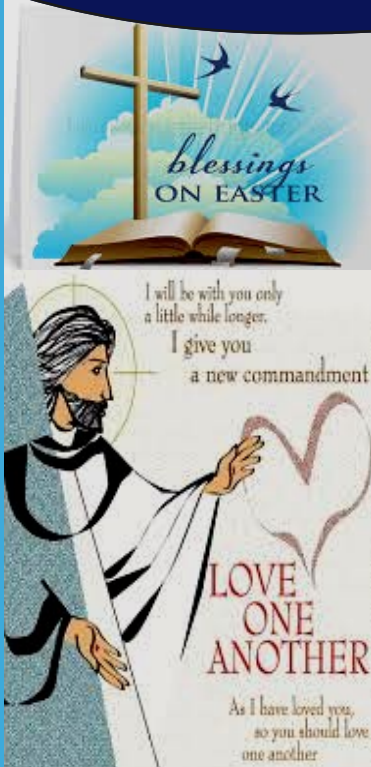




# Augustine & Monica



## Priviledged Journey



### *Easter Mass Times*

#### Holy Thursday

Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> April

#### **Celebration of the Lord's Supper and Washing of Feet**

St Monica's Tugun - 7.00pm

#### Good Friday

Friday 19<sup>th</sup> April

#### **Stations of the Cross**

St Monica's Tugun - 10.00 am

#### **Celebration of The Lord's Passion with Holy Communion**

**3.00pm** - St Augustine's Coolangatta

#### Easter Vigil

Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> April

St Monica's - **7.00pm**

#### Easter Sunday

Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> April

St Monica's, Tugun  
**6.45am & 9.30am**  
St Augustine's, Coolangatta  
**8.00am**



### Sacrament of Reconciliation    Celebration of God's Forgiveness

St Monica's    Saturday mornings 11.00am    Tues 16<sup>th</sup> April 5.30pm - 6.00pm

St Augustine's    Wed 17<sup>th</sup> April 8.30am-9.00am



## Fr John comments

We live in a world which is deeply divided; a world which seems to be turning away from the message of Jesus; a world where we see other people as threats to our wellbeing, not possible friends. Yet Jesus tells us to love all people and to give to

others without counting the cost. How are we to evaluate what is happening around us? The recent terror attack in Christchurch New Zealand has shocked and saddened us. So many lives lost while in the act of praying in a holy place. When are we going to finally realise that we are all sisters and brothers and reach out to one another with open and learning hearts?

Archbishop Mark Coleridge in his Lenten message of 2017 said: "In a sense, the Church is always in crisis, always under judgement – not only the judgement of the tribunals of this world but the judgement of God. That's why we need to learn anew the art of lamentation which the Bible wants to teach us – especially perhaps in these days of Lent. That's part of what it means to come back to God with all our heart."

We do need to cry out to God with all our iniquities, questions and doubts. How can we cope with the evils that shame and dismay us as a church, as a nation and as individual people?

Well we need to continue to hope and to trust that God is with us in our darkest hours. That Jesus has himself been there before us and continues to walk with us. We must reach out in love to all our sisters and brothers and especially those most isolated and needy. Differences between people are not to be feared but to be embraced as we discover new ways of being a person through the people we encounter.

As we celebrate the Feast of Easter, we remember that despite the suffering He endured, there is always the new life of Easter.



### Fr John (& Max)

have been reappointed to our Parish for a further six years. We thank Fr John for what he has already contributed and ask God for His blessings on Fr John for good health and happiness here amongst the people of Tugun/Coolangatta for the next six years. Happy Birthday Fr John for 11th February!

May the blessings of Easter fill you with peace and hope.

Fr John Scarrott



## Thoughts from Pope Francis

To put it simply: the Holy Spirit bothers us. Because he moves us,

he makes us walk, he pushes the Church to go forward. And we are like Peter at the Transfiguration: 'Ah, how wonderful it is to be here like this, all together!' But don't bother us. We want the Holy Spirit to doze off ..... we want to domesticate the Holy Spirit. And that's no good, because he is God; he is that wind which comes and goes and you don't know where. He is the power of God, he is the one who gives us consolation and strength to move forward. But: to move forward! And this bothers us. It's so much nicer to be comfortable."

Pope Francis, [Encountering Truth: Meeting God in the Everyday](#)



"No amount of 'peace-building' will be able to last, nor will harmony and happiness be attained, in a society that ignores, pushes to the margins, or excludes a part of itself; it loses something essential. We must never, never allow the throwaway culture to enter our hearts! No one is disposable!"

Pope Francis, [The Church of Mercy](#)

"Nobody can go off to battle unless he is fully convinced of victory beforehand. If we start without confidence, we have already lost half the battle and we bury our talents. While painfully aware of our own frailties, we have to march on without giving in, keeping in mind what the Lord said to Saint Paul: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor 12:9). Christian triumph is always a cross, yet a cross which is at the same time, a victorious banner borne with aggressive tenderness against the assaults of evil. The evil spirit of defeatism is brother to the temptation to separate, before its time, the wheat from the weeds; it is the fruit of an anxious and self-centred lack of trust."

Pope Francis, [Evangelii Gaudium: The Joy of the Gospel](#)



## Palliative Care, an Introduction.

Written by Nicola Han-

As Benjamin Franklin said, there are only two things certain in life, death and taxes. For some, just talking, or even thinking about death, makes them feel uncomfortable. This is why the Palliative Care Support service is so important.

People may have heard about Palliative Care, and yet, I wonder, how many fully understand what this term actually means? Broadly speaking, it is a service for those who are terminally ill, but is much more than this. It is a service where maintaining a quality of life for those who are ill, is all important. This care may be emotional, physical or spiritual. It is, in essence, care for the living, because dying comes at the very end. It is about giving a person

dignity to deal with what must be dealt with.

I was privileged to have been a part of such a service in Albury for more than seven years. I joined after the death of my husband, I suppose because we had both been recipients of such amazing care, and also because it was something I felt I could, and would like to do. During our training, we were told that we would be receiving far more than what we would be giving. How true was this, and how many amazing people did I meet who happily invited me into their lives!

When in Albury, I was fortunate enough to be able to attend a seminar given by a Dr Yvonne McMaster, one of

the first palliative care specialists in Australia. Although she is retired now, Dr McMaster is a proactive advocate for this service, particularly for rural regions, and she constantly lobbies the government for increased funding in this area, which is, sadly, very limited. Dr McMaster is an amazing lady and retirement has not slowed her down one iota.

In the next issue of AM, I intend to include an interview with Meredith Dennis, who is the President of Tweed Palliative Support, as well as being the volunteer coordinator for the region. There are so many ways that volunteers may help out, maybe one of you will be inspired to do so after I have told you more?



## Plenary Council

### LISTEN TO WHAT THE SPIRIT IS SAYING!

#### Does my voice, my experience, sharing my story, really matter?????

Yes! Absolutely! Each of us is called as children of God, to respond to Pope Francis' invitation to become 'Synodal' church—a church of faith-filled people who speak boldly and with passion, and who listen deeply with an open and humble heart.

In his address to the Bishops of the world, Pope Francis explains the importance of listening, dialogue and prayer; "A synodal Church is a church which listens, which realises that listening is more than simply hearing. It is a mutual listening in which everyone has something to learn. The faithful people, the College of Bishops, the Bishop of Rome; all listening to each other, and all listening to the Holy Spirit, the 'Spirit of truth' (Jn 14:17). In order to know what he 'says to the Churches' (Rev 2:7)", go to the 'Resources' page and see how you and your local community can be involved. <http://plenarycouncil.catholic.org.au>

## Extract from Letter of Most Rev Vincent Long Van Nguyen OFM Conv, Bishop of Parramatta

### A TIME OF CONVERSION:

The failures in the Catholic Church's response to child sex abuse that the Royal Commission has exposed are largely the failures of leadership, more specifically the failures of a clerical system of leadership. I actually believe that the lay faithful suffer largely from guilt by association. It is worth noting that the Royal Commission does not see the Catholic Church as monolithic. It recommends, for instance, that the clerical governance structures be reviewed, drawing from the modes of governance already implemented in Catholic health, community services and education agencies (which are mostly administered by lay professionals).

The time has come for the hierarchy to not only admit the need for change but to discern with the faithful as to

what the process and the agenda for change should look like going forward. In other words, for the Church to be truly synodal and listening, for the Church to go beyond the "business as usual" model, the inclusion of the *sensus fidelium* in all deliberations and responses is critical. The Church has been humbled and humiliated. It has been thrown off its high horse because it has been exposed as having failed its mission and betrayed its own ethos. But it is not necessarily a bad thing that we now have to start from a position of weakness and vulnerability in order to regain our trust and indeed our Gospel compass.

I am reminded of the story of the Apostle Paul on his way to Damascus. He fell off his high horse in more ways than one. The fall from his privileged position and the temporary physical blindness meant he had to be led by the hand. But this complete

vulnerability was the catalyst for a whole new way of seeing, acting and relating. Paul was never the same afterwards. He learned to be humble, open and docile to God's way. His strength no longer came from his status, entitlement, privilege and power.

The Catholic Church has had its Damascus moment in the sexual abuse crisis. It has fallen from the privileged position in society and the power and influence that came with that status. Now, like Paul who was led into a place of vulnerability, we are undergoing a time of uncertainty and darkness until we can learn to see, act and relate in the way of Christ the Humble Servant. We should not fear this time, which is a kind of a Holy Saturday experience. It is a time of ambiguity, of mourning and yet hoping for Good News; it is a liminal interval, a time in which one stands between the old and the new.

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## EMMANUEL'S JOURNEY Part 1 by Peter Cossins

**Emmanuel was placed with us in the Parish for 12 months between January and December of 2014. He was very active and was instrumental in commencing a Youth Group within the Parish.**

**Emmanuel also supported some parish out-reach programs while he was with us.**

**However, after much discernment, Emmanuel embarked on another professional interest.**

**I caught up with Emmanuel because many people remember his time in the Parish and have asked what he is doing now. This is what Emmanuel said:**

"Peter, I remember when I was wrapping up my time at Tugun after a 12 months placement, most parishioners would approach me and express their wishes in the following words: "All the best for the future, Emmanuel!" Looking back, I see those wishes as prayers said on my behalf, and indeed, they have become a prayer answered. Today, I feel that those beautiful words are beginning to come true in my life. But the best is yet to come!

Peter, I have fun memories of Coolangatta-Tugun parish. I cannot appreciate enough the beautiful environment, the friendly people, and the magnanimous parish culture that I experienced within the parish. I remember the day when I arrived at the parish; Fr John and some parish staff members welcomed me elegantly. Fr John helped me to adjust into life on the Gold Coast. There are lots of other fun times I can go on and on. I met so many nice people in both Tugun and Coolangatta, who were willing to do so much for their beloved communities. Their zest, courage and more importantly, their faith, have continued to inspire me in more ways than I can express. I count myself privileged to have shared in the life of this beautiful community. Peter, I am humbled to know that I am remembered that much. It's even more humbling to know that people have been asking about me and wanting to know what I have been up to lately. I will ever remain grateful for the experience of genuine love experienced from the parish community.

As you would imagine, my journey to Australia marked a critical point in my life. Gratefully, it has turned out to be a roller coaster of surprises, emotions and impressive achievements. It marked the beginning of finding myself in a culturally diverse society, as I embarked on a new adventure of learning, unlearning and relearning the world as I had always enjoyed it.

In 2015, things assumed somewhat of a dramatic turn. I had so much more going on than I would have ever imagined. During this period, I realised that if I must be of true help to others, I might as well avail myself of the opportunities and develop myself accordingly. The move to equip myself, in the way I thought was best, wasn't funny. I almost got close to what I thought was my breaking point as I prepared to do this. I had to support myself while studying two separate post-graduate degrees in theology and social work; something I would hardly advise anyone to do. People that were close to me then thought it was quite insane doing these studies, especially as an international student. I remember one of my professors, upon realising the enormous work I was undertaking said: "Emmanuel, you are mad!" Without thinking about anything, my response was: "I know." As complicated as the situation was then, the good thing was that I had the docility to follow up with the dictates of my conscience, and was able to stand the hard times, trusting that the best is yet to come and the most beautiful in me is yet unborn. And so it has turned out to be."

{be continued next edition}



## LIMBO by Sister Mary Ada



The Ancient greyness shifted  
Suddenly and thinned  
Like a mist upon the moors  
Before a wind.

An old, old prophet lifted  
A shining face and said:  
"He will be coming soon.  
The Son of God is dead;  
He died this afternoon".

A Murmurous excitement stirred  
all souls.

They wondered if they dreamed –  
Save one old man who seemed  
Not even to have heard.

And Moses standing,  
Hushed them all to ask  
If any had a welcome song prepared.  
If not, would David take the task?

And if they cared, could not the three  
young children sing

The Benedicite, the Canticle of praise  
They made when God kept  
them from perishing  
In the fiery blaze?

A Breath of spring surprised them,  
Stilling Moses' words.  
No one could speak, remembering  
The first fresh flowers,  
The little singing birds.

Still other thought of fields  
new ploughed  
Or apple trees  
All blossom – boughed.  
Or some, the way a dried bed fills  
With water  
Laughing down green hills.

The fisherfolk dreamed of the foam  
On bright blue seas.

The one old man who had not stirred  
Remembered home.

And there He was  
Splendid as the morning sun and  
fair

As only God is fair.  
And they, confused with joy,  
Knelt to adore  
Seeing that he wore  
Five crimson stars  
He never had before.

No canticle at all was sung.  
None toned a psalm,  
or raised a greeting song.  
A silent man alone  
Of all that throng  
Found tongue –  
Not any other.

Close to His heart  
When the embrace was done,  
Old Joseph said,  
"How is your Mother,  
How is your mother, Son?"

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## *A Conversation with Bob and Pauline Stribling*

*recorded by Nicola Hanzic (with help)*

***My conversation with Bob and Pauline (who attend St Augustine's) meandered along many paths and it was hard deciding what route to follow. I chose the personal one.***

Bob calls himself a self confessed Geek. Whatever his title, the banking career of this humble man has taken both of them on a truly worldwide global adventure.

Bob was born in London, but grew up in California. His father, originally a bricklayer, had earned an accounting certificate, but was unable to move from labourer to white-collar worker; so he packed the family up, and migrated to America. Bob is proud of his father who, through hard work and pure determination, retired as personal tax accountant for a wealthy oil family in California. After he completed schooling, Bob entered university studying Music, and first worked as a professional singer with the Roger Wagner Chorale, the English Chant Schola, and singing movie scores as a member of the Screen Actors Guild. Sadly, music doesn't pay well, so he also took up a position in banking, continued studies, and eventually graduated with a degree in Human Relations & Organisational Behaviour. Taking up banking was fortuitous, as it meant a Singapore posting which led to a chance encounter with Pauline.

Moving to Singapore, Bob (an avid mountaineer), had wondered how one enjoys the great outdoors in equatorial jungles. He would meet Pauline when he went to buy a car. An ex-bank officer, who recently migrated to Singapore's lucrative car industry, Pauline also enjoyed trekking. She suggested that Bob join a couple of local outdoor adventure clubs, which organise regular 'bushland' and jungle treks in Malaysia and Indonesia, and longer trips further afield. He took her advice, and both would meet again on some club excursions, where a friendship blossomed. Their biggest trip was a trek to Mt Annapurna, Nepal. Together with 12 other trekkers, they were shepherded up Mt Annapurna over 18 days by Sherpa guides and a small army of porters carrying everyone's gear. After each day's exhausting 7-8 hours trek, the 'trekkers' would arrive to find camp already set up with a meal cooked by the porters and cooks. Such 'luxury' provided by these poor, uncomplaining, but happy Nepalese impressed all. Bob philosophised that those who have the least, seem to have the most, as the porters and Sherpas exuded a great inner peace and sense of 'community.'

Born in Singapore, Pauline was raised a "cradle Catholic" by her maternal Grandmother – who was very special to her. Bob and 'Granny' got along famously – though she spoke little English.

Bob imparted that he is a convert to Catholicism. Baptised Anglican at birth, he evolved into an ardent atheist, although he sang as a paid singer in many different Churches in Hollywood and listened to many different services. But over time, as cantor at St Paul the Apostle Church (Westwood, LA), he became moved by the experience of Mass and started asking questions.

Later, while living in Singapore, Bob joined the 100-voice Church of the Risen Christ choir (now the official Cathedral choir, where Bob is still a member when he's in town). During this period, Bob felt called to become a Catholic, joining RCIA, with Pauline attending too. (Wanting a deeper understanding of faith, Pauline had years earlier attended bible courses and taught Catechism for a decade. She had also helped at RCIA, conducting make-up classes for candidates who'd missed classes). Pauline became Bob's Godmother when he became a Catholic, and they married shortly thereafter in Singapore. Their different 'cradle' versus 'conversion' paths to Catholicism has provided interesting insights into faith. Bob sees many 'cradle Catholics' as perhaps taking too much for granted, and lacking deep understanding. But nonetheless, their deep core of Catholicism is very powerful. It seems to awaken and become a real source of strength, like an anchor, when they get older and go through those inevitable periods of life crisis. It helps them to cope - part of the great mystery of faith! Both felt that 'cradle Catholics' could benefit from doing RCIA.

An interesting life experience was when Bob's career took them to Beijing, where attending Mass was a real eye opener. There were 3 levels of the Catholic Church – (1) the 'official' Government approved church; (2) a church for foreigners only, with Mass held at an embassy and passports required for admission; and (3) the 'Underground' Church, where priests take substantial risks saying Mass.

As the shadows lengthened, I asked about a memorable time in their lives. They spoke warmly about friendships forged at different churches in Australia; and attending daily mass in Jamberoo Abbey, near Gerringong where they had lived. Bob highlighted the joy of leading music at Mass when it helps create a more prayerful spirit.

Both also spoke animatedly about their time running a 160 acre property in Gembrook, Victoria. Being city slickers, they had to learn how to maintain rural property and to manage livestock - they had 50 head of cattle. Bob thinks Pauline might be the only Singaporean lady globally who can drive a John Deere tractor! With Bob working in Melbourne, Pauline was left to look after the cows - driving the tractor to feed them, and handling various other tasks. Gembrook locals thought they wouldn't last a year – but they did! They flourished 4½ years, before selling the farm and moving to China. They formed deep friendships, which have been maintained to this day. Bob and Pauline see Australia as their main home, with ties to Singapore and the USA. Both feel much blessed.....living on a "lily pad of life," floating around the world wherever the Lord chooses to take them. I would like to thank Bob and Pauline for taking time to chat to me, and hope they continue to enjoy being part of our community.



## WHY TO TOUR AUSTRALIA by Sharon Cabban

**In 2018, my husband, Dennis, and I spent 6 months touring Europe by car. Our return to Australia is the pleasure of finding heaven on earth after the chaos, dirt and overcrowding of the 'Continent'. An area smaller than Australia with 700 million+ population and around 250 million tourists – I'm definitely not tall enough, or sufficiently assertive/selfish, to view the sights over mountains of heads.**

### Driving Europe

The road system of Europe is that of life-threatening mayhem. We labelled the drivers "innumerate goldfish" as they completely ignored speed limits and their concentration spans were less than 30 seconds. Speed limits are 130km/hr on poor quality roads but most cars flash past at 200km/hr.

In Italy and Greece, it is impossible to decide if drivers are homicidal or suicidal. Despite what is promoted about European efficient rail systems, they certainly don't carry freight. A ring of semitrailers circles Italy. These are limited to 80km/hr and the drivers are considerate and safe - unlike the car drivers. You pull out to overtake a slow-moving truck with nothing behind you and from nowhere an Audi, BMW or Mercedes (usually black) materialises in your rear view with lights flashing and horn blaring.



European motorists are also hugely entertained by cutting you off as they cross back into your lane. If they leave more than 10cm between the rear of their car and the front of yours, disappointment is writ large on their faces. Most were travelling too fast to check for 'kills' stamped on their cars' panels.

As part of the goldfish mentality, there is no preparation to overtake another vehicle. Rather than moving out to overtake when the way is clear, they wait until almost touching the vehicle in front, then swing out, oblivious to upcoming vehicles and speed off for about 30 seconds then the light dims as they forget they are driving a ton of death at 200km/hr and inexplicably start to slow. After about 5 minutes, the light comes on and they're off on another crazy dash.

We are going to make a cost saving suggestion to European governments that traffic signs are superfluous as they are comprehensively ignored. European auto manufacturers could also dispense with unused accessories such as rear view mirrors, indicators, cruise control and speedometers.



However, there is one item in European cars that is an essential – HAZARD LIGHTS. These are used extensively and principally for parking. Drive along, arrive at your destination, stop in the middle of the road, put on your hazards and walk away from your car for minutes, hours or days. Pedestrian crossings are also great parking spaces where you reverse in, put on the hazards and lock your car.

Authorities appear to have abandoned control of the roads. In 30,000 km, we saw no road patrols until we travelled Ireland. Control of urban terrorism seems their focus and ignore natural selection through carnage on the roads.

So, if you are into extreme sports and enjoy being abused, threatened and living precariously, then a driving tour of Europe is for you. And when you go to collect your 25 Euro/day car to find it actually costs 70 Euro/day because you foolishly want an engine, doors and wheels, Good Luck!

**My next instalment – Civilised (?) Europe.**

## We must stay alert for ALL the indicators in life!

### Age

This is what all 70+ year olds, and those yet-to-be, have to look forward to!!

At an assisted living centre, there are small apartments and all eat at a central cafeteria. One morning, one of the residents did not show up for breakfast, so someone knocked on his door to check everything was alright. She could hear him inside and he said that he was running late and down shortly, so she went back to the dining area.

An hour later, he still had not arrived, so she went back and found him coming down the stairs with great difficulty.

He had a death grip on the hand-rail and seemed to be having trouble getting his legs to work right. She wanted to call the ambulance, but he refused and she slowly assisted him down the stairs to have his breakfast. When he tried to return to his room, he was unable to even get up the first step, so an ambulance was called. His friends checked with the hospital on his condition and were told he was fine. He just had both of his legs in one leg of his boxer shorts!!!!

I am sending this to my children so they don't sell the house before they check the facts!