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## FOURVIERE CELEBRATIONS

### MADANG

Br Bill McCarthy



Alexishafen

*Standing, from left:* Br Mark Kenatsi, Sr Marlene Giris, Br Frank Richardson,  
Br Bill McCarthy, Sr Patricia Phillips, Sr Lucinder Mologai,  
Fr Steven Lugabai.

*Sitting, from left:* Sr Theresa Waine, Sr Teretia Eriata, Sr Rabunna Bwakineti.

Several brothers and a priest of the Madang Marist community met with the Marist Missionary Sisters to celebrate Fourvière Day on Saturday 25 July. The gathering took place at Alexishafen, a beautiful tropical seaside location, where the Marist Missionary Sisters run a house of prayer and a pastoral centre. Fr Steven Lugabai SM celebrated Mass, after which we enjoyed a meal fitting for the occasion.

Alexishafen is about twenty kilometres from Madang, a beautiful spot, where the SVD congregation established a mission centre in the early days. The peace was shattered during WWII when the Japanese anchored their fleet offshore and occupied the place. The Americans flattened everything, even the cathedral.

The Marist contingent at Divine Word University has grown over the years. Currently three young Marist Missionary Sisters, two Marist Brothers and one Marist priest are studying in a number of departments. In addition to the students, four Brothers are on the staff: Br Brendan Neily, Br Pat Howley, Br Michael McManus and Br Bill McCarthy. Br Frank Richardson, a keen cyclist and remaining Marist member of our community, does a power of work in improving the living conditions of the Brothers' house, in cultivating a garden and instructing the local people in the virtues of worm farming.

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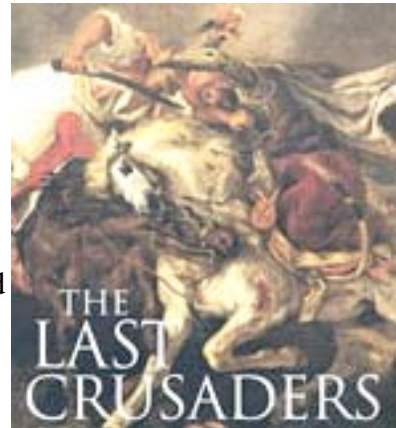
# Book Review

16 July 2009, Review by Marcus Bull

## Heroes, villains and derring-do

Rogerson, Barnaby: **The Last Crusaders: the hundred-year battle for the centre of the world**

Barnaby Rogerson is a travel writer with a particular interest in north Africa. He also writes informative books on the history of Islam for a non-specialist Western readership. These two come together effectively in his most recent book: *The Last Crusaders* is a lively and engaging history of the Mediterranean world in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in particular the power-struggles that pitted the Ottoman Empire against a Christian Europe dominated by Habsburg Spain.



Much more was at stake than two empires slugging it out for world dominion, however, for there were other players in what was a complicated and constantly shifting struggle for political and economic power. These include the Portuguese, the sultans of what is now Morocco, the maritime city-state of Venice, and the order of the Knights of St John. Nor is the action confined to the Mediterranean, for Rogerson's narrative ranges broadly across the Atlantic in the company of the conquistadores, and around Africa in the wake of the Portuguese as they penetrated the Indian Ocean in pursuit of the unbelievable riches promised by the spice trade.



The geopolitical sweep is impressive, and reminds us how much of what we now take for granted about the political, religious, and cultural landscape of the modern era was not a foregone conclusion. It was not inevitable, for example, that the Ottomans would remain bottled up in the Mediterranean and not compete with Christian powers in the process of Atlantic exploration, just as it was not inevitable that Portuguese and Spanish toeholds in northern Africa would not turn into some more durable and extensive presence.

Many of the events that Rogerson narrates are the stuff of familiar early modern history: for example, the dogged resistance of the Knights of St John during the siege of Malta in 1565, when they saw off an enormous Ottoman army; and the Battle of Lepanto six years later, when a loose coalition of Christian powers, under the flamboyant leadership of the dashing and very young Don John of Austria, overcame the might of the Ottoman fleet, an event so momentous that even the bells of Protestant Europe rang out in celebration. Similarly, many of Rogerson's cast of characters will be familiar names: Henry the Navigator, Christopher Columbus, the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, Vasco da Gama, Hernán Cortés, the pirate captain Barbarossa (there were in fact two Barbarossas, two brothers), and the Ottoman sultans Mehmet the Conqueror and Suleiman the Magnificent.

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But other, less familiar, characters take turns to hold the stage, men such as Pêro da Covilhã, who pushed Portuguese naval exploration into east Africa and the Gulf around the same time that Columbus was sailing less productively westwards, and the distant, austere and loveless King Sebastian of Portugal, who died in the futile pursuit of epic glory in the sands of Morocco, at a stroke destroying his kingdom's armed might and political independence.

Whether dealing with the traditional plot lines or alerting us to less familiar sideshows, Rogerson knits his whole story together into a coherent and compelling whole. The book tells its tale with aplomb and dash, and, as befits an author with a travel background, the evocation of place and of the culturally exotic is well handled. This is all good swashbuckling stuff, its vision of the past as a place of excitement, brutality, excess, larger-than-life characters and strange twists of fate.



Rogerson errs when he applies the term “Crusaders” willy-nilly to all Westerners coming into contact with the Muslim world, for this massively over-simplifies the range of interactions between Christianity and Islam and reduces the complexities of Crusade thought and practice to a form of holy war posturing. Something of the sophistication and cleverness of his leading characters, Muslim as well as Christian, is lost in the process.



**Drawing of a soldier by  
Albrecht Durer, 1498**

On the other hand, the book is to be warmly applauded for trying to tell the story of the period in its own terms, thereby avoiding the sort of facile and uninformed analogies with modern-day disputes and religious tensions that one finds in all too many history books about Christians and Muslims in conflict.

Rogerson could easily have pitched the book as in some way the “solution” to the mystery of contemporary religious and cultural frictions; and it is to his credit that, despite one or two nods towards later colonial history and racism, he generally does not take this easy route. To the point, indeed, that the ending of the book after the climactic Battle of the Three Kings in 1578 is quite sudden and low-key. There is a great deal to enjoy in Rogerson's pacy and informed telling. This is ultimately a book about heroes, villains, and derring-do, but it is no less enjoyable, informative and readable for that.

## Sister Columbière Small



**Sr. Colombière Small** passed away on Saturday, 25 July, 2009.

Sr Colombière was the Foundation Principal of the Brigidine Secondary School, which was established in Peebles Road, Floreat in 1962, and is now the Marian Campus of Newman College catering for students from Kindergarten to Year 3.

Sr Colombière, along with Sr Adrian and Sr Claire (Sebastian), was one of three biological sisters from the Small family who joined the Brigidine Sisters. All three were in the Wembley Brigidine community at various times throughout the years.

Sr Colombière was a regular attendee at Newman's whole Primary school masses and other school functions until she and Sr Adrian relocated to Sydney at the end of 2007.



**Brigidine College, Floreat**



Our deceased and their families

- **Brother Hilary Peterson** - Sale.
- **Sr Columbière Small**, foundation Principal of Brigidine College, Floreat, 1962
- **Father John Leahy**, Shepparton; aged 73; suddenly. 18 August 2009.
- **Rod Maslin**, ex-student of Marist College, Churchlands; Class of 1970. Tragically struck by a passing vehicle while waiting to cross the road.
- **Kevin Holland**, aged 85. His sons attended St Colman's, Shepparton.
- **Corey Fitzgerald**, Year 12 boarder at Sacred Heart College, Adelaide, in 2004. Died tragically in a single car accident near Cummins, 29 August 2009.
- **Bev Caddy**, aunt of Br Tony Caddy
- **Marie Spain**, sister-in-law of Br Richard Spain

For those who are unwell ...

- **Brother Kevin Hogan**, Netley.
- **Brother Charles Howard**, Sydney.
- **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**, Wife of Matthew nephew of Br Linus Meehan.

And also for ...

- Blessings to come from our **General Chapter** in Rome - September 2009.
- Blessings on the in-coming **AMSA Standing Committee**

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# *MACEDON REUNION... 2010*

**The Organising Committee wishes to extend an invitation to you**

**to attend the XII Macedon Reunion at Mittagong in April 2010.**

**Refer to the post in Drusilla blog: "2010 Reunion – Mittagong" for details.**

**[ [drusilla1948.blogspot.com](http://drusilla1948.blogspot.com)]**

**At this stage, the Committee is looking for Expression of Interest by**

**30<sup>th</sup> September 2009.**

**To date there have been 13 "expressions of interest".**

**If you may be interested in attending, please contact one of the Committee  
(see blog) or respond to this email.**

**From: Terry O'Brien [<mailto:twjrobian@internode.on.net>]**

**If you know the email address of someone who may be interested in  
attending the reunion let us know their email address.**

*The Committee would love to see you at the reunion.*





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A man and his wife were awakened at 3:00 am by a loud pounding on the door.

The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push.

'Not a chance,' says the husband, 'it is 3:00 in the morning!'

He slams the door and returns to bed.

'Who was that?' asked his wife.

'Just some drunk guy asking for a push,' he answers.

'Did you help him?' she asks.

'No, I did not, it is 3:00 in the morning and it is pouring rain out there!'

'Well, you have a short memory,' says his wife. 'Can't you remember about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us?'

I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself!'

The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pounding rain.

He calls out into the dark, 'Hello, are you still there?'

'Yes,' comes back the answer.

'Do you still need a push?' calls out the husband (soaking wet)

'Yes, please!' comes the reply from the dark.

'Where are you?' asks the husband..

'Over here on the swing!' replied the drunk

