

# The West Wagga Wag

Issue 138

August 2014

## Coming Events

<b>Feast of St John Vianney</b>	Mon 4
<b>CWL League</b>	Wed 6
<b>Come and See; Book Launch</b>	Wed 6
<b>Prayer Vigil for Peace</b>	Thurs 7
<b>St Mary Mackillop's Feast day</b>	Fri 8
<b>Patricians</b>	Fri 8
<b>Solemnity of Assumption of BVM</b>	Fri 15
<b>Catechists In-service</b>	Thurs 21
<b>Project Wild Thing</b>	Thurs 21
<b>Migrant &amp; Refugee Week</b>	Sun 31



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The due date for the next Wag is:  
Sunday September 7th.

## Pope Francis 500 Days

In an interview, given to mark the first 500 days of his pontificate, Pope Francis has reminisced about his youth, discussed immigration and gave a ten point plan for happiness.

"The Romans have a saying, which can be taken as a point of reference, they say: '...live and let live,'" said Pope Francis. "That's the first step to peace and happiness." He then went on to mention the other nine, the next being "giving oneself to others." "If one gets tired, one runs the risk of being egoistic," he said. "And stagnant water is the first to be corrupted."

Third, Francis proposed one "moves quietly" and cited the Argentine novel, Don Segundo Sombra. "In this story there is a very beautiful thing, a man who looks back on his life. In his youth, the protagonist was a rocky stream that ran over everything, but as he became older, he was a running river and "quietly peaceful". The Pope said the elderly have the wisdom to move with "kindness & humility" and have the "calmness of life." He also repeated his concern that a people that doesn't take care of its elderly "has no future."

Fourth, the Pope advocated playing with children and the importance of a healthy culture of leisure, reading and enjoying art. "Consumerism has led to the anxiety of losing" this culture, he said. Francis would often ask young mothers how often they play with their children. "It was an unexpected question," he said. "It is hard. The parents go to work and come back when the children are asleep."

Fifth, the Pope stressed the importance of sharing Sundays with family. He recalled that on his recent visit to Campobasso in southern Italy, the workers did not want to work on Sundays.

Sixth, he said helping young people find employment was a key to happiness. He said it's important to be creative with them because if they lack opportunities, "they fall into drugs." He said the rate of suicide is "too high among young people without work." The Pope suggested the youth could be taught skilled work, which would allow them the "dignity of bringing home the bacon."

Turning to the international situation, the Pope drew attention to the increasing number of conflicts and wars across the globe. "War destroys. And we must cry out for peace. Peace sometimes gives the idea of quietness, but it is not quiet, it is always active peace. I think that everyone must be committed in the matter of peace, to do everything that they can" he said. "Peace is the language we must speak."

The Holy Father also spoke about those fleeing the horrors of war and other calamities, and how many countries are not generous in helping refugees. He said Europe fears speaking about immigration, but he praised Sweden for its policies, noting that despite their small population, they have allowed in 800,000 immigrants out of a population of 25.3 million.

The Pope also spoke about environmental issues, and how mankind continues to waste the bounty given by God. "For example; you want to make use of a mining method for gas (fracking) that extracts more than other methods, but it contaminates the water." he said. "And so they go on contaminating nature. I think it's a question that we do not face: humanity, in the indiscriminate use and tyranny over nature, is it committing suicide? For the other keys to happiness, the Pope recommended: "rapidly forgetting the negative and respecting those who think differently."

## pastor's page



In this month of August we celebrate the feast day of our own diocesan patron, Saint Mary of the Cross (Mackillop).

Mary Helen MacKillop RSJ (15 January 1842 – 8 August 1909), was an Australian Sister of Scottish descent, who was born in Melbourne. St Mary was best known for her activities in South Australia. Together with Father Julian Tenison Woods, she founded the Sisters of St Joseph of the Sacred Heart (the Josephites, RSJ), a congregation of religious sisters that established a number of schools and welfare institutions throughout Australasia, with an emphasis on education for the rural poor.

With the process to have St Mary declared a saint having begun in the 1920s, she was beatified in January 1995, by Saint Pope John Paul II. Pope Benedict XVI prayed at her tomb during his visit to Sydney for World Youth Day 2008, and, in December 2009, approved the Catholic Church's recognition of a second miracle attributed to her intercession. She was canonised on 17 October 2010, during a public ceremony in St Peter's Square at the Vatican. She is the first and only Australian to be recognised by the Catholic Church as a saint.

There are many wonderful things for which St Mary could be commended both during her lifetime and afterwards. Her myriad responses to prayer include ordinary and extraordinary blessings, healings, and even miracles. St Mary understandably has many fervent devotees.

Perhaps, the most striking quality that is worthy of everyone's

admiration and imitation is her love for, and great desire to do God's holy Will. Just like us, Mary prayed the *Our Father* daily. In this prayer we ask that God's '*will be done on earth as it is in heaven*'. Of course, many of us also pray this petition frequently. It would be good to refresh the memory by re-reading the *Catechism* on this particular petition. The explanation is listed in paragraphs 2822 to 2827. No doubt you have a copy of the *Catechism* of the Catholic Church first published in 1992. At that time many individuals and families purchased a copy. Find yours and have a read on the *Our Father*.

What is really good about St Mary is her utter devotion to God, even in the face of all sorts of obstacles and setbacks. We have a copy of one of the letters St Mary wrote to Monsignor Kirby, one of her priest friends and supporters. St. Mary wrote:

'Oh, Father, I cannot tell you what a beautiful thing the will of God seems to me. For some years past, my Communion, my prayers, my intentions have all been for God's will to be done. I can never pray for a particular intention, a particular person, or anything particular about our own Institute. But in God's loved will; that is, whilst I desire with all my heart to pray for these, I cannot help at the same time desiring that He only use my prayers for the intention that His own will most desires at this time. Thus I feel a joy when things go well, for I see His will in this, and an equal joy when they seem to go wrong or against our natural desire, for there again I see His will, and am satisfied that He has accepted my prayers and those of many more for some other object at the time nearer to His adorable will.

To me, the will of God is a dear book, which I am never tired of reading, which has always some new charm for me. Nothing is too little to be noticed there, but yet my littleness and nothingness has often

dared to oppose it, and I am painfully conscious that in many ways I still in my tepidity offend against it without perceiving what I am doing. But such dear lessons as you gave me the other evening then come to my aid and encourage me, for the love of my sweet Jesus is too strong, too beautiful, and His merits too great, for me not to cling to Him.' [*Letter, Ascension 1874 c.*]

It is clear from this letter that St Mary truly longed to do God's will 'on earth as it is in heaven.' Perhaps, we might seek the same. By doing so we too will become saints; enter the kingdom of heaven; be a member of Christ's family; increase confidence in God; receive Christ's promises; and abide with Him forever.

I pray that in some way this encourages you to continue to do the will of God, by renewing your knowledge of the Gospel of Christ; "...for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you." (1Th 5:8).

*Fr Gerard*



## August Jokes



Did you hear about the Italian chef that died? He pasta way. We cannoli do so much; his legacy will become a pizza history. Here today, gone tomato. How sad he ran out of thyme. Sending olive my prayers to the family. His wife is really upset; cheese still not over it. You never sausage a tragic thing

Ducking into confession with a turkey in his arms, Brian said, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I stole this turkey to feed my family. Would you take it and settle my guilt?"

"Certainly not," said the Priest. "As penance, you must return it to the one from whom you stole it."

"I tried," Brian sobbed, "but he refused. Oh, Father, what should I do?"

"If what you say is true, then it is all right for you to keep it for your family."

Thanking the Priest, Brian hurried off.

When confession was over, the Priest returned to his residence. When he walked into the kitchen, he found that someone had stolen his turkey.

Since it seems that gene-splicing has become a reality, all those old jokes about crossing a parrot with a centipede are within the realm of possibility. Here are a few examples of what could happen.

Cross an Indian monkey with a vine of the legume family and a plant with yellow cup-shaped flowers and you'll get a Rhesus Peanut Buttercup.

Cross a Sasquatch and a baboon and you'll get a Sassoon, an animal that lurks in the suburbs at night, catches

unwary women and styles their hair. Cross a parrot with an alligator and when the Parrigator asks you for a cracker, you'd be well advised to give it one.

Cross a sheep dog and a baby of the carp family will get you a Shag-carpette.

Splice the genes of 63,360 inchworms and get a Mile-worm.

An Impossabull is what you get when you make a three-way cross between an impala, a possum and a bull. It's a 2000 lb. antelope that hangs from trees and drops down on unsuspecting matadors.

Cross a rabbit with an amoeba and you'll get an Amoebit. It can multiply and divide at the same time.

Cross a coyote with a donkey, and the results are a Doncoyote. This is a donkey that brays at windmills and tilts at the moon.

Cross a lion with an ocelot and you get a political animal, the Lialot, close relative to the Cheetalot.

Cross a racehorse with a hog and you get a Thoroughpig.

Cross a sheep with a porcupine and you get a Sheepupine. It not only supplies you with wool but will also knit you a jumper.

Cross a male sheep, a baby sheep, an Australian wild dog & a donkey and get ... Aram-alam-ading-donk.

Cross a snake with a canary and you get a bird that sings with a lisp, the Snary.

Q: What do you get if you cross a sheepdog with a rose? A: A collie-flower!

A father's child, a mother's child, yet no one's son. Who am I?

They now make Baked Beans in little plastic pots. It's uncanny.

A woman brought a very limp duck into a veterinary surgeon. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest.

After a moment or two, the vet shook his head sadly and said, "I'm sorry, your duck, Cuddles, has

passed away."

The distressed woman wailed, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. The duck is dead," replied the vet.

"How can you be so sure?" she protested. "I mean you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something."

The vet rolled his eyes, turned around and left the room.

He returned a few minutes later with a black Labrador Retriever. As the duck's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table and sniffed the duck from top to bottom. He then looked up at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head.

The vet patted the dog on the head and took it out of the room. A few minutes later he returned with a cat. The cat jumped up on the table and also delicately sniffed the bird from head to foot. The cat sat back on its haunches, shook its head, meowed softly and strolled out of the room. The vet looked at the woman and said, "I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100% certifiably, a dead duck."

The vet turned to his computer terminal, hit a few keys and produced a bill, which he handed to the woman. The duck's owner, still in shock, took the bill. "\$150!" she cried, "\$150 just to tell me my duck is dead!"

The vet shrugged, "I'm sorry. If you had just taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$20, but with the Lab Report and the Cat Scan, it's now \$150."





## Beautiful Whispers

- Episcopal Convert, David Ozab



### "Beauty will save the world." – Alexander Solzhenitsyn

God speaks to us all the time, but he usually speaks in subtle ways. Beautiful whispers that draw us little by little toward him. God spoke to me many times in the most unlikely places, although I didn't recognize his voice until much later.

Thirty years ago when I was in high school, God whispered to me for the first time. My mom bought a book at a garage sale titled *Men, Ships, and the Sea*. It was beautiful: filled with colour photos of all kinds of ships, fine works of nautical art, rapturous descriptions of sailing, but the most beautiful thing in the book was left there by its previous owner. When I opened the pages for the first time, a picture of Jesus slipped out. As a Protestant, and a nominal one at that, I didn't recognize the image of the Sacred Heart but the simple beauty of that picture spoke to me. I mounted it that day – a single tack piercing the spot labeled "If you wish to hang up this picture make a hole here." That picture has moved with me several times, & today hangs at my bedside.

God whispered to me a second time by placing the desire in my heart to become a musician, and giving me the courage to tell my parents I was going to study music in college. Had I pursued music outside the academy, I would have travelled down the wrong road: nightclubs, alcohol, and casual sex – the rock and roll life. Instead, God sent me to music school and immersed me in the beauty of the Mass. Compositions written by some of the greatest composers – Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and Palestrina – were settings of the Latin Mass. I had a passing acquaintance with the liturgy

through my occasional visits to church; now I was learning it through the most beautiful sacred music ever written. Even in a public university, I couldn't get away from God if I tried.

The third time God whispered to me was after I moved to Oregon for graduate school. Despite years of exposure to sacred music, I still stayed away from church and from God. So he employed a less subtle beauty this time. He brought an amazing woman into my life, & I fell in love. Julia is a Catholic whose faith helped her through a very difficult time in her life. At first, I was drawn to her physical beauty ... As I got to know her I saw another kind of beauty that was deep & profound: her kindness & compassion. I knew God created her physical beauty, & also nurtured the seeds of faith that blossomed into her spiritual beauty.

It was Julia that finally brought me to church. After months of encouragement, I agreed to go to Midnight Mass with her. All it took was getting me in the door. Within weeks I returned to the church of my baptism: The Episcopal Church. But God wasn't done with me yet.

The time for subtlety had ended. God plunged me into beauty: the music, the liturgy, and the smells and bells of High Church worship. The Episcopal Church at its best is as close to Catholic as you can get while remaining a good Protestant. God knew he wasn't getting me into a Catholic parish right away, but he pointed me in the right direction. Within weeks of joining, I bought a copy of the *Book of Common Prayer* (the book used in all Episcopal worship) and taught myself how to pray daily. The beautiful language drew me in, creating a quiet, prayerful space in my heart where I could talk to God without worrying about the right words.

Through private prayer, God drew me closer to Benedictine spirituality. I didn't know this at the

time, but it was St. Benedict's Rule that formed the foundation of all Western monasticism, which in turn influenced the prayers I was saying each day. Once I learned this, I began studying the Rule. At first it seemed distant to me. I wasn't a monk so what did I need to know about sleeping arrangements or scheduling meals in a monastery? However, with time and guidance I began to see the simple beauty in Benedict's practical suggestions. Humble, self-sacrificing love: that's what it was all about. I didn't need to follow the Rule as if I was a monk, but I was compelled to keep the spirit of the Rule as a husband and father.

Having tasted that spirit, I sought out the closest Benedictine community. I found Mount Angel Abbey about 90 minutes away and began taking annual retreats. There in the abbey church, immersed in the chants of the monastic hours & kneeling before an icon of Christ mounted above the Tabernacle, I broke into tears overwhelmed by the beauty of his presence. God embraced me. He was always there, but now I knew it.

Still something was missing, and the Tabernacle, the monks, and the Sacred Heart picture at my bedside revealed to me what that was. I would never be home until I came all the way home, until I put away my last reservations and joined the Catholic Church.

On the first evening of RCIA, we visited the Adoration Chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved at all times. The consecrated host – nestled in a golden sunburst at the heart of a large glass cross – sat atop an altar, and several people knelt in quiet prayer. I knelt as well and made the sign of the cross. As I did, I felt a wave of electricity course through me, & at last I recognized the voice I'd been hearing all along.

I found my love, my faith, and my Church. God saved me through beautiful whispers.

## Mother Pregnant With Her 10th Child Refuses Cancer Treatment and Abortion

- LifeNews.com



*“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”*

A mum who is pregnant with her 10th child & who is refusing cancer treatment so she will not harm or cause the death of her unborn baby exemplifies this Biblical passage.

Meet Donielle Wilde. She and her husband Keith are expecting their 10th child, who is now 17 weeks old. Donielle had breast cancer in the past; it has returned & metastasized.

“In April we were surprised to find out we were expecting our tenth child,” Wilde tells LifeNews.com. “It was unexpected but not unwanted.”

“During a 9-week pregnancy ultrasound, my pro-life OBGYN discovered a 5cm ovarian tumor. If I wasn’t pregnant we wouldn’t have found it so soon. I had no idea it was there, I had no pain,” she

explains. “Our little baby was what shed light on what was happening in the dark. I had been in remission for breast cancer for nine years. The doctor was suspicious of the tumor & scheduled me for surgery three weeks later because the 2nd trimester was safest for the baby. The tumor was successfully removed and was positive for breast cancer stage IV.

“I then had a CAT Scan that revealed I have several pulmonary embolisms in both lungs. I was immediately started on an injectable blood thinner,” Wilde continues.

“We were referred to a breast oncologist to discuss treatment options. He presented us with option A: abort baby, have surgery and start aggressive chemotherapy.”

“He explained that the placenta was producing such large amounts of hormones which were like fertilizer to this type of cancer and the risk was significant. Without any hesitation we refused. Abortion is not an option regardless of my health risk I could never kill my baby so I could live longer. He reminded us we had 9 other children at home who all needed their mother. Our answer remained “no”. We were then given option B: start chemotherapy during pregnancy. We refused that option also,” she recalls.

Wilde said she has been told that

chemo is safe during pregnancy but “any time you place chemicals into your body you are placing your child at risk and even possible miscarriage.”

“We are not willing to risk our child’s life regardless of how slight the risk. Once our baby is born I will start aggressive chemo treatments and whatever else is recommended,” she tells LifeNews.

“We are grateful to God for the miracles He has already blessed us with... the cancer was found, the tumor successfully removed, it wasn’t ovarian cancer, blood clots were found and being treated, baby is thriving and we feel overcome by a heavenly peace.”

Wilde concludes: “clots were found and being treated, baby is thriving and we feel overcome by a heavenly peace. We don’t have any fear, anxiety or stress. It’s not a “horrible” situation. We feel the complete opposite. When striving to resign your free will to God’s divine will the soul is overcome by a joy in knowing He is living within you, guiding each step. His closeness is undeniable. When staying united to Him there is no room for fear, anxiety or stress to occupy the soul. Remaining close to the sacraments cultivate this relationship, animating it to give you the strength, joy and peace that comes only from above.”

## When You Dream of Happiness

It is Jesus in fact that you seek when you dream of happiness; He is waiting for you when nothing else you find satisfies you; He is the beauty to which you are so attracted; it is He Who provokes you with that thirst for fullness that will not let you settle for compromise; it is He Who urges you to shed the masks of a false life; it is He Who reads in your hearts your most genuine choices, the

choices that others try to stifle. It is Jesus Who stirs in you the desire to do something great with your lives, the will to follow an ideal, the refusal to allow yourselves to be ground down by mediocrity, the courage to commit yourselves humbly and patiently to improving yourselves and society, making the world more human and more fraternal.

*John Paul II, WYD 2000*



# Cristiano Ronaldo Is Alive Thanks to a Conscientious Objector



*Mother of Talented Portuguese Soccer Player Says She Would Have Aborted Him, But Her Doctor Talked Her Out of It.*

Cristiano Ronaldo has so far been awarded seventy individual prizes, among which are two Gold Balls and a FIFA World Player, a jumble of trophies won with the jerseys of Sporting Lisbona, Manchester United and Real Madrid. And he has a string of records that require a good measure of patience for one who wants to read them all.

No small merit for these achievements is owed to an unknown Portuguese doctor, who back in 1984, saved the life of one of the most prolific soccer players in terms of achievement in recent years.

It was the mother of the star player of Real Madrid and the Portuguese national side who revealed the behind-the-scene-action in her autobiography *Mother Courage*, which came out in Portugal. In one of the most touching passages of the book, Dolores Aveiro recounts when she discovered she was pregnant with the child who would

later become the famous Cristiano Ronaldo.

“At the time I was already 30 and had three children, and it seemed to me I couldn’t face a new birth and enlarge the family, so I turned to a doctor who, however, refused to operate on me,” she explains. It was anything but a rosy picture in her home, having to feed her children Hugo, Elma and Catia Liliana, which every day became a more arduous challenge with a husband, Joser Dinis, who was unemployed (he died in 2005 an alcoholic, and with savings reduced to a minimum).

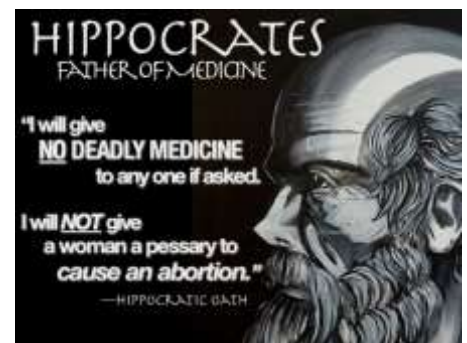
However, that doctor’s reluctance and his attempt to dissuade her from aborting did not stop the woman’s determination. She tried to end her pregnancy with a “home-made” potion, suggested to her by a friend. “She told me to drink dark hot beer and the child would die.”

However, the beer did not succeed in stopping the vital energy of the beating heart in Dolores’ womb. A few hours after having taken the potentially murderous drink, tranquility continued to reign in the lower part of her abdomen, a sign of the ineffectiveness of the “home-made medicine.” Little by little the woman – already accustomed to nursing, nappies and night crying – decided to have her fourth child. “If it’s God’s will that this child be born, so be it,” was her profound thought.

On February 5, 1985, in a city of the Selvage Island, a small archipelago of the Atlantic Ocean closer to the African coast than the Portuguese, Cristiano Ronaldo was born, a strong and healthy baby, who saw the light of day in an anonymous place and who would become famous throughout the world for his exceptional soccer talent.

A rather delicate behind-the-scenes story, which his mother decided to publish after being authorized by her son Cristiano, who today even has the strength to joke about it: “See, mother, you wanted to abort me and now it is I who hold the purse strings at home.” And to think that the temptation to end the pregnancy stemmed in fact from economic difficulties.

If that doctor had not been faithful to his oath and, therefore, firm in his opposition to abortion, today the soccer world would have one star less.



**One of the sweetest sights in life** is a tiny little lad struggling under a load of groceries as he walks up the front sidewalk, "That's okay, Mom, I've got it. I don't want you to carry it." It takes an understanding Mom to let him labour up the steps himself because it's important to him. "Thank you, son," she says. "That

bag is heavy. I'm glad I have you to carry it in for me."

In a moment, the little shoulders widen, the stature increases a few inches, and he's ready to move a smallish mountain if it will help Mom. He finds the joy of fulfilling one of God's roles for his life - to be the man his family depends on.





## Lifelong wedlock keeps Dr away

What can be done to lower risks of diabetes, cancer, heart attack, and stroke, leading causes of death and disability? Health professionals are quick to hound about eating right and exercising regularly. Yet perhaps they should also be calling attention to the conclusions of a study by scholars at the University of North Carolina and Princeton that found that the longer men and women stayed married — and married to the same spouse — the lower risks they face of developing these chronic conditions.

Armed with fifty years of age-specific marriage and health data representing 9,000 men and women born between 1931 and 1941, Matthew Dupre and Sarah Meadows found that marriage duration correlates with lower rates of diabetes, cancer, heart attack, and

stroke. The preventative effects of marriage duration at a certain age were statistically significant for both genders. For example, a 50-year-old male who has been married ten years faces a hazard rate of .64; if he has been married twenty years, the hazard rate is significantly lower (.41). For a 50-year-old female who has been married ten years, the hazard rate is .76; if she has been married twenty years, the rate is .58, a “sizable” reduction.

On the other hand, divorce transitions were found to increase significantly the likelihood of disease for both men and women. For every divorce, the researchers found that women are 1.22 times more likely to exhibit disease onset; for men, 1.10 times. Reflecting that marriage yields greater health



benefits to men, widowhood was found to be a significant predictor of disease for men but not for women. Every transition to widowhood increased men's hazard rates by 44 percent.

There is no getting around what the researchers conclude: “As health risks increase with age, women with long marriage duration(s) are more likely to delay the onset of disease” and “men who accumulate more years in marriage have the lowest risk of developing a disease condition.”



An opinion piece in the New York Times from Erle C Ellis (Associate Professor of Geography and Environmental Systems, University of Maryland) has made the claim that overpopulation in relation to the environment is a myth!

Why? Because, unlike the rest of the animal kingdom, humans do not just passively dwell in their environment, we shape our environment.

Humans are special. Each baby born is not just another mouth to feed from the Earth's ever-limited resources, he or she is also a potential inventor, scientist, innovator that will help the rest of humanity to adapt, survive and grow. We see this throughout our

## Overpopulation fears are a Myth!

long history:

“The planet's carrying capacity for prehistoric human hunter-gatherers was probably no more than 100 million. But without their Paleolithic technologies and ways of life, the number would be far less — perhaps a few tens of millions.”

So where did all this nonsense come from? According to Ellis, it is essentially the problem of treating humanity as another set of data that you can plug into a biological or physical model. The trouble is, the study of human population necessarily deals with humans:

“The science of human sustenance is inherently a social science. Neither physics nor chemistry nor even biology is adequate to understand how it has been possible for one species to reshape both its own future and the destiny of an entire planet. The idea that humans must live within the natural environmental limits of our planet

denies the realities of our entire history, and most likely the future.”

Exactly! How could Malthus be right when Earth sustains many billions more people at a better lifestyle than he could dream of?

Turning back to the analogy that started his piece, Ellis comments:

“Who knows what will be possible with the technologies of the future? There really is no such thing as a human carrying capacity. We are nothing like bacteria in a petri dish.

“There is no environmental reason for people to go hungry now or in the future. There is no need to use any more land to sustain humanity — increasing land productivity using existing technologies can boost global supplies and even leave more land for nature. The only limits to creating a planet that future generations will be proud of are our imaginations and our social systems.”

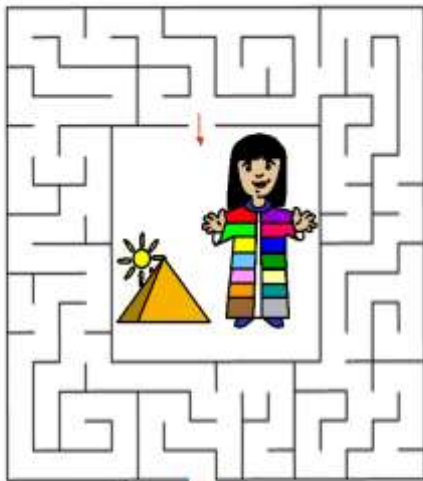
# The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



Serving: Ashmont,  
Collingullie,  
Glenfield, Lloyd,  
and San Isidore

## Joseph Maze Help Jacob find his son Joseph.



- |        |           |
|--------|-----------|
| LAND   | MERCHANTS |
| HATED  | GRAZE     |
| SONS   | JACOB     |
| EGYPT  | KILL      |
| JOSEPH | LOVED     |
| BORN   | OLD       |
| SILVER | BROTHERS  |
| FATHER | FLOCKS    |
| CANAAN | CHILDREN  |
| ROBE   | SOLD      |

# Joseph and His Brothers

Jacob loved Joseph more than any of his other children because Joseph had been born to him in his old age. So one day Jacob had a special gift made for Joseph — a beautiful robe. Genesis 37:3 (NLT)



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H	O	N	B	O	S	I	L	V	E	R	D	D	R	C
R	O	P	G	L	A	O	T	M	F	K	M	B	A	W
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J	O	S	E	P	H	G	B	D	D	C	T	C	L	S
P	O	P	Z	Z	D	W	H	N	A	S	C	H	D	T
I	Q	E	N	M	R	A	A	J	N	M	A	F	E	U
P	B	R	G	S	G	L	W	E	M	E	N	L	F	R
C	O	R	S	Y	N	R	R	M	E	R	A	O	O	F
B	R	N	O	A	P	D	A	B	O	C	A	C	D	D
M	J	B	L	T	L	T	O	Z	P	H	N	K	S	Y
L	O	H	D	I	H	R	D	G	E	A	B	S	K	R
O	B	W	H	J	F	E	E	O	S	N	P	H	I	F
V	C	C	K	T	T	H	R	N	O	T	A	D	L	T
E	Q	S	Q	A	U	H	O	S	T	S	M	L	L	X
D	O	O	H	Z	E	S	B	D	J	Y	H	A	Z	O