



The Escarpment
Newsletter of the Wollongong Cursillo Movement

Dear friends,



“The thoughts of His Heart are from generation to generation...”

We have a bumper edition this quarter, with thanks to Geraldine Dayball, who provided her excellent witness talk from Ultreya in April, as well as an equally good meditation contributed by Shirley Parker. Earlier this month the diocese farewelled Bishop Peter Ingham - a great supporter of Wollongong Cursillo - with a Solemn Pontifical Requiem attended by parishioners, friends, and dignitaries from all over the country. The whole diocese will miss his kind wisdom and his ‘Dad jokes’, and both sides of his personality were fondly recalled in both the Vigil in the cathedral the night before the Requiem Mass, as well as in Bishop Brian’s fine eulogy for his brother priest.

As you all know, June is the month of the Sacred Heart, the Feast Day occurring on Friday of the third week after Pentecost. The first liturgical feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated on 31st August, 1670, with episcopal approval. The Mass and Office were composed by John Eudes, a French priest and the founder of the Order of Our Lady of Charity in 1641 and the Congregation of Jesus and Mary in 1643, but the Feast did not receive official papal blessing

until 1765, when at the request of the queen, the episcopate of France granted the Feast quasi-official approval, and a Mass for the Sacred Heart won papal approval for use in Portugal and Poland in 1765, and another was approved for Spain, Venice, and Austria in 1788. It wasn't until 1856, when, at the entreaties of the French bishops, Pius IX extended the Feast of the Sacred Heart to the rest of the Latin Church under the rite of double major. It was to be celebrated on the Friday after the Feast of Corpus Christi. Leo XIII raised the Feast to the dignity of first class. The feast was further elevated by Pius XI to the highest rank, that of double of the first class, and added an octave. The 1955 reforms of the General Roman Calendar suppressed the Octave of the Sacred Heart.

The above painting is an 18th-century depiction by José de Páez of St Ignatius of Loyola and St Louis Gonzaga with the Sacred Heart.

The Sacred Heart is most memorably associated with the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (*Missionarii Sacratissimi Cordis* [in Latin], or *Missionnaires du Sacré-Cœur* [in French]), and some Anglican Franciscans keep the Feast under the name of the Divine Compassion of Christ¹. The MSC was founded by Jules Chevalier in 1854, two years before the Holy See extended the Feast of the Sacred Heart to all the faithful in the Latin rite. Chevalier founded the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart 10 years later, in 1864.

The honour of spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus goes to a French Sister of the Order of the Visitation – Sister Margaret Mary Alaocque – to whom the Blessed Lord appeared during the Octave of Corpus Christi in 1690 and disclosed to her His heart, saying “Behold this Heart, which, notwithstanding the burning love for man with which it is consumed and exhausted, meets with no other return from the generality of Christians than sacrilege, contempt, indifference, and ingratitude...”

There is a custom – still observed in the Tyrol and Trentino – which originated in the Tyrol, whereby fires are lit in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This custom harkens back to an earlier custom of lighting fires on the Solstice of St John – 24th of June – as a custom which was reinterpreted in memory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus vow in 1796 when the Tyrolians faced an imminent defeat from Napoleon's armies and pledged allegiance to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in return for victory.

¹ <https://www.churchtimes.co.uk/articles/2013/14-june/comment/letters-to-the-editor/feast-of-the-sacred-heart-or-divine-compassion>

There have been a great number of Acts of Consecration composed as acts of self-consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, but I think the most beautiful one was given to Sr Maria Dolores, OFM, and an Act of Consecration I use myself. For spatial concerns, I'll not expound on the iconography of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but I will leave an interesting article I found on the subject in *Aleteia* in my list of references – the section on the connection with Old Testament sacrifices is well worth reading.

References:

<https://www.suedtirolprivat.com/en/suedtirol-privat-on-tour/100071-why-the-mountains-are-ablaze-every-year-in-june.html>

<https://catholicherald.co.uk/the-fires-of-saint-john/>

<https://www.churchtimes.co.uk/articles/2013/14-june/comment/letters-to-the-editor/feast-of-the-sacred-heart-or-divine-compassion>

<https://aleteia.org/2018/06/08/explaining-the-strange-symbolism-of-the-sacred-heart/>

<https://www.newadvent.org/cathen/09653a.htm#:~:text=From%20early%20childhood%20Margaret%20showed,to%20bed%20for%20four%20years.>

- Matthew Nicholson, Feast of *Corpus Christi*, 2024.

Geraldine Dayball .. 20th April Ultreya Witness

In St. Paul's letter to the Ephesians 1:10 .. He says ... "We are God's work of art, created in Christ Jesus **for the good works which God has already designated to make up our way of life**".

When you find your identity in the one who created you .. you know who you are.

But who am I really ? What is my purpose in this world?

When I was in primary school my sister and I used to walk 15 mins to 7.30am Mass a couple of times a week .. then walk home .. have breakfast then walk back to school alongside the Church. .. I just loved going to Mass ... and at that time it was in Latin. The piety of that era was that families would say the rosary in the evening kneeling beside the lounge .. but I found that difficult, because my dad often interrupted .. as he would have come home via the pub.

Girls at school belonged to sodalities such as the Holy Angels (wearing red cloaks and veils banding up all together in the front pews at the monthly Sunday Mass) I think **after** we made our First Holy Communion .. to honour and imitate our Guardian Angels and all the holy angels. And after we had been confirmed, we joined the Children of Mary and we wore blue capes!! This was a lay ministry intended to bring Marian devotion, community service & a social experience to practicing Catholics at every stage of life. I also know I just loved the stories of the saints and Our Lady of Fatima and Our Lady of Lourdes.

As a 16 yr. old starting work in Sydney, a friend and I visited girls who had been put into the care of the Presentation Nuns by the courts, which was a kind of jail in Arncliffe where several huge, padlocked doors had to be opened for our entry. "Inside", we used to play netball, sit and chat while setting the girls hair in rollers and just talking teenage things.

I must have felt a calling to be of service .. but I didn't recognise that or know why ... I just found myself doing things of service probably from the influence of my mum plus the Ursuline Nuns who educated us; they were the main influencers in my faith formation. I accepted that this was what people did and that continued by joining the Catholic Youth Organization in Ashbury Parish. Every Friday night we would begin with the prayer of St. Ignatius of Loyola ... "Lord, Teach me to be generous to serve you as you deserve to be served etc. ... etc. " that I remember to this day.

Even being married 10 years and childless, and I believed all was God's will. We went through the 7-year itch as a married couple and sought advice ... and catholic centre counsellor challenged me when I said it was God's will that we did not have

a child .. her reaction was .. “it’s your will Geraldine!”. So, when we decided to apply for adoption, we left it up to the Good Lord to give us who He wanted us to have for our family. **Then finally after 4 years of waiting ... THAT** phone call came to John ... I was in Kincumber helping at the Ozanam Youth Camp for under privileged kids and John was home in Campbelltown .. “We have a baby boy for you, can you collect him tomorrow from mid west NSW.” WHAT !!! Was my response to John ... I’m not ready to be a mother !! says I .. then a phone call from a Carmelite priest friend saying ... Look Geraldine if you don’t like him you can give him back 😊....

Thankfully I was with a faith filled family and after hours of conversation I decided that if it was God’s will that we have this little boy I will leave it up to the intercession of St. Jude (hope of the hopeless) to help me during the night and if I woke up feeling I could do this ... we will go ahead but if it was a negative feeling .. no chance. Poor John had to wait all night ... and the feeling when I came out of sleep was “Yes!” ..

So, having absolutely nothing, we madly scrambled to get stuff for a 6-week-old baby, and I said to my 7-year-old nephew ... what are we going to call this baby? ... he said, without hesitating ... “Simon, Son of John”. When we collected him at the hospital ... the name on his crib ... was Simon .. so our boy now 44 .. is Simon Jude.

However, when our Simon was 18 months old, I was diagnosed with endometriosis .. so, I believe yes, it was God’s will.

Then 4 years later we adopted James .. both total mysteries and gifts from God.

“Not flesh of my flesh nor bone of my bone, still miraculously my own. Never forget even for a minute you didn’t grow under my heart but in it”.

Jesus’ term “Sons of Thunder” fits my family .. I only wish Simon and James had the evangelical zeal that St. Marks refers to.

After our Cursillo last October ... prayer has become a big priority for me, **especially now with 5 grandchildren** who hear from me about a loving God, are blessed when they go to sleep, about the fact that they all have a Guardian Angel with them all the time, and thanking God with Grace at mealtime in our home. They know that their Guardian Angels have a name and that they can call on them whenever they want ... Ignatius for Ivy, Jerome for Ethan, Francis for Meg, Anthony for Miles and Bridget for Stella .. It has been said, that we should not give guardian angels a name because that means we own them in a sense ... but hey ... why ... we have Gabriel, Michael, Raphael to name a few, and even Lucifer .. so that makes no sense. When I am worried about any one of them I ask

my guardian angel to go to their Guardian Angel to protect them. Whilst they hear about our catholic religion in school ... it's like a subject ... but somehow faith hasn't been caught .. it's just a subject taught like Maths and English.

Last year, to our surprise, on a trip planned to the Battlefields in France, John and I found ourselves able to visit Lourdes, that very place where Our Lady appeared to Bernadette that I have loved ever since I was about 8. With the 2 rosaries we bought there for our granddaughters, we took them to the Grotto of the Apparitions and held them against the wall as we walked through the cave at Massabielle, placing 2 of our little girls in the hands of Our Lady.

Our youngest granddaughter has a rosary that we bought 8 years ago for her at Knock in Ireland .. where Our Lady appeared to parishioners in 1879. This little granddaughter asked me to keep her rosary at our place .. I don't think she wanted it to go with her to her home. So, we tell our grandchildren that we pray for them with their rosaries which are on the wall in our bedroom and when I am standing closeby, I always place my hand across the rosaries, and ask Our Lady to look after them.

On that same trip last year we visited our dear friend who is a Priest in Italy. He took us to many holy places .. the house where St. Maria Goretti was born which is being cared for by the friend of Assunta, Maria's mother, to La Verna and the cave where St. Francis of Assisi went for contemplation which is where he received the Stigmata .. as well as Bolsena, when in 1263 a Eucharistic Miracle occurred when a consecrated Host began to bleed onto the Corporal cloth which the host and chalice were resting on and the Feast of Corpus Christi celebrated at the end of June, was created. We bought 2 rosaries there for our Anglican grandsons.

SHOW ..

In so many ways Our lady seems to be nudging me ... as this week I've read 2 different articles about Ferrero Rocher: The chocolate inspired by Our Lady of Lourdes ..

Michele Ferrero, the company's founder and a devout Catholic, had a deep devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary and wanted to honour her through his work. It is reported that he named his company "Rocher" after the rock grotto, the Rocher de Massabielle, which marks the location where the Virgin Mary appeared to St. Bernadette in Lourdes, France.

In fact, "rocher" means "rock" in French. With this in mind, many point to the chocolate's crunchy coating and uneven gold wrapping as Ferrero's attempt to resemble this rock formation at Lourdes, which had a special meaning to the chocolatier.

At the 50th anniversary of the founding of the company, Ferrero said: “The success of Ferrero we owe to Our Lady of Lourdes; without her we can do little.”

I believe that God has my family and all that I ask him in his hands, and that he created them for himself ... so I have to try to stop worrying about my boys and their wives and our grandchildren ... and surrender ..

Like my parents and grandparents have passed on the faith to me, I know it's up to me to pass on my faith to my grandchildren ... just as Our Lady's parents St. Anne and St. Joachim, passed on their Jewish faith to her. However, will I be the one who is able to do that in this world of materialism, influence of the digital age and self-centredness .. and no faith at all. I just don't know .. but by golly I'm trying .. as it is my vocation and failure isn't an option.

So do I see Jesus in myself ... I believe in the power of prayer like He did and the many little miracles that have speckled our lives. Just like last week knowing that money was running out for a food programme for Aboriginal people .. I asked God to come to our aid .. then last Sunday, a lady came up to me and said she is organising a group to give money on a regular basis to buy food. Then again 2 days ago, I received a text from the charity who give us rescued food, saying that very little food was coming that day, and it ended up that enough was provided for the people that day.

So, who am I ... I would like to think I am brave, that I have the vocation of being a catholic grandmother, and that I am called to serve .. trying to do God's will and to say “yes” as Mary did .. and leaving it up to our God to open the doors for all he wants of me and sticking with me no matter what the human cost ... because God has already designated to make up my way of life. ..

De Colores

Ultreya Reminder:

Ultreya venues are subject to change depending on the parish involved.

JUNE – Zoom – Panania ladies

JULY – T.B.A

AUGUST – Rosemeadow – Camden ladies

SEPTEMBER – Wollongong – Potluck lunch and Team Commissioning

OCTOBER – Camden – Mini Retreat 9.30 am to 4 pm

NOVEMBER – Cursillistas lunch at the beach



Please join us for a

Luncheon

After a discussion at SOL about the importance of maintaining a connection with each other, It was decided to meet for lunch each month. The first of these lunches will be at the Campbelltown Catholic Club at midday on the last Friday of the month. The next lunch will be on June 28. The address of Campbelltown Catholic Club is 20/22 Camden Road, Campbelltown.

Meditation given by Shirley Parker

I'm a little teacup

Love this story or not, you will not be able to have tea in a teacup again without thinking of this.

There was a couple who took a trip to England to shop in a beautiful antique store to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. They both liked antiques and pottery, and especially teacups. Spotting an exceptional cup, they asked: "May we see that? We've never seen a cup quite so beautiful".

As the lady handed it to them, the teacup spoke. "You don't understand. I have not always been a teacup. There was a time when I was just a lump of red clay. My master took me and rolled me, pounded, and patted me over and over, and I yelled out, 'Don't do that, I don't like it! Let me alone,' but he only smiled and gently said 'Not yet'.



Then, WHAM! I was placed on a spinning wheel and suddenly I was made to suit himself and then he put me in the oven. I had never felt such heat. I yelled and pounded on the door. 'Help! Get me out of here!' I could see him through the opening and I could read his lips as he shook his head from side-to-side, 'Not yet'.

When I thought I couldn't bear it another minute, the door opened. He carefully took me out and put me on a shelf, and I began to cool. Oh, that felt so good! *Ah, this is much better*, I thought. But after I cooled, he picked me up and he brushed and painted me all over. The fumes were horrible. I thought I would gag. "Oh, please, stop it, stop," I cried. He only shook his head and said: "Not yet".

Then suddenly, he put me back into the oven. Only it was not like the first time. This was twice as hot and I just knew I would suffocate. I begged, I pleaded, I

screamed, I cried. I was convinced I would never make it. I was ready to give up. Just then the door opened and he took me out and again placed me on the shelf, where I cooled and waited and waited, wondering, *What's he going to do to me next?*

An hour later he handed me a mirror and said, "Look at yourself." And I did. I said, "That's not me. That couldn't be me. It's beautiful. I'm beautiful!"

Quietly he spoke: "I want you to remember. I know it hurt to be rolled and pounded and patted, but had I just left you alone, you'd have dried up. I know it made you dizzy to spin around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you'd have crumbled. I know it hurt and it was hot and disagreeable in the oven, but if I hadn't put you in there, you would have cracked. I know the fumes were bad when I brushed and painted you all over, but if I hadn't done that, you never would have hardened. You would not have had any colour in your life. If I hadn't put you back in that second oven, you wouldn't have survived for long because the hardness would not have held. Now you are a finished product. Now you are what I had in mind when I first began with you."

The moral of the story is this: God knows what He's doing for each of us. He is the potter, and we are His clay. He will mould us, make us, and expose us to just enough pressures of just the right kind that we may be made into a flawless piece of work to fulfil His good, pleasing and perfect.

So when life seems hard, and you are being pounded and patted and pushed almost beyond endurance; when your world seems to be spinning out of control; when you feel you are in a fiery furnace of trials; when your life seems to 'stink', try this: Brew a cup of your favourite tea in your prettiest tea cup, sit down and think on this story, and then, have a little talk with the Potter.



REUNION GROUPS

LOCATION	CONTACT	MEETING
<i>Eagle Vale Ladies - Day</i>	Contact Pauline Ranger 0416497541	Time and place TBA
<i>Campbelltown Ladies – Night</i>	Contact Margaret French 0417041721	1 st Friday of the month 7pm on Zoom
<i>Camden Ladies - Day</i>	Contact Dianne Garland: 0418 640 373	2 nd and 4th Thursday of month 10am in Camden/Raby
<i>Tahmoor Ladies - Day</i>	Contact Lesley Wyatt: 0488 666 326	1 st Mon of the Month 1.30pm in Tahmoor / Buxton
<i>Rosemeadow Men – Night</i>	Contact Frank Bugeja: 0415 562 808	Time and place TBA
<i>Wollongong Ladies - Day</i>	Contact Elizabeth Gill 0403238602	4 th Friday of the month 10am
<i>Panania Ladies Group – Day</i>	Contact Trish Benn 0403897849	1 st Tuesday of each Month 11.30am at Panania