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## Catholic Education SA takes over Technical Colleges

August 19, 2009

### Exciting new direction for Catholic Education



The Catholic Archdiocese of Adelaide today announced that the Board of the Australian Technical College – Northern Adelaide has now signed an agreement transferring ownership of the ATC-NA to the archdiocese to become part of Catholic Education SA.

Jane Swift, Director of Catholic Education, said she was delighted that the partnerships which Catholic education had established with industry through the technical colleges (North and South) were continuing.

“We highly value the partnerships formed with industry and the local community and are committed to continuing the educational opportunities both the northern and southern technical colleges provide for young people.

Both technical colleges have developed an outstanding reputation for providing young people with access to industry-led, trade-focused education that allows students to complete their SACE while gaining access to employers and apprenticeships.”

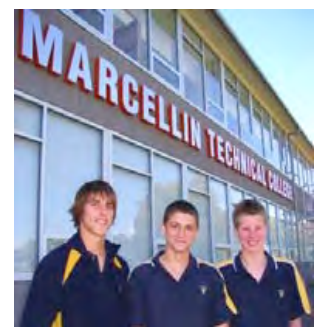
Principal of the Australian Technical College – Northern Adelaide, Robert Thomas, said the formal move to Catholic Education SA was a great step in securing the Colleges’ future, allowing them to continue providing a trade-focused education.

“The colleges already have a number of plans underway to expand their course offerings even further over the next few years. The technical colleges will continue to work with stakeholders to form even closer links within their local communities; these are all things that fit well with the community values of Catholic education,” he said.

As part of the transfer, the Northern College will be re-named and re-badged as St Patrick’s Technical College to make the connection with Catholic Education more apparent, with the new name becoming operative from the beginning of 2010.

The final process for the transfer of the Australian Technical College – Adelaide South to the Catholic Archdiocese of Adelaide is nearing completion with the expectation this will be signed off in August.

**The Adelaide South Technical College will be re-named and re-branded as Marcellin Technical College, after St Marcellin Champagnat, founder of the Marist Brothers community.**



ATC – Adelaide South Principal, Jim Fenoughty said: “The outcomes being achieved by both colleges are an ideal fit for Catholic education. We believe students who graduate from our colleges get the best of both worlds, with practical work experience, trade relevant training, and SACE completion that also allows them to complete a University degree later on, if they wish.”

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# *Ruminations Gleaned by our Health Care Coordinator*

*Br Leo Kavanagh*

**A selection of readings from the Harvard Medical Journal that may be helpful in our ageing years:**



*Will your later years be blessed by healthy ageing or marred by a host of illnesses?*

*Certainly, the answers to those questions rest partly with the genes you've inherited.*

*Yet, at the turn of the millennium, more than a third of deaths in America were tied to smoking, poor dietary choices and inactivity.*

*This research attests that the actions you take today matter.*

*Simple lifestyle choices have an enormous impact on your longevity and quality of life.*

*What is essential for healthy ageing?*

*Full engagement with life. People who are curious, open, and eager to make connections with the world most enjoy the last decades of their lives.*

*Even in the face of disabilities, these people seem to thrive and find joy despite their challenges.*

*Depressed, anxious, or grumpy people in good health can also live long lives, but take far less pleasure in them. No magic pill, no secret potion can make us long-lived and healthy.*

*But if you bring to your life appreciation and respect, and embrace ageing with good humor, grace, vigor, and flexibility, you will— at the very least— be happy to grow old.*

## *“Seniors are so giving”*

A tour bus driver is driving with a bus load of seniors down a highway when he is tapped on his shoulder by a little old lady.

She offers him a handful of peanuts, which he gratefully munches up.

After about 15 minutes, she taps him on his shoulder again and she hands him another handful of peanuts.

She repeats this gesture about five more times.

When she is about to hand him another batch again he asks the little old lady,

'Why don't you eat the peanuts yourself?'

'We can't chew them because we've no teeth', she replied.

The puzzled driver asks, 'Why do you buy them then?'

The old lady replied, 'We just love the chocolate around them.'



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# Coffee and Loneliness

Mary Manning, August 2009

It's ages since I've noticed birdsong. I've been too absorbed in misery to tune into their joy, but this morning, very early, with the window open because the night was hot, a bird is singing in the birch tree. It sings the same song over and over, teaching its young to sing. The baby repeats two of the notes followed by a little trill as if to say "Please, only two at a time."

Usually when the morning sun comes in the bedroom window and the trees make patterns on the wardrobe doors, I wrap my arms around my head and pull a pillow over to make a three-tier tower: head, arms and pillow. I am inviolable in my keep-out tower. Not that there's anyone left to violate my space, which is why I burrow against light and birdsong in the first place.

But now, well and truly awake, I am on my balcony in a pink cotton dressing gown and thongs singing along with mother bird and drinking orange juice. Amazing! I haven't felt this lift of the spirits for about five years.

I've left it too late to walk to work so I'll catch the tram but tonight I'll walk home. It will be sunset so I might hear more birds.

I am noticing sounds more today. It's as if someone's cleaned my ears out with a cotton bud and pinned them back against my head for maximum reception. Like now on the tram to work. Usually I am only conscious of the background clack of wheels and chat of passengers. But today the passengers seem soothed by faint repetitive music coming perhaps from a radio turned low. It is some sort of chant — a Jewish cantor comes to mind, or something from the Koran.



I realise eventually that the sound comes from the man sitting across the aisle from me. He wears a dark coloured taxi driver's uniform and on his head a scarf arranged like a theatrical curtain, the fabric hanging on each side of his face leaving only the central part uncovered. He is turning the pages of a book, quietly singing each page. I can see the lines of music. His singing is moving and tranquil.

I'd like to tell the man that his singing reminds me of the Gregorian chant I learned to sing at school but he keeps his head down. Today I can still sing the Latin words of the *Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei* when I listen to a Mass by Brahms or Mozart.

With the words of the *Credo* in my head I walk into the coffee shop where I work and am straight into the buzz of conversations about people's plans for their day — pick up the dry cleaning, have a cholesterol test, find shoes to wear to the gallery opening. It's exhausting listening to them.



Two mothers come in with small children and job lists. The younger child wears one pink shoe and rattles a colourful confection of plastic shapes on a plastic chain. Her mother props her in a high chair at about counter level and in line with me performing behind my Gaggia. Pull, push on the levers, scoop the coffee, flatten it, steam fragrant liquid into white cups. My lever-pulling right arm has huge muscles from my coffee ballet.

The child loves the choreography, laughs, points, tells me secrets in playmate language, loves me. I have made a friend. I feel a little spurt of the baby bird energy of the early morning.

The women get up waving lists and car keys. The baby throws her plastic collection in my direction. A gift. The mother picks it up and looks past me as if I am an extension of the Gaggia. The child shouts and points to tell her that the plastic chain is meant for me but the mother says: "Quiet now. This is no time to throw a tanty."

I want to say that this child is my friend, but it's not the sort of thing you say to

customers, or to the mother of any child you've just met.

On my walk home I search the second-hand shop for a garment made of warm brown wool and shaped like the robes worn by saints of long ago. I will wrap myself in it when I go out looking for people whose singing or conversation will take my mind off solitude. But the coats and jackets on the racks are all too bright or too skimpy. None is vaguely like a saint's robe.

Near the counter is a rack of sunglasses. I choose a pair with tortoiseshell frames. For the time being, until I find my warm brown robe I can hide behind the dark lenses and pretend I am not lonely.

On my walk home a flock of starlings streams into a huge palm tree chattering loudly about their day before settling down for the night. I can see the tree vibrating even through my new glasses.

*[Mary Manning is a Melbourne writer and a former editorial assistant for Eureka Street.]*

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## Children's Science Exam

- Q: Name the four seasons.
  - A: Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.
  - Q: Explain one of the processes by which water can be made safe to drink.
  - A: Flirtation makes water safe to drink because it removes large pollutants like grit, sand, dead sheep and canoeists.
  - Q: How can you delay milk turning sour?
  - A: Keep it in the cow.
  - Q: Name a major disease associated with cigarettes.
  - A: Premature death.
  - Q: What is the fibula?
  - A: A small lie.
  - Q: What does the word 'benign' mean?
  - A: Benign is what you will be after you've been **eight**. ;
- .....

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## The Abundance of God as an invitation to Generosity

*Ron Rolheiser*

September, 2009



The sun is extraordinarily generous, giving huge parts of itself away every second.

Scientists tell us that every second, inside the sun, the equivalent of 4 million elephants are being transformed into light, an irretrievable, one-time gift. The sun is giving itself away. If this generosity should halt, all energy would eventually lose its source and everything would die and become inert. We, and everything on our planet, live because of the generosity of the sun.

In this generosity, the sun reflects the abundance of God, a largesse that invites us to also be generous, to have big hearts, to risk more in giving ourselves away in self-sacrifice, to witness to God's abundance.

But this isn't easy. Instinctually we move more naturally to self-preservation and security. By nature we fear and we hoard. Because of this, whether we are poor or not, we tend to work out of a sense of scarcity, fearing always that we don't have enough, that there isn't enough, and that we need to be careful in what we give away, that we can't afford to be too generous.

But God belies this, as does nature. God is prodigal, abundance, generous, and wasteful beyond our small fears and imaginations. Nature too is stunningly overwhelming and prodigal. The scope of our universe, even just in so far as we know it, is almost unimaginable. So too is

the abundance and prodigal character of God.

We see this, for instance, in the biblical parable of the Sower: The Sower, God, whom Jesus describes, is not a calculating person who sows his grain carefully and discriminately only into worthy soil. This Sower scatters seeds indiscriminately everywhere: on the road, in the bushes, in the rocks, into barren soil, as well as into good soil. He has, it seems, unlimited seeds and so he works from a generous sense of abundance rather than from a guarded sense of scarcity. We see that same abundance in the parable of the vineyard owner, where the owner, God, gives a full day's wage to everybody, whether he or she worked the full day or not. God, we are told, has limitless wealth and is not stingy in giving it out.

God is equally as prodigal and generous in forgiveness, as we see in the Gospels. In the parable of the Father who forgives the prodigal son, we see a person who can forgive out of a richness that dwarfs dignity and calculated cost to self. And we see this same largesse in Jesus himself as he forgives both those who executed him and those who abandoned him during his execution.

God, from everything we can see, is so rich in love and mercy that he can afford to be wasteful, over-generous, non-calculating, non-discriminating, incredibly risk-taking, and big-hearted beyond our imaginations.

And that's the invitation: To have a sense of

God's abundance so as to risk always a bigger heart and generosity beyond the instinctual fear that has us believe that, because things seem scarce, we need to be more calculating.

Gospel of Luke has one of the strongest social justice messages in all of scripture (every sixth line is a direct challenge for justice for the poor) and yet, in Luke's Gospel, Jesus, while warning about the danger of wealth, does not condemn the rich or riches. Rather he makes a distinction between the generous rich and the miserly rich. The former are good because they radiate and incarnate God's abundance and generosity while the latter are bad because they belie God's abundance, generosity, and huge heart.

Jesus assures us that the measure we measure out is the measure that we ourselves will receive in return. In essence, that says that the air we breathe out will be the air we re-inhale. That isn't just true ecologically. It is a broad truth for life in general. If we breathe out miserliness, we

will re-inhale miserliness; if we breathe out pettiness, we will breathe in pettiness; if we breathe out bitterness, then bitterness will be the air that surrounds us; and if we breathe out a sense of scarcity that makes us calculate and be fearful, then calculation and fearfulness will be the air we re-inhale. But, if aware of God's abundance, we breathe out generosity and forgiveness, we will breathe in the air of generosity and forgiveness. We re-inhale what we exhale.

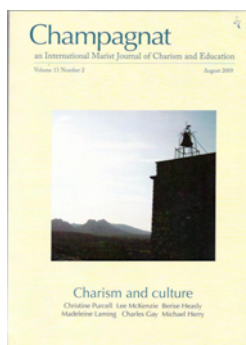
I have never met a truly generous man or woman who didn't say that, always, he or she received more in return than he or she gave out. And I have never met a truly big-hearted man or woman who lived out of a sense of scarcity. To be generous and big-hearted we have to first trust in God's abundance and generosity.

From God's abundance we get a sun that is generous and a universe that is too huge and prodigal to be imagined. That's a challenge not just to the mind and the imagination, but especially to the heart - for it to become huge and generous.

Religious publications have featured in the annual awards of both the Australasian Catholic Press Association (ACPA) and the Australasian Religious Press Association (ARPA). Both conferences were held in Sydney early in September.

**"Champagnat, an International Marist Journal of Education and Charism"** took out the top ACPA award for magazines - the Bishop Philip Kennedy memorial prize.

*"This competently edited and presentable magazine from the Marist family deserves high praise and recognition,"* said the judge for this section, Dr Michael Costigan.



The Bishop Philip Kennedy Memorial Prize for excellence in newspapers went to "Catholic Voice" of Canberra-Goulburn. **"Champagnat"** also took out the best mission coverage, a new award sponsored by Catholic Mission. Other winners included "Madonna" (Jesuit Publications) for best column (Easter Person, written by Fr Edmund Campion) and Eureka Street (Jesuit Publications) for best website. Several other publications, including

"Contact", **"Marist Messenger"** and "Australian Catholics", were highly commended.

Religious also featured as writers or subject material for several award winners.

In the ARPA awards, the Presidential Award, the Gutenberg, went to "The Catholic Weekly" largely for its "moving, outstanding" coverage of World Youth Day. "Eureka Street" and "The Far East" were among minor award winners

*[From Br Des Crowe]*

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# The World's Starving People

*John Dear SJ on June 30, 2009, On the Road to Peace*

It's official. As of last week, according to the United Nations, over one billion people are now starving to death. That's one in six people across the globe. That's an 11 percent jump from last year.

You might not have heard the announcement. The Associated Press gave it but a moment's notice. And yet here lies one of the most monstrous scandals of the world. And the scandal indicts us, especially us First World Christians.

News of this epidemic of hunger should blare from every front page. Every politician should be inveighing against it from behind a dais; every commentator should be discussing it before a camera. It should be on the hearts of people of faith. And together we should come to a firm resolve -- to bail out the starving, not bankers; to reallocate the billions in war funds to those on the verge of dying. Demilitarize the nations and feed the starving -- then will life be doubly served.

The grim announcement, issued out of Rome, came from the U.N Food and Agriculture agency. Of course, many relief agencies have known the enormity of the figure for some time and have redoubled their efforts. But collapsing economies and increases in military spending have plundered charitable funds. And now the poor don't merely get poorer. They die -- and in

greater numbers than ever in history.

As Rich Heffern reported recently in the National Catholic Reporter, many officials from relief organizations are optimistic that hunger can be stopped. I'm not optimistic, so I called a



few of those officials to press them on the question.

Most based their hope on the "Roadmap to End Global Hunger," a project supported by a diverse coalition of more than 40 international relief and development organizations, including Bread for the World, CARE, Catholic Relief Services, Friends of the World Food Program, Mercy Corps, and Save the Children.

Together they're trying to enact a comprehensive plan, announced just this past February. Among other things, it calls on Congress for legislation and asks the president to install an international hunger coordinator in the White House.

Rep. Jim McGovern, D-Mass., and Rep. Jo Ann Emerson, R-Mo., co-chairs of the House Hunger Caucus, subsequently introduced legislation based on the Roadmap to address global hunger and improve food security.

"We have the resources to end hunger in our lifetimes -- what we need is the political will to make it happen," McGovern said.

Here lies the sticking point -- political will. And I'm skeptical that the nation can conjure it because no nation can end hunger and maintain a war economy. It's one or the other. The implication is clear. If we declare war on hunger then the coffers for so-called defence would become barren as a dry well and largesse beyond counting would rightly deluge Latin America, Africa and Asia. Here would be a Marshall Plan on a global scale -- and a cause for celebration. But so far there's neither the will nor the leadership to make it so.

Where is the political will to come from? From the bottom up. "Effective means to redress the marginalization of the world's poor will only be found if people everywhere feel personally

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outraged by the injustices in the world and by the concomitant violations of human rights,” Pope Benedict wrote in his 2009 Word Day of Peace message, “Fight Poverty to Build Peace.”

Meantime the “Roadmap to End Global Hunger” is a start. It seems to me something worth pushing. And as we do we’ll be putting ourselves on a spiritual journey. Send donations to Catholic Relief Services, Save the Children and Oxfam, especially as charitable donations are in decline. Support lobbying efforts through Bread for the World. Speak about the calamity, fast in solidarity, study the causes.

Make the link with other pressing issues: hunger and disease, hunger and environmental destruction, hunger and terrorism and war. And make the inverse link: Hunger impugns God’s vision of shalom for the earth. If we campaign to end hunger we’ll simultaneously promote universal healthcare, environmental protection, liberation for the oppressed, social justice and global peace. All these are bound together.

**And of course, pray. But pray specifically and deliberately -- for an end to starvation, nuclear arsenals, global warming. Pray for the rising of political will, will enough to abolish hunger forever.**

I acknowledge how hard it is to keep horrific reality before our eyes -- this especially when the media insists on focusing our thoughts on the South Carolina governor’s adultery and the

minutiae of poor Michael Jackson’s last days. But prayer refocuses us. It keeps us mindful and sets us free to be mournful. Our hearts and minds so inclined, we learn to live in concordance with the heart of God, who founded the world on the idea of shalom.

A young person once wrote to Gandhi for advice on how to live for such a world. Gandhi offered this pearl:

*Whenever you are in doubt, or when the self becomes too much with you, apply the following test: Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest person whom you have seen, and ask yourself if the next step you contemplate is going to be of any use to that person. Will that person gain anything by it? Will it restore that person to a control over his or her own life and destiny? In other words, will it lead to freedom for the hungry and spiritually starving millions? Then you will find your doubts and your self melting away.*

As Christians we name the starving masses Christ-among-us. **“Whatever you do or don’t do to me in the least of these,”** Jesus says in Matthew 25, **“you do or don’t do to me. When I was hungry, you fed me. Or you didn’t.”**

Today’s grim news begs for a response from the Christian community. Let us pray and do what we can to end hunger and serve Christ in the poor.



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# Anticipated Platinum Jubilees

*Br Leo McVeigh*

Itinerary: Alice Springs – Sydney – Gold Coast – Sydney – Alice Springs, with the Alice - Sydney and return kindly gifted to me by a friend.

Vince Shekleton, my guide for each day's foray from Randwick, was a guide than which no other! Where did we go? What did we see? Everything on and bordering the Harbour, including seeing the ferry "Mary MacKillop."

A long day at Taronga Park Zoo showed up the wonderful changes since my visiting it as a Junior from Mittagong. Some highlights – the shrieks of excitement from little school kids when the baby elephant appeared, the slow movement of a 10-metre reticulated python, looking a snow tiger in the eye from a distance of one metre, the spectacular performances of the seals enjoying their own virtuosity and perfect understanding of each word from the M.C.

Why anticipate by four years our 70 years as Marists? That's an easy one! The answer lies in the Morning Prayer hymn of the fourth week of the Prayer of the Church:

*Alone with none but Thee,  
my God,  
I journey on my way ...  
My destined time is fixed by Thee,  
And Death doth know his hour.*

Back to 1944: Our group was close-knit, very individualistic and somewhat rebellious, which prompted the Novice Master's prediction as we left the Novitiate: "In 20 years' time you will all be Directors or will be all kicked out!" (The Director in those times was superior of the Community and Principal of the School.)

Well ... no one was kicked out! And all became either Directors or were given positions of equal responsibility. Hence the Reunion at the Brothers' Holiday House at Tugun on the Gold Coast. With a number already gone to God, some too ill to attend and others precluded by already-made commitments, five of us gathered: **Des Phillips, Brian Murray, Vince Shekleton, Vincent Lenihan and Leo McVeigh**, with much reminiscing and giving thanks for graces received. Brian is a professional magician; he performed and baffled us completely, but his car is real and it took us up the mountain to Eagle Heights and Mount Tambourine.

During World War II, when the Americans took over Marist Brothers' College in Ashgrove, the boarders were transferred there. Some elderly people there well remembered the Marist Brothers and showed us spots of interest that we would otherwise have passed by. It was nostalgic for the Northerners. Mt Tambourine National Park is splendidly laid out, tended by volunteers, has wisteria in masses, and amongst other songsters the whipbird calls which reminded the Southerners of the Dandenong Ranges.

Back to Randwick: Catching up with Brothers from my Mittagong days was a joy, as was meeting others previously unknown to me. The accolade of hospitality goes to the Brothers of the Randwick Community.

**(Editor's note: Kevin Hogan, Noel Hickey and deceased Brothers Cletus Howley, Cleophas Simmons and Tom Horgan are the other Melbourne representatives in Leo's group.)**



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## Fr Kevin Hickey CSsR Ordination Diamond Jubilee



L - R: Br Noel Hickey, Kevin Poole, Carmel Poole, Fr Kevin Hickey, Sr Dorothea Hickey, Fr. Pat, Jocelyn Hickey, Redmond Hickey

On Sept 2<sup>nd</sup> Fr Kevin Hickey CSsR. Noel's brother, celebrated with his Redemptorist Community in Kew Victoria the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his ordination by Bishop O'Collins of Ballarat.

Two of his sisters and three brothers were able to be present at the jubilee Mass and community dinner.

### Nello Facci and Ron Fogarty in birthday mode at Templestowe



Nello clocks up 77 while Ronnie heads for 96 on October 15.



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## Silver gulls



*Diane Fahey's eighth poetry collection,  
Sea Wall and River Light,*

The birds I can't quite like, that symbolise  
cold self-intent, greed, the scalding primal  
writ small: drama queens and morsel-pirates  
at odds after the picnic — scraps about scraps.  
So populous they seem mundane, theirs is  
a median beauty. Contrasts show  
in tail spots, white boiled-lolly eyes —  
and leg stumps, the torn wing that heals indifference.

At their best, afloat in anodyne lulls,  
neat as paper boats — or, of course, in air:  
wing beats thrumming with the solemn verve  
of a baton. What music do they hear?  
None but their own, that of the winds  
and of the switchback sea: their map of life.

*Eureka Street: 25/08/09*



"I hope you didn't take it personally, Reverend," an embarrassed woman said after a church service, "when my husband walked out during your sermon."

"I did find it rather disconcerting," the preacher replied.

"It's not a reflection on you, sir," she insisted. "Ralph has been walking in his sleep ever since he was a child."



### **Eva Prout: A Life well lived**

Born Goomalling, 1913, fourth child of Archie Edward Irvine and Edna Francis Stone. Sister to Edna (1905), Muriel (1907), Max (1910), Laura (1917), Ruth (1920) and Stephen (1924). Eva's childhood was spent on the family farm at Dowerin and later at work in the Shire Office, the local surgery and the farm.

Her inquisitive nature and compassion for people led her to nurse training at Fremantle Hospital and later to hospital and private nursing training in Melbourne and several WA centres.

She met husband Dick while nursing in Northam and they married in 1943.

The newly-weds moved to Katanning where Dick managed the Aboriginal Mission and Eva was matron at the local hospital. First son Peter was born in Katanning in 1945 and soon after the family moved to Halls Creek and later to Port Hedland for more work with Indigenous Australians.

The young family returned to the land, this time dairy farming in the Ferguson Valley close to Dick's family of origin. They would continue dairy farming for 20 years during which time Harry (1948), Ross (1949) and Dianne (1954) were all born and the family was active in the Ferguson/Dardanup community. A trip to Japan (1962) was one of the few breaks from 365/24/7 demands of dairy farming.

The farm was sold in 1965 and Eva and Dick moved to Bunbury. Eva returned to casual nursing in hospitals, nursing homes and the Silver Chain. Release from the demands of farming also allowed Eva to engage more deeply with community work and her love of learning. From 1965 until she left Bunbury in 2000 she was heavily involved in the Catholic Women's League, inter-denominational activities, volunteering and building her reputation as a grandmother extraordinaire. Eva is renowned for her boundless love and care for her immediate and extended family including her nine grandchildren - Cate, Sarah, Rachel, Melanie, Dave, Matt, Clare, Fiona and Elise.

Eva moved from Bunbury in 2000. She shared house with Dianne, Ross, Peter and Phyl for a short time before moving to the Freshwater Bay Nursing Home where she was generously cared for until her death on 9.9.2009.

Farewell loved sister, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, friend and community builder.

*[From the Mass Booklet]*



### • Our deceased and their families •

- **Mrs Eva Prout**, mother of Br. Harry Prout.
- **Mrs Kath Harty**, cousin of Br. Othmar. Five boys attended our Preston College.
- **Mrs Marie O'Brien**, mother of Paul. Former librarian at our Broken Hill school.
- **Barbara Carroll**, Sacred Heart College Middle School
- **John Reardon**, Wangaratta Junior and former Brother.

### • For those who are unwell ... •

- **Br. Kevin Hogan**, Netley.
- **Brother Charles Howard**, Sydney.
- **Br. Anthony O'Brien**, heart surgery
- **Tom Lambert**, first lay Principal, Mitchell Park. Treatment for lung problems.
- **MaryAnne Needham**, sister of Br Mark
- **Noel Granger**, cancer patient; cousin of Br Kevin Langley.
- **Melanie Meehan**, cancer diagnosis prayers through Mary MacKillop continuing. Wife of Matthew - nephew of Br Linus Meehan.

### • And also for ... •

- Blessings to come from our **General Chapter** in Rome - Sept/Oct 2009.
- **Brothers Emili Turú** and **Joseph McKee** as they begin their leadership of Marist Champagnat mission around the world.

Br Harry Prout writes:

*Please thank Marists who have offered condolences and prayerful thoughts to myself and family. Their support has been quite remarkable and humbling. Various shared memories of Eva from those who had known her were wonderful to receive.*



Volume 40 \* Number 9 \* October 2009

## CONTENTS

### PAGE

- 3 Election of the Superior General and Vicar General  
4 Province News  
10 Message of the Lay Marists to the XXI General Chapter  
14 "Share the Mission": Will Kearvell  
16 An Airman's Farewell at Sacred Heart College  
18 Marcellin Technical College established in Adelaide South  
19 Message from the Province Health Care Coordinator  
20 Coffee and Loneliness: Mary Manning  
22 Invitation to Generosity: Ron Rolheiser  
24 The World's Starving People: John Dear  
26. Anticipated Platinum Jubilees  
27 Fr Kevin Hickey - Diamond Jubilee of Priesthood  
28 *Silver Gulls*: Diane Fahey  
29 *Please Pray For*

