

FOR THE RECORD Priests who have laboured in the Diocese of Christchurch, and who in the hope of the resurrection, await the coming of the Lord: (concluded)

AT REST IN RANGIORA

Fr D P O'Connor (1897)

Fr Mathias McManus (1909)

Fr William Hyland (1922)

Fr Denis Leen (1947)

Fr Peter O'Hara (1972)

AT REST IN LINWOOD

Fr Michael Marnane SM (1908)

Fr Augustin Le Petit SM (1920)

Fr John Edward Ainsworth SM (1932)

Fr James Patrick Hickson SM (1933)

Fr Francis Kerley SM (1936)

Fr Jean-Marie Vibaud SM (1939)

AT REST IN TEMUKA

Fr James Foley SM (1905)

Fr Theophile Le Menant des Chesnais SM (1910)

Fr Charles O'Reilly SM (1939)

Fr Joseph Herbert SM (1944)

Fr Patrick Joseph Smyth SM (1953)

AT REST IN LYTTTELTON:

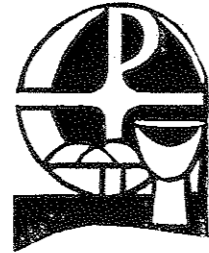
Fr Jeremiah Ruby Donovan,
Died 27 September 1881, aged 62.

Fr Patrick Joseph Cooney,
Died 15 January 1939, aged 66.

AT REST IN HALSWELL

Fr Aloysius Lawrence Ginaty SM (1911)

Fr Charles Bell SM (1920)



AT REST IN METHVEN

Fr Thomas Walter Price
Died 30 Nov 1935, aged 62.

Fr Denis Halvey
Died 7 Sept 1944, aged 56.

AT REST IN DARFIELD

Fr John Vaughan SSC (2007)

AT REST IN ROSS

Fr John Riordan (1925)

AT REST IN HOKITIKA:

Fr P.A. Martin, SM.,
Died 5 August 1906.

Fr Philip Bogue,
Died 22 May 1903, aged 30.

AT REST IN SYDNEY

Fr Patrick Ahern

Fr James Maguire

AT REST IN IRELAND

Mons Owen Gallagher

Fr Brendan Gibbons

Fr William Costigan

Mons Matthew Duggan

A few days ago, Pope Benedict XVI went on pilgrimage to Lourdes to mark the 150th anniversary of the apparitions there in 1858. The Pope has encouraged Catholics around the world to join him in honouring Our Lady on this occasion. And what a joy it was to see our Cathedral packed on Sunday August 17th for the first of our diocesan celebrations marking the event.

The occasion brought to mind the memory of a children's broadcast I did on Station 3YA in 1963. While I could tell the wonderful story of Bernadette Soubirous and what happened in Lourdes in 1858, I had never been there. What the programme needed was a first-hand account by someone who had. And so it was that I went to see Monsignor Tom Liddy to ask if he would record some thoughts that could be played on the programme, which he did. The day after the broadcast I received a note. It came from a Mr Donald Haberfield, the publicity officer for Hutchinson Motors Ltd, and read: 'Your broadcast a few minutes ago moved me deeply - I think it was really inspirational - those thousands of radio children who were listening have a word picture they will surely treasure'. JMH

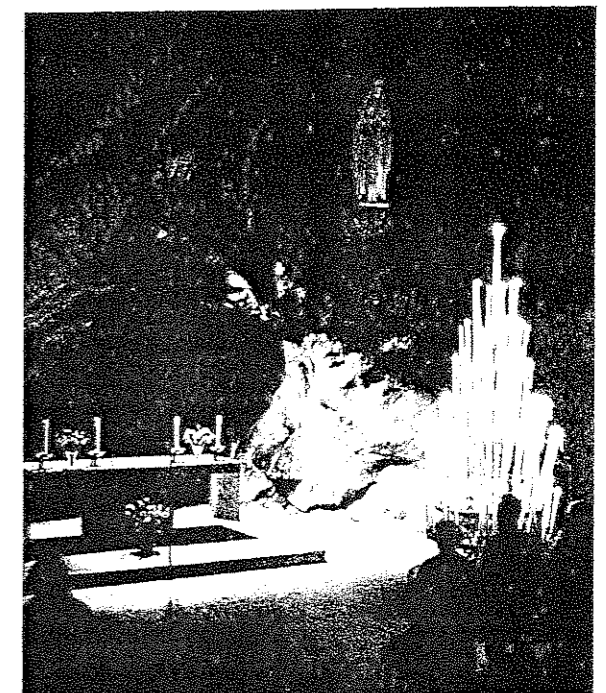
Here then is the Late Monsignor Liddy's word picture of Lourdes:

The name 'Lourdes'. What a tumble of memories it brings to the mind! The beautiful clean, bright town set so prettily in the wooded foothills of the Pyrenees, - memory of prayer, of heaven open to the heart, of twisted bodies, tongues of all nations, and over it all the mantle of the Virgin Mary - God's favoured one.

How well I recall the journey from Paris - the clickety clack over the rails. 'We're going to Lourdes, we're going to Lourdes.' Speeding across the French countryside, hour after hour, then the approach to the mountains towering in the distance, and finally the exclamation of joy 'there it is' - the first glimpse of Lourdes, and far off like a miniature, the goal of our pilgrimage - the basilica, set against the late afternoon sky - and just discernible, the grotto, and in it like a pearl, a small white dot, the statue of Our Lady. Just a glimpse, then gone as the slowing train pulls into the station and we are whisked away to our lodgings.

As evening comes we feel drawn to the grotto as to a magnet, and there the heavenly peace of Lourdes enfolded us. There in the centre is the simple altar, and the red lamp keeping vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. There to the right is the many branched candlestick shedding mellow light on all about it; there to the left is the musical sound of water trickling from the miraculous spring; there in the niche above, is the statue carved to the description of St Bernadette. All about us is the murmur of prayer to the Mother of God.

With the dawn comes the bustle of the day. The Masses following one another at the grotto; the endless line of people receiving Holy Communion; the constant procession of those filing past to kiss the rock hallowed by the feet of God's favoured one. There is found a cross section of humanity - old men and women expending their life savings in this act of devotion, young men and maidens dedicating their future to the sinless one. And there, too, are the sick and suffering - the bent misshapen forms hobbling to the grotto on crutches, the paralysed ones pushed in wheelchairs or carried on stretchers. But there is no misery or complaint here. They have come to Lourdes, perhaps, to seek a cure; who knows, God is good. Or have they come to ask for grace and courage to accept the cross of Christ? Whatever - in the afternoon all their anguish and pain finds its expression in the blessing of the sick, when Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is carried among them. It is like it was in Galilee. 'Lord that I may see! Lord that I may hear. Lord, that I may walk!'



The heart of Lourdes - where candles burn night and day, and prayer never ceases.

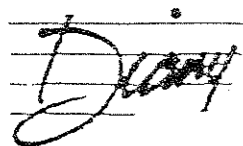
Here is a girl, perhaps 19, lying there wasting, pale, paralysed. Surely heaven will hear her prayer. There, is a strong working man with his son in his arms, a poor stunted skeleton of a boy. There, is a mother with her idiot daughter, who drools and dribbles incoherently. The very memory of it wrings the heart.

But God stoops to each of them with love. The young girl accepts her role as a bride of suffering and love, hurrying to her eternal home; the father clasps his son more closely; the mother sees in her daughter God's angel. Heaven has stooped to earth; God has visited his people; and hearts are filled with love and joy and peace and courage that pain and suffering can never take away. In Galilee, bodies were healed. Here is the greater miracle, suffering accepted with joy, the cross embraced with happiness and love.

And so the round of prayer and devotion goes through the day, and as the sun sets the pilgrims gather for a farewell – a good night procession in honour of the Immaculate one. They gather under their national banners – a United Nations of common people, crowded in their thousands before the grotto. Each has brought a candle, and a flame is passed from the grotto through the crowd until the rock and the trees and the statue are suffused with the mellow glow of candlelight. Then the procession moves off, the sound of the Lourdes hymn fills the air: 'Ave, Ave, Ave Maria, Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!'

The procession becomes a winding ribbon of light as it moves up and down the paths of Mary's domain; a procession of glow worms in the golden night, and all the while the praises of God and of Mary ascend in prayer and song. 'We believe in one God, the Father the Almighty ... our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ... Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us ... Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria, Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.'

The name 'Lourdes' – what a tumble of memories it brings to mind!



Annual Gathering of the Friends : Sunday November 2nd
Mass in the Cathedral – 10.30am (Fauré Requiem); to be
followed by a light luncheon in the Cathedral Presbytery.

ANGELA WOOLSTENCROFT
CATHEDRAL HOUSE
PO BOX 4544
CHRISTCHURCH 8140

'Friends of the Cathedral', P.O. Box 4544, Christchurch Mail Centre.

NEWSLETTER

FRIENDS OF THE CATHEDRAL



No 75 : SEPTEMBER 2008

A CHAPEL OF RECONCILIATION

The Cathedral bulletin of 14th March 1982 carried an announcement that the Cathedral's 'Tower Room' was soon to be re-ordered as a place for administering the Sacrament of Reconciliation. It would replace the confessional 'boxes' which then dotted the side aisles of the building.

Providing a suitable place for 'Reconciliation' had long been a felt need. But unfortunately, the Sacrament of Penance was the last of the seven sacraments to be revised following the Second Vatican Council, and the re-ordering of the Cathedral interior had long been completed before a new rite of Penance was promulgated, ushering in a new understanding of this sacrament.

The problem was, there was no obvious place in the Cathedral for a Reconciliation Room, and it was felt that the work of creating one should be entrusted to Miles Warren, the architect responsible for the re-ordering of the Cathedral interior in 1974-75.

Finally, the decision was taken to create a Reconciliation Room in what was then known as the 'Tower Room', located at the right rear of the building on the opposite side to the baptistery. At that time it was a storage room, and the place where the Sunday collections were counted.

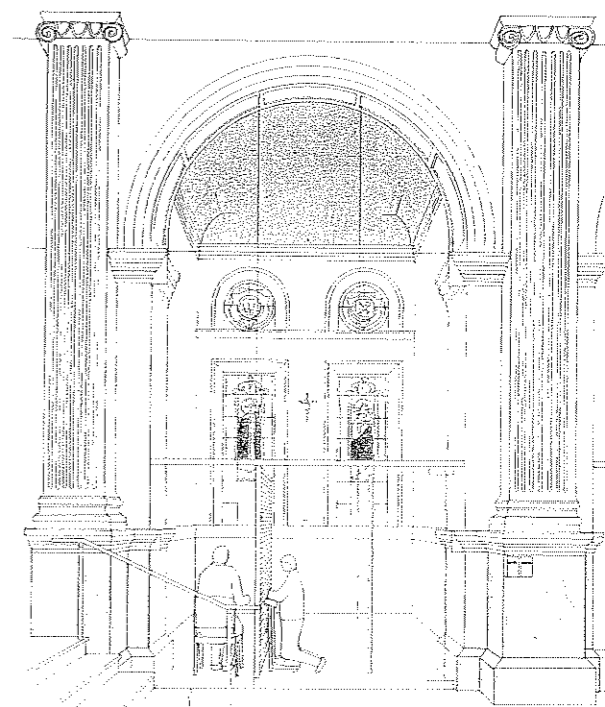
The re-conditioned Reconciliation Room, blessed during Holy Week 1982, has served the Cathedral well over the decades, and who knows how many people have found peace and joy and spiritual healing within its walls.

But twelve months ago, the Bishop and the Cathedral Trust thought the time had come for a re-think about the 'Reconciliation Room'. Subsequently, the decision was taken to create a 'Chapel of Reconciliation' immediately to the east of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. Simon Pascoe, who had replaced Sir Miles Warren as Consultant Architect of the Cathedral, was asked to prepare drawings, and these are presently displayed in the area chosen for the purpose.

The project has been costed in the region of \$50,000. At this year's AGM of the clergy, the Bishop made an appeal to the priests to support the project, and many have contributed generously. The hope is that the 'Friends of the Cathedral' will be equally generous.

As a follow up to this project, toilet facilities for the faithful will be relocated in the room presently occupied for the Sacrament of Reconciliation. This will end the procession of people making their way to the toilets at the sanctuary end of the building during sacred celebrations. Strangely, toilets were never a consideration when the Cathedral was built. Francis William Petre provided fireplaces in both the bishop's and the priests' sacristies; he provided safes in both the Baptistery and the 'Tower Room', but presumably it was taken as read that the faithful and their children had been to the toilet before coming to church!

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Simon Pascoe's drawing of what the Chapel might look like when completed.

For the Cathedral Trustees



Monsignor J.M. Harrington