

The West Wagga Wag

Issue 193

April 2019

Coming Events

Adoration of the Blessed
Sacrament, Holy Trinity
- 6 to 7am daily;
- overnight from 9pm Friday
through to 7am Saturdays

Holy Thursday	Thu 18
Good Friday	Fri 19
Holy Saturday	Sat 20
Easter Sunday	Sun 21
Divine Mercy Sunday	Sun 28
St Catherine of Siena	Mon 29
Pope St Pius V	Tue 30
St Joseph the Worker May	Wed 1
St Athanasius May	Thu 2
Sts Philip and James May	Fri 3

Monthly Cuppa, after 9am Mass
on last Sunday of the month.



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Wag Contacts

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The date for submissions for the next
Wag is: Wednesday May 1st.

Dying You destroyed our death; Rising You restored our Life: Come, Lord Jesus!

Mass of the Oils: Tuesday
April 16 10.30 am at the
Cathedral.

EASTER TRIDUUM
18 - 21 April

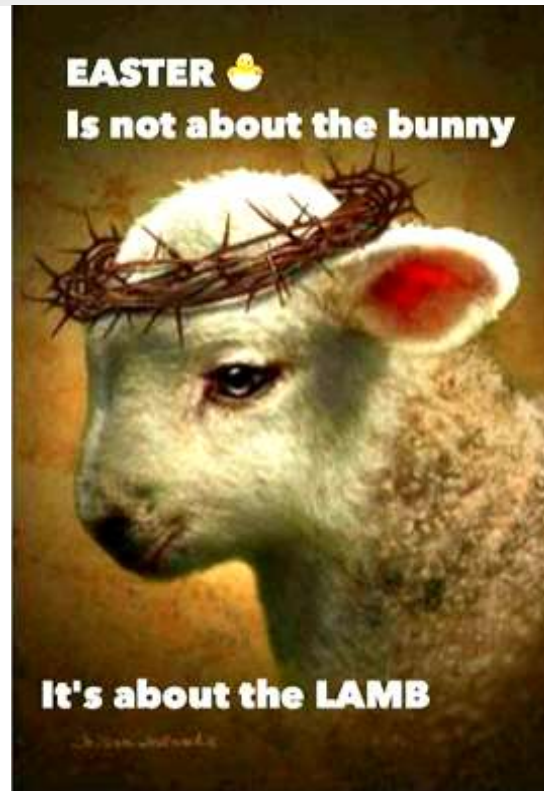
HOLY THURS
7pm - Holy Trinity

GOOD FRIDAY
11am, 3pm - Holy Trinity

HOLY SAT VIGIL
6pm - San Isidore

EASTER SUNDAY

9am - Holy Trinity
9.30am - Collingullie
10.30am - Home of
Compassion
5.30pm - Holy Trinity



With Praise and Thanksgiving to Almighty God
The Roman Catholic Diocese of Wagga Wagga
and the Calma Family
cordially invite you to the

**Ordination to the
Sacred Order of Priesthood**
of
Reverend Jomer Serminio Calma
through the laying on of hands
and the invocation of the Holy Spirit by the
Most Reverend Adolfo Tito Pillana, D.D.
APOSTOLIC NUNCIATO TO AUSTRALIA

on Tuesday, 07 May 2019
11:00 in the morning

at
SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL,
Johnston Street, Wagga Wagga NSW 2650

*'For as often as you eat this bread and drink
the chalice, you proclaim the Lord's death
until he comes.'*
(1 Cor. 11:26)

Mass of Thanksgiving

Wednesday, 8 May 2019
5:30 in the afternoon.

SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL,
Johnston Street, Wagga Wagga NSW 2650

PASTOR'S PAGE - HAIL HOLY QUEEN!



At the end of Mass we pray together a beautiful hymn of trust to Our Blessed Mother, the Hail Holy Queen. It was traditionally prayed after a "low Mass" in the Extraordinary Form (which used to be the ordinary form).

The Hail Holy Queen was revived as a prayer after Mass in Australia when the Bishops asked all parishes to pray it for a very important intention: the protection of children, the healing of victims of a abuse and the prevention of abuse in the future. For that goal we "send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears". Yet in hope we ask Our Lady to turn her "eyes of mercy towards us". We pray that healing will happen in the Church but not only here, because the tragedy of abuse is hurting people in all walks of life. Prayer and sacrifice, including the suffering of the innocent who are blamed because of the guilty, will

be part of the way into peace. "And after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary."

But where did such a heartfelt prayer originate? What kind of person had such an understanding of suffering, of Our Lady's compassion, and such hope? Well, I came across the background story of the author, a humble but brilliant monk who experienced the challenges of spina bifida, cerebral palsy and a cleft palate, Blessed Herman of Reichenau. Reichenau is in Lake Constance, right on the border of Germany, Switzerland and Austria.

Blessed Herman's childhood proved to be extremely difficult, but his parents wanted the best for him. When he was seven years old, they arranged for him to stay at a nearby Benedictine monastery where he would be educated and raised.

Herman flourished at the monastery and it was quickly discovered that while his body was crippled, his mind was extraordinary. He became a scholar in astronomy, theology, math, history and poetry. Herman was also a master of language and became fluent in Arabic, Greek and Latin.

Yet what was even more remarkable was his gentle disposition and

devout interior life. He possessed a great joy and despite his physical failings, he always smiled.

Later in life he became blind and this is when he began composing beautiful hymns. Even though his body failed him, his mind and heart were on fire with God's love and it moved him to create some of the most well-known hymns of all time.

In particular, Herman composed the ever popular Salve Regina ("Hail, Holy Queen") and Alma Redemptoris Mater ("Loving Mother of the Redeemer"). Both hymns have become incorporated into the Church's Liturgy of the Hours and are included after the recitation of Night Prayer. The Salve Regina in particular is one of the most well-known Marian hymns of the Church.

When we read or sing both of these hymns after learning about Bl. Herman, they are even more remarkable. The hymns are jubilant songs full of love and devotion, coming from the heart of a man who suffered greatly during his life. It reminds us of the power of faith and how no matter what sufferings we may have to endure, we can still praise God and thank him for the wondrous things he has done for us.

Fr Thomas Casanova
CCS

*Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy,
hail our life, our sweetness and our hope.
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve.
To thee to we send up our sighs, mourning and
weeping in this valley of tears.
Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of
mercy toward us, and after this, our exile, show
unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.*



April Fooleries



Houses and Dinosaurs

How do you know if there's a dinosaur under your bed?
(Your nose hits the ceiling!)

What kind of plates do they use in space?
(Flying saucers!)

When is a door not a door?
(When it is ajar/a jar!)

Why did the woman run around her bed?
(She wanted to catch up on her sleep!)

Why do fluorescent lights hum?
(Because they forgot the words!)

Why did the house go to the doctor?
(Because it had a window pane/pain!)

What did the quilt say to the bed?
(I've got you covered!)

What gives you the power and strength to walk through walls?
(A door!)

What should you do if you find a dinosaur in your bed?
(Find somewhere else to sleep!)

How did the dinosaur feel after he ate a pillow?
(Down in the mouth!)

How does a penguin build its house? (Igloos it together!)

What does a frog say when it washes a window?
(Rub it, rub it, rub it!)

What gets wetter the more it dries?
(A towel!)

What room has no walls?
(A mushroom!)

What did one wall say to the other wall?
(I'll meet you at the corner!)

Mother: "Did you take a bath?"
Little boy: "Why, is one missing?"

What goes up when the rain comes down?
(An umbrella!)

How do you know if there's a dinosaur in your refrigerator?
(Look for footprints in the pizza!)

When can three giant dinosaurs get under an umbrella and not get wet?
(When it's not raining!)

Why was the broom late?
(It over swept!)

How do you warm up a room after it's been painted?
(Give it a second coat!)

Which type of dinosaur could jump higher than a house?
(Any kind! A house can't jump!)

How many skunks does it take to stink up a house?
(A phew!)

How do teddy bears keep their house cool in summer?
(They use bear conditioning!)

Did you hear the joke about the corduroy pillow? Yes, it made headline!

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Doris!
Doris who?
Doris locked, that's why I knocked.

A Fly-Killer's Pickle

My three-year-old daughter stuck out her hand and said, "Look at the fly I killed, Mommy." Since she was eating a juicy pickle at the time, I thrust her contaminated hands

under the tap and washed them with antibacterial soap.

After sitting her down to finish her pickle, I asked, with a touch of awe, "How did you kill that fly all by yourself?"

Between bites, she said, "I hit it with my pickle."

A Scottish mother visits her son in his New York City apartment and asks, "How do you find the Americans, Donald?"

"Mother," says Donald, "they're such noisy people. One neighbour won't stop banging his head against the wall, while the other screams and screams all night long."

"Oh, Donald! How do you manage to put up with them?"

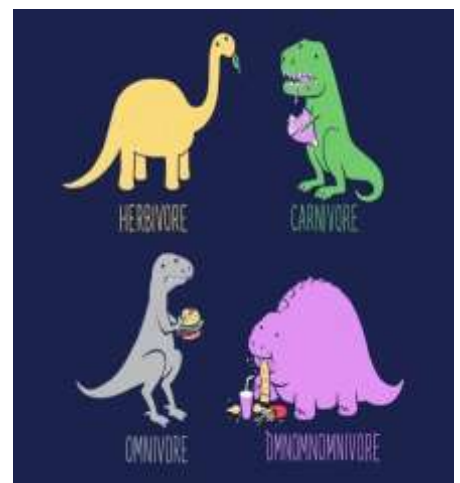
"What can I do? I just lie in bed quietly, playing my bagpipes."

The water I was heating for pasta refused to boil, and if my 12-year-old son was right, I wasn't helping by constantly checking on it. "It's like that old saying," he said. "'A watched website never loads.'"

My young son ran to me, crying. "Daddy, I stubbed my toe," he sobbed.

"Let me kiss it and make it better," I said. "Which toe was it?"
"The one that has no roast beef."

My three-year-old sat in the bathroom with me, watching as I removed my dentures and brushed them. After a few minutes, he asked, "Can you take your ears off too?"



“But”: A Short Story for Easter

Ben Palpent



Once upon a time, not so very long ago actually, the snow was falling... and the towering pines bent under the load, brooding in the dark. She was tucked in, covers pulled up to her chin and a heat pack at her feet. The bed creaked and settled under the weight of her father when he sat on the edge, but she did not mind. She waited and watched him gaze out through the window.

The snow was falling...

“There once was a man who sailed across the sea, but a vicious storm dashed his ship apart. When he awoke, he was stranded on an island filled with terrible beasts and he had no way to get home.”

“That’s terrible,” the little girl said.

“Yes, it is,” said her father.

“Could you tell a different story?”

“Alright,” said her father, “There was once a Hobbit...”

“What’s a Hobbit?” asked the little girl.

“Well, a Hobbit is a small creature with very hairy feet who prefers safety to adventure and would happily spend his days smoking a pipe and eating with friends. But our poor hobbit had in his possession a magic ring whose powers would destroy the world, so he chose to travel a very long distance into the land of death and darkness to destroy the ring. There he met an enormous spider who stung him, wrapped him in webbing, and planned to eat him.”

“O, father,” cried the girl, “no more, please.”

“No stories tonight?” asked the father.

“Well, maybe a different story.”

“Okay. There once was a boy who met a witch in a snowy wood just like the one outside your window. Now the boy loved himself very

much and when the witch offered him her admiration and a piece of candy, he betrayed his own sisters and brother.”

The father paused. His daughter had pulled the covers over her head.

“A different story?” he asked.

The bed covers nodded.

“There once was a monster that ravaged the land, killing man and beast, because he hated the sound of singing. And he killed so many that the people grew quiet, huddled together under their small roofs and listened to the drip, drip, drip of water and waited for the sound of the monster’s claws on the wooden door.”

The father paused because the bed covers were shaking violently.

“You’re striking out tonight, Dad.”

“What about this one,” he pleaded.

“There was once a boy, the favourite son of his father’s old age, whose brothers were jealous of their good brother so they lured him into the desert where they threw him in a ravine and gave him no water.

When some slave traders rode by, nodding, half asleep on their camels, the brothers sold their little brother and went home with gold coins jingling in their pockets. Their father asked, of course, where his favourite son was and the brothers pretended to look very sad, telling him that their brother was killed by wild animals and buried in the desert.”

“Dad, that’s no good either.”

“Okay, one more try,” said the father and he stared out the window again.

...The snow was still falling when he began. “God, who made the woods and snow and you, walked amongst his creation one day and saw that the people hated one another and they hated him. They played king of the mountain every day and kicked anyone in the teeth who might out climb them. They fawned over themselves and played games of power.”

“What did they call the games, Dad?” asked the girl.

“O, these games went by many

names: They called the games “Rome”, and sometimes “Greece”, sometimes they just called it “Savvy” or “Shrewd”. But they always called their games “Perfection”, giving the prize to the perfect one, the strong man, who made it to the top of the mountain and left a trail of bleeding mouths behind him. So God sent his son, his favorite and only son, down to become a man. He walked with all those people. He ate with them and healed their broken mouths, but he refused to play their games. So what do you think happened?”

The little girl was peaking above the blankets again with wide eyes. “Did they become friends?” she asked.

“Nope. They took him to the top of their mountain one day, kicked his face and then they killed him right on the spot. And for good measure they stabbed him in the side until water and blood flowed out”

“Come on, Dad! These are awful!”

“But...”

“No buts, Dad.”

“But...”

“You’re not listening, Dad!”

“No, my dear, you’re not listening. You’ve forgotten the most important word in every good story.”

The girl was sitting up now and her father’s firm voice stopped her miniature tirade.

“One word?” she asked.

“The most important word in every good story.”

The little girl tried to plead her case, “You’ve never told me that word before,” she said.

“I’ve told you that word every time I tell a story, but tonight you haven’t let me say it yet.”

“What’s the word?”

The father leaned in toward his little girl and whispered in her ear the magic word, “...but.”

“Really?” she asked. “But it’s such a small word.”

“Yes, but you’ve forgotten that it’s the little words, like little people, that make all the difference in the world.”

A Short Story for Easter continued ...

His little girl was puzzled. "I don't quite understand."

"Here," he said. Then he took her hands in his own and said,

"Do you remember the shipwrecked man on the island?" She nodded.

"He was stranded on an island filled with terrible beasts and he had no way to get home...but...he was delivered by God and given a friend named Friday and was saved."

"Today's Friday too!" cried out the girl. "Yes, it is."

"Dad? What about the hobbit? He was stung by an enormous spider who planned to eat him."

"Yes...but...he was saved from the spider and threw the magic ring into a pit of fire, thereby saving all the earth from destruction"

"And the boy who betrayed his sisters and brother?" asked the girl.

"He was saved by a lion who killed the witch and when the boy asked forgiveness, it was given to him gladly and he was never the same again. Remember the monster and the people huddled together under their small roofs? They waited for the monster's claws, but a hero came and killed the monster and saved them so they might sing again."

"What about the boy who was sold into slavery?"

"Well," said the father, "he became a great ruler and one day his brothers came before him because they were in need. They did not recognize their brother, but he recognized them and when he

revealed himself to them, they were ashamed and afraid for their lives...but...he forgave them and lavished their lives with good things and with hope."

"Those are very good stories," said his daughter who was quite relieved.

"Yes, but I have not finished."

"O, yes," cried the girl. "What about God's only son?"

"Ah, yes. God sent His Son and He walked amongst us while we played ugly games and kicked each other in the teeth, and when He was killed for not playing our games, He died and the blood and water flowed down His side and onto the ground, and they buried him in the dark, cold ground."

He paused and looked outside again. The snow was falling.

His daughter was now impatient and she sat up. "...But!..."

A grin broke across his face and he said, "...But three days later, He came to life and broke the ground, took the monster by the throat and chained him down. Remember the blood and water that flowed out of his body and onto the ground? It still flows across the whole world. His blood and water will, like a mighty river, wash away all the ugly games ... That's why you've been baptized by water and why we have Holy Communion every week, my little darling."

He paused while the snow fell softly outside the window.

"Don't ever forget, my love, that

God will save us from the wicked kings and the monsters that hate singing. And every day the world will be cleaner and brighter, filled to overflowing with little people... just...like...you."

At this, the little girl fell back into her pillow with a great sigh of relief. She grinned from ear to ear and the father leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. He rose from the bed and stood in the doorway. The snow was still falling, the earth covered in a blanket of white that glowed by the light of the moon.

"It's Friday," she said.

"And Sunday's on the way," he replied.

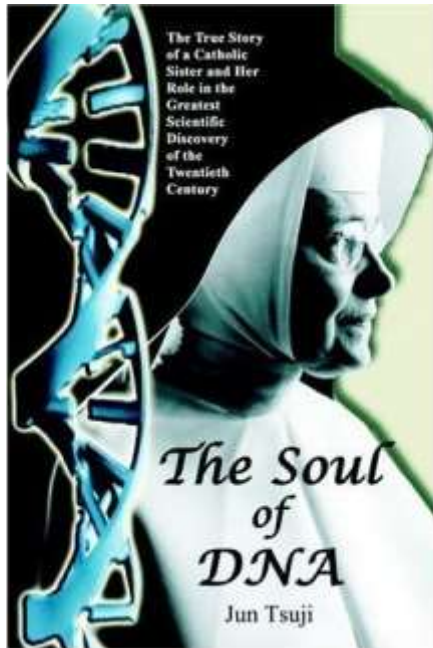
"Goodnight, Dad," she whispered.

"Yes, indeed," he thought. "It is a good night." And as he stood in the doorway with his hand on the doorknob, he thought of blood and water and of God's promise to Zechariah: "I will pour out on the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem a spirit of grace and pleas for mercy," says our God. "... On that day there shall be a fountain opened for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, to cleanse them from sin and uncleanness."



Sister Miriam: The Dominican nun who helped discover DNA

Jean Elizabeth Seah



The Michigan-based nun was also a prominent cancer researcher, educator, and lecturer.

The discovery of DNA, or deoxyribonucleic acid, was a ground-breaking step in understanding the building blocks of all living creatures. DNA is a molecule in each cell that bears the genetic instructions for the development and reproduction of living organisms, including viruses.

The credit for the discovery of the DNA double helix has gone to American biologist James Watson, English physicist Francis Crick and New Zealand biologist Maurice Wilkins, but they would not have won their 1962 Nobel Prize without the work of several scientists before them, including Wilkins' colleague Rosalind Franklin and Dominican Sister Miriam Michael Stimson.

Sister Miriam (December 24, 1913 – June 17, 2002) was an Adrian Dominican and a professor of chemistry at Siena Heights University, Adrian, Michigan. Her obituary notes:

“Her early success in chemistry, working on early research examining cells, led to an invitation to lecture at the Sorbonne in Paris. She was the second woman to lecture there; the first was Marie Curie. She later received international recognition for her early work with the spectroscope, a tool used for analyzing chemicals, and wrote manuals for using the instrument.”

Beyond that, Sister Miriam worked on wound-healing hormones, helping to create Preparation H. She established a research laboratory at Siena Heights in 1939, where she researched cancer for more than 30 years. Known at Siena as “M2,” Sister Miriam introduced undergraduate research and an addiction counselling program.

Arguably, her most significant contribution in cancer research was her solution that unlocked the shape of DNA nucleobases. Jun Tsuji's book *The Soul of DNA* records:

“For lack of knowledge of the DNA double helix, scientists were unable to understand the genetic roots of cancer, and subsequently they were unable to develop effective methods of treatment. In the early 1950s, scientists were on the verge of discovering the DNA double helix and unveiling cancer as a genetic disease. Stumped by the uncertainty regarding the shape of the DNA bases, the structural and functional “soul” of DNA, the male-dominated scientific establishment – from James Watson and Francis Crick to Linus Pauling – proposed models of DNA that were, in effect, inside out. In contrast, a woman, Sister Miriam Michael Stimson, OP, an Adrian Dominican sister and chemist, dared to imagine a solution to the DNA base problem. Using potassium bromide (KBr) to prepare the DNA bases for analysis by infrared spectroscopy, Sister Miriam Michael

successfully developed a chemical method that affirmed the structure of the DNA bases and of the double helix itself.”

Sister Miriam saw her scientific work as a means of discovering truth that would lead us closer to God. Indeed, DNA investigations led prominent atheist philosopher Antony Flew to affirm God's existence:

“What I think the DNA material has done is that it has shown, by the almost unbelievable complexity of the arrangements which are needed to produce (life), that intelligence must have been involved in getting these extraordinarily diverse elements to work together. It's the enormous complexity of the number of elements and the enormous subtlety of the ways they work together. The meeting of these two parts at the right time by chance is simply minute. It is all a matter of the enormous complexity by which the results were achieved, which looked to me like the work of intelligence.”

– William West, *“One Flew out of the atheists' nest: How DNA investigations led a philosopher to affirm a 'creative intelligence' at the origin of life.”*

Let us pray for teachers and scientists like Sister Miriam, who “was interested in each student as a person, not simply as a mind to be taught,” and was so humble about her brilliant work that students only learned about it through a book. Scientific knowledge will lead us to God, if we maintain a disposition of humility and love. As the first Director of NASA Wernher Von Braun said: “Scientific concepts exist only in the minds of men. Behind these concepts lies the reality which is being revealed to us, but only by the grace of God.”

If God is your Co-pilot, swap seats!

What am I filled with? What spills out?

You are holding a cup of coffee when someone comes along and bumps into you, making you spill your coffee everywhere.

Why did you spill the coffee? You spilled the coffee because there was coffee in your cup. Had there been tea in the cup, you would have spilled tea.

The point is whatever is inside the cup is what will spill out.

Therefore, when life comes along and shakes you (which will happen), whatever is inside you will come out.

It's easy to fake it, until you get rattled. So, we have to ask ourselves, **'What's in my cup?'** When life gets tough, what spills out?

Joy, gratefulness, peace and humility?

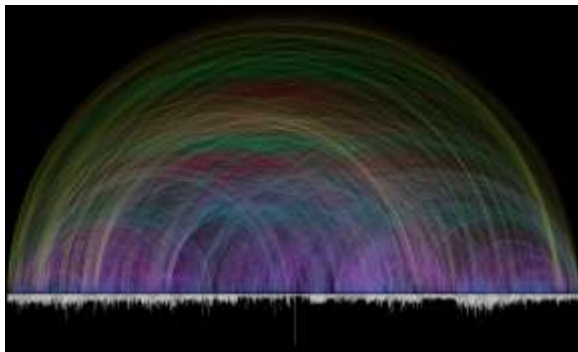
Or does anger, bitterness, harsh words and reactions come out?



You choose!

Today let's work towards filling our cups with gratitude, forgiveness, joy, words of affirmation, kindness, gentleness and love for others.

63,779 Cross-References in the Bible



By Adam J. Pearson

I'd like to share with you one of the most amazing and awe-inspiring images I have ever seen. Period.

Professor Jordan Peterson recently and brilliantly described the Bible as the first "hyperlinked text," that is, the first text that complexly references itself throughout the entirety of its structure in a vast series of internal interconnections. Think of Wikipedia, in which the articles all reference and interlink to one another in a vast web of knowledge.

The Bible is hyperlinked in the same way, but for ancient stories and repositories of ancient myths, insights, narratives, wisdom, mystical poetry, and ethical theories. The difference was that instead of clicking, ancient readers would have to flip through the pages like a Choose Your Own Adventure Book.

What does this amazing image show,

you may wonder? It is truly mind-blowing when you fully grasp it. Consider this staggering fact:

Every single one of the lines on the bottom of the image is a Biblical verse. The length of each line is proportionate to the number of times that verse is referred to in some way by some other verse in the Bible.

In other words, this image is a map. It shows the 63,779 cross-references in the Bible, this massive sweeping text written over thousands of years by hundreds of people from a wide variety of different backgrounds in three different languages: Greek, Latin, and Aramaic.

Starting at any one verse, imagine how many pathways you could take through all the interlinked verses through the text! There are nearly endless permutations and combinations and every verse and phrase is dependent on nearly every other verse and phrase to get the "full" meaning of what this sweeping collection of many books within a book says on any one subject...

Christopher Harisson offers even deeper insight into this amazing diagram he created when he says that it

"...started as a collaboration between Christoph Römheld and myself. Christoph, a Lutheran Pastor, first

emailed me in October of 2007. He described a data set he was putting together that defined textual cross references found in the Bible. He had already done considerable work visualizing the data before contacting me. Together, we struggled to find an elegant solution to render the data, more than 63,000 cross references in total.

As the work progressed, it became clear that an interactive visualization would be needed to properly explore the data, where users could zoom in and prune down the information to manageable levels. However, this was less interesting to us, as several Bible-exploration programs existed that offered similar functionality and much more. Instead we set our sights on the other end of the spectrum — something more beautiful than functional. At the same time, we wanted something that honored and revealed the complexity of the data at every level — as one leans in, smaller details should become visible. This ultimately led us to the multi-colored arc diagram you see below.

The bar graph that runs along the bottom represents all of the chapters in the Bible. Books alternate in color between white and light gray. The length of each bar denotes the number of verses in the chapter. Each of the 63,779 cross references found in the Bible is depicted by a single arc — the color corresponds to the distance between the two chapters, creating a rainbow-like effect."

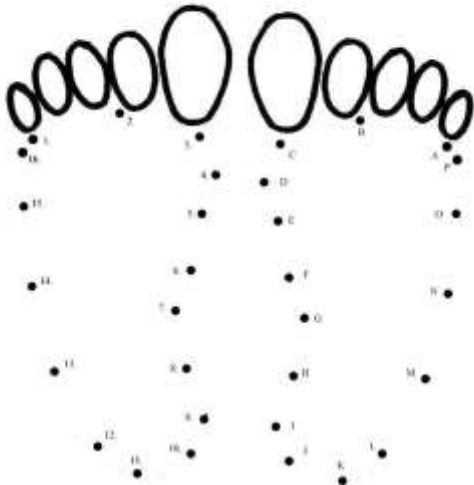
The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



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

Connect the dots to complete the picture.

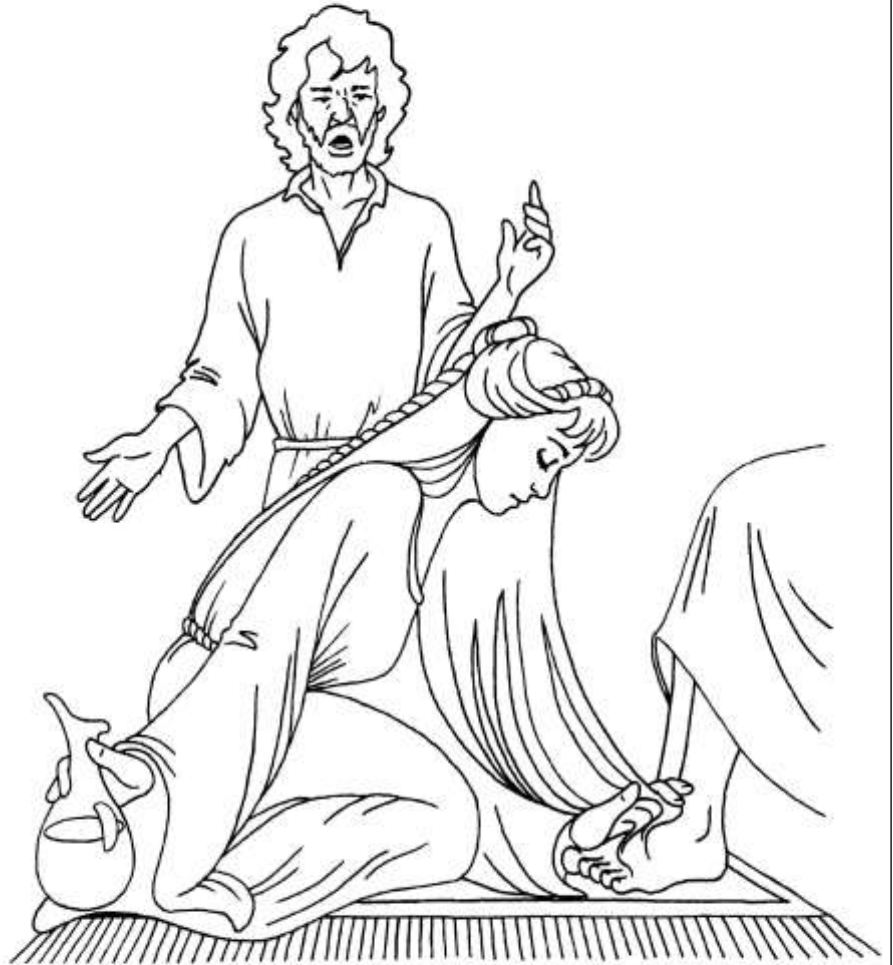


Find the words below hidden in the 225 letters to the right.

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| FRAGRANCE | HOUSE |
| EXPENSIVE | FILLED |
| BETRAYED | WIPED |
| PASSOVER | JUDAS |
| PERFUME | MARY |
| LAZARUS | JESUS |
| MARTHA | POOR |
| POURED | DEAD |
| RAISED | HAIR |
| MONEY | FEET |

A Most Precious Gift

Then Mary took about a pint of pure nard, an expensive perfume; she poured it on Jesus' feet and wiped his feet with her hair. John 12:3a (NIV)



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