

This Week's Liturgy of the Word

Jonah 3:1-5, 10; 1 Corinthians 7:29-31; Mark 1:14-20

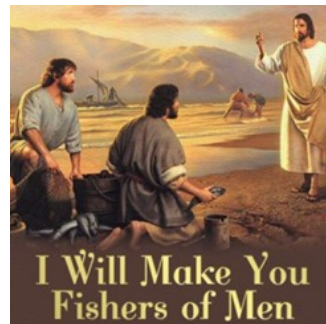
Responsorial Psalm

Teach me your ways, O Lord.

Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia, alleluia! The kingdom of God is near: believe the good news. Alleluia!

Gospel



After John had been arrested, Jesus went into Galilee. There he proclaimed the Good News from God. 'The time has come' he said 'and the kingdom of God is close at hand.

Repent, and believe the Good News.' As he was walking along by the Sea of Galilee he saw Simon and his brother Andrew casting a net in the

lake – for they were fishermen.

And Jesus said to them, 'Follow me and I will make you into fishers of men.' And at once they left their nets and followed him.

Going on a little further, he saw James son of Zebedee and his brother John; they too were in their boat, mending their nets. He called them at once and, leaving their father Zebedee in the boat with the men he employed, they went after him.

The Gospel of the Lord

Your Weekly Offering

► Direct Deposit:

Details for monastery church deposits
BSB 036044 Acc.No. 128369

OR

► **Envelope:** You will find envelopes in the pews. Please place your offering in the brown envelope. Again, a big thanks to each of you and your families for your generosity in difficult times.

Bulletin via Email

If you wish to receive the Bulletin via your email please let us know by emailing
cssrperth.secretary@gmail.com.



At the Monastery

BAPTISMS & WEDDINGS

During this time of social distancing please make arrangements personally for ...

- RCIA (Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults)
- Infant Baptism preparation
- Celebration of Marriage

CONTACTS

Office: Tue - Fri - 8.30 am - 12.30pm
Telephone: 08 9328 6600
Email: cssrperth.secretary@gmail.com

MONDAY AFTERNOON CRAFT GROUP

Meets Monday 1.30-4.00pm. All are welcome. Please contact Margaret on 0437 336 245

MONDAY EVENING MEDITATION GROUP

Mondays 5.30-6.15pm. Contact Grace on 0435 246 901. For information and resources from the World Community of Christian Meditation, please search www.wccm.org

COVID 19: In keeping with health guidelines, kindly take your **Bulletin** home with you.

Commentators and Readers - 27/28 January

**Deuteronomy 18: 15-20; Psalm 94;
1 Corinthians 7:32-35; Mark 1: 21-28**

05.00 pm vigil:	Heather C and Les L
07.00 am	Christine C & Peter R
9.00 am	Murray F, Pina F & Vicki O
10.30 am	Sarah C, Louise S & Veronica K
06.00 pm	Kath G & Loretta D

Mass Intentions for this week

Monday	06.30am	Catherine McCabe, RIP
Tuesday	06.30 am	To the faithful departed
	11.00 am	Joanne Pauley, S/I
Wednesday	06.30 am	Fr Brian Russell, CSsR, S/I
	11.00 am	Jame Vincent McCabe, RIP
Thursday	06.30 am	Redemptorists Volunteers
	11.00 am	Maldrid Slyth, Anniversary
Friday	06.30 am	Jack Williams, S/I
	11.00 am	Mr & Mrs Miguel Castro, S/I



We are on Facebook. Please search 'Redemptorist Monastery', check out our page



Bread 4 Today. A prayer app for life.
Download free from www.cssr.org.au/bread4today

EMERGENCY RELIEF ASSISTANCE
Free Call—1300 794 054



REDEMPTORIST MONASTERY

NATIONAL SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

THIRD SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

JANUARY 21, 2024



MASS TIMES

Saturday:	5.00pm (Vigil)
Sunday:	7.00am, 9.00am, 10.30am & 6.00pm.
Monday:	6.30am
Tuesday:	6.30am & 11.00am.
Wednesday:	6.30am & 11.00am.
Thursday:	6.30am & 11.00am.
Friday:	6.30am & 11.00am.

NOVENA to Our Lady of Perpetual Help

Saturdays at 4.30pm.

RECONCILIATION TIMES

Tuesday:	10.00am - 10.50am.
Wednesday:	10.00am - 10.50am.
Thursday:	10.00 am - 10.50 am
Friday:	10.00am - 10.50am.
Saturday:	10.00am - 12.00pm. 4.00pm - 4.30pm. 5.45pm - 6.00pm.

REDEMPTORIST COMMUNITY

Fr Edmond Nixon CSsR (Mission Leader)
Fr Lovin Lolo CSsR (Vicar)
Fr Mark Chia CSsR
Fr Son Nguyen CSsR
Fr Hendrikus Talu Leba CSsR
Br Huy Huynh CSsR
Fr Thomas McFall CSsR
Fr Noel McMaster CSsR ('Rosewood')
Fr Manoj Kunnath CSsR (Ayr, NQ)

MASS TIMES & INFO (08) 9328 3486 CONTACT DETAILS

ADDRESS: 190 Vincent St
North Perth WA 6006
PHONE: (08) 9328 6600
WEB: www.themonastery.org.au
E: cssrperth.secretary@gmail.com

SAFEGUARDING OFFICERS

PAM WARDLEY 0429 450 545
LORETA WILLIAMS 0406 080 157

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

**Wadjuk People
Noongar Nation**
Custodians of the land
on which we worship



A CALL TO CONVERSION

The Greek word "metanoia" is often used by theologians as well as psychologists to describe a deep change of heart and mind, which results from having our previous beliefs and values challenged and consequently, turning towards a way of living which embraces a greater openness to growth and to God. It is this invitation which Jesus put to his disciples by the sea of Galilee in today's gospel. Erik Varden, a Trappist monk whom Pope Francis appointed bishop of Trondheim, Norway, described his own experience of conversion in his book *Entering the Twofold Mystery: On Christian Conversion* (Bloomsbury, 2022)

Returning home one night to the priory he was living at, while he was a research student in Paris, he was shocked to find a disheveled, homeless man sleeping in the doorway.

Annoyed at first, he collected his thoughts and roused the man, who was irate at being wakened. Bishop Varden offered to help the man find accommodation. As they walked through the streets of Paris, the man said his name was Manu (short for Emmanuel) and in the darkness pointed out the vague outlines of homeless people known to him, who were sleeping. He saw to it that the man had warm, safe accommodation for the night. As they parted, the man took his hand, thanked him warmly and expressed the hope that perhaps one day, they would meet again.

Bishop Varden writes that "my heart previously dark, was charged with a joy so profound it was painful." Although he had previously intended to return to a secure job after his studies, this encounter made him feel a deep call to commit his life to praying for the world "in union with the sacrifice of Christ." To him, this would be a way to "breathe hope into our too often hopeless world." This experience set him on the life-changing path to becoming a monk. For some, responding to a call may set us on a path to the consecrated life or priesthood. For all of us though, it is an invitation to turn away from a world view which is egocentric, narrow, exclusive, or judgmental; to both ourselves and others, towards a broad empowering vision. It is saying yes to a way of being which is intimately grounded in God.

Thomas Merton writes of his moment of insight "In Louisville, at the corner of Fourth and Walnut, in the centre of the shopping district, I was suddenly overwhelmed with the realisation that I loved all these people, that they were mine and I theirs." A call to conversion helps us realise that it is the deep reality of beauty, mystery, awe and generosity to which we are ultimately called to commit ourselves. May this sacred commitment to be in intimate communion with God and with all creation, inspire us to live in a way which makes a radical difference to our communities and to the world.

SOPHIE CLEMENT

Sourced from the Redemptorists—Majellan Media, Melbourne

Australia Day



It was back in October 1988, 4.30 in the morning and still dark. A calm and slightly sticky morning. There we were, 46 of us, all ages, sizes, believers and so-called non-believers. We were on a mission. Actually, we weren't. We were on a pilgrimage and this was the starting point.

We had boarded our bus from outside our Kings Cross hotel (Sydney) at 4.00 am. With early morning thoughts and muttering conversations we headed to a tucked-away wharf on the northern side of the harbour and boarded the small ferry hired for the occasion. Pulling away from the shore we putted down the harbour the seven kilometres to 'The Heads'. We stopped then and took our bearings, collected our thoughts and stayed with the questions: How did all this come to be? How did we come to be there on that particular morning? In fact, how did we come to be in this land on any particular morning.



A Brisbane Sister of Mercy and I were that morning, with our 44 fellow travellers setting out on a pilgrimage to Central Australia to what was sometimes described in those days as the 'dead heart'. You may have already picked up on the significance of the year in which we were setting out – 1988, the 200th anniversary of Europeans 'settling' in Australia.

Silently and slowly that October morning, and somewhat awed, we retraced the course of entry as the ferry glided across the harbour waters. A city of millions that was not .

there 200 years earlier lay spread across the adjoining hills. It lay prostrate, still and quiet, its power and wealth well hidden beneath the emerging dawn. Our little ship motored up the harbour probably unnoticed at that hour

Two hundred years earlier eleven sailing ships, mere tubs in those pre-clipper days, also sailed into that harbour. They had completed one of the most momentous and accomplished sea-voyages in history. And they arrived with all on board spent and relieved after the harrowing eight months journey from Southampton, England. But enter the harbour unnoticed they did not. Gadigal eyes of the people of the Eora nation, were, from among the shore-line gums, firmly fixed on them.

An unsolicited silence engulfed the 46 pilgrims on that early morning. Thoughts too big to comprehend and feelings too deep to process filled each one's heart and mind. We sat or stood lightly on the ferry that morning and as the sun rose we stepped lightly onto the ground at Sirius Cove (named after the flagship of the First Fleet) and known to the Gadigal as Gurambalagang.

In ongoing silence we wrote in our pilgrimage journals as the smell of breakfast sought us out and invited us into a shared purpose there on the foreshore. That same purpose would guide us through the coming fortnight and a pilgrimage to what we now call "The Centre".

For two weeks we travelled through the lands of more than fourteen nations before reaching the land of the Anagu People where we were greeted warmly in Pitjantjatjara, "palya", meaning "hello".

Australia Day! What does it mean, What does it stand for? If truth be told it has many meanings. And again, it stands for many things. The day came to prominence only recently and largely after the celebrations in 1988. It was promoted to some degree and

even pushed as a symbol of nationalism. In some ways you could call it NSW Day as our reality is that each of the colonies which later federated into the Australian nation was founded on its own.

One of the saving features in Australian culture is that most of the population is not much interested in nationalism with the exception perhaps of a noisy rump. The Indigenous Peoples are made up of many, many nations. And those who have come to Australia over the last 240 years have come from parts of the world often buried in nationalism and nationalistic wars. It has always been our preference in this Great Southern Land to leave that kind of thing behind. We are not interested. Patriots, yes; but not nationalists.

As a nation our most sacred day is ANZAC Day. That day too over recent decades some have tried to hijack for a kind of national day. But that enterprise too has been unsuccessful. And thankfully so.

With Australia losing a higher percentage of its population than any other country during WWI, and with one in twelve who went to WWI not returning, we were a nation that spent the latter part of the second decade of last century buried in grief. ANZAC Day is anything but a celebration of nationalism. The war memorials in nearly every town and suburb attest to heartfelt loss and to sacrifice whatever of the validity of the cause. This is perhaps best portrayed in Sydney's War Memorial in Hyde Park. It depicts not a soldier in uniform holding a weapon



but a naked human being lying crucified-like across his sword.

Returning to the arrival of Europeans in this land I remember well the bicentenary on January 26, 1988. I was up at 3.00 am and drove to a place where I knew I could park. It was impossible to get anywhere near Sydney harbour by car as all roads were blocked off for the millions who were later to line its waters.

Having parked I began to walk to what is now known as Bradleys' Head (Burroggy) where I knew I would find a good possie from which to witness the first fleet reenactment - the entry into Sydney Harbour (Warrane) when eleven small ships that had sailed all the way from Southampton would pass through the heads.

As I walked along in the dark of pre-dawn there were hundreds of others also walking. What I remember most was the silence for no one was talking. Only the sound of footsteps. Everyone seemed to understand that the memory of that day in the Australian psyche was too poignant and

too complex for petty chatter. Its meanings, both understood and yet to be understood demanded a respect best revered in silence.

When I reached the waters edge there were hundreds of people who had spent the night there camped on and along the rocks. As people awoke they shared much of their food with those recently arrived and vice versa and thus it continued through the morning.

At about 9.45 am the crowd grew quiet and all eyes were focussed on "The Heads". By 10.00 am when the small ships of the First Fleet re-enactment came into sight the silence was complete. Thousands of people and not a word. If one was expecting a cheering and hooping mob, clapping and song there was none. Many were moved to tears by the depth of meaning in this secular liturgy.

Different thoughts probably came to different people. But the main thought that came to me watching those fragile little ships entering the harbour was "we survived". (It was through those same Heads in 1840 that my great, great grandmother arrived a babe in arms. The ship accompanying hers before entering the harbour was in a storm dashed on the rocks and all but one person aboard was lost. We survived!



At the same time as the enactment fleet entered the harbour, tens of thousands of First Nations People were in procession from Redfern to the Harbour shores. For them too this was a day beyond words, a day of many thoughts and deep feelings. Perhaps better than any Australians the First Nations People know a thing or two about survival. This too was their Survival Day. As I could not be in two places at once that day I was unable to join them much and all as I would have liked. We were all trying to be true to our own story and history.

What I have held dear from my experiences back in 1988 is the realisation that for all Australians our common story is one of survival. Survival is a work in progress, and we are still struggling. It is perhaps too early in our common story to find an integral day to celebrate who we are. But as a nation we are not known for rushing things. We can wait.

In the meantime, we celebrate each other and the wonderful land that enfolds us - peoples old and new. A special day *will* emerge. It will not be a day of nationalism but hopefully a day of deep humanity that gives glory to the God who brings us together. "The glory of God is humanity fully alive" (St Irenaeus, born 130 CE, date of death unknown). At Mass this week we give thanks for each other's personal stories and for a land that "abounds in nature's gifts, of beauty rich and rare ..."

Fr. Edmond.