



# Newsletter

The Personal Ordinariate of  
Our Lady of the Southern Cross  
Vol 4 No 4 April 2023  
**Passiontide - Eastertide**



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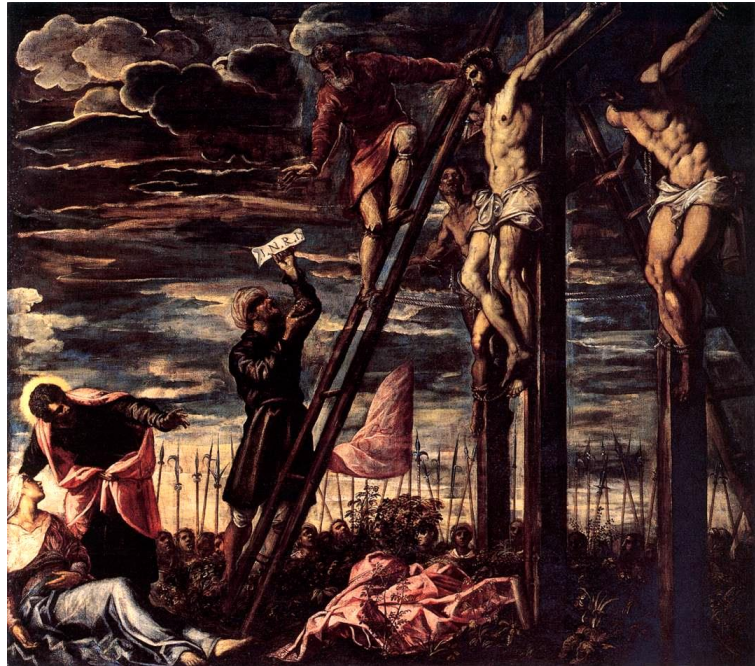
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## The Ordinary's Message

We begin April this year on the Eve of Palm Sunday – the reason why I've entitled this issue "Passiontide – Eastertide."



I've mentioned in past years how that, when I was a child, still living at home with my parents, brothers and sister, we were a "Sunday only" family in terms of church attendance, even at this most holy time of year. When I was very young, the arrival of Palm Sunday for me pretty much signalled the end of Lent – at least insofar as I even

understood what Lent was all about. After all, what with processing around the church, singing "All glory laud, and honour," and "Ride on, ride on in majesty"; such rather stirring hymns seemed well and truly to have put aside the somewhat lugubrious hymns that had characterised the services from the beginning of Lent. The next attendance in church was therefore Easter Day, with even more joyful hymns; but, as I say, to me, the dreariness had already ended the Sunday before.

With dad being a policeman and often working different shifts, and with mom working also to try to put food on the table for a family of six, we sadly were not a family that spent any time at home reading the Bible or praying. Which therefore, left me blissfully, but terribly sadly unaware of the events that were to occur during the week prior to the first Easter. Of course, that all began to change when I became sufficiently aware of what the stained glass windows in the church taught me – not least about the Crucifixion. I can't recall, but I think that would have been when I was four or five years old.

Then happily, in my "tweens" our Anglican minister encouraged a group of us to reinstitute the

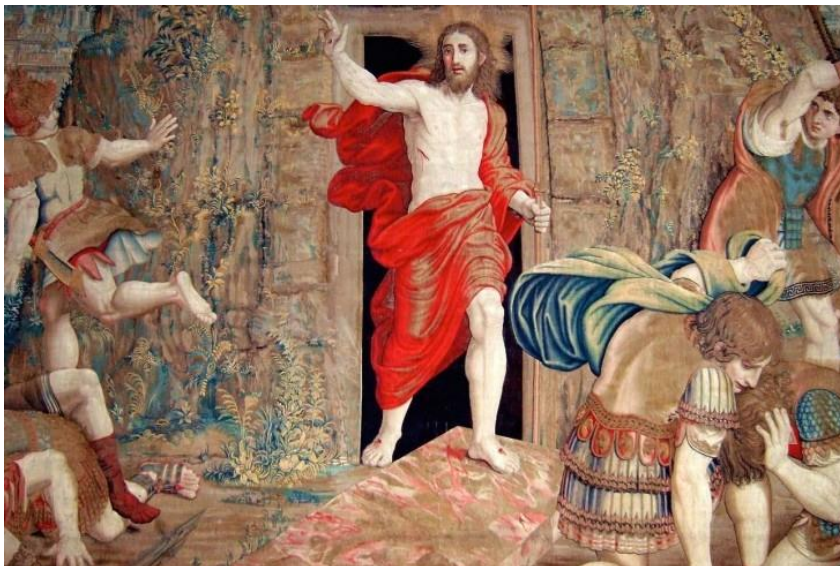
parish AYPA (Anglican Young Peoples' Association), and among the various activities was a greater awareness for those of us who had truly only a rather spotty knowledge of The Greatest Story Ever Told. Thus, among a much broader general understanding and knowledge, I was introduced to Holy Week. Being a "low church" Anglican parish, it was not the "full treatment" liturgically; and even at that, our family still didn't attend on Good Friday.

But a candle had been lit. In the ensuing years, in slaking my thirst to know more, I naturally migrated, granted with some bumps in the road, towards the Anglo-Catholic end of the C of E spectrum, including the discovery that Anglo-Catholics had remained faithful, at least in terms of liturgical ritual, to the Catholic services that characterise Holy Week, and especially the Triduum Sacrum from Maundy Thursday through Holy Saturday. And, of course, nothing has changed, at least in terms of outward liturgical celebration, in having returned to Holy Mother Church.

And even before the Triduum begins, when was the last time that you were able to attend a well-sung Tenebrae service on Spy Wednesday?

I must admit that Holy Week is the one time during the year when I wish we still only had a single cycle of Mass readings for the year. During the rest of the year, I think it generally a good thing to have a three-year cycle, as, and thinking of my childhood here, it exposes the faithful to much more of Scripture at Mass. Having made that observation, it must be said that in the single year cycle there was not any sort of impoverishment during Holy Week. Where with the revised lectionary, we now alter the Palm Sunday Passion reading – Matthew in Year A, Mark in Year B, Luke in Year C – in the single year cycle it was always only Matthew – but that did not leave us, as I say, impoverished. In the current revised lectionary, the Gospel readings on the weekdays in Holy Week, while certainly relevant, are relatively short. In the older single year cycle, we read, respectively through Holy Week, the entire Passion narratives from Mark and Luke, culminating with John on Good Friday. The full meal *every* year in other words.

Regardless, whether it be the single year cycle, or the three-year cycle, when we attend the services



*The Resurrection of Christ in Vatican Museum's Tapestry Gallery*

of the Church during Holy Week, we are immersed once again in the most important time, liturgically, of the entire year.

Therefore, literally on the doorstep of Holy Week, I implore all to attend as many of the services as possible through the remainder of Passiontide, and yes especially on Good Friday, so as to be both spiritually and emotionally charged to rejoice in the Resurrection!

The Right Reverend Monsignor Carl Reid, PA  
Ordinary





*“We celebrate [Easter] because now, thanks to the risen Lord, it is definitively established that reason is stronger than unreason, truth stronger than lies, love stronger than death.”*



Pope Benedict XVI

## 2023 Ordinary’s Easter Appeal

Your Support will help support primarily the development of our men who are in the process of studying for Holy Orders.



Dear Friends and Supporters of the Ordinariate,

As we prepare to celebrate the joys of the Easter Season of the Church, we must surely reflect on a truly eventful past year, which included the deaths of several notable people, including Pope Benedict XVI, from whom I have drawn my Eastertide quotation.

More locally, we suffered (at least temporarily for a few years) the loss of one of our seminarians; and we hosted an Apostolic Visitation Team whose concern, just like that of seminarians, is the future.

Even as we continue to await the results of that visit, which surely should be viewed as a wake-up call, we were ensured that the Ordinariate will continue. That brings more sharply into focus the need, not only for vocations (pray, please!), but also the means to ensure that our current seminarians receive the support, both spiritual and physical (financial) to see them through their studies and, pray God, their ordinations.

This letter then, launches my Eastertide Appeal for such support. Last year, the combined Advent Vocations Appeal and the Ordinary’s Lent/Easter Appeal realised some \$35,000 in donations, which is approximately \$5,000 less than the year before – and which falls short of the approximately \$50,000 we need each year.

Yes, there is somewhat frightful news almost daily about steep increases in the cost of living here in Australia; yet, I am hopeful that you will prayerfully consider supporting the work of the Ordinariate in making a sacrificial commitment to the Ordinary’s Appeal.

In thanksgiving to the gracious Lord, and in trust of his enduring mercy, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ,

**The Reverend Monsignor Carl Reid, PA**

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**2023 Ordinary's Eastertide Appeal**  
The Personal Ordinariate of Our Lady of the Southern Cross

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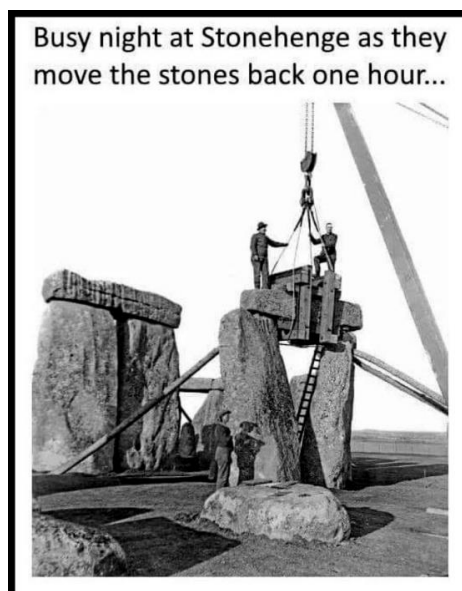
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44 Abbotsford Road, HOMEBUSH NSW 2140 AUSTRALIA  
Or email to: [admin@ordinariate.org.au](mailto:admin@ordinariate.org.au)



**Turn your clocks back, maybe...**

For those of you located in those parts of Australia where we moved our clocks forward in the spring, Daylight Savings ends this weekend (1/2 April). Turn your clocks back and enjoy an extra hour's sleep to greet our Lord as He enters Jerusalem for the last time on Palm Sunday!



**The Starved Man Who Changed the World**

Kevin Wells – 16 March 2023

*This column first appeared on the website Crisis Magazine ([www.crisismagazine.com](http://www.crisismagazine.com)).*

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Thirty-one years ago today, Venerable Aloysius Schwartz, one of the greatest forces for good for the humiliated, abandoned, and rejected in the history of the world, died like a poor man.

**Shoulder to shoulder in a chapel last weekend**, nine young women stood in

modest gray habits at the foot of a Mexican altar to proclaim the vows that would lead to their death. As two hundred or so teens sat behind them with teary eyes, the sisters slowly penned their names in consent to the demands of the Constitutions of the Sisters of Mary.

The once-bullied teenagers keenly understood what these newly-professed sisters had just bound themselves to: they would spend the remainder of their lives descending staircases into teenage souls filled with unspeakable wounds—souls just like theirs—and they would climb back up with them in the crook of their arm.

One teenager, three pews back, had been badly hurt by four different men before puberty. Another, a sixteen-year-old whose parents abandoned her at the age of two, was left to fend for herself as an unloved toddler, alone, in a slum. Another, near the rear of the chapel, was beaten, piteously, by her stepmother throughout her childhood, despite striving each day to win her love. These stories—and there are thousands—are why the Sisters of Mary welcome the children each morning as mothers do sons returning from war.

The “wedding day” of the new sisters had no romance. After a celebratory breakfast with forty-seven members of the Sisters of Mary community in Chalco, Mexico, the nine sisters cleared their plates and walked up a path—really, a blood trail in a desert—that



led to the inner volcanoes of three thousand teenagers in the Villa De Los Niños (Girlstown Village). The small crucifixes they accepted around their necks last Saturday marked them as anchorites to the

broken-hearted for the remainder of their days.

“It is time to die to yourselves,” Fr. Dan Leary said in his homily. The American-born priest has been the chaplain for the Sisters of Mary for three years. “It’s time now to suffer and sacrifice and give everything you have.... I promise this, though, if you fully give yourself to the children, you will have a freedom and openness in your heart that few others know.

“And you will know the way of Fr. Al.”

**Thirty-one years ago today**, Venerable Aloysius Schwartz, one of the greatest forces for good for the humiliated, abandoned, and rejected in the history of the world, died like a poor man in a small room in a Girlstown community in Manilla, Philippines. In his final days, the 62-year-old Washington, D.C., native kept the pain of his amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS, Lou Gehrig’s Disease) silent as he listened to a recording of his patron saint Therese of Lisieux’s *Last Conversations*, which had become like desert wildflowers for him as his body atrophied to less than one hundred pounds. Fr. Al had read Therese’s autobiography, *The Story of a Soul*, more than thirty times, often in her French hand.

In a soft voice, on March 16, 1992—when Michael Jordan was just entering the midpoint of his NBA career—Fr. Al told the half-dozen sisters encircling his deathbed that the Virgin of the Poor did not need him anymore. It was time, he explained to Sister Michaela Kim, to whom he had bequeathed his stewardship as Superior General of the Sisters of Mary, that the Virgin worked solely through her and the sisters. “He said at the end, ‘Although suffering is in me, I am not in it. I am in God,’” Sister Michaela shared. “He said that he was nailed to the

cross with Jesus and this would be good for the congregation and the poor.”

For the past five decades, more than 170,000 of the poorest teenagers in the world have graduated from fifteen authentically Catholic Boystown and Girlstown schools spread throughout the world like humble kingdoms of resurrection. The majority of graduates attend universities. They go on to run companies. They become teachers and bricklayers and run family farms. They are today’s auto mechanics, policemen, and dentists. They are lawyers, orchestral musicians, and architects.

Some enter seminaries and cloisters to become priests and nuns. Others move into parishes and volunteer as catechists, lectors, and spiritual big sisters and brothers to the poor. Thousands of them would be dead if the sisters hadn’t stepped into their oppressed villages—two-by-two—to pull them from the grip of traffickers, rapists, drug runners, gangs, and murderers.

As of this writing, 381 sisters care for 18,779 students in Brazil, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Tanzania, and the Philippines.

**Why is this important?** At this poisoned hour of civilizational collapse, some believe these waves and waves of resurrected teenagers are today’s greatest Catholic missionaries, young ones unafraid to step into a youth culture they know will often despise them for their traditional beliefs and ordered Catholic soul.

For five years in the Boystown and Girlstown communities, these youngsters do not play video games or browse social media. They do not have earbuds or cell phones. And they do not consider the TLM-New Mass debates, the untamed path of the German Synod, or the latest news from the Vatican. Each evening, at 7 p.m., they pray the Rosary together in a chorus that reverberates like thousands of bees. Thereafter, they adore the Blessed Sacrament, where they often stretch

out the tips of their fingers to the base of a monstrance like bands of haemorrhaging women and beg Jesus to release them from the memories of their pasts.

These children attend frequent weekday Masses, regularly confess their sins, and are daily catechized by the sisters who pour themselves out like tipped-over chalices of our Lord’s Most Precious Blood. These nuns *mother* like blue-collar martyrs, aware every child comes from the drylands of poverty, shouldering whale-sized crosses. Accordingly, the sisters offer their lives seven days a week for *their* love-starved children. There is great risk for these sisters. Two weeks ago, a pair of them were held up at gunpoint while traveling to a poor village.

How do these sisters attain this level of renunciation, bravery, and tireless work ethic? Each sister walks in the footsteps of Fr. Al, their spiritual father, who once told them, “Our role is to mingle our blood with the blood of Christ—and to shed our blood with that of Christ to the poor. The way we serve is to have a constant crown of thorns.”

Because the sisters’ eyes blaze with a deep love for their holy founder, many of the children now desire to proclaim the Gospel as Fr. Al once did—to share the fullness of the Catholic faith at universities, workplaces, and back in their villages. “Fr. Al is as much the children’s spiritual father now as he was when he was alive. Every single child—so many of whom have lost their own earthly fathers—are aware they have a spiritual father in Fr. Al,” Fr. Leary said. “They know he will never leave them. He is as close to them now as their next breath.”

The majority of readers will have never heard of Fr. Al, who in 2015 was declared Venerable by Pope Francis. Fr. Al prayed to be unknown. But as time moved on, his desire for anonymity became impossible; he was changing the face of the world.

**Who was this uncommon priest**, twice nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, whom Monsignor James Golasinski called the boldest man he had ever known? “People say that St. Vincent de Paul was the great apostle of charity and that Fr. Al Schwartz based his entire missionary life on his,” said Monsignor Golasinski, who served alongside Fr. Al for ten years in South Korea. “But I’ve told people that Msgr. Aloysius Schwartz accomplished more than St. Vincent de Paul. What Fr. Al managed to do is beyond the pale. I was there and I saw what happened.”

It would have been difficult for Aloysius Philip Schwartz to have picked a worse time to arrive in the world than on September 18th, 1930. The Great Depression fell like a guillotine into the Schwartz home, which sat forgettably on the slum side of the Benning Road trolley tracks in Washington, D.C. Every day, the front page of the *Washington Post* reported the latest stories of local and national heartbreak—which worried little Al’s father, Louis, a grade-school dropout struggling to feed his growing family.

As an eight-year-old, Al told his older brother, Lou, that he wanted to become a priest who would serve poor families just like theirs. Fifteen years later, Al became enrolled as a seminary student at Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, where he was the lone American acclimating himself with members of the *Société des Auxiliaires des Missions*, an obscure order of priests dedicated to living as poor-men priests in the most poverty-stricken villages of the world.

While studying in Belgium, two important events impacted the future of the American seminarian. He had been jolted by British poet Edith Sitwell’s depiction of Christ as a “Starved Man” in her poem “Still Falls the Rain,” where, nailed to the cross, Christ observes a German air squadron’s merciless bombardment of London in 1940. In her poem, Sitwell takes inventory of humanity’s gruesome tendencies—its pride, greed,

black-heartedness, and shameful behaviours.

Bombs are made analogous to our sins against Christ, dropped as “blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails upon the Cross.” It is only through Jesus’ spilled blood, Fr. Al saw in the poem, that grace and love are made incarnate. The redemption of humanity, Al understood, would be found both through God’s mercy and through those willing to *starve*—even die—as an expiation for a sinful world.

Thereafter, as a twenty-five-year-old seminarian, he asked Jesus to nail him to a cross of a priesthood that would resemble a Golgotha-like shedding of love. He prayed to be the *Starved Man* able to enter the sweet violence of untiring sacrifice for the poor.

Of greater import, Al discovered the apparitions of the “Virgin of the Poor” that took place in Banneux, Belgium, in 1933, when Mary appeared eight times to a twelve-year-old peasant named Mariette Beco. By the time he was in his second year of seminary, the tiny village of Banneux had become a part of his soul. He desired total union with Mary, whose words to Mariette rose in him like a small flame of consolation during tough seminary days, when he was often struck with illness.

Mary introduced herself to Mariette as “The Virgin of the Poor,” the first time in the history of apparitions that she had identified herself with those living in poverty. In the days that followed, the Blessed Mother told Mariette she had come to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and broken-spirited, while emphasizing the need for unceasing prayer.

In effect, Mary’s words to Mariette acted for the American missionary priest as the raw material to build perhaps the broadest non-governmentally-funded service for poor children and orphans in the history of the world. Everything mentioned to Mariette, in

a sense, was stolen, contemplated, mentally engineered, and effectuated by Fr. Al. Under the banner of his spiritual muse, Fr. Al fashioned an integrated system of authentically Catholic temporal and spiritual care for countless poor children, for whom he would provide an education, housing, meals, medical care, catechesis, the sacraments, vocational job training, sports teams, orchestras, and other extracurricular activities for five years.

**A week before his ordination on June 29, 1957**, Al visited Banneux for the last time, and he surrendered to her all of the future merits of his priesthood. He vowed to Our Lady he would work to become a *Starved Man* for the materially and spiritually poor, in the fashion of her Son. He was uncomprehending of all the Mother of God would do through him.

All these years later, because of his vow to Our Lady, tens of thousands of students have graduated these past few decades and gone into the world to help heal the wintertime in the Catholic Church and society. Those

graduates, fully immersed in the trench warfare of leading an increasingly godless culture to conversion, know the work is as unromantic as it is lonely. Fr. Al's startling words on the demands of true discipleship echo as a reminder:

*In the psalms, the Holy Spirit says, and He is quoting God, "I dwell in a place which is dry and waterless." God dwells in the desert; He dwells in nothingness, emptiness, and extreme poverty. If you want to find God, renounce all your possessions and seek God. Jesus died poor on the cross. He is stripped naked. He has no good reputation. He gives His mother. He is alone. His disciples have left Him, and He has no friends. The blood leaves His body—health and strength and life leave his body.... He empties Himself completely and the figure of Jesus on the cross is that of total, absolute, terrible, frightening poverty. Jesus says, "If you wish to be my disciple, you must renounce all that you possess." All means visible possessions and invisible possessions. What is on the outside, what is on the inside—all.*

To donate to the Sisters of Mary World Villages for Children and learn more about their spiritual work for the poor, please visit: [www.worldvillages.org/poverty](http://www.worldvillages.org/poverty).



Kevin Wells is a former Major League Baseball writer, Catholic speaker, and author of [\*Priest and Beggar: The Heroic Life of Venerable Aloysius Schwartz\*](#) (Ignatius Press). His best-selling book [\*The Priests We Need to Save the Church\*](#) was published by Sophia Institute Press in 2019.

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*In last month's newsletter I included an article by Kevin Jones, that provided information concerning The Divine Project: Reflections on Creation and Church - six lectures of Pope Benedict XVI now published posthumously. The following reflection by Dr. Grondelski provides even more encouragement to avail ourselves of the publication.*

### **The High Stakes of Creation**

March 28, 2023 John M. Grondelski

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*The Divine Project*, just published by Ignatius, collects five lectures Joseph Ratzinger delivered in Austria in 1985 on the Creation and the Church. The title derives from his understanding of what God was about in making the world: creation is God's Project in which everything, especially man, leads to His loving designs in Christ.

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It's vintage Ratzinger, he's never content with a superficial, first-take answer, like distinguishing the teaching of Genesis from the form in which it is conveyed. He insists instead on plumbing deeply into questions of which one may not have even thought.

Ratzinger argues that many really do not appreciate the importance and significance of the theology of creation in salvation history. Part of the problem, he thinks, is that many Catholics don't see that the foundational texts of Genesis also implicate the Catholic understanding of the mutual coherence of faith and reason. Generally speak(ing), lots of Catholics seem a bit schizophrenic, reserving Genesis 1-2 for Sundays and the Easter Vigil and the Big Bang for school. And never the twain shall meet.

A close reading of *Divine Project* reveals not only how profound but also how German a thinker Ratzinger was. While I find his analysis of the relevance of creation theology spot-on, the intellectual impediments for Americans to a full appreciation of creation seem, in several respects, different from *Zentraleuropa*.

The ghost of John Scopes still haunts some Americans. While Catholics do not subscribe to a literalist reading of Genesis 1, one senses that the idea that *God creates* (regardless of *how* He did it) still labours beneath caricatures of William Jennings Bryan with other science-denying rubes (now often lumped in with “deplorables” bitterly and frustratedly “clinging to guns and religion”).

Like it or not, the American mind is still affected by deism. Its residue, in the form of “following the science” conceived as an autonomous and sealed-off system, affects that mind in two ways.

For some, it renders the idea of Divine creation “in the beginning” absurd at the outset; but for many others, it obscures the notion of God's *ongoing action in sustaining* creation and thereby minimizes a real sense of divine Providence.

“Moralist therapeutic deism” – as a common view of religion these days has been called – is its mongrel offspring: a hands-off God becomes something of a fire alarm box – “break in case of emergency” – to be invoked only when in need of a miracle, like in a foxhole with bullets flying overhead. How could that “loving” deity refuse?

How much do most people believe in an active God who intervenes in history (especially history A.D. “in the year of our Lord”– and even that has been recast now as the neutral C.E. for “Common



*The Trinity by Hendrick van Balen, c. 1620*  
[Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland OH]

Era”) versus one largely detached, on an extended vacation since the “seventh day” or at least Ascension Thursday?

But God as *actively involved in creation* is not an optional idea. It is Catholic teaching that God not only created but sustains creation in existence. Absent His Absolute Being, contingent beings (i.e., human beings and the entire universe) would collapse into nothingness. God’s presence in history – and in every circumstance and moment of life – is necessarily ongoing.

Some might theoretically assent to this proposition since, in the end, agreeing God is necessarily involved in an ongoing way in creation (a) doesn’t really cost anything and (b) is eminently useful in life’s foxholes.

But the theology of creation *does* cost something, which is where I suggest that, for many Catholics, the rubber hits the road (and they often skid off): it entails co-creatorship.

Pope St. John Paul II spoke of our human participation in creation as co-creatorship, though subordinate to God, in two ways: through dominion over the material world and through procreation.

Dominion over matter generally doesn’t cause people problems: they can accept the idea of God bequeathing humans an IKEA-like world (assembly required), even if they don’t necessarily see in the progressive exercise of our spiritual powers, by which we’ve been made in the image and likeness of God, a part of Divine Providence.

Procreation, on the other hand, is another story.

Understanding procreation as participation (albeit in a subordinate way) in God’s work of creation challenges even Catholics to understand their place in the “divine project” of salvation history: is the God who yesterday sent a Child to Bethlehem the same One who may today be sending a child to Perth Amboy?

It also raises the question of Providence: will the God to whom we pay lip service as “Love” (1John 4:8) *really* make “all things [including this pregnancy] work for the good of those who love him” (Rm 8:28), our contrarian calculus notwithstanding?

And, in this moment, am I not being asked, as He once did in Nazareth, to give the same *fiat* that Mary gave, acknowledging God and not myself as “the Lord and Giver of Life”? For God gives life in directly creating the immortal soul, which humans cannot: do I believe in that soul?

Ratzinger’s lecture did not directly get into the subject of procreation, but he did raise a correlated question. We must simultaneously hold together the theological truths *that* God created the world and scientific hypotheses about *how* he did so. Empirical data may strongly suggest, but no amount of facts or data can *prove* that God – and not a random cosmic event somehow – *made* all that is. So we have no choice but to commit ourselves to one of two possibilities: that life in Perth Amboy and all life, in general, is a freak of nature, so to speak, though sometimes pleasant enough, or something far more meaningful and momentous – a Divine Project.

Such are the high stakes of the theology of creation. . .and of belief in Christ. (Col 1:16)



*John Grondelski (Ph.D., Fordham) is a former associate dean of the School of Theology, Seton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey. All views herein are exclusively his.*



## Is Anyone Listening?

March 7, 2023 Randall Smith

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Years ago, when I was a graduate student, I dated a young woman who was – how to put this delicately? – very decided in her views and not at all reticent about sharing them. She was great: smart as a whip, devotedly orthodox, and delightfully chipper for the most part. But if she was set on giving you a piece of her mind, it was best to pay attention.

One day, when we'd be discussing something for a bit, she said, "You're not listening." I, being young and foolish, replied: "That's not true." I then recounted the entire conversation from its beginning to that point, sometimes repeating back to her the same words she had used. QED, I thought, *quod erat demonstrandum*: thus, it is proven. I was listening.

She looked at me, cocked her head slightly to the side with an expression I knew meant "I mean business," and said: "You're not *liiii*stening."

Although simply lengthening the "i" sound in "listening" didn't seem to me at that point in my life to strengthen her argument substantially, I thought it best to try to figure out what she meant.

Whenever I tell that story to my classes, all the women seem to know *exactly* what she meant. In fact, when I get to the point where I describe how I repeated the entire conversation point by point, I can see many roll their eyes and shake their heads. "What's wrong?" I ask. "Didn't I prove my point?"

"You weren't listening," they say. "What? But I remembered nearly every word."

"You heard the words, but you weren't listening *to her*. You were like a tape recorder, not like a guy who really *cared* about what was going on her heart, mind, and soul. You weren't trying to understand

where she was coming from, what was going on *behind* the words, what was bothering her, or what she really *cared about*."

"So that's important?" I ask.

"Oh, yes," they tell me. "It's the most important part of really listening."

"Fair enough," I tell them. "So is that the way you listen to others? Is that the way you listen to your mother and father when they're trying to impart some wisdom or warn you against certain dangers? Is that how you listen to the words of the Scriptures or the teachings of the Church?" That's when things get interesting.

I mention this little story because it comes back to me every time I hear functionaries in the Church talk about all the "listening" sessions they've been doing to prepare for the Synod on Something-or-Other. Sometimes I wonder whether they're really listening.

Because when I go to daily Mass on our campus, here are the new developments I see. Half the women have their heads covered with the mantilla. When it's time for Communion, half the kids drop to their knees to receive, even though we don't have an altar rail and the modernist building makes it rather awkward. And after every Mass, one student or another from the congregation spontaneously breaks into the prayer to St. Michael the Archangel or starts the *Ave Regina*, sometimes both. No one plans this; no one has encouraged the students to do this; in fact, I don't think the chapel authorities like it very much.

These kids aren't especially "traddy." That's not our demographic. University of St. Thomas kids are pretty standard. But they know what they want, and it's not the Catholic Lite being handed on to them by

Baby Boomer Bishops who still think it's 1975.

So I am left wondering, who is listening to these young people? Who is going to the Synod on Something-or-Other to speak for them and say: "Do you remember how it was back when we were young and how frustrated we were that the older generation just wouldn't understand us and wouldn't get out of the way of the things that inspired us?"

Well, that's how these kids are. And now *you* – yes, you – are the old fogeys stuck in your ways who won't get out of the way for them, who want to keep doing the same old St. Louis Jesuit guitar masses with homilies that begin with a quaint little personal story. They *hate* that.

The young people I teach want something serious. They want to know that the people talking to them believe what the Church teaches because they understand that, if they give themselves to the faith in this culture, it will require nothing less than everything. They want a serious Church that can stand in the bitter winds they know are blowing.

The "sexual revolution" stuff of the 1960s bores them. They want sex, eventually, but even more, they want to know how to find someone to love them, how to have a successful marriage and career, and how to remain Catholic in a toxic culture that finds contemptible most of the things they care

deeply about. Too many bishops have nothing meaningful to say to them.

Who speaks for *these* young people? Who is listening to them, to their hopes and fears about the future? Bishops won't hear their voices if they spend their days listening to NPR or reading *The New York Times*.

I hear a lot of talk from certain Church prelates. The Pope talks and talks – in the Vatican, on planes, and to reporters who hate the Church. The German bishops talk and talk – as though everyone in the world should listen to them. But when others talk back,



Image: *The Fortune Teller* by Jehan Georges Vibert, late 19th century  
[private collection]

when they warn and try to reason with them and share their concerns, I don't see a lot of listening. Do they read any of the thoughtful commentaries from the other side? Do they care? They never respond as though they did.

They might be listening – vaguely, the way you listen to a buzzing fly you swat away – but there's no evidence they're really *liiistening*. And according to my students, that's crucial.



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## Goings-On About the Ordinariate

### Prayers Please!

Warren Featherstone of our Adelaide community of Saint John Henry Newman, who was the Ordinariate's lay delegate to the big Australian Catholic Church Plenary over the past few years, has had a recurrence of Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. His treatments, over the next five to six months, are five hour sessions of a nasty type of chemotherapy. These will occur every three weeks, and are accompanied with "pretty awful" side effects.

Pray without ceasing.



### Lent IV – Mothering Sunday – Refreshment Sunday – Laetare Sunday – Simnel Cakes!



In Sydney

And in Newcastle:



### Anniversaries This Month



**ORDINATIONS** Fr Andrew Kinmont – 5 April  
Fr Gordon Barnier – 26 April

**BIRTHDAYS** <none this month>

O Jesus, Eternal Priest, keep Thy priests within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may touch them. Keep unstained their anointed hands, which daily touch Thy Sacred Body. Keep unsullied their lips, daily purpled with Thy Precious Blood. Keep pure and unworldly their hearts, sealed with the sublime mark of the priesthood. Let Thy Holy Love surround them from the world's contagion. Bless their labours with abundant fruit, and may the souls to whom they minister be their joy and consolation here and their everlasting crown hereafter.

Mary, Queen of the Clergy, pray for us: obtain for us numerous and holy priests. Amen.



## April - The Month of the Holy Spirit



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						<b>1 April Saturday in Passion Week</b>
<b>2 April PALM SUNDAY</b>	<b>3 April MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK</b>	<b>4 April TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK</b>	<b>5 April WEDNES- DAY IN HOLY WEEK</b>	<b>6 April MAUNDY THURSDAY</b> (White for Evening Mass)	<b>7 April GOOD FRIDAY</b>	<b>8 April HOLY SATURDAY SOLEMN VIGIL OF EASTER</b>
<b>9 April EASTER DAY</b>	<b>10 April MONDAY - OCTAVE OF EASTER</b>	<b>11 April TUESDAY OCTAVE OF EASTER</b>	<b>12 April WED OCTAVE OF EASTER</b>	<b>13 April THURSDAY OCTAVE OF EASTER</b>	<b>14 April FRIDAY OCTAVE OF EASTER</b>	<b>15 April SATURDAY OCTAVE OF EASTER</b>
<b>16 April EASTER 2 (DIVINE MERCY SUNDAY)</b>	<b>17 April Eastertide Feria</b>	<b>18 April Eastertide Feria</b>	<b>19 April Eastertide Feria</b> <i>(St Alphege, Bp &amp; Mtr)</i>	<b>20 April Eastertide Feria</b>	<b>21 April St Anselm, Bishop &amp; Doctor</b>	<b>22 April Eastertide Feria</b> <i>(St Mary on Saturday)</i>
<b>23 April THIRD SUNDAY OF EASTER</b>	<b>24 April Eastertide Feria</b> <i>(St Fidelis, Pr &amp; Mtr)</i>	<b>25 April ANZAC DAY</b>	<b>26 April ST MARK EVAN- GELIST</b>	<b>27 April Eastertide Feria (St Louis Grignon de Montfort)</b>	<b>28 April St Peter Chanel, Pr &amp; Mtr</b>	<b>29 April St Catherine of Siena, Vg &amp; Dr</b>
<b>30 April EASTER 4 (GOOD SHEPHERD SUNDAY)</b>						

The Holy Father's Intention for April: "We pray for the spread of peace and non-violence, by decreasing the use of weapons by States and citizens."