

## **\BUSINESS MANAGERS' & BURSARS' CONFERENCE**

The Northern and Southern Provinces have just held the bi-annual conference at the Hermitage in Mittagong from the 20<sup>th</sup> to the 23<sup>rd</sup> of June. There were 35 representatives from our Marist School network in attendance. The theme of the Conference was based around Mission & Accountability.

Br Kelvin Canavan was the Keynote Speaker and he provided a great insight into government funding from his perspective as the former Executive Director Catholic Schools in NSW. Br Kelvin reminded us of the ongoing need to keep our school communities reliably informed of the funding that the Catholic system receives at both State and Commonwealth level. This is to help ensure the debate on funding for the private sector is not hijacked during election time.

A key highlight for me was the visit to the John Berne School and meeting Br Darren Burge. Br Darren and the staff at the school are to be commended for the great Marist work they undertake in educating students with a number of behavioural problems. Br Darren made the following observation in his presentation which really resounded with our group.

“For many of them (*Children*) we (*Marist Mission*) will be the only *gospel* they will read”.

On Monday night Catherine Sydes gave us an overview of Marist Youth Care that looks after 120 young people. Marist Youth Care in the spirit of Marcellin Champagnat stands in solidarity with young people at risk in their struggle for wholeness of life. In working with these young people, we are prepared to go beyond recognised limits of care and tolerance and through a variety of programs we invite these young people to work towards social and economic independence.

### *Out of Home Care (OOHC) Statistics*

- In 2008/09 there were 34,069 young people in out of home care
- 76.8 % were aged 11 years
- Most young people in OOHC have multiple placements, some as many as 35
- 30 June 2009: 39.6 % in OOHC for less than 2 years
- MYC looks after children between the ages of 12 – 25.

### *MYC is involved in the Affordable Housing for Life Project*

- Social Enterprise Program – for at risk youth
- Paid work and on the job training
- Building houses to accommodate young people

It was good for us to have had these opportunities to see Marists in action.

Over the course of the three days we had a number of interesting presentations. The two key ones from my point of view were firstly John Somerset from Somerset Education. John conducted a very informative

# Province News ...

session on benchmarking as an effective monitoring tool on the financial health of a College. In the afternoon, Michael Workman, a Senior Economist with the Commonwealth Bank, provided us with a good update on the Australian economy and its outlook, which was most insightful.

Wayne Kerr



The Conference Delegates



**Br John McMahon, Rob Tarraran,  
Rex Cambrey, Peter McCabe**

**Br Jeff Crowe, Domenic Giannone,  
Winston Fonseca**



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# *Basic Life-support Training*

Bruce Houghton - Templestowe

The Council Room at Templestowe was abuzz on 10 June 2010 as 12 Brothers and Lay staff participated in a half day Basic Life Support training program.

This short course focussed on cardio-pulmonary resuscitation.

For some participants it served as a very useful refresher and for some it was their first opportunity to attend a program such as this. Since a cardiac arrest can happen to anyone at anytime, it is incumbent on all of us to have at least some basic preparation in emergency life support.

Over recent years there has been a marked simplification in the manner in which CPR is conducted. There is now less that one has to remember and put into practice in the event they find themselves providing basic life support.



Our merry band of trainees participated enthusiastically, listening keenly to a 60-minute theory component followed by a 90-minute practical session.

With several manikins available for practice, we all had ample time to road test our skills.

A particular highlight of this course was learning how to use a portable defibrillator. These fully automated defibrillators guide the rescuer through the resuscitation process, not only confirming if the patient's heart is beating but whether defibrillation is required and whether it is safe and appropriate to resume compressions.

Feedback from all participants was unequivocally positive. The course was clearly both enjoyable and instructive for all who took part.



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# ***The Brothers are farewelled by the Traralgon Parish***



***Traralgon Farewell Mass***

Last Sunday, the Traralgon Parish farewelled the Brothers at the 9.30am Mass.

The Lavalla Catholic College Choir enhanced the liturgy with some beautiful singing, concluding with the “Sub Tuum”.

Erica Pegorer spoke of the determination of the College to continue to be formed by the Marist Charism.

Bishop Christopher Prowse was unable to be present, but sent a letter formally thanking the Brothers for their work in the Parish since 1962. He spoke of the warm spirit of co-operation between the Brothers and surrounding parishes in the Latrobe Valley throughout this time.

Father Peter Bickley spoke with great affection of the Brothers and his relationship with them over many years. He spoke of the inspiration he received, their high standards and their application to our work in education.

“Marist Brothers all, past and present, we thank you and salute you. You will have a permanent place in our prayers and especially in our hearts. God bless and protect you now and always.”



***Traralgon Farewell Presentation***

Brother Bill received the presentation and responded on behalf of the Brothers.

Bill had two appointments in Traralgon, one commencing in 1963 and one commencing in 2005. He spoke of the mixed feelings we have at a time of departure.. the sadness at saying “goodbye” and the thankfulness and joy at having received many blessings.

***Br Bill Dillon’s Farewell Address***





**David Miringoro on the left of Marcellin Champagnat**

*Br Bill  
McCarthy takes  
us on an  
adventurous trip  
from Madang*



I departed from Madang on January 8 and, after an overnight stay with the Brothers in Port Moresby, I went to Jackson's Airport for the second leg of the journey.

On the pavement outside the airport building travellers queued in groups according to their flight destination, as the check-in room was too small and chaos had reigned each morning for many months as passengers struggled to get to the counter for a boarding pass; a struggle that often lasted an hour and a half. Even this morning we stood outside for more than an hour. As we did so, a fellow traveller by the name of Ben, who was also going to Bougainville, said to me, "Have you got your ID card?" "No," I said. "I left it at home." "Well, they won't let you on," said Ben. "Didn't they ask you for your ID card in Madang?" "No," I replied. "They know you there, of course. They shouldn't have let you on," Ben continued relentlessly. "I forgot I would need it," I said, "I don't travel enough."

Undaunted by this exchange, I pushed on, hoping for the best. I got my boarding pass without question and came to the final hurdle at the entry to the waiting lounge. "ID card, please!" I gave the attendant a disarming smile and said rather weakly, "I left it at home." He paused for a moment and stamped my boarding pass as 'Checked.' "Hey Ben, I'm on."

On Buka Island of Bougainville I lodged with the Marist Missionary Sisters at Hahela, adjacent to the bishop's house. The next day, January 10, I accompanied the Bishop, who was going to Burunotui located at the northern tip of Buka Island to celebrate the landing of the first Marist missionaries 100 years ago.

From the Bishop's vehicle, I was delighted to see something of the landscape and human habitation of Buka island during the hour and a half trip, at the end of which our party embarked in a banana boat for the landing point of the first missionaries. Surprisingly, the navigator steered for an island where we were met by a small 'sailing ship' which took us on board so that we might re-enact the first landing.





### **Bishop Henk carried on the litter**

On arrival at the missionaries' first landing point, the Bishop was carried on a litter for about two kilometres, despite his protests that he could walk. After Mass, entertainment and feasting, I had time to appreciate the vocational school buildings erected by the Marist Brothers in this remote spot about fifteen years ago. On our return journey, with the overloaded boat low in the water and the sea rough in the late afternoon, we were soaked by the flying salt spray. I learnt the next day that two returning boats sank; no one drowned.

The following day, January 11, I went to Hanahan parish where Br Mark Kenatsi made his final profession as a Marist Brother. My main intention in coming to Bougainville was to celebrate this event, as Mark has been a Madang community member and student of mine for three years. A large crowd had turned up for the event which was followed by traditional dances and more feasting.

On the morning of January 12, not wishing to face the possibility of rejection on my flight home, I went to Buka township and bought a colourful ID card featuring my own handsome features and a Divine Word University logo. In the afternoon we crossed the narrow Buka

Passage to reach the large Bougainville Island. At about 3 o'clock we left for Mabiri. On the unsurfaced road, we travelled swiftly enough until we began to cross the rivers. I counted thirteen of them. It was evident that rain had been falling from midday on the mist-covered, mountainous backbone of Bougainville, which meant that the rivers would rise. There were no bridges. Crossing the rapidly flowing rivers was an experience not to be missed.

Our driver, David Miringtoro, handled our vehicle skillfully in finding a way across the river beds, each one different and ever-changing with the stones and rocks brought down by strong currents. At one river, I watched a truck just ahead of us make its way through the surging waters that rose to the tray of the truck, crowded with bodies, and I wondered if it would be swept away. We followed. At the next river we literally plunged into swirling water and I saw the bonnet of our four-wheel drive go under and water crash against our windscreen, obliterating everything from view. Oh.... what a feeling!



### **Br Mark Kenatsi receives the final profession cross from Br Ken McDonald**

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We detoured briefly to Asitavi and, on arrival at Mabiri at about 6 o'clock, found that there was no electricity on a pitch-black night. A small AA battery-powered lamp I had brought helped me to cope in these unfamiliar surroundings. The next morning, as I breakfasted on a hard wopa biscuit and coffee in the temporary kitchen, a rough bush hut with a fire blazing in the centre of the earthen floor, I watched a chicken come wandering in, and decided that it was welcome, but I would be less tolerant in the case of a straying pig.



**Br Bill outside the Chapel at Mabiri**

After visiting the school at Mabiri, which was set up by the Brothers to assist young men who missed an education during the civil war of 1988-1998, we set off for Arawa, one-time centre of operations for Rio Tinto when the nearby copper mine was in full-swing. In Arawa we visited Wanbel Haus where the Australian Brothers have established their Sunkumup Project, designed to help teachers of Bougainville. We then went to Kieta where, at the wharf, I noted a Japanese ship unloading machinery and equipment to build bridges, a move destined to end the exhilarating river-crossings. Alas!

On we went to the famous Rigu High School which had been the top school in Bougainville until the civil war, when it was destroyed by fire. Skeletons of buildings remain, now largely overgrown with creepers, vines, shrubs and trees. Past students lament its demise and plead with the Brothers for a re-building, but landowners would create too much trouble.

Our next visit was to the Panguna mine. David, our driver, obviously well-known and liked in Arawa, was able to gain easy access to the mine, now controlled by the formidable, militant Mekamui force, which on occasion obliges visitors, especially white ones, to pay \$100 for entry.



**Road block to the Panguna copper mine**

We ascended by four-wheel drive to the rim of the crater-like mine and, when inside, descended by tracks known to David and few others until we reached a suitable point to survey the interior of this famous RioTinto copper mine that had tragic consequences for Bougainvilleans.

Rusting buses, decaying water tankers and dump trucks, still neatly lined, as though for tomorrow's work, stood silent like ghosts of the past. The frameworks of long buildings spoke



### **Brothers Bill and Fred inside the Panguna mine**

of a busier time. Far below our vantage point, a vivid blue lake, attractively coloured by copper, and the perpetual roar of water racing down a tunnel to the sea, provided further evidence of industrious times now long gone. On this dull afternoon, wisps of cloud rose from the interior and hung about the rim of the mine encircling us.

The light was fading fast, and I thought of those rising rivers, but David wasn't done yet. Undeterred by another road block, David took us to Loloho wharf, the copper mine port, where an Asian ship was siphoning off oil that had been sitting in a tank for the past twenty-five years. No photos, thank you!

Before leaving Arawa we booked a ride on a Public Motor Vehicle for the next day's return to Buka and then headed for Mabiri. Forty-five minutes from Arawa, we encountered the first swollen river in full flood, preventing further progress. There was nothing for it but to return to Arawa, but immediately we had trouble. In fact, we had it all day. Four times we had to push-start the four-wheel drive, as David, by way of explanation, declared that the starter motor was still damp. Twice we had punctures, and once David had to go in search of a tyre, which he got on discount, meaning that a hole

had to be patched before it could be used. Now, at this turbulent and turgid river, battery trouble and falling rain. In order to conserve power, we returned to Arawa slowly, with the lights sometimes on and the windscreen wipers off, and at other times with lights off and windscreen wipers on.

Sleep did not come easily, as a band on the ground floor below practised till midnight. We had to be up shortly after 3.00 a.m. as the PMV was due to depart at 4.00 a.m. It arrived at 5.00 a.m. and we were away. Miraculously, it seemed to me, the rivers were down and there was little difficulty in crossing. On our arrival at Buka by 9.00 a.m. I hastened to confirm my flight for the next day. That done, I felt the need for rest. I can't understand why. Maybe it's old age.

I was at the airport by 7 o'clock next morning, January 15, much relieved to receive a boarding pass, my ID card having passed the test. As I sat there, awaiting the arrival of the plane, the only one for the day, I heard a heated argument at the counter; probably someone who had bought a ticket couldn't get a seat on this over-booked plane. A moment later, we passengers in the waiting room were stunned by a fellow shouting at us to run out onto the tarmac and stop the plane from landing. 'Blokim! Blokim!' he shouted. That was the last thing I wanted.

Fortunately, as he was speaking, the plane roared onto the tarmac. End of 'discussion' as passengers crowded towards our exit to the plane. Amazingly, there was no hitch as I arrived in Port Moresby in time for the connecting flight to Madang.

That was quite a trip.

*Brother Bill McCarthy*