

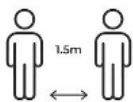


We acknowledge the Wurundjeri people who are the traditional custodians of this land and pay respect to the elders past, present and emerging of the Kulin Nation.

CovidSafety during Mass:



•Please carry an appropriate **face covering** at all times - and use it when necessary;



•Please **socially distance 1.5m** (families not included) for appropriate spacing;



•Please **record your presence** via: QR Code on your phone, or on paper, this is essential for Record Keeping and if necessary, tracing and numbers;



•Please use **Hand Sanitiser** provided or other personal appropriate cleaning agent.

Please note that Density Regulations allow for **160 people** in the Churches of St. Francis Xavier and Our Lady Help of Christians.



Congratulations to all who celebrate their sacraments this weekend:

Saturday 15 May

St Francis Xavier, 6pm

Alyssa Guastella

Confirmation

Darcy Cleary

Confirmation

Liam Cleary

Confirmation

Emily Ramunno

Confirmation

Sunday 16 May

St Francis Xavier, 8:30am

Esther Howden

Confirmation

Kristy Benz

Baptism, Eucharist & Confirmation

Teesha-Lee Benz

Baptism

Kala-Lea Benz

Baptism

Our Lady Help of Christians, 10am

Diego Coddou

Confirmation

Nathan Chesterman

Confirmation

Ilaria Salce

Confirmation

Mikayla Ferronato

Confirmation

St Francis Xavier, 12 noon

Pia Spolidoro

Baptism

Zayden Munday

Baptism

Camila Hurtado

Baptism

Imogen Locarnini

Baptism



This parish has a commitment to ensuring the safety of children and vulnerable people in our community.

For more information visit pol.org.au/eltham or pol.org.au/montmorency.

We support the recommendations of the Royal Commission into institutional abuse and pray for all the survivors.



PARISH TEAM & INFORMATION



Let us pray for all those who have gone before us marked with the sign of faith ...

OUR PEOPLE & OUR CONTACT DETAILS



Parish Priests

Terry Kean - Pastor in Solidum

terry.kean@cam.org.au

Michael Sierakowski - Moderator

michael.sierakowski@cam.org.au

Barry Caldwell

Parish Office

86 Mayona Road

9435 2178

Mon - Fri 9am-3pm

montmorency@cam.org.au

Kate Kogler:

Parish Secretary

eltham@cam.org.au

Peter Williams:

Child Safety Officer

SFX&OLHC.ChildSafety@cam.org.au

Website:

www.pol.org.au/montmorency

www.pol.org.au/eltham

(pol stands for Parish OnLine)

Facebook:

[St Francis Xavier Parish Montmorency](#)

Monty & Eltham Newsletter & Facebook items:

eltham@cam.org.au

Schools

St Francis Xavier Primary School

Principal: Philip Cachia: 9435 8474

principal@sfxmontmorency.catholic.edu.au

www.sfxmontmorency.catholic.edu.au

Holy Trinity Primary School

Principal: Vince Bumpstead: 9431 0888

principal@htelthamnth.catholic.edu.au

www.htelthamnth.catholic.edu.au

Our Lady Help of Christians Primary School

Acting Principal: Therese Stewart: 9439 7824

school@olhceltham.catholic.edu.au

www.olhceltham.catholic.edu.au

Collections: 9 May 2021

Community	Thanksgiving	Presbytery
OLHC	\$437.00	\$736.50
SFX	\$1,558.00	\$1,821.05



Please help our parish continue our important pastoral activities.

You can give an offering online today with CDFpay.

Find our parish by visiting:

<https://bit.ly/CDFpayEltham> or <https://bit.ly/CDFpayMontmorency>

Montmorency

For the recently deceased:

For those whose anniversaries are at this time:

Angelina Spiller

For those in need of healing, remembering especially:

Debbie Edgley (nee Vanderwert), Estelle Levy

Eltham

For the recently deceased:

For those whose anniversaries are at this time:

For those in need of healing, remembering especially:

Violetta, Denice Donnellan

Lidia Marazzato, Tom Nolan, Christine Scott,

Ibyszek Wojciechowski, Sylvek Zyleviczc

To include an anniversary please contact Parish House

9435 2178 or eltham@cam.org.au.

RECONCILIATION

available upon request

please call the Parish Office 9435 2178

All Interested Parishioners...

From last week's letter from the Archbishop regarding the future Mission of the Archdiocese of Melbourne, given here (<https://melbournecatholic.org/about/our-parishes/way-of-the-gospel>) is a wonderful link of all the talks and ideas presented to the priests of the Archdiocese. Please click on this link and follow the story and difficulties that confront the Catholic Church in Melbourne and our future.

Michael

Roster for Eucharistic Ministers at OLHC

Would those who have been Eucharistic Ministers in the past at OLHC, and who wish to continue in this ministry, please put your name and contact number on the sheet available in the foyer after today's mass.

Thank you,
Kathleen Nolan



FEAST OF ASCENSION 2021

From a very early age in life we all have to learn to say goodbye. A child says goodbye to parents when starting kinder and school. It's only goodbye for a short time but there can be tears. I remember as a child getting up at 4am in the morning to farewell my Dad each week as he left for Warrnambool for work purposes. The hellos of greeting him home on a Friday were wonderful.

Life is made of goodbyes and hellos. Think of school days and our leaving primary or secondary school to begin a hello to a new school. Think of university, of employment in work places, of retirement. Many of us have had a number of different jobs and if we are fortunate to live long enough, we say hello to retirement.

The most painful of all goodbyes is surely when we farewell in death someone we love dearly. And the day comes when we all have to say goodbye when we die.

In many ways today's feast of Ascension is about goodbyes. The Gospel story tells of Jesus being carried up to heaven, while the disciples look on, staring into the sky. It's hard to imagine how this happened. Surely it's more symbolic than literal.

What were the disciples thinking and feeling? Were they reminiscing over the times they had shared with Jesus, their friend, their mentor, their inspiration? Were they lost, confused, sad, scared? All of this was no doubt true, but somehow they had to learn to let go and open themselves to a new story. A hello was waiting for them and the *'two men in white'* in the Gospel were telling them this.

Reminds me of a lovely story that author Nigel Meehan tells and I share it with you in a slightly adapted way.

'It was a small town tucked away on the edge of nowhere, where a quiet, busy people lived their story of life together.

Every year at the end of harvest time and before the men went into the winter forest to collect firewood, a storyteller would come to town. Lazy warm afternoons were filled with gathered children and people enjoying the company of each other. The evenings were stilled with listening to the storyteller as elders smiled and laughed with the joy shared and cried with the tragedy told. There were myths and messages for all.

One year the harvest was over and early frost was beginning to surface and still the storyteller had not come. Then a stranger came and told them that the teller had died.

The people were sad with a sense of loss and they gathered to honour the man and his many stories. And they found themselves sharing more of their lives with one another. They had learned that there was living and growing in the telling of life.

And so the storyteller became a people sharing life.'

It's a parable of life reminding us that goodbyes can be opportunities for growth. It took the storyteller's death for the people to really discover their own story, just as it took the death of Jesus for the disciples to open themselves to a new story. They too became a people sharing life.

The same is true for us. We have to learn to say our goodbyes or else we can be looking at the sky reminiscing about the past and unable to embrace the present and find a new opening into life. That doesn't mean we can't grieve or even take time to let go of the past.

But move on we must and today's Feast calls us to listen for the Spirit of God dreaming a new beginning in us. Even goodbyes in death, become hellos to a new life God gives us. We too are to become more and more a people sharing life.

Terry

Prayers of the Faithful for 9 May 2021

Celebrant: The Spirit strengthens, comforts, guides and inspires us. So let us gather our thoughts and prayers turning to the Lord who knows our needs.

For the Church, empowered by the Holy Spirit, may we faithfully give witness to the Gospel and continue Christ's mission of bringing hope and healing to all.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

For the grace to be fearless in faith: may we confidently follow God's call and trust that we will be guided and protected through all challenging situations.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

For those who face the future with apprehension and uncertainty: may they call upon God to enlighten their path and give them peace.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

For healthcare workers and those working to end the pandemic: may God give them strength to care for the sick, distribute the vaccine and educate people about daily health practices.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

For those countries overwhelmed by the pandemic: may God guide the leaders and people of India and Brazil as they strive to control the Covid virus. In addition, may countries, blessed with resources, donate materials and equipment that are needed by those struggling to save the lives of people infected with the Coronavirus.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

For those who have received new life through the sacraments of baptism, first Eucharist and Confirmation in this period of Easter: may they continue to feel welcomed and united in our Catholic community.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

For those who have died recently, and those whose anniversaries are at this time, remembering Angelina Spiller, that they will have eternal life with Christ forever. For their loved ones and friends who are feeling the loss of their physical presence may they be comforted by their memories.

We pray to the Lord.

Lord, hear our prayer.

Celebrant: You care for us, O God, and have sent us your Advocate. Hear our prayers and enable us to reveal your love and life to all the earth. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

FEATURES / Poetry and faith

In a reflection for the final week of roots of his poetry are closely experiences / **By Kenneth Steven**

Where do poems come from?

How do poems happen? The answer is that I don't know, and possibly never will know, not fully. Perhaps the truth is that I don't want to know: I like the fact that something in this over-understood and tied-down and labelled world is left a mystery. All of it is a contradiction: weeks and even months can pass without a single poem happening; then for no apparent reason I will go through a meteor shower of words, and several will be born.

I do know that poems happen more often on the island of Iona, that place which has been my spiritual home from childhood days. It's the place which became important to my mother after she experienced great personal tragedy in her life; the finding of Iona and her finding of faith were inseparable. Then it became the island to which she took us as a family over the course of many summers; after that it was where my half-sister Helen was Justice & Peace worker for the Iona Community, and for a time the place where I would see her for a few days each year. Helen's reputation went before her, and I was proud to bask in the reflected glory. Then finally it became the place for creative writing courses, and last of all, and to this day, the island where my partner Kristina and I lead the Celtic Christian retreats we have come to love so much.

All I know is that the faith roots and the writing roots go extremely deep, and that somehow or other they must meet when I'm on Iona. I have experienced it innumerable times: I arrive once more on the island, over-burdened with the baggage of another year's author events and somehow over-aware of myself. I walk down to St Columba's Bay, that beach where the saint landed from Ireland. Actually, in all honesty I don't walk: I'm blown there, almost bent double, and feel small against the wind. In a way I feel quite useless and insignificant against that wind, and all the self-consciousness, that self-awareness, is blown out of me like so much useless stuffing.



of Easter, a Scottish writer finds the
entangled in his deepest spiritual

oems

For poetry to happen, my imagination has to be fired and to come alive. That happens on Iona for a number of reasons that tie in with those roots of faith. I feel the Celtic Christian past alive around me: ironically enough, rarely if ever at the abbey church itself - hardly the wooden building that Colm Cille and his monks would have constructed. No, I feel the story of those days alive everywhere *else* in the wildscape of the island. When I visit the Hermit's Cell, I sense nothing may have changed since the days of the hermit monks. It is about feeling the past alive and tangible. It is much, much easier to slip through a half-hidden doorway into a story that may have happened, that feels utterly real for as long as I experience that writing.

I feel closer on the island to the gospel stories, and to those who experienced their reality. I have felt that from childhood days. Iona, like all the other Inner and Outer Hebridean islands, is composed of men and women who have survived the centuries by crofting and fishing, through struggle against the elements. They have lived and they still live close to the sea and the stone. They are people for whom stories have been of huge significance; it's stories and the telling of stories (often through the medium of the Gaelic language) that has sustained them through the winters, and that has helped to bind communities. From the beginning, from earliest years of growing, I've felt there to be an umbilical cord of kinship between them and the people of the gospels. Of course such an idea isn't just to be imagined here in the Hebrides: I have no doubt such parallels could be drawn in a host of other places. It's just that this place has formed my experience: it's where I myself have seen and felt the cords that join these worlds.

I remember one extraordinary service at the abbey during Holy Week. Iona at Easter is a brutally cold place: the wind seems to come at you from every direction; the first lambs are crying in the fields, and walking

anywhere at all feels a penance and almost a punishment. Going in the evening to sit in the stone cold of the abbey church is an act of courage in itself.

That night, the service centred on the Garden of Gethsemane. It was not merely a retelling of the account; it was a re-enactment of all that happened. There weren't many at the abbey: the first time the island is truly busy in the new year is Easter Sunday. I don't remember exactly what happened during the service: all I know is that it ended with those who were there being scattered, bewildered and despairing, out into the ferocious cold of the night.

There are no street lights in the village: everything was dark and hopeless, and a moon came and went, blown through frail clouds. Somehow this wasn't any longer the twentieth century: the experience had become a wholly timeless one. All I know is that I re-entered the water of the experience completely; I felt it utterly, and I came to wherever I was staying that night feeling quite distraught, as though I had been taken back entirely into the reality of that terrible night of abandonment.

Almost inevitably a poem had written itself before much time had passed: on such occasions it can be that a whole series of poems are born. They are first drafts; scraps of scribbles on the backs of envelopes, on anything that can carry words. Capturing them before they are lost is all that matters.

The Easter sequence in my latest collection of poems was written over the course of several years. I intended it to be used as a meditation, whether as part of a service or for one individual's time of silent reflection. I reproduce two of them here: ideally, all 10 of the poems should be read at a single sitting. Several of the poems are from the perspective of principal figures in the Easter account: I don't specify who the figures are, so I suppose that in that sense the reader has to be in the know, to be an insider.

EASTER: VIII

She had not slept for days.
She had forgotten food.
She barely knew her name.
Just lay and listened to the city sleep.
She went because she did not know
what else to do.
She did not care or think which path
she took;
if they should find her now what could
they do:
the one she'd served and loved was
dead.

A green star on the sky's far edge
and a single bird sang darkness bright.

She found her way: would watch, keep
vigil
until they came to chase her off.

She crouched so small so long
the cold crept sore through hands and
feet.

Then somewhere on the eastern sky
a wound that opened like a window
and from it poured a broken light
that filled the valley red.

She saw the stone was gone, the body
gone -
that even here they could not grant him
peace,
and through her tore and iron grief
as though beneath deep water.

She saw in fragments that a man
stood there before her - doubtless come
to mock
and from her poured a waterfall of
words
that flowed into the uselessness of grief.

Only when he swam before her
and filled her empty eyes
did she fit together all the fragments of
his voice
and hear her own name whole and new
again.

EASTER: IX

It was over. They left Jerusalem in the
dead of night;
no light alive, the grey rocks of the last
days
raw and jagged in their throats.
They were fishermen; went back,
broken
to the only thing they knew, to Galilee.

And all night nothing;
the skies aubergine, a piling of bruised
clouds,
the lake eerie and moonless, creeping
with shadows;
the cold leaking into feet and hands like
leprosy.

Dawn was a wound in the east, a gash,
the twist of a rusted knife.
And there a figure on the shore beside a
fire;
someone who seemed to wait for them.
They drugged up the boats, deep into
dry sand.
He spoke to them with his eyes,
gave them pieces of smoky fish.
They knew him when he called them by
their names.

Kenneth Steven is a writer, poet, novelist, children's author and broadcaster; his BBC Radio 4 documentary on the island of St Kilda won a Sony Award. His latest collection of poems is *Out of the Ordinary* (Saint Andrew Press). He grew up in Highland Perthshire and now lives in Argyll.

ROSTERS:	
week ending 23 May	
Montmorency	
Andreatta, Brenda	CLNR
McAleer, Peter & Denise	ASRC
McKinna, Jane	PRYR
Sullivan, Frances	W8:30
Eltham	
Dunell, Linda	Altar Society
Saltalamacchia, Carmel	Altar Society
Walker, Neil	Commentator
Zavadil Family	Pilgrim Rosary Statue
Zylstra, Diane	Reader

Monty & Eltham Calendar of Events

Saturday 15

6:00pm Mass (160 people) & confirmations Montmorency

Sunday 16 - The Ascension of the Lord

8:30am Mass (160 people), baptisms, first eucharist & confirmations Montmorency

10:00am Mass (160 people) & confirmations Eltham

12:00pm Baptisms: Pia, Zayden, Camila, Imogen Montmorency

Tuesday 18

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency

10:00am Craft Group Montmorency

11:00am Prayer Shawl Eltham

Wednesday 19

6:30am Meditation Montmorency

9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Thursday 20

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency

10:30am ASRC food collection & delivery Montmorency

2:00pm Mass Garden Views

Friday 21

9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Saturday 22

6:00pm Mass (160 people) & confirmations Montmorency

Sunday 23 - Pentecost Sunday

8:30am Mass (160 people) & confirmations Montmorency

10:00am Mass (160 people) & confirmations Eltham

12:00pm Baptisms: Harriet, Hunter, Heidi, Cody Montmorency

Monday 24 - Our Lady Help of Christians Feast Day

9:30am Mass (160 people) - Feast Day School Mass Eltham

Tuesday 25

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency

Wednesday 26

6:30am Meditation Montmorency

9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Thursday 27

9:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency

10:30am ASRC food collection & delivery Montmorency

2:00pm Mass St Vincent's Care

Friday 28

9:30am Mass (160 people) Eltham

Saturday 29

6:00pm Mass (160 people) & confirmations Montmorency

Sunday 30

8:30am Mass (160 people) Montmorency

Fr Terry's 50 years of Ordination

Getting closer...

The weekend of 22nd/23rd May is the great Feast of Pentecost. On the same weekend we have another cause for celebration - the 50th Anniversary of Fr Terry's Ordination!

As previously advertised, **Sunday 23rd May** at Monty RSL from **5pm to 8pm**, will be a celebration. This may *only* be booked online using this link: <https://www.trybooking.com/754475>. **Bookings** for this event will **close at 9pm Sunday 16th May**. There are still a few vacancies for this event.

Lunches at Monty RSL on **Tuesday 25th May** and **Friday 28th May** at 12 noon, may be booked up until the actual date by calling **Montmorency RSL** directly on **9434 2085** and booking in to 'lunch with Terry'. There are still plenty of vacancies for both lunches.

All of these events need to be pre-booked due to continuing COVID restrictions.

If you are experiencing any difficulty with booking into these events, please call us:

Noel : 0421 016 105

Vinka : 0418 345 954

Patsy : 0429 439 675

Mary : 9439 5921; or

Barbara : 9439 8594; or

speak to us after Mass.



Can you help?



An elderly parishioner would like a lift from Diamond St, Eltham to 8:30am Mass at St Francis Xavier each Sunday. If you are able to help, please call the office and we will provide further details.

CatholicCare - Chaplaincy Appeal



Chaplaincy Appeal 2021

This weekend is the Chaplaincy Appeal. Conations from our parish community will help the Chaplaincy programs to support the most vulnerable people in our community. Your support and generosity will ensure that Catholic chaplains can continue to faithfully meet the emotional and spiritual needs of the vulnerable, isolated and marginalised in our community by providing pastoral and spiritual support. Parishioners are encouraged to offer prayers and a financial donation to help provide continued spiritual and emotional comfort to individuals and families in Victoria facing loneliness, illness, pain, grief and death.

You can donate using the envelopes available or online at www.ccam.org.au or call 03 9287 5513.



GRATEFUL, THANKFUL, BLESSED

Thank you for your support, beautiful gifts, touching messages, the lovely lunch and most of all your LOVE.

We are certainly companions on the journey.

I will miss you all.

May GOD bless you, always!

WITH LOVE GINA

Gina's Farewell.

To those who supported in assisting to make Gina's farewell a memorable one, whether by your attendance at the lunch, or your generous donations, a massive thank you.

It was a great opportunity to offer Gina our deep gratitude for the services that Gina has given tirelessly, to our community over the last 8 and a half years.

We were able to present Gina with the unexpected gift of jewellery in the form of the famous Eltham copper butterfly.

(Photos of jewellery and flowers attached and gratitude to Kate for her help with this).

Gratitude also goes to Fr Michael for his generous donation from the Parish.

Sheilah Arneson



Enrol Now



Our Lady Help of Christians Primary School

**EVERY DAY IS
OPEN DAY**

1-13 Henry Street Eltham, 3095 | 9439 7824 | principal@olheltham.catholic.edu.au



St Francis Xavier
Catholic Primary School
Montmorency

2022 ENROLMENTS NOW OPEN

JOIN OUR NEXT PRINCIPAL LED SCHOOL TOUR
BY CALLING OUR REGISTRAR ON **9435 8474**

>> OUR EDUCATIONAL PACKAGE IS UNSURPASSED <<

- ✓ 7 SPECIALIST TEACHING AREAS EACH WEEK FOR PREP - YEAR 6
- ✓ INTERVENTION SUPPORT (ENGLISH/MATHS) - AT ALL LEVELS
- ✓ STEPHANIE ALEXANDER KITCHEN GARDEN
- ✓ LOTTE MANDARIN
- ✓ SCHOOL CHURCH / COUNSELLOR
- ✓ DIGITAL TECHNOLOGY (COMPUTERS)
- ✓ O'S CONYBY CENTRE (LIBRARY)
- ✓ PHYSICAL EDUCATION
- ✓ VISUAL ARTS
- ✓ S.T.E.M
- ✓ PERFORMING ARTS



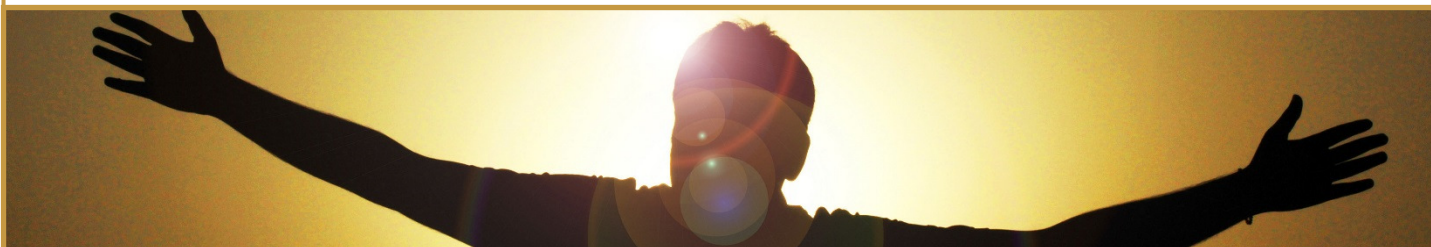

TOGETHER WE CAN ACHIEVE ANYTHING

www.sfxmontmorency.catholic.edu.au

Gospel - Mark 16:15-20

Jesus showed himself to the Eleven and said to them, 'Go out to the whole world; proclaim the Good News to all creation. He who believes and is baptised is save; he who does not believe will be condemned. These are the signs that will be associated with believers: in my name they will cast out devils; they will have the gift of tongues; they will pick up snakes in their hands, and be unharmed should they drink deadly poison; they will lay their hands on the sick, who will recover.'

And so the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven: there at the right hand of God he took his place, while they, going out, preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word by the signs that accompanied it.



Reflection

The gospel reading consists of the concluding verses of what is called the “longer ending” of Mark’s gospel. Both the “shorter ending” (16:8b) and the “longer ending” (16:9-20) appear to be later additions to the gospel, which would otherwise have ended with the women fleeing from the tomb in terror and amazement (16:8). It is worth noting that today’s reading begins with the first part of verse 14 (“Jesus showed himself to the Eleven”) but omits the rest of the verse in which Jesus reproaches them “for their incredulity and obstinacy because they had refused to believe...”. This seems a pity given the emphasis Mark puts on the disciples’ unbelief throughout his gospel.

The text as it stands is impressively assertive. In spite of their reluctance to believe, the disciples are commissioned to go forth and proclaim the gospel “to the whole creation”. They are assured that their preaching will be accompanied by powerful signs. Mark devotes but a single sentence to Jesus’ ascension; his focus is on the earthly mission of the disciples. It is as if Jesus had to withdraw to allow the mission to succeed.

Break Open the Word 2021



My Faith Journey

My journey into the church is a long one and is now official, I will be Baptised as an adult on Sunday 16th May, 2021.



I did not grow up in a religious family, although my father is Catholic and my mother is Anglican. They have religious values but did not take us to church. My journey started when I became an adult. I worked in an organisation that had many staff connected with the church. One girl that I befriended quite closely took me to her church, which was Anglican. That was my first real experience of church. I really enjoyed it. They had a student band that played music at the start of each session and throughout. They followed a similar but less formal structure to that of the Catholic church.



Then the day came where I went overseas to see the world. I saw much of Western Europe and all of their elaborate and eloquent churches. It was an intense experience. Whilst overseas my father developed cancer. That was the first time I prayed. I went to a church and prayed, and even wrote down my prayer in a prayer book in Le Mont Saint Michel in France. My prayer came true and my father went into remission.



After meeting my husband in Germany and bringing him back to Australia, we started to attend a church near where we lived which was Presbyterian. The day came where we got married and had our wedding in the church. Shortly after we had children. Then I started studying at Australian Catholic University to become a teacher. Throughout the course we covered religious topics so that we could teach in a Catholic school. Through this experience my knowledge of the church, its sacraments and purpose became stronger and I started to seek out a Catholic church for myself and my children to attend. We found Eltham and Gina, and here we start our official journey with the church and faith.

Kristy

