

West Wagga Wagga Catholic Parish
Ashmont, Collingullie, Glenfield, Lloyd, San Isidore

The West Wagga Wag

Issue 125

July 2013

Coming Events

Home Compassion Card Party: Mon 8
Parish Film Night: Fri 12
Ultreya: Wed 17
Prayers for Healing: Fri 19



Lulu Mitshabu

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The due date for the next Wag is:
Sunday July 28th.

REFUGEE WEEK 2013

Refugee Week is an opportunity to express welcome to our sisters and brothers who are newly arrived to our land or who have already mostly settled. Such is the welcome we are called give to Jesus, the Stranger. He too was a refugee to Egypt as a baby.

Each year in the parish the West Wagga and San Isidore Refugee Committee does a power of work for those newly arrived or trying to make things work out for them in Australia. It is also a time to rejoice over the freedom from oppression or more importantly reconnecting with family already settled here. The photos are images from the Prayer Service for Peace which concluded this years celebrations.

On the right, Peggy Adamson welcomes those gathered for the prayer service at Our Lady of the Blessed Eucharist Church San Isidore where the theme was RESTORING HOPE.

On the left Lulu Mitshabu, who was the guest speaker addressed the congregation. Lulu and her husband Jeff and children were members of our Parish in 1993. Two of her children attended Holy Trinity school. Lulu and family now live in Canberra and she works for Caritas. She heads the African programs for Caritas and has just recently returned from monitoring some of the support programs that Caritas has by way of their charitable outreach. Her travels included visiting her country of origin the Democratic Republic of Congo



where, sadly, fighting continues. In her address Lulu shared glimpses of her refugee story which began when, for fear of her life, she was forced to flee initially to Zambia carrying her children with a few belongings



strapped to her back.

Above are members of the tribal Kachin group from Burma who sang about their homeland.

Supper was enjoyed in the hall afterwards. Albert Kaju (formerly Sierra Leone), Constance Akot (formerly Sudan), Betty- Newah- Jarfoi (formerly Sierra Leone and solo singer during the prayer service).





pastor's page

to the faithful the very necessary minimum in the spirit of prayer and moral effort, in growth for love of God and neighbor' (CCC 2041)'. The Church exhorts the faithful at least to a minimum of moral effort.

Human freedom is about excelling in life and not about the choice of contraries; good or evil. Doing **evil** is an abuse of one's freedom. It is **good** to willingly learn the law and to do one's best to freely carry it out. But this can be not so much out of an appreciation for an obligation's inner goodness, but from fear of the criticism for not following the law or the punishment that ensues moral failure.

But there is a freedom which is **better** than good. This is a degree of proficiency in knowing and living according to God's will; but not out of fear for punishment but out of appreciation for the goodness of that which is chosen. It is a desire to do what is good; and not just for the praise and reward it brings.

Finally there is the very **best** form of freedom which is when the mature Christian chooses to live and do what is morally appropriate, not out of fear of lawful punishment or the happiness goodness brings but out of the love it bestows on the Beloved (cf. CCC 1828).

Do we have to go to Mass? Yes, it is a divine law. Attending Mass fulfills the Third Commandment (cf. CCC 2181) and the first precept of the Catholic Church; namely, the Sunday obligation (cf. CCC 2177). It 'is meant to guarantee

Those who fail to attend Mass lack a spirit of prayer and moral effort. This is bad, a moral **evil** (cf. CCC 2181). It is a vice because it disrespects God and is an abuse of one's freedom in that it fails to render to God his due. It is also an abuse of personal freedom which is 'a force for growth and maturity in truth and goodness; it attains its perfection when directed toward God, our beatitude' (CCC 1731). Besides, it is natural to attend Mass. It is abnormal and unnatural to miss Mass for it is 'inscribed by nature in the human heart' (CCC 2176). Scripture says, 'do not neglect to meet together, as is the habit of some, but to encourage one another' (Hebrews 10:25, CCC 2178).

Mass attendance in the company of parents, might not be so informed or cooperative but it is out of obedience. It is just what the family does! But Mass attendance also needs some intelligent explanation such as this teaching on proper use of human freedom. To attend Mass is definitely good, even if it is only for the avoidance of damnation due to the failure to fulfil the Sunday Mass obligation (cf. CCC 1022; 1037; 2042, 2192). It fulfills Jesus' directive 'do this in remembrance of me' (cf. Lk 22:19). When the law is fulfilled it is a **good** thing even though one's motives might be imperfect.

A **better** attendance at Mass is 'the participation in the Mass' with all one's mind and

heart and soul (cf. CCC 2180). As a youth matures he learns at Mass during the readings and homilies of the extraordinary natural and supernatural benefits that accrue to him as a result of attending Mass and "participating" with devotion. He now takes part with increased fervor, albeit with a degree of self-interest from the benefits accruing. To assist at Mass with this attitude is much better than that of just keeping a law or out of fear. There is now both a moral and a spiritual development that is holy and **better** than good.

Finally out of genuine devotion and love, the person regularly participates not only at Sunday Mass and other holy days of obligation but also observes 'the moral commandment inscribed by nature in the human heart to render to God an outward, visible, public, and regular worship...' (CCC 2176). This is the **best** act of genuine personal love.

Mass is no longer a chore to be done but a joy to be embraced. And even on cold wet mornings when it is difficult or when spiritual consolation is missing, frequent daily Mass becomes the norm. Mass is now attended with no thought for obligation, fear or favour but only for love (cf. CCC 1380).

The mature Catholic worshipper goes beyond the law, the spiritual benefits and the blessings received, and expresses a faith filled love and gratitude for Jesus Christ (cf. CCC 1374). This is the virtue of religion.

This is freedom for spiritual **excellence**.

Fr Gerard

June Jokes



Plan B

With the school holidays upon us I would like to share a personal experience with my friends about drinking and driving.

As you may know some of us have been known to have brushes with the authorities from time to time on the way home after a "social session" out with friends. Well two days ago I was out for an evening with friends and had several cocktails followed by some rather nice red wine.

Feeling jolly I still had the sense to know that I may be slightly over the limit.

That's when I did something that live never done before - I took a taxi home.

Sure enough on the way home there was a police road block but since it was a taxi they waved it past. I arrived home safely without incident.

This was a real surprise as I had never driven a taxi before, and I don't know where I got it and now that it's in my garage, I don't know what to do with it!

.....

Q: Who earns a living driving their customers away? A: A taxi driver.

Q: "How do you shoot a killer bee?"
A: "With a bee bee gun."

Q: How do you drown a Hipster?
A: In the mainstream.

Q: What did the baby corn say to the mama corn? A: "Where's Popcorn?"

Q: Why did the computer go to the doctor? A: Because it had a virus!

John went to visit his 90-year-old grandfather in a very secluded rural area of Saskatchewan. After

spending a great evening chatting the night away, the next morning John's grandfather prepared a breakfast of bacon, eggs, and toast. However, John noticed a film-like substance on his plate. He questioned his grandfather, "Are these plates clean?" His grandfather replied, "They're as clean as cold water can get 'em. Just you go ahead and finish your meal, Sonny!"

For lunch the old man made hamburgers.

Again, John was concerned about the plates, as his appeared to have tiny specks around the edge that looked like dried egg. He asked, "Are you sure these plates are clean?"

Without looking up, the old man said, "I told you before, Sonny, those dishes are as clean as cold water can get them. Now don't you fret. I don't want to hear another word about it!"

Later that afternoon, John was on his way to a nearby town, and as he was leaving, his grandfather's dog started to growl and wouldn't let him pass.

John yelled and said, "Grandfather, your dog won't let me get to my car!"

Without diverting his attention from the football game he was watching on TV, the old man shouted, "Coldwater, go lay down now, yah hear me!"

.....

At one Army base, the annual trip to the rifle range had been cancelled for the second year in a row, but the semi-annual physical fitness test was still on as planned.

One soldier mused, "Does it bother anyone else that the Army doesn't seem to care how well we can shoot, but they are extremely interested in how fast we can run?"

Alice and Frank are bungee-jumping one day. Alice says to Frank, "You know, we could make a lot of money running our own bungee-jumping service in Mexico."

Frank thinks this is a great idea. So they pool their money and buy everything they'll need: a tower, an elastic cord, insurance, etc.

They travel to Mexico and begin to set up on a square in a small town. As they are constructing the tower, a crowd begins to assemble.

Slowly, more and more people gather to watch them at work.

When they finish, there's such a crowd they think it would be a good idea to give a demonstration.

So, Alice jumps. She bounces at the end of the cord, but when she comes back up, Frank notices that she has a few cuts and scratches.

Unfortunately, Frank isn't able to catch her and she falls again, bounces, and comes back up again.

This time, she is bruised and bleeding. Again, Frank misses her.

Alice falls again and bounces back up. This time she comes back pretty messed up; she has a couple of broken bones and is almost unconscious.

Luckily, Frank finally catches her this time and says, "What happened? Was the cord too long?" Barely able to speak, Alice gasps, "No, the bungee cord was fine; it was the crowd.

What in the world is a pinata?"

.....

A teenager was always at his father to let him drive the family car.

Pushed to the limit, the father asked his son why he thought God had given him two feet.

'That's easy', replied the son.

'One for the brake and one for the accelerator.'

Why was the little inkblot so unhappy? Because his mother was in the pen and they didn't know how long the sentence would be!

Pope Francis and the Eucharistic Miracle!



The Hosts which Pope Francis had photographed while he was Archbishop of Buenos Aires.

Aug 18, 1996, Fr. Pezet was saying Mass at a Catholic church in Buenos Aires. A woman came up to tell him that she had found a discarded Host at the back of the church. Fr. Pezet placed the Host in a container of water and put it in the tabernacle.

Aug 26, opening the tabernacle, Fr saw to his amazement that the Host had turned into a bloody substance. He informed Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio (now Pope Francis) who gave instructions that the Host be professionally photographed.

The photos clearly show that the Host, which had become a fragment of bloodied flesh, had grown significantly in size. For several years the Host remained in the tabernacle, the whole affair being kept a strict secret. Since the Host suffered no visible decomposition, Cardinal Bergoglio decided to have it scientifically analysed.

Oct 5, 1999, Dr. Castanon took a sample of the bloody fragment and sent it to New York for analysis. He purposely did not inform the team of scientists of its history. One of these scientists was Dr. Frederic Zugiba, the well-known cardiologist and forensic pathologist. He determined that the analysed substance was real flesh and blood containing human DNA.

Zugiba testified that,

“the analysed material is a fragment of the heart muscle found in the wall of the left ventricle close to the valves. This muscle is responsible for the contraction of the heart. It should be borne in mind that the left cardiac ventricle pumps blood to all parts of the body. The heart muscle is in an inflammatory condition and contains a large number of white blood cells. This indicates that the heart was alive at the time the sample was taken. It is my contention that the heart was alive, since white blood cells die outside a living organism. They require a living organism to sustain them. Thus, their presence indicates that the heart was alive when the sample was taken. What is more, these white blood cells had penetrated the tissue, which further indicates that the heart had been under severe stress, as if the owner had been beaten severely about the chest.”

Two Australians, journalist Mike Willesee and lawyer Ron Tesoriero, witnessed these tests. Knowing where the sample had come from, they were dumbfounded by Dr. Zugiba’s testimony. Mike Willesee asked the scientist how long the white blood cells would have remained alive if they had come from a piece of human tissue, which had been kept in water. “They would have ceased to exist in a matter of minutes”, Dr. Zugiba replied.

The journalist then told the doctor that the source of the sample had first been kept in ordinary water for a month & then for another 3 years in a container of distilled water; only then had the sample been taken for analysis. Dr. Zugiba’s was at a loss to account for this fact. There was no way of explaining it scientifically, he stated. Only then did Mike Willesee inform Dr. Zugiba that the analysed sample came from a consecrated Host that had mysteriously turned into bloody human flesh.

Amazed by this information, Dr. Zugiba replied, “How and why a consecrated Host would change its character and become living human flesh and blood will remain an inexplicable mystery to science—a mystery totally beyond her competence”.

Doctor Ricardo Castanon Gomez arranged to have the lab reports from the Buenos Aires miracle compared to the lab reports from the Lanciano miracle, again without revealing the origin of the test samples. The experts making the comparison concluded that the two lab reports must have originated from test samples obtained from the same person. They further reported that both samples revealed an “AB” positive blood type. They are all characteristic of a man who was born and lived in the Middle East region.

Only faith in the extraordinary action of a God provides the reasonable answer—faith in God, who wants to make us aware that He is truly present in the Eucharist. He reminds us that His presence is real, and not symbolic.

You can learn more here:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=qbg_dhI4XC8



Reliquary holding Flesh & Blood of the 8th Century miracle of Lanciano, Italy

From wild man to Parish Priest

Rhianna King, The West Australian

Almost 20 years ago, Perth Catholic priest Fr Chris Webb was facing jail for his involvement in a \$1.2 million bank fraud.

It was 1994 and the then real estate agent had crashed to a phenomenal low after living the high life with a Korean con man who introduced him to a life of parties, bodyguards, penthouses and limousines.

Depressed and lost at age 23 after his best friend died in a car accident two years earlier, Father Chris said he was quickly lured down the wrong path.

Fr Chris said it was a path that nearly ruined his life but which culminated in a non-religious "wild man" turning to the Catholic Church & becoming a priest.

Father Chris, 44, met businessman Seong Hoon Pak in 1992 & became his commercial real estate agent.

"I would buy real estate for him, then it got more involved - chauffeurs, bodyguards, penthouses, that's the life I had for 6 months.

"I was a wild man in my younger days. It was my nickname - for good reason. I'd grown up around a lot of money and I wanted it all, I wanted to make a million dollars.

"There was a point where I realised I was trapped, I had no way out."

It all came crashing down when the pair, along with a former bank manager, were charged with defrauding Challenge Bank, relating to \$1.2 million in loans granted over a five-month period.

It later emerged in court that Mr Pak had been masquerading as a rich Asian businessman under various names and had used Father Chris to create inflated market appraisals.

It was during the 18 months before his District Court trial that Father Chris turned his life around, volunteering at an AIDS hospice and joining the Catholic Church.

"A copper said to me, 'This is your opportunity to change, to do something good'," he said.

"I was \$440,000 in debt, facing 5 to 10 years in jail & I'd [broken up] with a girl whom I'd wanted to marry.

"I was desperate. You get to that suicidal stage. It was a very genuine prayer, 'If you're there - help'."

Father Chris, who had no religious upbringing and was baptised an Anglican at 21, went on to be confirmed by the Catholic Church & realised he wanted to be a priest.

But he had the prospect of a 5 to 10-year jail sentence hanging over his head after he was convicted of 3 counts of fraud.

While both his co-accused were jailed, Father Chris was spared a prison sentence and was given a spent conviction and 240 hours of community service.

He credits his lawyer Robert Mazza, who is now a Supreme Court judge, & who later told him he'd "never seen such an impressive case of salvation".

"Rob came to my first Mass," he said.



"I said, 'Without this guy, I wouldn't be here, I would have been in jail'."

Having been given a second chance & with the help of Archbishop Barry Hickey, Father Chris received permission from his parole officer to travel to a Family of Mary mission in Rome, where he stayed for five years.

On the long road to becoming ordained in 2011, he worked with disadvantaged youth in Perth, collecting unsold food from restaurants and delivering it to people living on the streets.

Many of those young people became his godchildren and he still sees them regularly.

He said he could see the pain of others and hoped to help them through his role as a priest.

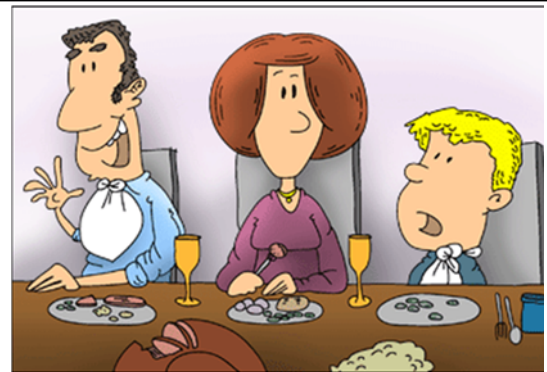
"One of the messages I want to get across is that there is no insurmountable problem," Father Chris said.

"There is always hope. The depth of despair you think you're in - there is always a way out."



(See Daniel 5) 04-19-201

OH HEY I TOTALLY GET WHAT PEOPLE MEAN WHEN THEY SAY "THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL"



11-19-20

I WOULD BE ABLE TO GIVE A LOT MORE THANKS IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO FINISH OFF THESE LIMA BEANS

‘Without warning I was dropped into a world of genuine faith’

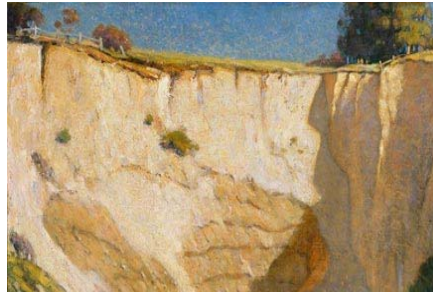
By Sr Juliana

My father was the intelligent sort of atheist who took his unbelief from life and literature. My mother, on the other hand, was the practical sort of atheist who threw salt over her shoulder, read the stars and consulted mediums in a crisis.

Once asked if God existed she replied: “Well, I suppose so dear; does it make any difference?”

My father’s work included a lot of travel and I had the bracing experience of going to 11 different schools. But, on the whole, education reinforced my parent’s position. Inside myself I felt that God existed, but I didn’t have arguments with which to confront my father – and I suppose I would have needed miracles to convince my mother.

This is an uncompromisingly grim way to bring up a child and, purely as an aside, my parents were not a very happy pair. By the time I was nine, in a godless and quarrelling universe, I had had enough; there really was so little to live for. So I wrote a kindly suicide note explaining to my parents (wrongly, as it happened) that it could not be their fault that there was no God



and, leaving a lock of my hair, I headed for the 70ft drop at the top of the local clay pit and stood there crumbling the edge with my toes. From, as it seemed, nowhere, a completely new idea came into my mind: if I went on trying to be alive perhaps Somebody would love me. I had no idea who Somebody might be. I went home, quietly disposed of my suicide note and went on living – partially.

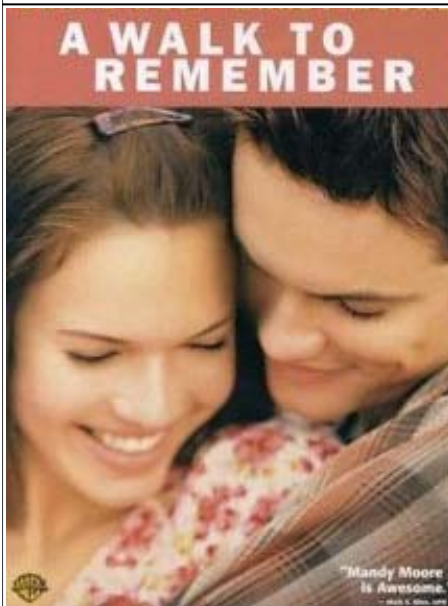
Into this vacuum, and denied by almost everything and everyone around me, a relationship started to grow. As a small child I had seen a television repeat of the ancient film *Love and the Perfect Stranger*, in which a journalist (played by Jack Lemmon), waking up after a particularly unmemorable party, discovers that he is in bed with a lady. He does not find this odd

until he perceives pinned to the bed head a marriage certificate and his beautiful bedfellow opens her eyes and addresses him in a language he does not speak. This describes, as far as it is possible, my growing relationship with a God of no name whom everyone insisted did not exist, or had recently died.

I had a gap year between school and university and as soon as I could decently do so after my 18th birthday I left home. When I told my father I was going to do some sort of social work in the interim with the Missionaries of Charity in London he cut me off with the original shilling (to be strictly truthful, £10 in the bank).

Without warning, I was dropped into a world of both apparent and genuine faith. It was a shock, but not anything like so big a shock as attending Mass for the first time. I did not understand what the words “This is my body” meant or, indeed, if it meant anything. I firmly told myself to avoid further Catholic rituals, but I was hooked – and whatever it was I wanted it.

Working beside the Missionaries of Charity with the destitute & helping



Free Ho.T FILM NIGHT

Friday July 12th, 7.30 pm - Join together to watch:

A Walk to Remember PG

The story of two teens, Landon Carter and Jamie Sullivan. After a prank on fellow high-school student goes wrong, popular but rebellious Landon Carter is threatened with expulsion. His punishment is mandatory participation in various after-school activities, such as the drama club, where he is forced to interact with quiet, kind and bookish Jamie Sullivan a girl he has known for many years but to whom he has rarely ever spoken. Their differing social statures leave them worlds apart, despite their close physical proximity.

Tea and coffee provided. Come and enjoy a social evening!



A nun describes her dramatic journey from atheism to religious life

to lay out my first corpse, I could see that life was too urgent to spare time taking up a university place.

One hot day in Notting Hill, west London, an old Irish prostitute who had seen me with the Sisters called me in. She had cancer of the bowel & was dying. I tried to help tidy her up & she said to me: "Pray for me!"

I said: "I don't know any prayers."

She ignored me: "Say the rosary."

I said: "I don't know the rosary."

"You know the Our Father," she insisted, truly.

She taught me the Hail Mary and I repeated it after her. She died the following day.

Later, I was holding the hand of one of many drug addicts who drifted in and out of the Sisters' care she told me her heart-rending life story and said to me: "What can I do?" I did not have any answers of my own so I said: "I suppose, as the Sisters would say, you will have to trust God."

There is nothing like giving advice for having to take it oneself! The

Sisters' "chapel" had a life-sized altar crammed into what had been a big bedroom. The only window was covered by a saffron curtain. We sat on the floor. The furthest place from the altar was scarcely 10 feet away. I was in the furthest place.

Presently, I took to sneaking of to attend the Eucharist, in the security of the back row of Our Lady off the Angels in London and later, daily, in the back row of Blackfriars, Leicester. No one spoke to me – and I did not want to be spoken to; it was all too new.

After my time with the Missionaries of Charity I was looking for somewhere to think and pray –



Sr Elizabeth, Mother Damian and Sr Juliana of the community of Poor Clare Colettines in Hawarden

whatever that might be. The Sisters suggested that, purely as I did not eat meat, I should go to stay for a while with the Poor Clare Colettines. I did not "think" about a religious vocation: the Lord said (to borrow a phrase from Aesop): "Here is Rhodes, jump!"

Someone had given me a much outdated copy of the Penny Catechism and there were about 100 unexplained assertions which struck me as unlikely. But I wanted God and unnervingly, even shockingly, God wanted me. So I was received into the Catholic Church shortly after my 19th birthday.

I became a Colettine and, to come out of my world and land on a Franciscan planet governed by openness, affection, forgiveness and understanding, was an experience I cannot describe with adequate gratitude and humbled amazement, even now. My novice mistress said to me: "You will weep more and you will laugh more and every day will be new in a way that you would never experience in any other form of life..."

Young woman crawls to Sunday Mass

Catholic News Agency reports that the Little Sisters of the Abandoned Elderly in Chissano, Mozambique found that an African young woman in her late 20's who is named Olivia, who despite not being baptized at the time and not having any legs, was discovered crawling to Sunday Mass every week.

According to the news agency, the nuns said that one day, they saw "something moving on the ground far away," and when they drew near they saw, "to our surprise, that it was a young woman."



"We were able to talk to her through a lady who was walking by and who translated into Portuguese what she was saying to us in her dialect," they said.

The sisters said that although "the

sand from the road burned the palms of her hands during the hottest times of the year," the young woman crawled to Mass, "giving witness of perseverance and heroic faith."

The young woman received baptismal preparation from a local catechist, who periodically visited her at home. After she was later baptised, a benefactor of the sisters donated a wheelchair to Olivia. Mozambican nuns obtained a wheelchair for a disabled African woman who crawled four kilometres to Mass every Sunday despite not having any legs.

The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



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



Thanks to Stephen Hlich (See Genesis 6-8) 05-19-2003
WE WERE TOLD YOU WERE TAKING CREATURES
THAT CAME TO YOU IN PEARS

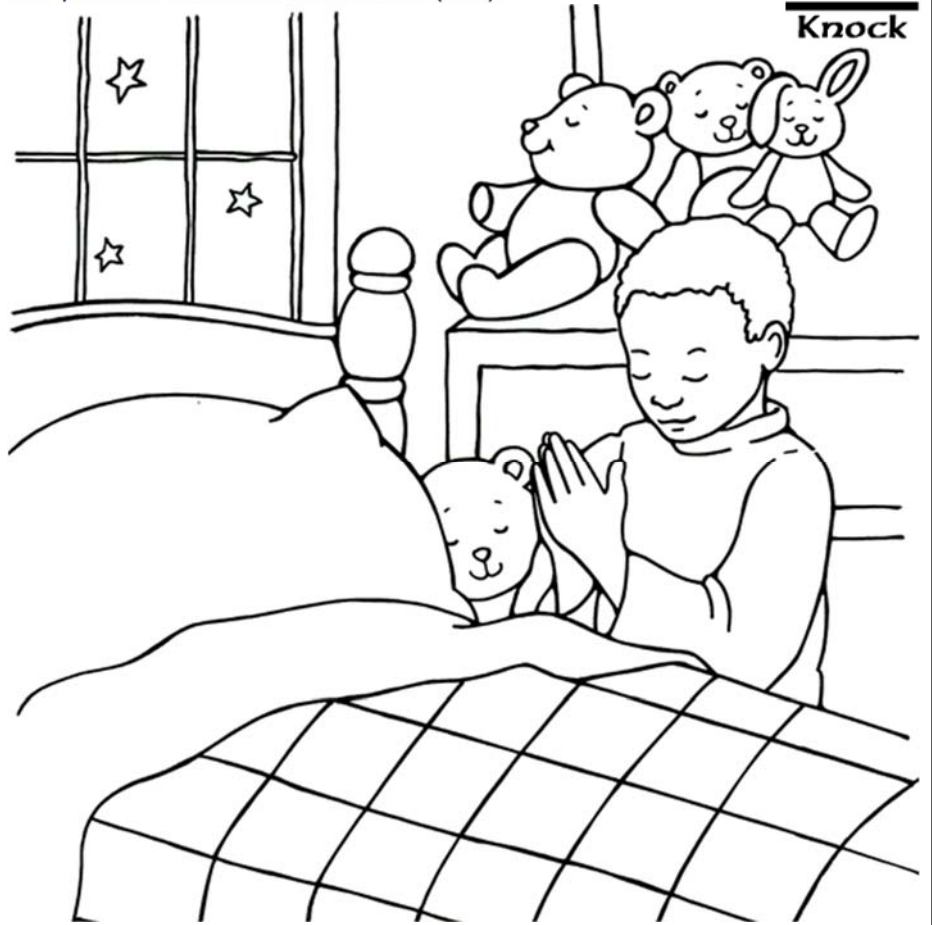
Jesus Teaches About Prayer

For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened. Luke 11:10 (NIV)

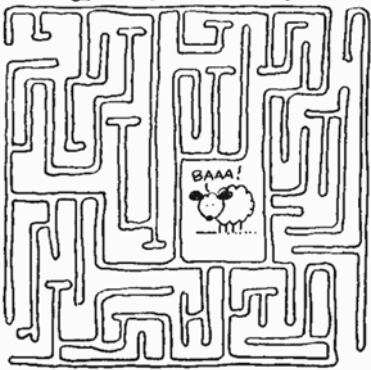
The puzzle is based on Luke 11:1-9 (NIV).



Ask
Seek
Knock



BAAA!



HELP THE
SHEPHERD
FIND HIS
LOST SHEEP
?



Read
Matthew 18:10-14
or Luke 15:3-7

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

FIND	PRAY	FRIEND	OPEN
SEEK	FATHER	RECEIVE	NAME
MIDNIGHT	DAILY	BREAD	TEACH
SINS	KINGDOM	ASK	KNOCK
TEMPATION	FORGIVE	HALLOWED	