeks.

REX CAMBREY

Rex is attending the International Finance Commission in Brazil and will be away for the next few weeks. You will be pleased to hear that his shoulder is progressing well. He will return to the office on May 23.

COMMUNICATION ABOUT THE NEW PROVINCE IN AUSTRALIA

Communication about developments will, in future, come from a National Committee charged with this task. I expect the first communication about the establishment of various preparatory Committees will be with you soon.

CONSTITUTIONS

There is a new printing of the Constitutions which incorporates all of the changes made by the three previous Chapters. The printing of this is also to ensure that individual Brothers and Communities can take part in the review which will be taking place in the next six years.

It would be a pity if the Constitutions simply gathered dust on the shelves and I am asking Community Leaders to initiate some introduction and community reflection on this important document.

EAST TIMOR

At the last Provincial Council Meeting we agreed to form an East Timor Committee. Membership has been agreed upon and approaches are being made. The task of this Committee is:

In consultation with the Community at East Timor, to explore ways of implementing the recommendations of the Provincial Chapter and in providing the recommendations to the Provincial Council to include such issues as location of any new work or house, timing, process for implementation and personnel recommendations.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY LEADERS' PROGRAMMES

This is now eight months away and we are planning to have one Brother at each of the Programmes.

INTERNATIONAL MARIST YOUTH MINISTRY COMMISSION

This Commission has been established by the Superior General and Council and, being aware of the outstanding development of REMAR, have invited Simone Boyd to be a part of this Commission whose purpose is to help the Institute respond in a practical and positive way to the Mission Statement from the General Chapter. We wish Simone well in this significant undertaking.

NZ MEETING

1. During April the Oceania Council and COMS met and moved to form an Oceania Leadership Group, comprising Brothers and Lay headed by Anthony Robinson as the Oceania Regional Co-ordinator. This Regional Group will be helped by 4 Committees: *Solidarity through Advocacy, Formation, Lay Partnership and Finance.*
2. We formally accepted that the name of the Region is to be the Oceania Region.
3. There is one Province in Australia and two Districts, in Melanesia and New Zealand, all operating as three autonomous Inter-Dependent Units with a Provincial and two District Leaders all of whom are Major Superiors.
4. Arising from this there are some further clarifications:
 - a. The naming of the Province is a matter for the Province in Australia.
 - b. Active and Passive Voice for the Brothers are with their respective Units.
 - c. The Superior General and Council will conduct the sondages for leadership and nominate the leaders.
 - d. The Statutes for the Region need to be based on the principles agreed to at the Concurrent Chapters.

LAY FORMATION

On the Province Website you will be able to see the latest account of Joe McCarthy working with Lay people in Marist East Timor.

OCEAN GROVE

The work at Ocean Grove has been completed. We needed to re-carpet, to install an air-conditioner, to restore the bathroom, refurbish the laundry and ablution area downstairs, repair the kitchen tiles and some exterior and interior walls. There are still a couple of things to be done, but it is looking good.

OTHER INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMMES

For your information, this is the list of English Language Programmes, being prepared by the International "*Brothers Today*" Committee.

February March 2012	Community Leaders Programme 1 Manziana
April/June 2012	Community Leaders Programme 2 Manziana
October/November 2012	Third Age Programme Manziana
September 2012	Inter Congregation Programme on the Identity of the Religious Brother Rome
February-June 2013	Midlife Renewal Manziana
October November 2013	Third Age Programme Manziana
July-September 2013	Preparation of Formators

PROVINCIAL CHAPTER

Each Community will soon be receiving a summary of the deliberations and discussions which occurred at the last Province Chapter. This is simply for your information.

THE PILGRIMAGE

The Pilgrimage which featured on our Province Website is completed and Peter Walsh has arrived home safely after weeks of absorbing the spirit of Champagnat in our special places.

THIRD AGE PARTICIPANTS 2011

Joe Hughes, Bill McCarthy and Terry Orrell have each accepted an invitation to take part in the Third Age Programme commencing in October this year. We wish them well.

VISITATION

I am well into my schedule of visits and interviews. At our last Provincial Council we decided that each Councillor would visit nominated Communities in order to bring people up to date with the development of a New Province in Australia, to hear any reactions, to answer any questions and to help communities be fully informed.



Annual Retreat for Senior Brothers

at The Hermitage, Mittagong

Sunday October 30, 2011 – Thursday November 3, 2011

Bookings to Br Anthony Robinson (Drummoyne)

T 02 9819 6622 or E arobinson@fms-sydney.org.au



**COMMUNICATION TO BROTHER
PROVINCIALS AND DISTRICT SUPERIORS**



Dear Brothers,

Cordial greetings to each and all of you from Rome, where nature appears to be reawakening and exploding in a thousand colours with the arrival of spring. The days are gradually becoming lighter, and the weather, already mild enough, is making itself more agreeable. Although it cannot be seen in a simple glance, winter contains all the potential of life that is only now manifesting itself in a splendid way. Although the cycle of seasons is not experienced the same way in all the regions of the world, I am sure you all have some experience of it.

Using this same experience, many are asking today if in the Church we are not passing through a long winter as ecclesial community and, consequently, as religious life. Although we all know that after winter spring always arrives, there is a sense that the winter is very harsh and unduly long. It is true that there are small signs of life here and there, but things are not as we imagined. As a fruit of all this, we come across people who are content with these small signs of life, and this fills them with hope, but also, others who are weighed down by the adverse conditions.

Perhaps Europe may be one of the continents where this experience is quite strong. In fact, a few weeks ago, at the meeting of the "Extended General Council" for Europe, we recalled the promise of the Lord: "See, I am doing a new deed, even now it comes to light; can you not see it?" (Is 43:19), aware, at the same time, that there is a clear perception of many things dying.

The liturgy of this season, as we move towards Easter, often makes use of the images of darkness/light, death/life, reminding us that both are part of the normal process of all that exists. Is not death a necessary step for the resurrection?



Yes, something new is coming to life in the Church and in religious life, but this will only be possible with the death of a particular way of being Church, with the death of a concrete model of religious life. I believe that our Chapter affirmed the same thing in dreaming of "a new consecrated life which promotes a new way of being brother". Indeed, in order that "the birth of a new epoch of the Marist charism" may take place, we need to accept that something will die: "This presumes a willingness to move on, to let go of the familiar, to embark on a journey of both institutional and personal conversion over the next eight years".

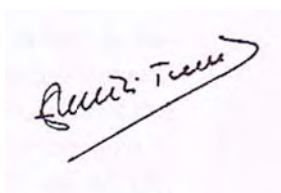
In our role as leaders of the Institute there falls to us, at this moment in our history, the arduous task of accompanying our brothers in the acceptance of losses very difficult to accept and, at the same time, of inviting them to embrace a hope that for many is almost impossible to welcome. Before the denial of evident realities of death, to proclaim truths that people do not wish to hear; before the discouragement, to announce a profound hope that they display resistance in accepting.

We have the privilege of serving the Institute in an exciting time in its history, experiencing in our own surroundings realities of life and death with extraordinary harshness. I believe that it is a clear invitation from the Lord to “go in haste to new lands”, to uproot ourselves, to live as deportees in a situation of exile. Only in this way will the birth of the new be able to take place among us in a creative and audacious manner.

Marcel Légaut saw it somewhat similarly at the end of last century: “The time is coming when the signs of this time will be better understood. I foresee an immense intellectual and religious effort needed to leave behind modes of thinking, ideals, certainties, both uncontrolled and implicit, which nourish our intellectual life, our constructions and our judgments. We must not become settled. A religious and intellectual deportation is required, an exile which in former times was sought in the desert, a change of situation which formerly we sought by going away. We have become terribly settled in life. The privileged situation of the official, sure of his daily sustenance; family; old age; social role; our class; our nation; our epoch..... all these sources of stability, which so often lead to a state of stagnation. Nothing great, or new, or creative can come from those who are unable to live here below as deportees.”

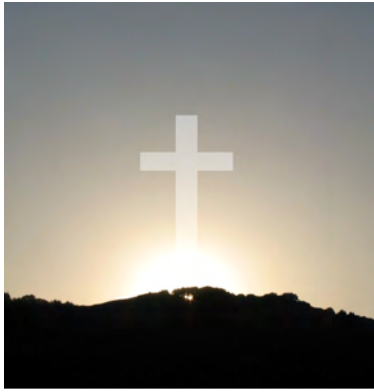
“Go in haste”, live like deportees in a situation of exile, uproot ourselves... what losses must we be ready to accept to come to know “new lands”? What deaths do we need to accompany so that the new can be born?

Fraternally



Luis Tress





For most of Christian history the question that has vexed many believers seems to be, **‘Why did Jesus die?’** I think it is the

wrong question. The right one is **‘Why was Jesus killed?’** And that puts the last days of Jesus’ suffering and death in an entirely new perspective. Jesus did not simply and only come to die. Rather, Jesus came to live. As a result of the courageous and radical way he lived his life, and the saving love he embodied for all humanity, he threatened the political, social and religious authorities of his day so

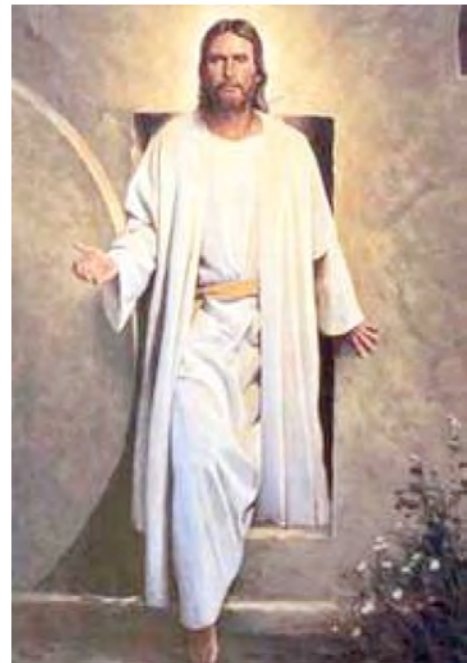
much that they executed him. But God had the last word on Good Friday: Easter Sunday.

The human search for meaning is a powerful instinct but I think spiritual sanity rests in seeing that in every moment of every day, God does what he did on Good Friday: not allowing evil, death and destruction to have the last word, but ennobling humanity with an extraordinary resilience and, through the power of amazing grace, enabling us to make the most of even the worst situations and let light and life have the last word. ***Easter Sunday is God’s response to Good Friday: life out of death.***

Extracts from the book “Where The Hell Is God?” by Fr Richard Leonard, SJ.

This is the day the lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad

The resurrection is like this:
It’s like the glimmer of forgiveness after the deep hurt;
the success that brings a smile of self-esteem and a quiet glow of pride after endless failures;
the touch of a hand after an argument;
the little laugh after prolonged grief;
the strength of character to start again after the loss of almost everything;
the courage to face the world after the shame of sorrow and remorse;
the hug of acceptance after the damage is done;
the force of healing which overcomes the despair of being mortal and frail;
the new beginning after every ending and the love and friendship that makes living worthwhile.
Resurrection is faith when there is nothing to believe in;
hope when hope is gone.
Resurrection is love when our heart has broken.
Resurrection is life’s triumph—always!
Because of Jesus, resurrection keeps happening to us in our life, in our day.



Church Resources 24/04/2011

The Gift of Joy

"Joy is the most infallible sign of the presence of God." Leon Bloy

Br Mark O'Connor, FMS

Friedrich Nietzsche in his *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* - infamously taunted Christians about the lack of joy on their faces and in their lives. ***'They would have to sing better songs for me to believe in their Saviour: his disciples would have to look more redeemed!'***

Nietzsche had a point. Joylessness, not joy, can often be the way Christians come across. We can become literally 'killjoys', murdering that spirit of lightheartedness that signifies closeness to God.

There can be a constant 'moralism' in some of our Catholic rhetoric, that does nothing but bemoan the evils all around us. It is counterproductive and we end up talking to ourselves. By contrast, Jesus 'attracted' people to him – he did not preach 'at' his fellow Galileans

But if we are without joy, we exclude displeasure and are prone to pick fights. Others perceive a hostile streak in us. We are prone to insult people. We lack patience. What flows from our mouths is not blessing but barbs of bitterness.

Joyless as we are, we find it nearly impossible to bestow kind words on others. We lack human warmth and seem to be angry at ourselves and the world. The profile of such joylessness is clear and distasteful: bitter, impatient, pugnacious, hostile, cold and aloof - all "killjoy" qualities.

By contrast, Christian joy is buoyant and warm, lighthearted, gracious and life-giving. Think of Jean Vanier. By his infectious joy and

playful interacting with the members of his L'Arche communities, he is a model of the joyful person of faith. To be in Vanier's presence is to see how he creates an atmosphere of 'play'. This opens the door to the possibility of happiness. More, it serves as a symbol of dwelling in God's presence, of becoming a vehicle of the very joy of God. The ability to affirm what is good while not neglecting what is wrong is another characteristic of the joyful person. Could it be that joy makes prayer possible?

Fra Giovanni Giocondo (c.1435 - 1515) thought so. Fra Giovanni was a Renaissance pioneer, accomplished as an architect, engineer, archaeologist, classical scholar, and Franciscan friar. In his reassuring letter to Countess Allagia Aldobrandeschi on Christmas Eve, 1513, he provides us with a credible 'reply' to Friedrich Nietzsche's taunt. Here it is:

I salute you. I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep.

There is nothing I can give you which you have not. But there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it, you can take. No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take heaven!

No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant.

Take peace! The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. There is radiance and glory in darkness, could we but see.

And to see, we have only to look. I beseech you to look!

The Roots of Forgiveness



Ron Rolheiser, OMI
03-04-2011

In one of James Carroll's early novels, he offers this poignant image: A young man is in the delivery room watching his wife give birth to their baby. The delivery is a difficult one and she is in danger of dying. As he stands watching, he is deeply conflicted: He loves his wife, is holding her hand, and is frantically praying that she not die. Yet the impending birth of their child and the danger of his wife's death conspire to make him acutely aware that, deep in his heart, he has not forgiven her for once being unfaithful to him. He has expressed his forgiveness to her but he realizes now, at this moment of extreme crisis, that in his heart he still has not been able to let go of the hurt and that he has not truly forgiven her.

As his wife hovers between life and death, he sees in her face a great tension, a struggle to give birth to someone even as she desperately struggles not to die. Her agony accentuates the deeper lines in her face and he sees there a dual struggle, to give birth and to not die.

Seeing this, he is able to forgive her in his heart. What moves him is not simple pity but an empathy born of special insight. His

wife's struggle to give birth, while wrestling to stay alive, highlighted by the agony of her situation, is like a light shining on her whole life helping to explain everything, including her infidelity.

And it's the same for all of us: The deepest instinct inside each of us is the instinct to stay alive, to not petrify, to not unravel, to struggle against every obstacle so as to stay alive. Closely tied to that is a congenital pressure, at every level of body and soul, to give birth, to perpetuate our own seed, to leave behind some child that's ours, to create an artifact, to co-create something with God. That dual pressure ultimately undergirds most everything we do, inchoately coloring our every motivation and forming the deep context out of which we act. It's what invites us to virtue and tempts us to sin. The struggle to stay alive and to give birth is at the base of both our heroism and our infidelities.

And it shows in our faces. It shapes the deeper contours of our countenance. Our faces ultimately reveal who we are, both at the surface and at our depth.

That can be a frightening thought: It's not consoling to know that, in the end, we cannot hide our pettiness, greed, lust, self-centeredness, anger, bitterness, nor even how dull and bland we are. It shows through, physically. As Jean-Paul Sartre once affirmed, we create our own faces and, after age 40, what we are underneath, our virtue and sin, begin to trump our genetic endowment in terms of what people see in our faces. People begin to see who we are. And it isn't the fat cells or the wrinkles that are the most telling. Selfishness, conceit, and bitterness are no longer cute, after forty!

Oscar Wilde, in "A Picture of Dorian Gray", makes this point very powerfully, His hero, Dorian, a young man of stunning good looks, has his portrait painted by a master artist who produces a masterpiece. Everyone is taken by its beauty. But, and this is the catch, the portrait is painted when Dorian is young, innocent, and of gentle and good heart. His face in the portrait is beautiful because of these qualities, not just because of his extraordinary good-looks. This becomes clear later, when Wilde, in a twist that smacks of something between magic and a bargain with the devil, has the portrait of Dorian's face change so that as Dorian

grows vain, lustful, arrogant, and cruel the painting changes and begins to show his vanity, lust, arrogance, and cruelty. Dorian hides the painting and only occasionally, in either a fit of remorse or of utter cynicism, looks at it. And he sees in his changing face the state of his soul.

And this is true for all of us. Our changing faces reveal the state of our souls. But this is not as frightening as it may seem. Unless through long years of dishonesty we have so perverted ourselves so as to commit what the Gospels call the unforgiveable sin against the Holy Spirit, our deepest beauty-lines remain intact. Beneath our aging genetics, beneath our fat cells and wrinkles, beneath the greed and self-preoccupation that sin has painted into our faces, beneath the bitterness put there by every rejection we've endured, beneath the facade that tries to hide our weaknesses and infidelities, and underneath even our virtues and quiet martyrdom, there lies the tension that James Carroll's young man saw in his wife as she struggled to give birth to their child even as she struggled not to die.

That struggle forms the deepest contour of the human face. Seeing it can give birth to forgiveness.

DOM HELDA CAMARA - PROPHET OF JUSTICE

Br Mark O'Connor, FMS

The marvellous Old Testament biblical scholar, Walter Bruggeman, tells a story of somebody forgetting to whom things belong. The story goes, that a very proper lady went to a tea-shop and she sat down for a table for two and ordered a pot of tea. She prepared to eat some cookies which she had in her purse. Because the tea-shop was crowded a man took the other chair and also ordered tea. As it happened she was white, he was a Jamaican, black though that's not essential to the story. The woman was prepared for a leisurely time so she began to read her paper. As she read she took a cookie from the package and noticed that the man across from her also took a cookie from the package. This upset her greatly but she ignored it and kept reading. After awhile she took another cookie and so did he. This unnerved her and she glared at the man. While she glared he reached for the fifth and last cookie smiled and offered her half of it. She was indignant, she paid her money and left in a great hurry and raged at such a presumptuous man. She hurried to her bus stop just outside she opened her purse to get a coin for her bus ticket. Then she saw much to her distress, that the package of cookies there in her purse was unopened!

As Bruggemann says, she is not so different from the rest of us - because too many times we all forget to whom things really belong.

One person who did not forget was Dom Helder Camara. Dom Helder knew to his very core the importance of being a justice seeker. He knew the earth was made for all. All of his life he heroically tried to raise the consciousness of people to bring about a more just distribution of wealth on our planet. Who exactly was Dom Helder?

Dom Helder Camara

was one of the twentieth century's greatest Christians. Born in Fortaleza in North East Brazil, February 7th 1909, Dom Helder was ordained a priest at the age of 22. Twenty eight years of his life were spent in Rio de Janeiro – first in educational and then administrative work. When he became Archbishop of Recife in his own region, the North East, he quickly became the defender of the "flagelados" (the scourged ones) whose existence was continually buffeted by either years of drought or cruel floods. Millions of these were being (and are) driven from their land by the greed of land-owners and only to end up in disease-ridden slums on the outskirts of big cities like Recife.



Many of us vividly remember his visit to Melbourne in 1985. People were touched by Dom Helder's love of the suffering and the tangible sense that he was a close friend of the Risen Jesus. All who met Dom Helder could not help but be deeply moved by the evangelical power and charisma of this tiny prophet of non-violent love. When he met children of many nations in the dusty bitumen quadrangle of Sacred Heart Primary School, Fitzroy, The Herald-Sun reported "...a stooped and tiny man, barely 1.5 metres high, but somehow a giant in stature. A wizened and ancient betlenut-brown face from which gentle eyes shone a special kind of light. And as the multicultural children of Sacred Heart sang and danced for him, unashamed tears of hope and joy slid down the many wrinkles of Dom Helder Camara's cheeks."

In Recife, you would always find Dom Helder's famous 'green' door open – right up until his death in 1999. The same Jesus he met in his prayer, he discovered in the constant stream of the poor and suffering who knocked on the battered green door leading to his humble quarters.

In a world full of violence and hatred, Dom Helder Camara stands as a beacon of light and hope pointing to the dream of God for his beloved people. Afire with the love of God and man, by opening his home, his heart and his Church to the world of the poor, Dom Helder blazed new paths for the People of God as they

journey towards the Kingdom of Justice and Peace.

We may not all be able to be saintly justice seekers like Dom Helder (see the lovely poem of Denise Levertov describing Dom Helder's mystic ways as a Prophet of Justice).

But we can take inspiration from him, so as to avoid the mistake of the lady with the cookies! The Church's rich social teaching urges us to share with others rather than 'hoard up' goods for ourselves. There is no more saintly example of a man of God and of the people who did just that - than Dom Helder Camara.

Dom Helder Camara at the Nuclear Test Site

*Dom Helder, octagenarian wisp
of human substance arrived from Brazil,
raises his arms and gazes toward a sky pallid with heat,
to implore "Peace!"*

*--then waves a "goodbye for now"
to God, as to a compadre.*

*"The Mass is over, go in peace
to love and serve the Lord": he walks
down with the rest of us to cross
the cattle-grid, entering forbidden ground
where marshals wait, with their handcuffs.*

*After hours of waiting,
penned into two wire-fenced enclosures, sun
climbing to cloudless zenith, till everyone
has been processed, booked, released to trudge
one by one up the slope to the boundary line
back to a freedom that's not so free,
we are all reassembled. We form
two circles, one contained in the other, to dance,
clockwise and counterclockwise
like children in Duncan's vision.*

*But not to the song of ashes, of falling:
we dance in the unity that brought us here,
instinct pulls us into the ancient
rotation, symbol of continuance.
Light and persistent as tumbleweed,
but not adrift, Dom Helder, too,
faithful pilgrim, dances,
dances at the turning core.*

Marist Missionary Sister Returns Home to the USA.

Br Michael McManus, FMS



Sr Margaret Sade, Sr Theresa Waine, Sr Joyce Ann Edelmann Archbishop Stephen Reichert, Sr Teukeuke Roota, Sr Marlene Gris

After 45 years in PNG, **Sr Joyce Ann Edelmann** ssm returned home to the United States in April 2011.

Sr Joyce Ann began work as a nurse in Bougainville in 1966 after completing her midwifery training in Sydney.

“I expected everything to be different from my home country, but I was pleasantly surprised when I first arrived in Tearuki and later worked in Buin,” she recalled.

In 1973 she moved to Erave in the Mendi diocese in Southern Highlands Province where she trained catechists to work in the newly established churches.

Here she met up with Fr Steve Reichert OFM Cap who was a young parish priest. Later he

became the Bishop of the Mendi diocese, and now he is the Archbishop of Madang.

This was rewarding work in Erave, she said, and the people were very good to her, bringing food and other things she needed.

“At one stage I lived by myself for 20 months, but I felt completely safe; we never locked our doors and the people always looked after me,” she said.

In 1983 Sr Joyce Ann was asked to become involved in the work of the National Family Life Ministry in Port Moresby and Goroka where she produced educational materials for use in villages and parishes.

“The Family Life Ministry was a wonderful experience as it allowed me to see people

witnessing to their Christianity in villages throughout the country,” she said.

Sr Joyce Ann then assisted in a major three-year study of marriage and family life in PNG that was conducted at Goroka’s Melanesian Institute.

After further training she was asked to work in the area of spiritual direction, helping people to share their faith journeys, while living at the Goroka house of prayer.

She also spent some years working in the formation of young PNG sisters in her own congregation.

In 1998 she moved to East Sepik province to direct the Wewak house of prayer and then in 2003 she began the Alexishafen house of prayer in Madang, where she has remained until 2011.

Sr Joyce Ann recently celebrated her golden jubilee of religious profession at Alexishafen.

“I have loved my time in PNG. I have no regrets and I would certainly do it all again,” she concluded.

Maddie Hellings celebrates her 21st at the Montagne Centre



Mira Fraser (MSA), Jasmine Santamaria (REMAR), Kath Richter (Marist Music), Hannah Silberstein (REMAR), Maddie Hellings (MYAM), Jake Stewart (REMAR), Vicki Woodcock (Admin Assistant)

Mark Paul (Marist Solidarity), Paul Herrick (MSA), Tony Paterson (MSA), Paul Kane (Director), Maddie Hellings, Michael Herry (Marist Music)



Holy Week at the Red Centre

Br Kevin Hoare, FMS

Tourists travel to this part of Australia to see the RED CENTRE but for the last twelve months it has been very GREEN, with no rain for the last two months.

The weather for Holy week was ideal. It gave the Brothers a break from their involvement in the school here where Rod works with the senior boys, Gonz spends six hours a day in the canteen organising the breakfasts, morning teas and lunches for the children, whom Red brings to school in his bus.



Here at Santa Teresa on Holy Thursday morning, the different classes acted the various parts of the Passion while their teacher read the passage from Scripture. It was very well done. That evening their parents came along for the Commemoration of the Lord's Supper.



Year 5 students portray the Crucifixion

Good Friday was rather quiet as many families had left for Alice Springs where a Knock-out Carnival was going on in which some fifteen teams from surrounding communities were taking part.



Out at Santa the Stations of the Cross began where the sealed road entered the community, and wended its way past the local houses until the Fourteenth Station was said in front of the church. A few of the old women followed by riding in a ute while many took turns in carrying the very heavy cross.



The 14th Station commemorated outside the Church at Santa Teresa



Gathering at the Easter fire

Out at Santa the Easter Vigil began just after sunset with the lighting of the Easter fire and, after the blessings of the water, five babies plus a teenager were presented and baptised. Br Rod led us with the *Exultet* and litany. After Mass Father gave out Easter eggs to the young and some who were not so young.

Holy Saturday saw the footy competition continued, heading towards the Grand Final which was played on Sunday.

A quieter Mass was celebrated on Easter Sunday



The Brothers enjoy an Easter Sunday lunch hosted by Mark and Anan Bensted.

An Anzac Day BBQ at the Telegraph Station shared by Priests, Sisters and Brothers working in and around Central Australia.



for those who weren't able to get to the evening Mass. Having taken good care of the soul over the last few days we now gave some time in care of the body. We made the hour's drive into the Alice to join the other Brothers for a delightful Filipino style lunch hosted by Mark Bensted and his wife, Anan. Br Des Howard, who has just returned from the Philippines and was visiting the Brothers, plus Br Maurie from Old Timers, joined the group. He is becoming more mobile as he becomes used to his prosthesis.

We stayed in town overnight to watch Br Paul march with students from his school in the Anzac Day parade, then round midday we all joined the Priests, Sisters and Brothers working in and round Central Australia for a BBQ out at the Telegraph Station there were about 27 of us there for a pleasant few hours together.

There was a holiday on the Tuesday which gave time to get ready for the remainder of the working week. Next week we will have to fit five days work into four as Monday is another holiday, May Day.

Manziana Musings

Br John Hilet. FMS

Greetings from Manziana, or should I say Rome as I am writing this during a three day break and staying at the General House.

My time away so far has been a real gift to me. I cannot say that I was entirely taken by the idea of completing a course for “Brothers in Mid Life” as I was not convinced I was at that stage in my life. Sure, whenever I looked in the mirror (an activity that I keep to a minimum these days) the person looking back was older and greying but I was still not convinced I was in mid life. Well guess what – my time here has clearly proven me to be wrong. This is why I believe this time has been a real gift.

The course started off quite gently. Just a chance to get to know the other brothers and plenty of time to do ‘nothing’. Much of this time I spent asleep or wondering what I would do with all the free time. I quickly discovered that I was much more tired than I realised and that I was entirely uncomfortable with having ‘nothing’ to do. I had in the past few years completely filled my time up with work, and when that was over, more work so that I have had to learn how to be comfortable with space again – something I have found harder than I imagined. I am located on the third floor so I am getting seriously acquainted with the stairs. I accused Julian of writing and asking them to put me on the top floor. He assures me it was not him, possibly the Holy Spirit in action.

For the first two days we spent time getting to know each other by sharing our stories. Both our life journey and our spiritual journey to becoming a brother and since that time. It was profoundly moving. Living in Australia in what is basically a Western Christian culture (although aggressively secular) I have been struck by the stories of some of the other brothers. They have come from cultures where being Christian is not only ‘odd’ but it can be dangerous, doubly so for someone who is a ‘representative’ of the Church – like a brother.

Australia Day fell not long after we arrived so Br Greg McDonald, Br Anthony Hunt and I put on an Australia Day celebration. This started with signing the National Anthem followed by eating the ‘ceremonial salada with vegemite’. It took some time to convince them to eat the vegemite as apparently it has a horror reputation in many parts of the world. Can you imagine this? One really odd thing is that almost no one knew or had heard the national anthem (apart from Guy from PNG who joined in with us and the New Zealanders who didn’t) but they all knew Waltzing Matilda. It was in a song book that was used in primary school in many parts of the world.



Singing the National Anthem (accompanied by Guy from PNG) holding the ceremonial salada and vegemite in hand

It appears they have been singing this without knowing what the various words meant. We had a crash course on Jumbucks, swags, billabongs (not the clothing line) etc.

The various presenters have all in some way reached me. I said to Br Barry Burns a week or so ago that, while all of them have provided me with ‘ah ha’ moments, I have obviously found some ‘better’ than others.

The highlights for me have been:

Fr John Fullenbach SVD who presented on The Kingdom. While the input was excellent and truly challenged some of my perceptions it was himself as a person that I remember most. He is such a joyful person that it I found it hard not to be inspired by him. His challenge to me was simply “do I live as if the Kingdom is present now?”

Br Sean Sammon who presented on consecration and covenant. What does it mean to be a Brother today? Sean’s presentations over the two weeks asked questions of me that will resonate for years to come. He spoke about vocations (or lack of in some countries) and he reflected that whenever he has spoken to young men it has often been the impact of one or two brothers that first caused them to consider joining the brothers. Something about these brothers inspired these young men. The question was: “Would a young man searching for his vocation and looking at my life be inspired to consider joining the brothers? Am I becoming more and more like Champagant – to become a living portrait of the founder?” I am not sure of the answer but this has certainly caused me to stop and think about how I live my life and the image of brotherhood to I project to others.

Br Brendan Geary on Mid Life Transitions. The one thing I learnt from this is that the questions that I have are normal. What a consolation! I’m normal. His gift to me was a simple statement – “A mid life crisis is not necessarily a vocational crisis.”



I’ve finally been inside a castle

We have also had time to do some sight seeing while here. I have visited Rome on a number of occasions and ‘done’ many of the touristy things. I am continually amazed at the age of so many of the buildings and places in Rome. I cannot help but wonder who has walked on these streets, up these stairs, sat in these pews. For many years I have taught history (rather theoretically) and I am finally getting a feel for history. I have taught about castles for many years and now I have finally been inside one. I went to Bracciano with Br Greg McDonald. The family that owned this castle had some backing in being related to the De Medici family by marriage and as such it was never sacked. Later one of the de Medici Popes stayed there. I know as we saw his commode.

A ‘highlight’ of the visit! One thing I knew but now fully realise looking around is just how much taller we are than people were in the Middle Ages. I had to duck going through many doors and the armor on display would only fit a typical year 7 or 8 of today.

It seems every street in Rome has a Church. Many are all so old and contain objects by people such as Michelangelo, Raphael, Caravaggio – things you'd see in museums in Australia and here they are in the local Parish Church. I don't think the locals fully appreciate just how amazing this is.

Things have now settled down into a routine of sorts. Course presentations in the mornings and 'free time' in the afternoons. Most afternoons I try to go for a walk. It used to be around the town but now I try to get to the forest about 20 minute walk away. Once there I walk into the forest following the path for about 25 minutes, then turn around and head home. It takes me about an hour and a half all up. The path is actually an old Roman road. It is over 2,000 years old. You can still see the original road surface and I get a real kick out of walking on something that was built so long ago. I often wonder just who has passed along the road. Certainly Roman soldiers would have marched along it. The Emperor Claudius had a liking for the water in the nearby lake. He may also have travelled along it.

We have also been on two pilgrimages so far, one to Subiaco and another to Assisi. Both were quite moving experiences. Each for different reasons.

I was struck by the deep sense of the spirituality of the Monastery at Subiaco and the fact that we were able to as a group celebrate Mass in one of the small chapels. Sitting outside the cave that Benedict spent three years living in, I was glad this is not a requisite step for those considering religious life. The Monastery also has some many magnificent frescoes, many of which have names and dates scratched into them. The earliest I could find was date 1804. Graffiti obviously has a long history.



It is like the monastery is fused to the rock



Me with the old town of Assisi in the background. Quite spectacular (the town, not me)

Assisi was an odd mixture for me. I was struck by the Church at San Damiano where St Francis heard the voice from the crucifix telling him to "rebuild my house." This is a simple church and for me truly represents Francis. I am not sure about the rest of Assisi itself. It is a magnificent town to look at but there is something unsettling about it all. If you grew up in Assisi you could be excused for thinking the whole world was Franciscan – I am not sure what Francis would make of it all. Our guide for the visit was Sr. Mariella. She was previously a lawyer in Milan and joined the Franciscan sisters about 8 years ago. One of the most joyfully people I have ever met. I am sure Francis would have been 'happy' with her.

I am known by a number of people in Forbes as ‘Brother Soccer’. I’ve been wanting to see a soccer game since I’ve been here. I’ve given up on seeing a Serie A (top league in Italy) game so I headed off to the local soccer ground to Manziana play. The stadium has a grandstand that would hold close to two thousand people. There were about 100 there. The noise was amazing. You would have thought the crowd was five times this number. Then the players – I’ve never seen or heard so much talking on a sporting field. It was like opera – nothing was ever simple. Every free kick was met as if the referee had just sentenced the player to death. Arms waving, looks on their faces like they were so aggrieved and being treated so badly. I said to one of the brothers that just watching was worth paying for. Admission was actually free.

You did have to climb over a number of dogs (a very common feature in Italy) who had perched themselves at the top of the grandstand stairs – including a most amazing sight: a bulldog that has to be related to Winston Churchill.

Last Wednesday we had our Papal audience. I must admit I headed off to Rome not entirely enamored with the idea. I was truly surprised by the experience. It is like theatre. Groups waving flags and banners, playing music, singing a chanting. Even I stood and cheered when we were announced. Looking back I am glad we had this opportunity.



The Pope waving to the assembled crowd

What have I learnt in my time here so far? What have been the gifts to me? Answering these is not entirely simple as there has been so much for which I am truly grateful. To list just a few:

- The chance to get back in touch with the silence in my life – to take the time to sit and listen to where I am being called. Something that I had shut out with my preoccupation with work.
- The gift of acceptance – “I am who I am.” I do not have to be something that I am not.
- A profound sense of the internationality of the Institute. I had read many times the Marist Brothers are in 74 countries around the world but this was knowledge, not experience.
- A renewed sense that I am where I am meant to be – a Marist Brother is who I am. I can be nothing else.
- Perhaps the greatest gift is that I have come to understand the difference between desiring God and needing God. This has at times been a painful discovery but for the first time in my life I am comfortable saying that I am incomplete without God in my life.

My time here is now more than half over. We have a pilgrimage to Champagnat country in the last two weeks of the course and I am looking forward to this. I was at the Hermitage in 2005 and, while I want to see how the renovations have gone, I am very keen to simply spend time in the footsteps of Champagnat and the early brothers. Take care and may God bless you all. *John*.

The Washing of the Feet - a post Easter Reflection



O'Cebreiro is a small village in isolated high country just over 160 kilometres from Santiago in Spain. The spot has been occupied since ancient times, but this tiny hamlet 1,293 meters atop the Cebreiro Pass into Galicia owes its fame to the Pilgrim's Way and the Eucharistic miracle which occurred here in the 14th century.

Tradition has it that a weary priest was celebrating Mass in the little village church one winter's day. A peasant from a nearby village, having fought his way to the top of the mountain through a fierce

snowstorm in order to attend Mass entered the church just as the priest was performing the consecration. The priest insulted the peasant's faith and ridiculed him for having come all the way to the top of the mountain in such severe weather in order to witness a non-existent miracle. At that very moment, the bread and the wine on the altar were literally transformed into



flesh and blood.

I passed through O'Cebreiro on my pilgrimage to Santiago and made a point of stopping to see the wonder of the original chalice and paten. It is astonishing that these articles could have been kept safe for so long... over seven hundred years. Standing alone in the side chapel where they are still preserved I was struck by the literal simplicity of the miracle. How does one make sense of this event for today's world?

My mind drifted back to the evening prayer that had taken place the night before at a little village called La Faba, some six kilometres from O'Cebreiro... for me, it is here that the real miracle of the Body of Christ took place and helps me make sense of the 14th century story.



Late in the afternoon, a Franciscan monk arrived to lead night prayer in the rebuilt church next door to the parish hostel. After a few introductory prayers in Spanish and some quiet time for personal reflection, the priest indicated that he wanted four volunteers to move forward to the front. I volunteered and sat in a pew with three other pilgrims facing the rest of the group.

To my surprise the priest suddenly produced a large bowl, towel and pitcher of water. He bent and poured warm water over the foot of the pilgrim on the end of the line,

massaged the toes, sole and arches gently and thoroughly, towelled the foot down... then kissed it. It was not just a cold, symbolic kiss but a full embrace: foot held gently in two hands and the head lowered slowly and lips firmly planted.

The action passed down the line and the woman next to me washed my calloused and smitten foot and then gently towelled it down. I turned to the young Spaniard on my left and did the same to him. His foot was somewhat swollen and his big toe nail was black. He winced once or twice as I massaged his heel and toes. I dried off his foot, bent and placed my lips on the skin of his instep. Rarely have I felt such a strong connection with another human being, and a complete stranger at that. My action was a recognition of his self-giving on the Camino, a reverence to his desire for transformation and a humble acknowledgement of the work of the Spirit of God in the life of every pilgrim on the way to Santiago.

A kiss is such a simple yet profound action.

Perhaps this is the power of the miracle of O'Cebeiro ... God is made flesh in the power of simple self-giving actions: the breaking of bread, the pouring of wine and in the washing and kissing of feet. For where is God but in the transforming action of human endeavour! All our desire for wholeness is blessed and confirmed by God and our communal actions are alive with the Spirit of the Holy One. Nothing we do with a clean heart is lost but gathered together as a sign of Christ's presence and as gracious gift to our human potential.

Be of good heart for the Lord is present.



Mike Hansen

Director Mission and Ministry, Lavalla Catholic College, Traralgon and Newborough

Last Spring Mike Hansen walked the ancient pilgrim trail across northern Spain to Santiago de Compostella

Australind Heights Stage Two

The final stage of our Twin Rivers Development has been released for sale on the 26th of March. The final stage is called **Vantage** and the initial release consisted of 24 lots.

There was significant interest in this Vantage release to the extent that some buyers camped out over night to secure their land site. By the end of the weekend seven buyers signed up. The remaining lots will be released in two further stages. A great result at an average sale price of just over \$185,700.00.



Pictured in front of the release sign above is **Rex Cambrey** (under cap), Province Director of Business, with the following representatives from Peet. *From the left* these are **Ben Pervan**, the Development Manager, **Francis Tas**, the Sales Agent, and **Trevor Finlayson**, the Senior Development Manager

13th Macedon Reunion

September 27- 30, 2011



HOLY CROSS CENTRE

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Enquiries and further details from:

John Kelly at (03) 5782 1987

Terry O'Brien at laurel336@hotmail.com

Barry Hansen at puffnben1@bigpond.com

You're invited

See [Drusilla Blog](#) for detailed program



Neil ('s on wheels) and Jane Mitchell heading for Challenge Stadium to officiate at the Masters Swimming Championships in Perth recently. Guests at Dolomite Court.



An Appeal for prayers for Christians in Pakistan

What I heard from several sources is that there is now a fear of reprisals in Pakistan and in other countries where the Christians are in the minority.

"In Pakistan, the government has shut down Christian schools and churches, and they have enhanced security in Christian areas, fearing reprisals from bin Laden's followers, the Fides news agency is reporting.

Paul Bhatti, special adviser to the government for religious minorities, confirmed to Fides: "The situation is tense. There are, in fact, strong reactions of fear, unreasonable, against Christian minorities. The government is paying close attention to preventive measures."

Father Mario Rodrigues, director of the Pontifical Mission Societies in Pakistan, told Fides that "Christians in Pakistan are innocent victims, even in this situation: any excuse is good to threaten or to attack."

Retired Archbishop Lawrence Saldanha of Lahore, Pakistan, told UCA News that while Christians are a "soft target" for militant Muslims in the short-term, the long-term effects of the al-Qaida leader's death could reduce extremism in the country.

"At last we have hope that things will get better gradually," he said.

The archbishop called bin Laden "a role model of extremism and a threat to world peace. His death will change the complexion and decentralize as well as demystify extremism."

Down, not out.

Massimo Introvigne, who serves the Organization for Security and Co-operation in Europe as a "representative on combating

racism, xenophobia and discrimination, with a special focus on discrimination against Christians and members of other religions," says that reprisals are already in the works.

"There are jihad sites that are already calling for attacks against churches and the killing of Christians," said Introvigne in a statement sent to ZENIT.

He said that there is a "grave and clear obligation on the governments of Pakistan and other countries where Christian minorities are threatened by the ultra-Islamic fundamentalism to protect Christians against the reprisals that were immediately announced."

Let us keep our Brothers and the Christian community living in Pakistan in our prayers asking God to safeguard them from all dangers. I will appreciate if you could communicate with them and express your solidarity at a time when everyone is living in fear and anxiety. I am certain that the assurance of your prayers and moral support will not only reinforce the fact that we belong to a large Marist family but also give them the courage and strength to carry on the mission of making Jesus known and loved by the children and youth of Pakistan.

Thank you.

May God bless us with Peace, joy and Good Health!

**Bro. Shanthi Liyanage, Provincial,
Marist Brothers, South Asia.**

Time for a Smile

The Heart Attack

A man suffered a serious heart attack while shopping in a store. The store clerks called 000 when they saw him collapse to the floor. The paramedics rushed the man to the nearest hospital where he had emergency open-heart bypass surgery.

He awakened from the surgery to find himself in the care of nuns at the Catholic Hospital he was taken to. A nun was seated next to his bed holding a clip board loaded with several forms, and a pen. She asked him how he was going to pay for his treatment.

"Do you have health insurance?" she asked.

He replied in a raspy voice, "No health insurance."

The nun asked, "Do you have money in the bank?"

He replied, "No money in the bank."

"Do you have a relative who could help you with the payments?" asked the irritated nun.

He said, "I only have a spinster sister, and she is a nun."

The nun became agitated and announced loudly, "Nuns are not spinsters! Nuns are married to God."

The patient replied, "Perfect. Send the bill to my brother-in-law."

Chicken Surprise!!

A couple go for a meal at a Chinese restaurant and order the 'Chicken Surprise'.

The waitress brings the meal, served in a lidded pot.

Just as the
serve
of the pot
And she
beady little
around before



wife is about to
herself, the lid
rises slightly
briefly sees two
eyes looking
before the lid slams back down.

"Good grief, did you see that?" she asks her husband. He hasn't, so she asks him to look in the pot.. He reaches for it and again the lid rises, and he sees two little eyes looking around before it slams down.

Rather perturbed, he calls the waitress over, explains what is happening, and demands an explanation.

"Please sir," says the waitress,, "what you order?"

The husband replies, 'Chicken Surprise.'

Ah! So sorry,' says the waitress , 'I bring you Peeking Duck'



This is what 'tired' looks like



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