

Getting Operational

Dear Friends,

THIS is unique — a special *Handouts* to report on my arrival at *Rockview*, 143 Old Trunk Road, The Rock NSW 2655, phone 02 6920 2000.

Usually I avoid writing in the first person, though I am no doubt over-guilty of doing so in speech.

I did not drive myself to The Rock, but was driven by a priest friend on 9th November, 2017. He had much more stamina than I have, though with only one eye functional yet. [N.B. for grammarians: I was going to say ‘than me’ as a preposition rather than a conjunction — but feared it give offence.]

Meanwhile my small (matchbox toy!) Suzuki Sierra 1995 (4-seater 4×4) was driven by Daniel Vieira, also heroically, since his forthcoming knee replacement operation, both-knees at once, was only a week later, and with much pain, before and after!

In the outcome of that momentous day, very late that night, long after I’d gone to bed in a temporary accommodation, a pantechinon (in plain Aussie English, furniture van) finally drove in to *Rockview*.

But it wasn’t the one which had set out that morning. That had broken down in Gundagai — where yester-year’s Dog sat on the Tuckerbox. Some vital part had gone bung in that great swaying monster, and it refused to go forward or be fixed. The four stalwart furniture-removal men called up on their mobile phones for another vehicle, and reloaded the enormous load from one caboose to another.

The precious load included the voluminous remainders of my possessions and the whole of the family chapel’s sacred furnishings. All these things had been lovingly prepared for transportation by benefactors: “Bear one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the Law of Christ,” said the Apostle (which is patristic code for St Paul). My first Mass here was in the dining room, “a home Mass”.

The welcoming family who so kindly care for me in my old age had already arrived at *Rockview* weeks before, and were already settling in themselves.

In their goodness, they had also been getting my new accommodation ready. It was the former army barracks 18 metres × 5 metres (or, for the pre-metric, about 60 feet × 16½ feet) transported from *Laureleigh*, Tarlo, c/- Goulburn, where it had been the family-overflow accommodation. Some employed, some voluntary, the labours of many were involved, all with their hearts in it, to help me to get operational once more in my retirement apostolate under its banner name of the Cardinal Newman Catechist Consultants, which conveniently preserves the original initials from 1974, C.N.C.C.

So, dear Friends, I am and hope to remain,

Yours sincerely and gratefully in our Lord

James Tierney
Rev. Father B.J.H. Tierney

Known in traditional Irish style as “Father Jim”

MY SAGA CONTINUES

ARRIVING was only a prelude — only the end of the beginning. Settling-in to become fully operational will take at least the same time-span as packing up for relocation, at least six months.

On this 69th day, I issue this cheerful report.

The **chapel** was operational for my second day, with its overhead fan in the high cathedral ceiling.

The diocese has authorized it primarily for my daily celebration of Mass, with the family usually here on weekdays. On Sundays, they participate in the parish Mass, while any visitors staying a few days would become my Sunday congregation.

Building up parish life is vital. What Pope St Pious X said to a few cardinals is as relevant today as it was then he said it over a hundred years ago:

What is most needed at the present day is to have in each parish a group of laity who are at the same time **Virtuous, Enlightened, Determined and really Apostolic.**

The Vieira family’s new private chapel is again dedicated to the Holy Family. It is even more beautiful and inspiring of piety than its original at *Laureleigh*.

At the other end is my **bedroom**, the last 3 metres of the 18 metre building. My primitive mentality of split-slab cabins finds the *en suite* positively *luxurious*, but I am assured that this is nowadays *normal*.

What is more, the bedroom has a modern air-conditioning system to cope with the fierce heat west of the Great Dividing Range of which I had no experience. I wrote the first *Catholic Family Catechism* in a medium-grade shack on top of that Great Divide at Hampton, with wood fires throughout the year for cooking and continuous in winter.

The cool air goes through the bedroom door into the **workshop-studio**, known for short as “the study”. It is *manu et mente*, ‘manual and mental’, i.e. “by hand and by mind” — man’s creative activities “making” things, because he is made in the image of a Maker, as J.R.R. Tolkien said. This is fitting, since our Great High Priest was a carpenter, “and He wrought with Joseph, with chisel, saw and plane”.

I have not yet rebuilt the homemade bookshelves which I had made for my L-shaped studio-bedroom at *Laureleigh*, Tarlo. I’ll start once I unpack the planks from the ship’s 20 foot long container — which means I shall have to postpone writing/typing.

This **workshop-studio** is the biggest room in the rebuilt insides of the old barracks. Its east end opens into the chapel, its west end into the bedroom. It’s slightly longer than the chapel, and with the same high vaulted ‘cathedral’ ceiling, an overhead fan and the same wonderful modern LED soft-white lights recessed into the ceiling — no more buzzing noises from harsh white fluorescents.

Expect “further thrilling episodes” soon.

THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

by Don Trump, President of the USA

CHIRSTMAS is not about the lighting of the National Christmas Tree...

Whatever our beliefs, we know that the birth of Jesus Christ and the story of his incredible life forever changed the course of human history. There's hardly an aspect of our lives today that his life has not touched: art, music, culture, law, and our respect for the sacred dignity of every person everywhere in the world.

Each and every year at Christmas time we recognize that the real spirit of Christmas is not what we have, it's about who we are — each one of us is a child of God. Each and every person being a child of God is the true source of joy at this time of the year.

This is what makes very Christmas "merry".

The tree-lighting ceremony is a reminder that we are called to serve one another, to love one another, and to pursue peace in our hearts and all throughout the world.

... thanked the country's teachers, pastors and all those religious and those people who have taught us so much, for their leadership in our communities and our society.

And especially tonight I thank America's families. At Christmas, we are reminded more than ever that the family is the bedrock of American life.

And so this Christmas we ask for God's blessings for our family, for our nation, and we pray that our country will be a place where every child knows a home filled with love, a community rich with hope, and a nation blessed with faith.

The lighting of the National Christmas Tree is a tradition that began in 1923 during Calvin Coolidge's presidency.'

* * * * *

Later in a tweet President Trump wished those gathered for the tree-lighting "Merry Christmas" everybody. Merry Christmas. Happy New Year.

Trump has not used politically correct euphemisms for the holiday commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ. He repeatedly promised on the campaign trail and after his election that "we gonna start saying Merry Christmas again."

This year's Christmas decorations at the Trump White House include a beautiful traditional nativity set with a baby Jesus, halls full of Christmas trees and classic decorations. The decorations are a tribute to the "time-honoured traditions" of White House Christmases past, according to the Office of the First Lady.

The Trumps' first-ever Christmas says "Merry Christmas." None of the Obama's Christmas cards ever did.

Thank you, President Trump.

From Life Site News. See it for full text.

P.S. We must pray for him and for all our own friends & foes.

NON-P.C. THINKING TO BE ILLEGAL !

WAS it Mao Tse Tung who said, "If you use our words you will think our thoughts and if you think our thoughts you will do our deeds"?

Already Australian Thought Police enforce Laws which ban words, hence the mental ideas they express, to inhibit us from teaching or even thinking non-Politically Correct thoughts. Restrictions on Free Speech are getting tightened, like a mental garrotting. The Devil inspires politicians and chattering classes to permit nothing but Freudian-Marxism.

Satan's prototypes for a dictatorship in Australia are Hitler, Stalin, Mao Tse Tung and Pol Pot were. Silent surveillance in both sky and streets, enhanced electronically, is already all around and above. Even talking to a trustworthy friend under the thick shade of a turpentine tree could be monitored. We can expect the Bible and the Catechism will be banned books.

But be of good heart! The Word was made flesh and we have seen His glory in the Resurrection! May our own last words be, "Long live Christ the King". Better suffer an honourable death than be a scoundrel.

WHAT I AM WORKING ON

THE regular *Handouts* of a single A4 sheet on both sides are my constant concern. They provide vital religious knowledge, attitudes and zeal, even when we but touch the fringe of His garment.

My highest priority is to keep the *Handouts* going. They inform, re-assure and encourage perseverance in "the faith once delivered to the saints".

The next priority, simmering for years on the back-burner, is the *Catholic Family CatechIST* edition for fathers, mothers, older siblings and other teachers to guide and inspire use of the *Catholic Family Catechism* in both editions, *Disciples* (50 Q&As) and *Apostles* (500 Q&As).

A third priority is a *Millennium Edition* of the prayer book *Heart Speaks to Heart*. It crawls forward as I edit or write new prayers and plan its lay out, and test its texts on others.

Lastly, there is the recreational or hobby apostolate of "life-situational catechesis" in writing *New Boys' Bush Rescue*, a sequel to *New Boys Go Bush Again*.

This last item has a status akin to daily exercise, eating, drinking and sleeping. These are a ready-made reasonable excuse for finding it, humanly speaking, a more attractive expenditure of time.

PERSONAL PROVIDENCE — a reflection

IN 1960, my seminary lecturer in History of Philosophy asked me, "What are your main academic interests?" I answered instantly, "Scripture and Liturgy". On reflection later, I realized I was actually saying, "Religion". Yet I had no prospects of higher studies in either, being hopeless at the necessary languages, ancient or modern.

From ordination in 1964, I was much involved in classroom catechetics and teaching lay catechists. From 1975 to the mid-1980s, in between parish work, I was building up the Cardinal Newman Catechist Centre and writing *A Programme for Apostles of Christ in High School* and its Teacher's Books, and my *magnum opus*, the *Catholic Family Catechism*.

My retirement apostolate since 1995 has concentrated on catechetics, the handing on the Faith: its supportive skeleton in Q&As, filled out with explanations and Bible texts, and augmented by the life-situational catechesis of writing fiction.

Father Jim.

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