

Basilica Parish good news

Vol 7, No. 1, Winter 2005

St. Joseph Shrine to be established on Basilica grounds



(St. John's - December 12, 2004)

The first step to establish a shrine to St. Joseph on the grounds of the Basilica-Cathedral took place today. Father Ray Earle presided over a sod turning and blessing for the proposed shrine. He was assisted by Mr Jack Evans, a long time parishioner of St. Joseph's.

The Groundbreaking Ceremony was held to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Dedication of the former St. Joseph's Church, Quidi Vidi that was formally consecrated on December 8, 1954.

In 1998, due to a decline in the Roman Catholic population of the area, St. Joseph's Parish was suppressed and its boundaries absorbed by the Basilica-Cathedral of St. John the Baptist Parish. The final Mass was held on February 21, 1998. Since the closure of that church in 1998 many of the parishioners now make the Basilica their home.

The statue of St. Joseph that will be the center piece of the shrine is the statue of St. Joseph that was originally located in a recess in the upper portion of front facade above the main entrance.

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Ensuring an Effective Parish Council

Parishioners will recall that in late September of last year, our Pastor, Fr. Ray Earle, announced that he had formed a committee to discuss the present structure of our parish Pastoral Council.

The committee comprised of the Pastoral Team (Fr. Earle, Marie Whelan, and Gitta Penney), Frank Fowler, the former chairperson, and Brian

Furey, the current chairperson of the Pastoral Council met recently. They discussed the past successes and struggles of the Pastoral Council, reviewed other pastoral models and considered the future of the Pastoral Council. They noted that one difficulty which the Pastoral Council has had in the past year is getting a quorum for meetings.

The committee decided to

recommend to the full Pastoral Council that changes be made to the Constitution. These would include provisions for a smaller Council comprised of elected members, appointed members, the Pastoral Team, and the Pastor. The Pastoral Council will be meeting in the near future to consider the committee's recommendations.

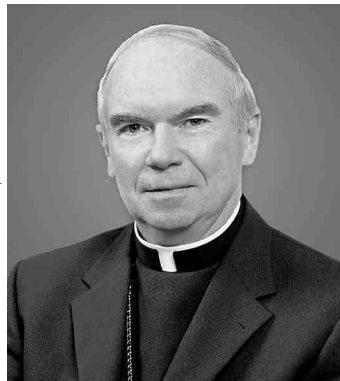
Hope arises from Bethlehem, again

BETHLEHEM, West Bank (CNS) – Though it appears the number of pilgrims to the Holy Land increased over the past year, the Palestinian economic situation remains difficult, said Archbishop Brendan O'Brien of St. John's, Newfoundland, President of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops.

"It is still difficult, and some families here have difficulties paying tuition for studies at Bethlehem University and other schools. The economic situation has not changed dramatically," said Archbishop O'Brien, who was in the Holy Land for an annual meeting on the problems faced by the region's Christians.

"If people would have more opportunity for work, that would certainly help, but the Palestinian situation as occupied people is always in the background, so even if the economic situation would be good, there would still be the problem of the (Israeli separation) wall," he added.

Archbishop O'Brien said there seems to be a sense of hope among Palestinians that newly elected Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas will be able to improve their situation.



LETTERS

We didn't get any yet,
but we're hoping!

*You can contact us by directing your letter
or comments to*

**The Editor,
Basilica Newsletter,
200 Military Road,
St. John's NL A1C 2E8**

or drop your envelope off at the office or in
a collection basket – or send us an e-mail
at basilicanewsletter@nf.aibn.com

*(NOTE: Please include you name and a
telephone number where we can reach you.
Anonymous submissions will be discarded,
but when requested and appropriate, we
will allow a pseudonym to be used, if the
letter, comment, or article is published.)*

*Enjoy the Newsletter. If you have more than
one, please pass it on.*

God Bless.

FROM YOUR PARISH PRIEST

Dear Parishioners,

The Archbishop's Financial Campaign is going well. We have surpassed the \$5,000.00 mark and hope to reach the amount requested by the Archbishop \$7,500.00, in the near future. Those who have pledged are asked to honor their commitment before the end of March, 2005. Thank you for your generosity on behalf of the Pastoral Works of the Archdiocese. The South East Asian Relief Fund Appeal was a tremendous success in our Parish. Thanks to your generosity we raised \$5,578.66 in this campaign. The money collected will go to the Canadian Catholic Organization of Development and Peace for immediate distribution to those impacted by the tsunami. Because we had the money in before January 11th, 2005, the Federal Government will match the amount donated. Thank You!

Work continues on the Basilica Cathedral both inside and out. The lower roofs are looking great! The rust is just about gone and the shiny new green roofs enhances the beauty of our historic Church. Work on the West Tower continues and progress is being made. The granite walls in the front entrance are nearing completion. The exterior walls have been replaced because of damage done through the years. The

white marble on the interior walls is in good shape and does not need replacing. Thanks to Newfoundland Granite for their work. The Parish Room is receiving a needed face-lift. We have installed a kitchenette complete with counter space, plumbing, stove, fridge and dishwasher. This will help groups in their activities and socials. Groups wanting to use the Parish Room must book the room through the Parish Secretary. The use of the kitchenette will be restricted to parish committees and organizations. I have asked the Catholic Women's League to oversee the use of kitchen supplies such as dishes etc. The rule of thumb is you break it - you replace it!

The Parish Room itself will also be painted and new flooring installed. A group of volunteers have agreed to do the necessary work. Youth activities continue in the Parish. The Home Catechetical Program is in full swing. Our youth had an Advent Wreath making activity in late November. It was a great success. There are a group of people working with our youth throughout the year. Kate Ryan, Maria Goodridge-Rideout, and Debbie Keough, have been a driving force in this effort and our thanks go to them and others who have helped. We have three young people planning on going to Germany for World Youth Day 2005. Alison Bradbury, Mary Keough and



Jessica Squires have a number of fund-raising activities planned for their trip. Please be generous in your support of these activities.

Fr. Ray Carle

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Note: Please include yourname and a telephone numberwhere you can be reached. Anonymous submissions will be discarded, but when requested and appropriate, we will allow a pseudonym to be used, if the letter, comment, orarticle, is published.

A Day In the Life of a Seminarian

While very different, about eighty men work in the same setting at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, to achieve the same goal: to be a priest. What's life like at the seminary these days? What is a typical day like at St. Augustine's Seminary?

Actually, seminaries today are very much like universities. It provides the opportunity for intellectual growth and the opportunity to gain good friends. For seminarians, as for students at other graduate schools, labora (work) is a key watchword.

But there are also significant differences between a seminary and other kinds of graduate schools. Providing the conditions to cultivate each vocation, a seminary is the best place to discern God's will for your vocation. A seminary is especially concerned about the formation of an individual's soul, and it also provides the opportunity for spiritual growth, to find out more about the Christian faith, and how the church operates. In addition to the regular class schedule, seminarians receive special guidance and spiritual direction from the priests who teach at the seminary. We have Formation Program meetings by class once

a week, in which we address and consider the important issues of priestly character and life.

Preparing for service to the church as a seminarian can be a very fulfilling life. At the seminary you come to know two people better: God and yourself. Sacrifices are on a day-to-day basis. Basically, it's a sacrifice of self. Ora (prayer) is also a key watchword in the everyday life of a seminarian. It is continually stressed that we need to develop a firm habit of prayer in us. Thus, prayer and work are still key watch words in the way seminarians live their lives.

About 6:00 a.m., we wake up and get ready for the day – shower and dress. By 7:00 a.m. we are in the Chapel for Morning Prayer (Monday-Wednesday) or Eucharist (Thursday and Friday). Then, we go to the dining hall for breakfast. We then make our way to downtown Toronto for classes.

Theology courses are taken at the Toronto School of Theology (TST). TST is associated with the University of Toronto. From Monday to Friday, classes start up about 9:15 a.m. Depending on the individual's class sched-

ule, we have one or two classes a day. Each class lasts for about 2 hours. Most seminarians have five or six courses each term and our schedules differ depending on the electives taken.

If a seminarian does not have an afternoon class, he may, after lunch, return to his room or library to study, work on papers, prepare any projects or prepare for tests. Or, he may work out, run, do laundry or take care of errands. At least every fortnight each seminarian is expected to meet with his Spiritual Director. With strong community support, each individual seminarian, in the end, is the main agent in his formation.

Before dinner at 6:00 p.m., we have Eucharist (Monday-Wednesday) or Evening Prayer (Thursday and Friday). On other nights, we attend to studies, or play sports, or take parts in various programs, or watch t.v., or head off to catch a movie or run errands.

Most of us in the seminary are calling it a day and are in bed between 11:00 p.m. and midnight. And that's a day in the life in of a seminarian.

John Cole

Away In a Manger

This Christmas the Basilica-Cathedral Museum launched the exhibit *Away in a Manger* from November 27 - December 19. It featured 55 nativities from around the world. The exhibit proved to be more successful than organizers had anticipated and the all-volunteer Museum staff recorded more than 1000 visitors.

Some of the countries represented in this exhibit included Nigeria, Thailand, Peru, Mexico, Italy, United States, Canada, and more specifically, Newfoundland. The styles varied from traditional nativities sculpted in marble to locally produced nativities made with pipe cleaners. Highlighted at the exhibit were nativities created by local crafts persons - Kevin Coates, Brenda Rowe and Carolyn Morgan - who brought a particular Newfoundland content to their nativity scenes. Inspired by the spirit that surrounds Christmas, all the exhibits were loaned to the museum by people from St. John's and surrounding communities.

The exhibit proved to be very popular with adults and children of all ages.

A brief history of the origins of nativities, Christmas trees, and Advent wreaths engaged all ages, and an activity space was provided for younger children. The exhibit was very popular with school groups, with visits from fifteen classes from schools throughout



the city. Prompted by the schools' interest, the Basilica-Cathedral Museum has partnered with the Eastern School District of Newfoundland, to develop a web site that will feature the nativity exhibit, for the grade four curriculum, which focuses on symbols of world religions. The web site will feature images of the exhibit as well as text on the Christian history and tradition of nativities, Christmas trees, and Advent wreaths.

The exhibit garnered considerable press coverage with media spots on CBC's Morning Show, a live interview with CBC's, Karl Wells and extensive articles in the Evening Telegram and Express.

Given the success of this year's exhibit, the Basilica-Cathedral Museum Committee hopes to make this nativity exhibit an annual event with many more nativities and activities related to the exhibit.

Catherine Rice, the Museum Manager said, "The success of the nativity exhibit was the result of many parishioners and friends of the Basilica loaning their nativities to the exhibit, and coming forward to volunteer to welcome visitors."

Epiphany Family Carolling

Sunday afternoon, January 2nd, 2005, the Feast of the Epiphany, the Basilica hosted a family Christmas Carol Singalong. Invitations went out, songsheets were printed, our wonderful church was alight with Christmas decorations, mulled wine and Christmas goodies were outside the sacristy for a reception. It was truly a wonderful afternoon with about 200 folks from different parishes and denominations singing their hearts out. Choir members spread throughout the assembly, saxophone, flute and guitar accompanied the piano. Our pastor led the singing and encouraged the children to make their requests known, as they gathered round the microphone and Christmas trees.

Elijah Prelude

Handel's Messiah was performed in the Basilica-Cathedral on December 10th and 11th, 2004. The Symphony Orchestra and Philharmonic Choir presented a special tribute in honor of the 150th Anniversary Year entitled "He watching over Israel slumbers not, nor sleeps." We thank the Orchestra and Choir for paying special tribute on this memento occasion.

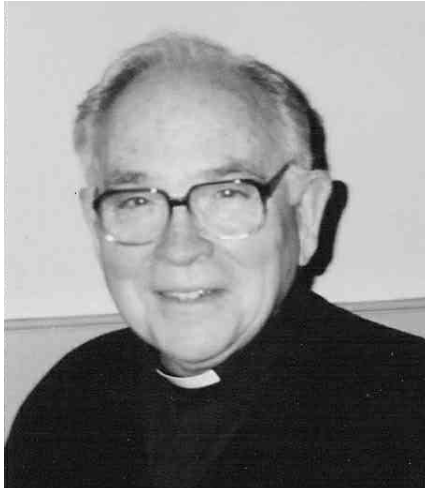
Annual Remembrance Mass

November 2nd, 2004, the day the Church commemorates all the faithful departed, was the time chosen by the Bereavement Team to celebrate their annual Memorial Mass. Candles were lit for all of those who were buried from the Basilica, or at one of the funeral homes, in the past year. Our Pastor, Father Ray Earle, presided at the Mass.

WE REMEMBER ALL THE DECEASED FAMILIES AND FRIENDS OF PARISHIONERS OF THE BASILICA PARISH, INCLUDING

Patrick Joseph Antle	Margaret Flynn	Sr. Margaret McCarthy	Margaret St. Croix
†	†	†	†
Bridget Aylward	Rita Mary Furey	Sr. Margaret McGrath	Ellen St. George
†	†	†	†
B. Mary Brien	Ellen Mary Gentry	Sr. Elizabeth Murphy	Gerald Seaward
†	†	†	†
Cecil L. Byrne	Herbert Gibbons	Henry (Harry) Murphy	Mary Slade
†	†	†	†
Helen Bridget Byrne	Graham S. Goobie	Theresa Myler	James Snow
†	†	†	†
Elizabeth Brookings	Gary Greeley	Thomas Myrick	Catherine Spry
†	†	†	†
Vicente Hartley	Dale Greene	Mary Neary	Pauline Strapp
Carahuapoma	†	†	†
†	Donald Heale	Eileen O'Connor-	Agnes Sutton
Joseph Patrick Clowe	†	Caines	†
†	Gertrude Heffernan	†	David Gerard Sweeney
Elsie Jean Collins	†	Mary Alice O'Keefe	†
†	Rosanna Hickey	†	Rita Tapper
Michael Conway	†	Msgr. Dermot O'Keefe	†
†	Phillip Jackman	†	Sr. Louise Walsh
Harry Crimp	†	Mary O'Neill	†
†	Margaret Joyce	†	Sr. Mary Aiden Walsh
Marie Dillon	†	Sr. Winifred Power	†
†	Helen Kavanagh	†	Paul Walsh
Margaret Patricia Dodd	†	Mary Quigley	†
†	John Michael Keough	†	Ethel Webber
Edward Joseph Doran	†	Robert Reid	†
†	Carmel Kielly	†	Mary Rita Wells
Isabelle Druken	†	Zygmunt (John) Renk	†
†	Alexander King	†	Gary Whalen
Sr. Alice Mary Duggan	†	Pillar Riego	†
†	Kathleen LeMessurier	†	Bernadette Mary White
Thomas Dunne	†	William Robson	†
†	Mary (Jenny) Lynch	†	Michael Joseph White
Andrew Earles	†	Dawn Mary Rodden	†
†	Patrick Madden	†	Alice Whyte
Patricia Edwards	†	William Rose	†
†	Mary Ellen March	†	Theresa Marie Williams
Alicia Farrell	†	Mary Christine Russell	†
†	Louise McCarthy	†	Leonard Yetman
Edward Farrell		Joseph Samuel Ryan	

A Burden or a Gift?



Almost a thousand years ago, in the year 1013, a baby boy was born to a noble couple in Swabia (now part of Germany), one of fifteen children. He was terribly deformed; couldn't stand nor walk, could hardly sit even in a special chair devised for him. His fingers were so weak and knotted that he could not write; even his mouth and palate were so deformed that he could hardly be understood when he spoke. To make matters worse, he seemed to be mentally defective.

When he was old enough (at the age of 7), his parents entrusted him to a Benedictine monastery in a place called Reichenau. This monastery sheltered famous scholars, had its own school of painting, etc. Here the boy grew up and his mind developed. He learned mathematics, Greek, Latin, Arabic, astronomy, theology, poetry, history, and music. He wrote a treatise on astrolabes - instruments for measuring the

heights of stars, and even constructed these instruments with his poor twisted fingers. He also made clocks and musical instruments.. Using the library resources in the monastery - much of which is now lost, he wrote a history of the world from the time of Christ to his own day; a history which experts consider to be amazingly accurate, objective, original. He wrote extensively in mathematics. He wrote some of the most beautiful plain chant hymns ever composed. All this, remember, while he was in constant pain, never at ease in a chair or even flat on a bed.

With these afflictions, one would expect that he would become bitter in his attitude, but nothing was further from the truth. According to his biographer, he was pleasant, friendly, easy to talk to, always laughing, never criticizing. The result was that everybody loved him. He died at the age of 41. His reputation for sanctity quickly grew. In 1863, the Holy See assigned him a feastday - September 25.

Next time you open your hymnal, look for the hymn *Salve regina*. You will find it attributed to Hermanus Contractus, - Herman the Cripple, or better Herman the Deformed. A thousand years after his death, it is still one of the best and most popular hymns to the Blessed Virgin. Isn't it a consolation to think that, at the resurrection of the body on the Last Day, the body

of poor Herman the Cripple will be transformed into a reflection of the beauty of his soul. One can't help but wonder, moreover, how much the myriads of such handicapped people might have contributed to society if they had been permitted to live.

Many Supporters

Our Newsletter is made possible by the generous financial support of our sponsors – one per issue. See the back cover to find out who is helping with this issue. In addition, our Sunday Bulletin is supported by advertisements. They support us . . . we suggest that you support them.

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- Blue Water Marine & Equipment Limited
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- Catholic Women's League Basilica Council
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- Theatre Pharmacy

Geese can teach us why God gave us Jesus

There was once a man who didn't believe in the incarnation of Christ or the spiritual meaning of Christmas, and was sceptical about God. He and his family lived in a farm community. His wife was a devout believer and diligently raised her children in her faith. He sometimes gave her a hard time about her faith and mocked her religious observance of Christmas. "It's all nonsense. Why would God lower himself and become a human like us? It's such a ridiculous story!" he said.

One snowy day, his wife and the children left for church while he stayed home. After they had left, the winds grew stronger and the snow turned into a blinding snowstorm. He sat down to relax before the fire for the evening. Then he heard a loud thump, something hitting against the window. And then there was another thump. He looked outside but couldn't see. So he ventured outside to see. In the field near his house he saw, of all the strangest things, a flock of geese! They were apparently flying to look for a warmer area down south, but had been caught in the snowstorm. The storm had become too blinding and violent for the geese to fly or see their way. They were stranded on his farm, with no food or shelter, unable to do more than flutter their wings and fly in aimless

circles.

He had compassion for them and wanted to help them. He thought, "The barn would be a great place for them to stay! It's warm and safe. Surely they could spend the night and wait out the storm" So he opened the barn doors for them. He waited, watching them, hoping they would notice the open barn and go inside. But they didn't notice the barn or realize what it could mean for them. He moved closer toward them to get their attention, but they just moved away from him out of fear. He went into the house and came back out with some bread, broke it up, and made a bread trail to the barn. They still didn't catch on. Starting to get frustrated, he went over and tried to shoo them toward the barn. They panicked and scattered into every direction except toward the barn.

Nothing he did could get them to go into the barn where there was warmth, safety and shelter. Feeling totally frustrated he exclaimed, "Why don't they follow me? Can't they see this is the only place where they can survive the storm? How can I possibly get them into the one place to save them?" He thought for a moment and realized that they just wouldn't follow a human. He said, "How can I possibly save them? The only way would be for me to become

like those geese. If only I could become like one of them! Then I could save them! They would follow me and I would lead them to safety." At that moment, he stopped and considered what he had said. The words reverberated in his mind: "If only I could become like one of them, then I could save them." And then, at last, he understood God's heart towards mankind, and he fell on his knees in the snow and worshipped Him.

Know God, then love and worship Him.

WEEK OF PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY

On Wednesday January 26th there was an Ecumenical Service for the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity. The Council of Churches has agreed to hold this time of prayer at the Basilica-Cathedral in honor of the 150th Anniversary Year. We look forward to this time of prayer with our brothers and sisters of different faith traditions.

Q & A

Submit your questions

Drop them off at the Basilica Office or email them
basilicanewsletter@nf.aibn.com

How are the hymns chosen for mass?

A There are a lot of criteria for choosing the hymns.

Theologians tell us that our hymnody shapes much of our personal theology, so the choosing of such music is critical. Every parish Assembly is different and the hymns need to be chosen with that in mind. What works for one small country parish may well not work for a large inner city one. Liturgical and pastoral decisions need to be made...does this music fit the liturgy at this point...is the Assembly able to sing these acclamations and hymns with 'full, conscious, active participation,' are we learning enough new hymns without overburdening the Assembly? The following is a brief consideration of music priorities.

The first priority when choosing music for the liturgy is the 'service' music. These are the acclamations that surround the Eucharistic Prayer, and the Readings. In our parish we help to highlight the particular Liturgical Season by singing the same service music for the season.

The second music priorities are the Gathering Hymn and the Communion Hymn. The purpose of the Gathering Hymn, according to the General Instruction of the Roman Missal (GIRM) is "to open the celebration, intensify the unity of the gathered people, lead their

thoughts to the mystery of the season or feast, and accompany the procession of priest and ministers." Generally speaking, the entire hymn is sung and doesn't cease when the altar party reaches the sanctuary. This is usually a hymn or psalm of praise, focussed on the season or the readings of the day, and well known or easily singable for the Assembly so that their unity will indeed be intensified..

The purpose of the communion hymn is "to express outwardly the communicants' union in spirit by means of the unity of their voices." To express this 'union in spirit,' we sing one communion hymn throughout the entire rite, beginning when the presider takes communion. Ideally, the text of this hymn will support the ritual action of eating and drinking. As well, the use of antiphonal communion hymns allows the Assembly to process to and from communion without books while singing the refrain.

Music during the Preparation of the Gifts is not a high priority. This time is more like a bridge between the two main parts of the mass, the Liturgy of the Word and the Liturgy of the Eucharist, and any music chosen should not overpower these parts. Depending on the season, there may be silence at this time, or instrumental music, or choral singing or Assembly singing. Texts for any hymns chosen may reflect the season or the readings just heard. This is not a

time for 'offertory' hymns, as the offering of the gifts and ourselves takes place during the Eucharistic Prayer.

There is no mention of recessional or missioning hymns in the GIRM. Again, the Assembly may leave to silence, instrumental, choral, or Assembly singing. In our parish we generally leave to Assembly singing, and the texts of the hymns would reflect the season and readings as well as our being missioned out into our daily lives to be eucharist for one another.

We have been fortunate in our parish to have purchased CBW III as soon as it was published. This hymnal, a worthy liturgical book and not a 'throwaway' booklet, supplies music for all the liturgical sacraments and rites of our faith, and as such, is a core musical resource for liturgical planners. Our hymnal pioneered the way among the faith denominations in Canada to produce a book that reflected contemporary theological thinking. There are much broader images for our God than in previous hymnals, language that is inclusive and respectful of all God's creation, more communion antiphons and more singable responsorial psalms. Included in the hymnal are hymns from the contemporary composers, and hymns that have stood the test of time, nourishing not only ourselves, but our ancestors and hopefully our children yet to come.



A YEAR OF CELEBRATION

of the 150th Anniversary of the Dedication of the Roman Catholic Basilica-Cathedral of St. John the Baptist

Liturgical Celebrations and Cultural Events

Sunday, February 20, 2005
**WORLD YOUTH DAY
CONCERT**

For all parishes at Mary, Queen of Peace at 3 o'clock.
(A fund raiser)

Sunday, March 6, 2005
**THE NEWFOUNDLAND
SYMPHONY YOUTH CHOIR**

The multiple award winning Newfoundland Symphony Youth Choir – Susan Knight, C.M., Founder and Artistic Director, Ki Adams, Associate Conductor and Accompanist. Fresh back from their Irish tour in 2004. The NSYC received Chorus America's Award for Choral Excellence. They were featured in 2004 Canada Day Celebrations

Sunday, March 13, 2005
LADY COVE CHOIR

This all female choir conducted by Kellie Walsh, was formed by her in 2003. This talented group is fast gaining recognition for its professional and beautiful sound.

**Sunday, March 20 to
Sunday, March 27, 2004**
HOLY WEEK

Friday, April 8, 2005
MENDLESSOHN'S ELIJAH
The Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra and Philharmonic Choir.

Mendelssohn was inspired to compose this oratorio about the fiery Old Testament prophet Elijah after hearing Handel's Messiah. The choir figures prominently with choruses such as "He watching over Israel." Sung in English.
(Tickets to be sold)

Sunday, April 10, 2005
**THE QUINTESSENTIAL
VOCAL ENSEMBLE**

Quintessence - quinta essentia - the fifth ancient element after earth, water, air and fire, composing the stars and heavens; the purest, most concentrated essence. QVE is directed by Susan Quinn. They have sung – and won awards – all over the world.

Sunday, May 1, 2005
LES MS.

Valerie Long founded and conducts this choir. An all female group, they have performed extensively, successfully presenting music from a large and varied repertoire.

Friday, May 6, 2005
THE ROSARY

Once again, the Knights of Columbus Councils and Assemblies invite everyone to take part in this celebration of the Rosary, with song and scripture.

**Friday to Sunday,
May 13 to 15, 2005**
YOUTH RETREAT
Details to be announced.

Sunday, May 15, 2005.
THE FIRST SISTERS

The Sisters of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary came to Newfoundland from Ireland over 170 years ago. Tonight they retell their story.

Friday - Saturday, May 28, 2005
**QVE CANDLELIGHT SPRING
CONCERT**
(Tickets to be sold)

**Monday May 30
to Friday, June 3 2005.**
SCRIPTURE INSTITUTE
Elizabeth Davis, R.S.M., O.C.
(Alternate date - June June 6-10)

Thursday, June 2, 2005
**ORDINATION OF STEVE
COURTNEY**

Sunday, June 5, 2005
**OUR LADY OF MERCY
SLIDE PRESENTATION.**
Catherine McAuley's women of courage were invited to Newfoundland by Bishop Fleming to educate, and for visitation of the sick and the poor in their homes.

**Sunday, June 12, 2005
HOLY HEART ALUMNAE
CHOIR**

Valerie Long is the Director for this group, made up of graduates of the many exceptional – and honoured – choirs of Holy Heart of Mary High School.

**Friday, June 24, 2005
THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN
THE BAPTIST**

Opening of Father Walsh's Park

"A MIRACLE IN STONE."

An original sacred oratorio composed by Brother J.B. Darcy, in honour of the 150th anniversary, and as a musical tribute to the builders of the cathedral.

June / July / August, 2005

TRAVELLING MUSEUM

Exhibits from the Basilica Museum will be travelling throughout the Archdiocese.

**July
YOUTH CONCERT
IN A CITY PARK**

(Details and date to be announced)

**August 16 to 21, 2005
WORLD YOUTH DAY
IN ST. JOHN'S**

This will be a local celebration in solidarity with World Youth Day in Germany.

**Thursday to Saturday,
September 8 to 10, 2005
IRISH SYMPOSIUM**

**Friday, September 9, 2005
CLOSING EUCHARIST**

The culmination of the year, we conclude our year of celebration on the 150th anniversary of the dedication of the Roman Catholic

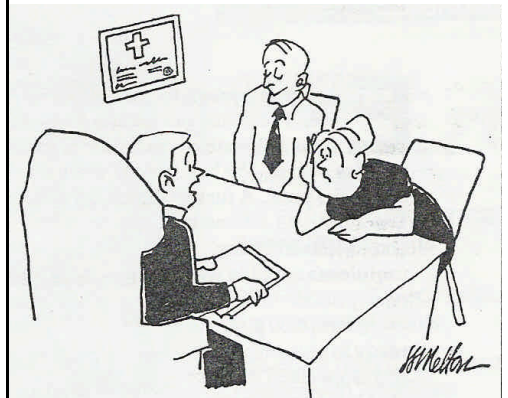
Basilica-Cathedral of St. John the Baptist. Archbishop O'Brien will be our chief presider. There will be many visiting bishops and presbyters, and a Massed Choir and Orchestra.

**Friday to Sunday,
September 9 - 11, 2005
THE ATLANTIC EPISCOPAL
CONFERENCE**

The annual meeting of the bishops of Atlantic Canada.

Other events are in the planning stage – several organ recitals; a retrospective concert of sacred music from the past 150 years, by the Basilica Choir; and designation of Bishop Fleming as a Person of National Significance. Dates and details will be announced as they become available.

Some of the dates may be subject to change.



"After 15 sessions I've concluded you don't need marriage counseling. You need a new battery for Herb's hearing aid."

THE ADVENT PAGEANT

The 6th annual Basilica Advent Pageant was performed December 12th to rave reviews!!!! 35 children from our parish community age 3 to 12 took part in the play "Who Is Coming to Our House?" It was adapted from a children's story in which the animals in the stable are preparing the barn for visitors who are coming, although they are not quite sure who their guests will be! When Mary and Joseph arrive the stable is ready for the coming of the King of Kings. The enthusiasm of the children was obvious and the leaders are to be congratulated for the work they did in preparing them.

Immediately following the play the children joined Fr. Ray in singing Advent Hymns. The event was great entertainment and a wonderful Advent celebration..



The Patrons of the Basilica

On September 9, 1855, the Cathedral and Mother Church of Newfoundland was Consecrated in honour of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, St. John the Baptist, and St. Francis of Assisi.

In our last two issues we wrote about St. John the Baptist and St. Francis of Assisi

OUR LADY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

There were two reasons impelling Bishop Fleming to honour the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady through the new Cathedral.

The Franciscan Order to which he belonged had been for centuries the great defenders and protagonists of the Catholic doctrine that Mary, in the first moment of her conception, had been free from that stain of Original sin. It was mainly through the studies and writings of Franciscan theologians and scholars such as Duns Scotus and Friar Luke Wadding, that arguments were made in favour of the Immaculate Conception – leading to the solemn definition of the dogma by Pope Pius IX, December 8th, 1854.

This definition took place only nine months before the consecration of the Cathedral of St. John's and it must have seemed most appropriate to the Franciscan Bishop to enshrine the name and memory of the newly-defined dogma of Mary's sinless origin in the majestic new Temple of God. It was probably the first Cathedral of the world to be dedicated to the Immaculate Conception immediately after the definition of the dogma. The lateral Altar consecrated also on September 9th, 1855, is the visible witness of the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God.

RITE OF CHRISTIAN INITIATION OF ADULTS

The Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults is the Church's way of extending a friendly invitation to people who feel the desire to know more about Christianity in the Catholic Tradition. The process is ritually celebrated, that is, recognized with special prayers and liturgical ceremony in the presence of the worshipping community.

Adults are invited into a relationship with Jesus Christ and into breaking open the Word, leading them to discipleship. This work is accomplished through the power of the Holy Spirit.

On December 5, 2004, our Parish Community welcomed Vicki Bristow and Chris Stratton as candidates for full communion. Reception of baptized Christians into the full communion of the Catholic Church is through the liturgical rite by which a person born and baptized in a separated ecclesial Community is received, according to the Latin rite, into the full communion of the Catholic Church. The rite is so arranged that no greater burden than necessary (see Acts 15:28) is required for the establishment of communion and unity. Baptized Christians desiring reception into the full communion of the Catholic Church are given the teachings of the Church and some spiritual preparation.

Also on December 5, 2004, our Parish Community welcomed Andrew Murphy as a candidate for confirmation and eucharist. The Rite of welcoming candidates for confirmation and eucharist specifies that baptized Catholics who wish to complete their initiation are to take part in a period of formation as they prepare for the sacraments of confirmation and eucharist.

The Christian community has a role in the Christian Initiation of Adults. The Christian community supports the candidates by love, prayer, and witness and by testifying that they are ready to complete their initiation. Some members of the community help to instruct them in the faith of the Church. Candidates are also assisted by sponsors who walk with them in faith and present them to the community during the liturgical rites.

Let us remember Vickie, Chris, and Andrew in our prayers.

Ordinary Time

Ordinary Time, the longest portion of the church year, from the end of Christmas season until Ash Wednesday and from the day after Pentecost until the Saturday before the first Sunday of Advent, fills the weeks which do not celebrate a specific aspect of the mystery of Christ. The Christmas cycle honours the birth of Christ. The Easter cycle rejoices in the resurrection. Ordinary Time is devoted to the mystery of Christ in all its aspects.

Rather than meaning "common" or "mundane," Ordinary Time takes its name from the Latin word, ordinal, which means numbered. Ordinary Time presents many opportunities to focus on the teachings and parables of Jesus and on the demands of being a follower of Christ. During the Sundays in Ordinary Time we read the gospel primarily from Matthew, Mark, or Luke. In the year 2005 we will read mainly from the gospel of Matthew.

At first glance the principles of Ordinary Time seem basic enough. Start counting the weeks after the Christmas season. Break for Lent and Easter. Resume after Pentecost and keep counting until Advent. Basically, that's

how it works. But we have a few quirks.

For example, there is no First Sunday of Ordinary Time; however, there is a first week. Usually the Christmas season ends on a Sunday with the Baptism of the Lord. Ordinary Time then begins on a weekday. When the next Sunday rolls around we start Week Two.

On the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, we see the last of Ordinary Time until after Pentecost. Even then, it emerges only on weekdays. Trinity Sunday always follows Pentecost Sunday, and the Body and Blood of the Lord comes the next Sunday. So when the numbered Sundays of Ordinary Time return in summer, we start out a little higher than when we left off.

Sometimes we skip one or two entire weeks of Ordinary Time during the Easter break. We want to close the Sundays of the year with Christ the King, one week before Advent. Christ the King always falls on the 34th Sunday of Ordinary Time. So, we determine the week number after Pentecost not based on where we left off before Lent but counting backwards from Christ the King.

St. Bonaventure Students Remember

On November 14, the students of St. Bonaventure's College held their Annual Remembrance Day Pageant in the Basilica Cathedral of St. John the Baptist as part of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

The students of Grade 9 class of Canadian History first honoured all of the Newfoundland and Labrador and Canadian soldiers who have served their country and who have died in armed conflicts. The students dressed in WWI military uniforms, brought up a flag draped coffin in honour of the unknown soldier.

A slide show accompanied a reading of Governor General Adrienne Clarkson's Tribute to the Unknown Soldier. The students in period costume then performed a drama "Letters from the Front" which portrayed the devastating effects of WWI on the men in the trenches and the people left to wait and to mourn back in Newfoundland and Labrador.

The senior band at the school, the Wind Ensemble, performed an original piece of music entitled, "801: Beaumont Hamel" written for the occasion by Newfoundland and Labrador composer, Michael Snelgrove, who was in attendance. This piece of music was commissioned by the CBC in recognition of the Band's first place finish in the CBC Radio Band Competition in 2004.

The evening of observation and celebration concluded with the school choirs performing during a special Remembrance Liturgy lead by Father Vernon Boyd, S.J. President of the College.

IMPORTANT DAYS, OTHER THAN SUNDAYS, DURING ORDINARY TIME

Monday, January 10, 2005 to

Tuesday, February 8, 2005:

- a) **Week of Prayer for Christian Unity - January 23-30, 2005.**
- b) **Presentation of the Lord Wednesday, February 2, 2005.**
- c) **Blessing of throats, St. Blase - February 3, 2005.**

For the last many years, Bon Fagan has written a Christmas story for the December issue of the Monitor. Of course, the Monitor is now gone. We are pleased that good news has the opportunity to carry on the tradition - even if a little late.



The Nativity Set

A Short Story by Bon Fagan

Every year, with the first lighting of the Advent wreath in church, I find myself recalling the nativity set which lay in a corner of the dairy next to our old home in Toners. It had been given to my parents by mom's father that first year they were married. It was a set that grandfather had carved himself and then painted with the bold and durable colours with which folks at that time painted their boats and trimmed their lime-blanching houses. From that first year of my parent's marriage, grandfather's hand-carved nativity set had been brought out a couple of weeks before Christmas. It sat on a shelf near the stove about eye level for an adult and where it was thought to be well safe from the usual comings and goings of a life lived mainly, as it was in those days, in the kitchen of the home.

And in my mind that set is wrapped up with the arrival of a big box from Uncle Nath who lived up in what we called the Boston States. The magic of what might be in the box was contagious, building towards a crescendo from the moment that the mailman signalled that he had a parcel for our household. We had been waiting for it all year, it seemed, and there was no controlling our excitement. My dad and mom would beam at each other and holding hands we all three danced about the box. Truly we were one then, all three of us swept up in a reverie of love. Now, I think it must have been a very special moment for my parents, a time of great relief, when all their hopes and dreams must have seemed a certain step to attainment.

Mother would run her hand over the heavy brown wrap, letting the tips of her fingers trace as she read each line of the addresses of Uncle Nath and ourselves in Toners. The stamps were studied carefully for their pictures and prices and postmarks. Then father would cut the heavy twine that held the box together. After setting aside the stamps, he sliced through the thick brown paper and then he and mother would carefully fold back the top.

A layer of tightly balled newspaper sheets was the first thing to be revealed. My parents treated each ball as if that

too were a precious gift, laying it carefully aside for later devouring. Out then would come the boxes of biscuits and cans of candy, the cans all sturdy colours of greens and oranges and reds and purples which marvellously made, when Christmas finally arrived, the candies seem as delicious to the eye as they were in the mouth. Likewise the biscuit boxes and candy cans conjured up in our minds the goodness of Uncle Nath who was praised with the withdrawal of every item and of the good life that someone like him could have in the Boston States. "Nathaniel. Nathaniel, you shouldn't have." After the biscuits and candy were laid aside, mother would make a point of lifting out with a flourish and then presenting father a bottle of demerara rum, and he in turn a bottle of orange brandy to her, each with a little ribbon on top. All these they laid on the kitchen table. Then they would look at each other and give a hearty laugh as they looked back in the box and proceeded to close it up. No doubt, at first, I assumed the box was empty but as I grew older, I knew that something else remained in the box that would not make its appearance until Christmas morning - wonderful oranges and apples, and best of all I thought, a toy each year for me - a red fire-truck, or a train set, and one year a pair of runners for skating. Still, even with my growing knowledge, I made no demand for these remaining items in the box, as in those days, Advent was Advent and only with Christmas morning would come the time of great release.

The arrival of the box from Uncle Nath also coincided more or less with the setting up of the nativity set. From those early years of my life in Toners, I don't have a strong memory of a tree, probably because it stood in the parlour, a place of great reserve at the best of times. Stockings were kitchen hung and on Christmas morning mother and father's god-children came and we all shared in discovering what was buried in our woolen horns of plenty. And there was always a nativity set in our house where, after evening rosary, we pointed out the figures of Mary and Joseph and baby Jesus, the kneeling shepherds and the flying angels, and the animals.

However, one year grandfather's nativity set got knocked down and a couple of figures were broken. Our neighbour Sebastian, unable to wait for Christmas Day, had gotten into drink and came visiting father to share a glass, which father did, and no doubt Sebastian hoped in return that father would break the cork in his own bottle. When father insisted that he had not yet gotten his bottle of Christmas cheer, Sebastian grew angry and in an unsteady remonstrance lost his balance and knocked the set to the floor, the stable and all the figures with it. Then, in his attempt to regain his balance, Sebastian stepped on a couple of the little carvings and broke them beyond repair.

The next day, Sebastian was beside himself with regret and promised that he would help replace the damaged pieces. But father, with a good-natured wave of his hand to

Sebastian, would have none of it and was determined, so he reassured my mother, to carve new pieces himself. Just two days later, it so happened, Uncle Nath's box arrived and there, at the very top of that year's gifts, was a nativity set of porcelain figures each wrapped carefully and laid in a sturdy wooden stable, and somewhere beneath it among the other gifts, was the bottle of rum that Sebastian had mistakenly assumed was already in the house.

Grandfather's nativity set was quietly placed in the dairy.

There was much praise over Uncle Nath's porcelain nativity set, the word "Miracle" being sounded on a number of occasions when my parents recalled the circumstances of its arrival so soon after Sebastian's stumble. Still, all Christmas Day, father, no doubt with mother's feelings on his mind, lamented what had happened to grandfather's hand-carved set and he declared that he would carve new figures, and next year, so help him God, the old set would be back on the shelf. Advent next year proved too busy, and the one after that, so that the broken set stayed in its corner in the dairy.

I was eleven or twelve when father made his move. Right after Uncle Nath's box that year was opened with the usual joyous celebration, and the gifts of the top half had been taken out and the bottom half of the box closed for a later opening, father turned to me and said, "My boy, go get grandfather's manger. By heavens, I'm going to carve those pieces!"

The next day, after father and I had made a trip to the woods to get raw materials for the carvings, the kitchen floor was covered with various lengths of sticks of birch and fir and dogwood, all drying to the crackling of the stove. Only on the need to dry the wood would mother have allowed father to tackle such shed work in the house. No doubt, the intent to carve new figures for her father's nativity set also explained mother's tolerance of sticks on the linoleum. When I asked if he was going to make a whole set, so impressed was I at the number of sticks we had gathered, he stared at me silently for a moment and then with a sort of nonchalance in his voice, said, "Well, yes. Perhaps I might do just that."

The table held a couple of chisels and a pocket knife as well as a fish-splitter with its curved blade. After some time turning the pieces of wood, a cup of tea balanced in his other hand, father said to me, "Go get Sebastian. He should be here." And then turning to mother, he went on, "Poor devil. He meant no harm. And he'd want to help."

Sebastian came all smiles with his own knife and a small keg of beer. "Tis weak stuff, ma'am," he said to my mother by way of excuse. It was still Advent but father, with a wink to my mother, took a glass anyway. After a couple of glasses, father allowed the sticks were dry enough and said, "Well, Sebastian, we may as well get to work." A nod to me told me what I had been hoping, that I too was welcome to join in the task.

The cutting and whittling began. Pieces of bark were stripped off and chips and shavings began to form little pile on the floor as father and Sebastian took turns praising each kind of wood for its strengths: the fir they said was soft and easy to carve; the birch, ah the wonderful birch, was hard but not too hard in a wet fall like this; and the dogwood - they lauded its sweetness as they passed the pieces under their noses and then mother's and mine.

Mother too got swept up in the plan and so, as father and Sebastian proceeded with an air of confidence in their task, she sat in her rocking chair reading sheets of the Boston newspaper from Uncle Nath's gift box. There were stories about the mayor, and about industry, and about accidents. She read too the advertisements that displayed the latest fashions and appliances that were now available in the stores throughout the Boston States. With each item she read, father and Sebastian, their knives stopped in mid-air, would pause to make some comment and each would affirm the other's insight into whatever was being discussed before continuing their work with the wood.

So the chips and shavings mounted on the floor to the sound of mother's reading. After a while, as it did every year it seemed to me, the talk turned to dreaming about leaving Toners. Father said he had half a mind to give up the fishery and go up to the Boston States in the spring. Up there a man could get a ticket on a trawler or seiner and get paid money, real money with no strings attached for his labor. Many's a man from Toners and the other coves all along the Reach had gone up to Nantucket and New Bedford and New London from time to time to get a little ready cash.

Mother said she was having none of that - her man going away for months and leaving her home to look after the gardens and the animals and the wood and God knows what else. "That's no life," she said, "No, there'll be no going unless I go too." She swept her arm in such a way that it was clear that I was included as well. To which father would reply, "Well, maybe that's just what we'll do. All three of us - move up to Boston with Nath and get us a real job, a job in a factory or on the roads."

Mother would laugh at that. Her dream was always to go to Canada. She had a cousin who had gone to Alberta and become a priest out there. He'd written home several times and sent news clippings of what great opportunities there were to acquire unbelievably large acreages for farming. Land, endless stretches of land, appealed to mother - "Just think, our own farm, as far as the eye can see." To father, the thought of living in Canada was a red flag. "Now, mother, don't be giving me that big farm stuff. God knows for every decent farm there's a dozen that are nothing but dry clay blowing in the wind. They say, Sebastian, you can see clouds of dust coming at you from thirty miles away. Worse than fog it is. And it's all flat. Besides, there's no sea. How's a man to survive without the sea!"

"Ah, the sea! Will you give it up, father," mother would respond. "The sea. Yes, and every year it demands its cruel price. And you slave every day from before dawn to after dark just to keep the merchant fat."

So the dance of words and dreams went back and forth. At heart, it was all good-natured bantering and everyone in the kitchen - father and mother, Sebastian, and even I, young as I was and after hearing the song each successive year - knew no one was going anywhere, not to the Boston States and not to Alberta.

The keg of beer was empty soon enough and the floor was still receiving its litter of whittlings. For all their effort, no satisfactory figures emerged from the hands of father or Sebastian. My own efforts hardly mattered.

"Birch is harder than it should be," said Sebastian. "Yes," said father, "Too knotty, this," as he threw down a piece of fir. "The heat's making the sap run and I haven't got a good half-dried stick in the woodlot." And then they both discovered a long finger of rot in the dogwood. "Hardly fit for the stove," said one to the other's nod.

"You'd better clean up," father said to me. "Put the shavings and the cuttings in the wood box. No, better still, take the whole lot and throw them outside." Turning to mother, he said, "Best to do this in the summer. Easier to select the right cuts."

I knew then that father wasn't going to carve any figures for the nativity set. He wasn't because he couldn't. It had nothing to do with the wood. He could build a boat. He could build a house. And a sled. But he couldn't carve. In my boyish way, I felt let down.

After father and Sebastian went off somewhere, moth-

er quietly told me to put the broken nativity set back in the dairy. I did, and the idea of fixing the set, of carving new figures for the broken ones, was never mentioned again.

After father died, mother toyed with the idea of moving back to her own community but in the end stayed on in Toners. Then she too passed on. And Uncle Nath. By then, I was long working in the city and I had the old house boarded up except for my visit each summer.

One fall, the house burned. Old wiring. By the time I got there, the house was a pile of rubble. Surprisingly, the dairy was largely intact. At the time, I thought I would rebuild a smaller house on the site but by spring the interest was gone. On a sunny Sunday during the summer, I found the dairy largely looted, and soon it was to be torched by a couple of bored lads. Yet, on that Sunday afternoon, I rediscovered the broken nativity set still in its corner. The vandals, it seemed, didn't want it.

Neither did I at the time. Yet, each fall ever since, with the lighting of the Advent wreath, I recall our broken nativity set.

That last time, in the dairy, I picked up a couple of pieces and, as I ran my fingers over the contours of the neatly carved wood, I thought of grandfather's gift to my parents their first Christmas together. And I could see in that dim corner father and mother and I all excited with the arrival of the package from Uncle Nath. The colours and taste of candy and the smell of oranges came back to me as fresh as when I was a child. Yet nothing in my memory matches the look of love in my parents eyes that they had for each other and for me as we three danced about the box before father cut the twine.

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