

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

The West Wagga Wag

Issue 143

January 2015

Coming Events

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| Solemnity of Mary, the Holy Mother of God | Thurs 1 |
| Solemnity, the Epiphany of the Lord | Sun 4 |
| Feast, Baptism of the Lord | Sun 11 |
| Ordinary Time begins | Mon 12 |
| Australia Day | Mon 26 |
| Ho. T Primary School returns | Thurs 29 |
| Feast, the Presentation of the Lord, | Mon 2 |



Time was – so to speak – “touched” by Christ, the Son of God and of Mary, and received from Him new and surprising meanings: it became the “salvific time,” namely, the definitive time of salvation and grace.

Pope Francis, New Year’s Eve

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The date for submissions for the next Wag is: Sunday January 25th.

Come to Bethlehem 2014— Thanks to all who helped!

Sincere thanks to all who assisted in the set up, on the three *Come to Bethlehem* evenings and with the packing up. Thank you to all the new helpers, to the regulars and especially to all who have laboured long and hard for very many years now!



Winner of the Gumly Gumly Men’s Shed ‘Rocking Reindeer’ drawn at *Come to Bethlehem* on Christmas Eve. The prize winners were Mr David Wheeler and his son Joel.



The Holy Trinity parish thanks Mr. Darcy McGregor for his generous craftsmanship and contribution with Deidre his wife to the *Come to Bethlehem* display over several years.

pastor's page



At the rising of the sun each day, there is the promise of new beginnings. After a good night's sleep we can see things differently from the day before. It is important for the young, and the not so young, to learn to forget something of the hurts of the past, the disappointments and the trials of before, so that each new day can be faced with excitement, adventure and courage. God gifts us not just with a new sun rise, but also provides the grace to welcome the new day with optimism. To fret over the past, to carry the burdens of yesterday, to view tomorrow with trepidation is to forget the words of Jesus who simply stated;

"do not worry, saying, 'What will we eat?' or 'What will we drink?' or 'What will we wear?' For it is the Gentiles who strive for all these things; and indeed your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. But strive first for the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. So do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring worries of its own. Today's trouble is enough for today." [Mt 6:31-34]

Taking Jesus at face value in what he said, it seems pretty clear that we are not to worry. Irrespective of whatever day, it is normal at the beginning of the year for people to make New Year's resolutions. This is a good and worthy thing to do. To choose virtue and to put aside vice; to choose selflessness and put aside selfishness; to choose generosity and put aside laziness; and most especially to choose God and his will and put aside our lesser human will, as wonderful as it is; these are all worthy New Year's resolutions.

I am excited by the beginnings

of the New Year 2015, thanks be to God. For me this will be a real change and relief. Indeed, this is my last pastor's page for some time. Parishioners will remember when Father Arthur Givney and I came to the parish of West Wagga on Australia Day 2003. And like all new beginnings it was both daunting and exciting. Looking back over the last 12 years, I am grateful to God for the many, many people who have made such a contribution to the parish; to me personally; and to the other priests of our apostolate.

Since the new Code of Canon Law, promulgated in 1983, suggested that priests should have a set term of office, the Australian Bishops Conference decided on a six-year term for Australian priests. This six-year term could become a 12 year term, after which ordinarily there would be a change of pastor. Amazingly, 12 years have flashed by.

We have been blessed with an extraordinary grace from God through the many improvements and investments that have taken place within the parish; not to mention the myriad spiritual benefits. It has been my privilege and pleasure to share with parishioners in this ongoing development. Not only has my term as parish priest of West Wagga come to an end but also my six-year term as superior of the Confraternity of Christ the Priest. Moreover as I was first invited to be a police chaplain at the Bishop's request in 2003, so too this chaplaincy has come to an end. My personal hope is that after such apostolates and productivity, I will have more time to visit increasingly within the parish as an assistant priest.

Father Thomas Casanova I congratulate as the new pastor of the West Wagga Catholic Parish, who assumes office on Australia Day 2015. In time the Bishop will induct him as parish priest. I look forward to working with Father Thomas, as indeed he worked with me. In one sense very little has changed, as the ordinary work of the parish will continue day-to-day under his leadership. A further

development is that Father Ronald Donoghue will also have a role to play in the Parish of West Wagga.

Over the last 12 years, the Confraternity of Christ the Priest has endeavoured to exercise what it calls the Intensive Apostolate. This can be summed up with three small words concerning the dissemination of the Gospel; impact, impart and depart. Bishop Gerard entrusted the Parish of West Wagga to the Confraternity in 2003. The mission began on Australia Day that year.

The contract between the Confraternity and the Diocese was for a minimum of 20 years, it can be extended a further five. During the time of the contract the parish priest is appointed in consultation with the Bishop. Brother Vincent Brooks, the Superior of the Confraternity, has entrusted this apostolate to Father Thomas Casanova as pastor. Father Thomas will continue to live at San Isidore, as indeed, I and Father Ron will continue to live at Ashmont.

I thank Father Thomas for his assistance over the last 10 years and wish him well in his new role as pastor. The Confraternity of Christ the Priest is due to celebrate the 60th anniversary of its Canonical Foundation in June 2015. This is a time of great joy for all of us.

Finally, I wish to thank everyone who has helped me to administer the parish over the last decade. No one can hold any position today without receiving some criticism or critiquing. Indeed, no doubt at times I have ruffled someone's feathers. Whether such upset or disappointment was the result of my personal actions or those in the official capacity as pastor, I unreservedly apologise to all for real or perceived faults resulting from my performance and sincerely beg the forgiveness of all parties.

May the Lord bless you all abundantly, both naturally and supernaturally. The next edition of the West Wagga Wag may have a new smiling face in the top left hand corner.

Fr Gerard

January Jokes



Q. Why does Santa Claus go down the chimney on Christmas Eve?
A. Because it soots him.

It was Christmas Eve in at the meat counter and a woman was anxiously picking over the last few remaining turkeys in the hope of finding a large one.

In desperation she called over a shop assistant and said, 'Excuse me. Do these turkeys get any bigger?' 'No, madam, 'he replied, 'they're all dead.'

A 4-year-old boy was asked to give the meal blessing before Christmas dinner. The family members bowed their heads in expectation. He began his prayer, thanking God for all his friends, naming them one by one. Then he thanked God for Mommy, Daddy, brother, sister, Grandma, Grandpa, and all his aunts and uncles. Then he began to thank God for the food. He gave thanks for the turkey, the dressing, the fruit salad, the cranberry sauce, the pies, the cakes, even the Cool Whip. Then he paused, and everyone waited--and waited. After a long silence, the young fellow looked up at his mother and asked, "If I thank God for the broccoli, won't he know that I'm lying?"

Ways to Confuse Santa Claus
Instead of milk and cookies, leave him a salad and a note explaining that you think he could stand to lose a few pounds.
While he's in your house, go find his sleigh and write him a speeding ticket.
While he's in the house, replace all his reindeer with exact replicas. Then wait and see what happens when he tries to get them to fly.

A lady dropped her handbag in the bustle of holiday shopping. An honest, little boy noticed her drop the handbag, so he picked it up and returned it to her. The lady looked into her handbag and commented, "Hmm.... That's funny. When I lost my bag there was a \$20 bill in it. Now there are twenty \$1bills." The boy quickly replied, "That's right, lady. The last time I found a purse, the owner didn't have any change for a reward."

"Do you believe in life after death?" the boss asked one of his employees. "Yes, sir," the clerk replied.
"That's good," the boss said. "After you left early yesterday to go to your grandmother's funeral, she stopped in to see you."

No dictionary has ever been able to satisfactorily define the difference between "complete" and "finished." However, during a recent linguistic conference, held in London and attended by some of the best linguists in the world, Guiseppe Barsulia, an Italian linguist, was a presenter, when he was asked to make that very distinction. The question put to him by a colleague in this erudite audience was this: "Some say there is no difference between 'complete' and 'finished.' Please explain the difference in a way that is easy to understand."

Mr. Barsulia's response: "When you marry the right woman, you are 'complete.' If you marry the wrong woman, you are 'finished.' And, if the right one catches you with the wrong one, you are 'completely finished.'" His answer received a five-minute standing ovation.

A man had been lost and walking in the desert for about 5 days. One hot day, he comes to the home of a preacher. Tired and weak, he crawls up to the house and collapses on the doorstep. The preacher takes him in and nurses him back to health. Feeling better, the man asks the preacher for directions to the nearest town. The preacher tells him the directions, and offers to lend him

his horse to make it. The preacher says, "However, there is a special thing about this horse. You have to say 'Thank God' to make it go and 'Amen' to make it stop."

Anxious to get to town, the man says, "Sure, okay," and gets on the horse. He says, "Thank God" and sure enough, the horse starts walking. A bit later he says louder, "Thank God, Thank God," and the horse starts trotting. Feeling really brave, the man says, "Thank God! Thank God! THANK GOD!" and the horse is soon up to a full run! About then he realizes he's heading for a huge cliff and yells, "Whoa!" But the horse doesn't even slow! It's coming up REAL QUICK and he's doing everything he can to make the horse stop. "Whoa, stop, hold on!" Finally he remembers, "AMEN!!!!"

The horse stops a mere 2 inches from the cliff's edge, almost throwing him over its head. The man, panting and heart racing, wipes the sweat from his face and leans back in the saddle. "Oh!" he said, gasping for air, "Thank God."

How much deeper would the ocean be, if SPONGES didn't grow in it?

Why buy a product that it takes 2000 flushes to get rid of?

I've had to take a second job working in a bakery.
I knead the dough.

Who wants to learn Roman numerals? I for one.



Ancient Roman Historian Saw Jesus Work a Miracle!

An Italian expert studying a first century document written by the Roman historian Marcus Velleius Paterculus that was recently discovered in the archives of the Vatican, found an eyewitness recorded of a miracle of Jesus Christ.

The author describes a scene that he witnessed, in which a prophet and teacher that he names Iēsous de Nazarenus, resuscitated a stillborn boy and handed him back to his mother.

Historian and archivist Ignazio Perrucci, was hired by the Vatican authorities in 2012, to sort, analyse and classify some 6,000 ancient documents that had been uncovered in the gigantic archive vaults. He was already very excited when he noticed that the author of the text was the famous Roman historian Velleius, but he was completely stunned when he realized the nature of the content.

Professor Perrucci found the text in the archives of the Vatican, while searching amongst a bundle of personal letters and other trivial documents dating from the Roman era.

The text as a whole is a narrative of the author's return journey from



Parthia to Rome that occurred in 31 AD. He describes many different episodes taking place during his trip, like a violent sandstorm in Mesopotamia and visit to a temple in Melitta (modern day Mdina, in Malta).

The part of the text that really caught Perrucci's attention is an episode taking place in the city of Sebaste (near modern day Nablus, in the West Bank). The author first describes the arrival of a great leader in the town with a group of disciples and followers, causing many of the lower class people from neighbouring villages to gather around them. According to Velleius, that great man's name was Iēsous de Nazarenus, a Greco-Latin translation of Jesus' Hebrew name, Yeshua haNotzri.

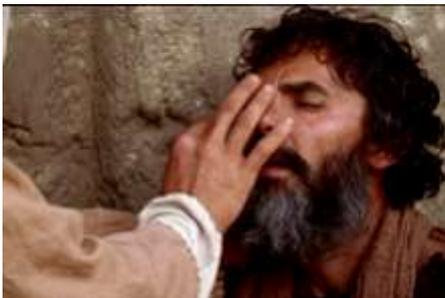
Upon entering town, Jesus would have visited the house of a woman

named Elisheba, who had just given birth to a stillborn child. Jesus picked up the dead child and uttered a prayer in Aramaic to the heavens, which unfortunately the author describes as "immensus", meaning incomprehensible. To the crowd's surprise and amazement, the baby came back to life almost immediately, crying and squirming like a healthy newborn.

Many tests and analysis have been realized over the last weeks to determine the authenticity of the manuscript. The composition of the parchment and ink, the literary style and handwriting have all been carefully scrutinized and were considered to be entirely legitimate. The dating analysis also revealed that the sheepskin parchment on which the text is written, does indeed date from the 1st century of this era, more precisely from between 20-45 AD.

This new text from an author known for his reliability, brings a brand new perspective on the life of the historical character Jesus of Nazareth. It comes to confirm the Gospels on the facts that he was known for accomplishing miracles and that his sheer presence in a town was enough to attract crowds of people.

Parish Retreat: Heal the Sick [CCC 1506]



February 20, 21 & 22, 2015

Come to all or part.

For more details phone the parish, 6931 3601

Talks include—

- The Commandments a Check List for Healing
- The Old Testament & Healing
- The Healing; Who, What, When, Where & Why
- Healing & the Saints
- The Sacraments, the Eucharist & Healing
- The Blessed Virgin Mary Heals

Allen Organ Recital

Friday 27 February 7.30pm at Ho. T Church.

This is a fundraiser for the WW&SI Refugee Committee. Includes a fine quillo raffle.

Info: Peggy 6931 3059, Joan 6931 3048



The Pilgrim's Story



Catherine Doherty (1896 - 1985)

Some of the wonderful experiences I had as a child are connected with the stories of the holy pilgrims who passed through the Russia of old on their way to and from shrines. My mother and father welcomed these men and women very hospitably when they knocked on our door and asked for food and shelter for the night. It was a blessing to harbor these saintly people.

I remember one pilgrim who rested with us. She was a babushka. In Russian that means a grandmother, an elderly person. She arrived at suppertime on an overcast November evening. Her face was full of wrinkles, yet somehow they were laughing wrinkles, pleasant wrinkles. She had the bluest, merriest eyes and she smiled a dazzling smile.

We fed her, made her comfortable and after supper everyone gathered to listen to her tales. The fire in the wood stove crackled as if it were singing a little ditty, very pleased with itself. As usual, I was sitting on the floor at the feet of the pilgrim.

She made a large sign of the cross before she started talking. She told us how she had put her house in order before setting out on her pilgrimage. Her son, having recently married, had brought his bride home. She felt that the young people should have some time to themselves, and that this was a good chance to go on pilgrimage. She took her loaf of bread, her package of salt and her gourd of water and

off she went, light of heart, with a soul full of joy and a mind full of prayer. For the next two months she travelled slowly, reverently, prayerfully, never hurrying, from one shrine to another.

Late one rainy October day she was glad to find a lonely log cabin at the edge of a forest. The next village was quite far away and she was tired. Humbly, she knocked at the door. It seemed to her that a low voice inside bade her enter. Enter she did.

She looked around for the holy icons that were to be found in those days in every home, even the humblest; they were always in the east corner. Sure enough, they were there. Then, as is the custom of my people, she blessed herself three times, bowed low before the icons in honor of the most Holy Trinity, and then looked around to greet whoever was there. "Peace be to this house," she said, using the greeting commanded by the Lord Lk 10:5.

The only person she saw was an old man lying in a bed, looking very, very sick. He didn't seem to know she was there. She wondered who it was who had bidden her to enter, but she soon forgot as she busied herself with the fire which was low. The old man looked as if he had been unattended for a long time. She soon realized he had a fever and she began nursing him.

There was much to do. There weren't many provisions but in the barn she found a cow that also needed tending and a few hungry chickens. It wasn't long before she had the place shipshape and the man was getting better.

Finally he was up and about. He was still weak, but well, and grateful to her, though he said very little. As she got to know him, she confessed that she began to stand in awe of him. She couldn't explain to herself exactly why, she just did. She

especially liked the way he broke the bread at mealtime and handed her a piece, how he poured the tea and always handed her the full mug. There was a certain majesty about the way he made those simple gestures. It reminded her of something - but she couldn't remember what. Eventually she began to think of going on her way. So, one evening, she told the man that she would be leaving in the morning.

The next morning, when she arose, she found the place in perfect order. The kettle was on the stove, boiling for her tea. The porridge was simmering quietly nearby. The table was set - but for only one person! There was no sign of the man.

She went out into the barn and to her astonishment found no cow and no chickens. She returned to the house to have her breakfast, wondering, and a bit perturbed.

She spied the bible which the man had read from so often. It was open and her eyes fell on the words, "I was sick and you nursed me. Whatsoever you do to the least of my brethren, you do to me," Mt 25:36,40.

She began to tremble with great awe. She fell on her face before the holy icons. She blessed herself many times. Then, since there was nothing else for her to do, she continued on her pilgrimage to the next holy place. But she confessed to us that ever since that experience her feet had wings, or so it seemed to her. She seldom was tired, and her heart sang and sang with great joy, a joy that never left her.

After telling her story, she fell silent. I looked at her face. The blue eyes under the dark eyebrows and lashes were as young as a little girl's, even though they were in a face full of laughing wrinkles. It truly seemed as if her youth had been renewed like the eagle's.

There was once a great czar in Russia named Rudolph the Red.

He stood looking out the windows of his palace one day while his wife, the Czarina Katerina, sat nearby knitting. He turned to her and said, "Look my dear, it has begun to rain!" Without even looking up from her knitting she replied, "It's too cold to rain. It must be sleeting." The Czar shook his head and said, "I am the Czar of all the Russias, and Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear!"

4 Awesome Facts About the Tima of Our Lady of Guadalupe



1) It has qualities that are humanly impossible to replicate

Made primarily of cactus fibres, a tilma was typically of very poor quality and had a rough surface, making it difficult enough to wear, much less to paint a lasting image on it. Nevertheless, the image remains, and scientists who have studied the image insist there was no technique used beforehand to treat the surface. The surface bearing the image is reportedly like silk to the touch, while the unused portion of the tilma remains coarse. What's more, experts in infrared photography, studying the tilma in the late 1970s, determined that there were no brush strokes (none!), as if the image was slapped onto the surface all at once. And it was discovered by Dr. Phillip Callahan, a biophysicist at the University of Florida, that the difference of appearance with its texturing and coloration of Our Lady's skin up close compared to a small distance away is impossible to recreate: "Such a technique would be an impossible accomplishment in human hands. It often occurs in nature, however, in the colouring of bird feathers and butterfly scales, and on the elytra of brightly coloured beetles ... By slowly backing away from the painting, to a distance where the pigment and surface sculpturing blend together,

the overwhelming beauty of the olive-coloured Madonna emerges as if by magic."

This, along with an iridescent quality of slightly changing colours depending on the angle at which a person looks and the fact that the coloration in the image was determined to have no animal or mineral elements (synthetic colourings didn't exist in 1531), provide a lot of seemingly unanswerable questions. That's awesome.

2) People say it's just a painting, yet the tilma has outlived them all, in time and in quality

One of the first things skeptics say about the image is that it somehow has to be a forgery or a fraud, but every time an attempt has been made to replicate the image, the original never seems to fade, while its duplicates have deteriorated over a short time. Miguel Cabrera, an artist in the mid-18th Century who produced three of the best known copies (one for the archbishop, one for the Pope, one for himself for later copies) once wrote about the difficulty of recreating the image even on the best surfaces:

"I believe that the most talented and careful painter, if he sets himself to copy this sacred image on a canvas of this poor quality, without using sizing, and attempting to imitate the four media employed, would at last after great and wearisome travail, admit that he had not succeeded.

And this can be clearly verified in the numerous copies that have been made with the benefit of varnish, on the most carefully prepared canvases, and using only one medium, oil, which offers the greatest facility..."

Dr. Adolfo Orozco, a researcher and physicist at the National University of Mexico, spoke in 2009 about the remarkable preservation of the tilma compared to its numerous copies. One copy created in 1789 was painted on a similar surface with the best techniques available at the time, then encased in glass and stored next to the tilma. It looked beautiful when painted, but not eight years passed before the hot &

humid climate of Mexico caused the copy to be discarded due to faded colours and fraying, broken threads. However, Dr. Orozco said, no scientific explanation is possible for the fact that "the original Tilma was exposed for approximately 116 years without any kind of protection, receiving all the infrared and ultraviolet radiation from the tens of thousands of candles near it and exposed to the humid and salty air around the temple."

That's awesome.

3) The tilma has shown characteristics startlingly like a living human body

This is where it gets really crazy. In 1979, when Dr. Callahan was analysing the tilma using infrared technology, he apparently also discovered that the tilma maintains a constant temperature of 36.6-37 degrees Celsius, the same as that of a living person.

When Dr. Carlos Fernandez de Castillo, a Mexican gynecologist, examined the tilma, he first noticed a four-petaled flower over what was Mary's womb. The flower, to the Aztecs, was called the Nahui Ollin and was the symbol of the sun, as well as a symbol of plenitude. Upon further examination, Dr. Castillo concluded that the dimensions of Our Lady's body in the image were that of an expectant mother due quite soon (Dec. 9, the day of the unveiling, is barely two weeks from Christmas...).

Finally, one of the most common attributions and reported discoveries lie with the Virgin's eyes in the image. When Dr. Jose Alte Tonsmann, a Peruvian ophthalmologist, conducted a study, one of his tests involved examining the eyes at 2,500 times magnification. With the images of her magnified eyes, the scientist was reportedly able to identify as many as 13 individuals in both eyes at different proportions, just as the human eye would reflect an image. It appeared to be a snapshot of the very moment Juan Diego unfurled his tilma before the archbishop. That's awesome.

Tilma Facts continued

4) It appears to be virtually indestructible

Two distinct events have threatened the tilma over the centuries, one occurring in 1785 and the other in 1921.

In 1785, a worker was cleaning the glass encasement of the image when he accidentally spilled 50% nitric acid solvent onto a large portion of the image itself. The image and the rest of the tilma, which should have been eaten away almost instantly by the spill, reportedly self-restored over the ensuing 30 days, and



remains unscathed to this day aside from small stains on the parts not bearing the image.

In 1921, an anti-clerical activist hid a bomb containing 29 sticks of dynamite in a pot of roses and placed

it before the image inside the Basilica at Guadalupe. When the bomb exploded, most everything from the marble altar rail & floor just feet away from the blast, to windows 150 meters away were broken...yet the image and the glass surrounding it remained untouched. The only damage that occurred in close proximity to the tilma was a hefty brass crucifix, which was twisted and bent back by the blast. That's awesome!

Pope Francis on the gift of piety

Dear Brothers and Sisters, good morning. Today we want to pause on a gift of the Holy Spirit which is often misunderstood and considered in a superficial way; instead it touches in the heart our identity and our Christian life: it is the gift of piety.

It is necessary to clarify immediately that this gift is not identified with having compassion for someone, having pity for one's neighbour, but it indicates our belonging to God and our profound bond with Him, a bond that gives meaning to the whole of our life and which keeps us firm, in communion with Him, also in the most difficult and trying moments.

This bond with the Lord is not intended as a duty or an imposition. It is a bond that comes from within. It is a relation lived with the heart: it is our friendship with God, given us by Jesus; a friendship that changes our life and fills us with enthusiasm and joy. Therefore, the gift of piety arouses in us, first of all, gratitude and praise.

This is, in fact, the motive and the

most authentic meaning of our worship and of our adoration. When the Holy Spirit makes us perceive the presence of the Lord and all His love for us, He warms our heart and moves us almost naturally to prayer and to celebration. Piety, therefore, is synonym of authentic religious spirit, of filial confidence in God, of that capacity to pray to Him with love and simplicity which is proper of persons who are humble of heart.

If the gift of piety makes us grow in our relation and communion with God and leads us to live as His children, at the same time it helps us to pour this love also on others and to recognize them as brothers. And then yes we will be moved by sentiments of piety -- not of pietism! -- in our dealings with those around us and those we meet every day. Why do I say not pietism? Because some think that to have piety is to close one's eyes, to make an imaginary face, and feign to be like a saint. In Piedmont we say: to make a "Mugna Quacia" This isn't the gift of piety. The gift of piety means to be truly capable of rejoicing with those in joy, to

weep with those who weep, to welcome and help those who are in need. There is a very close relation between the gift of piety and meekness. The gift of piety that the Holy Spirit gives us makes us meek, it makes us tranquil, patient, in peace with God, and at the service of others with meekness.

Dear friends, in the Letter to the Romans the Apostle Paul affirms: "For all who are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God, for you did not receive the spirit of slavery to fall back into fear, but you have received the spirit of sonship, when we cry, 'Abba! Father!'" (Romans 8:14-15). Let us pray to the Lord that the gift of his Spirit may conquer our fear, our uncertainties, also our restless, impatient spirit, and be able to render us joyful witnesses of God and of his love, adoring the Lord in truth and also in the service of our neighbour, with meekness and with the smile that the Holy Spirit always gives us in joy.

May the Holy Spirit give all of us this gift of piety.

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all alright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood on Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.



By G K Chesterton

The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



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

The Feast of the Epiphany!

