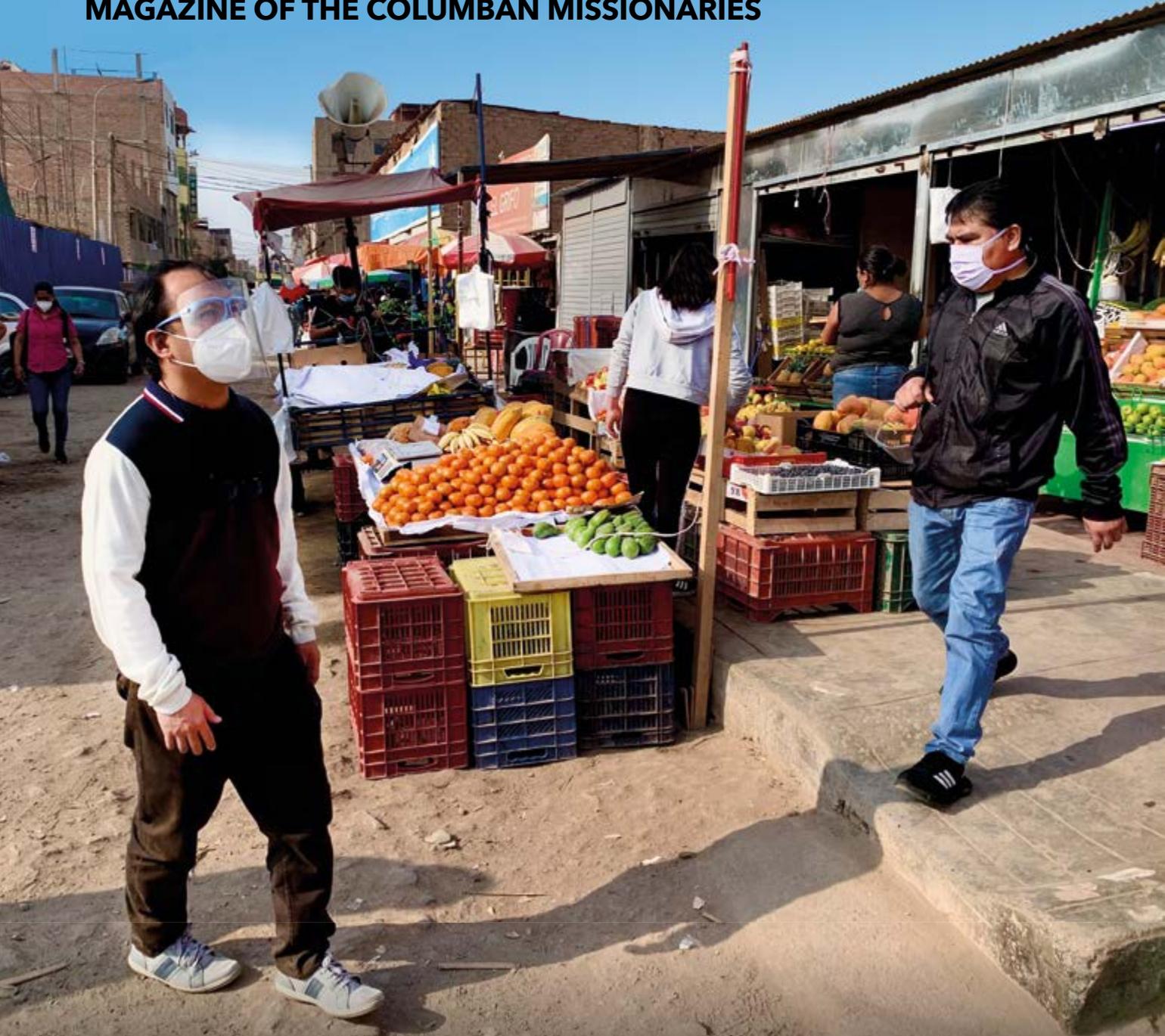


far east



MAGAZINE OF THE COLUMBAN MISSIONARIES



ARCHBISHOP PAUL GRAWNG

A Great Friend to
the Columbans

KEEP ON WALKING

Columban Covid outreach
in Peru

THE PASCHAL CANDLE

Hope and the Promise
of Freedom

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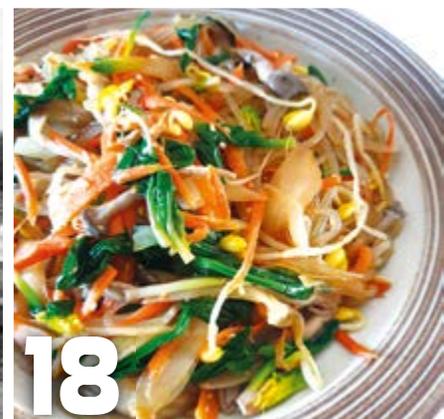
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THE FAR EAST

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To promote an awareness of the missionary dimension of the Church among readers; to report on the work of Columban priests, Sisters and lay missionaries; and to seek spiritual and material support for missionaries.

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Front Cover

Columban missionary Fr Dylan Tabaco at a local market in Lima, Peru during the Covid-19 pandemic. Image: Juan Diego Torres, Communications Officer for the Columbans in Peru.



REFLECTING ON THE PANDEMIC

EDITORIAL

Last October, Pope Francis published a very important encyclical entitled *Fratelli Tutti*. Due to the focus on the Covid-19 pandemic, the international media paid relatively scant attention to it.

In his encyclical, Pope Francis wrote, "It is my desire that, in this our time, by acknowledging the dignity of each human person, we can contribute to the rebirth of a universal aspiration to fraternity." (*Fratelli Tutti* Article 8)

Some early sections of the encyclical concern the pandemic and are well worth quoting. They include Article 32: "True, a worldwide tragedy like the Covid-19 pandemic momentarily revives the sense that we are a global community, all in the same boat, where one person's problems are the problems of all. Once more we realised that no one is saved alone: we can only be saved together."

Elsewhere, Pope Francis writes in Article 35: "If only this may prove not to be just another tragedy of history from which we learned nothing... If only we might rediscover once and for all that we need one another, and that in this way our human family can experience a rebirth, with all its faces, all its hands, and all its voices, beyond the wall that we have created."

We have been forced to rely more and more on social media to communicate with one another during the pandemic. Although we are grateful that modern technology has provided us with this valuable means of keeping in contact with each other, we can see clearly that there is no substitute for face-to-face contact.

In *Fratelli Tutti*, the Pope also lists some of the problems of social media. "Digital relationships, which do not demand the slow and gradual cultivation of friendships, stable interaction, or the building of a consensus that matures over time, have the appearance of sociability. Yet they do not really build community; instead they tend to disguise and expand the very individualism that finds

expression in xenophobia and in contempt for the vulnerable. Digital connectivity is not enough to build bridges. It is not capable of uniting humanity."

One of the effects of the pandemic and its lockdowns is a greater degree of silence which offers an invitation to prayer and reflection. St Patrick reminds us that kidnapped as a youth by Irish pirates, he found himself in an involuntary 'lockdown', caring for sheep on the harsh slopes of Slemish Mountain. The Saint wrote, "When I had come to Ireland, I tended herds every day and I used to pray many times during the day. More and more my love of God and my reverence for him began to increase. My faith grew stronger and my zeal so intense that in the course of a single day I would say as many as a hundred prayers, and almost as many at night." (*Patrick in His Own Words* by Joseph Duffy, Veritas Publications, Dublin 1975)

May the experience of this pandemic help us to realise, "... that our lives are interwoven with and sustained by ordinary people valiantly shaping the decisive events of our shared history: doctors, nurses, pharmacists, storekeepers and supermarket-workers, cleaning personnel, caretakers, transport workers, men and women working to provide essential services and public safety, volunteers, priests and religious... They understood that nobody is saved alone." (*Fratelli Tutti* Article 54) Like St Patrick, may we be helped by the silence and isolation to grow in prayer and reflection. ●

Fr Cyril Lovett

Fr Cyril Lovett is the former editor of the Far East magazine and served on mission in the Philippines and Brazil.

01. Pope Francis and Bartholomew I, Patriarch of Constantinople, attend an inter-religious ceremony promoted by the St Egidio Community in Piazza del Campidoglio, Rome in October 2020. Image: Shutterstock.

A GREAT FRIEND TO THE COLUMBANS

Columban missionary Fr Neil Magill pays tribute to Archbishop Paul Grawng of Mandalay, a great friend to the Society, who succeeded Columban Bishop John Howe as Bishop of Myitkyina.

In 1970, I was a theology student at our Columban seminary in Ireland and in the college we had a book shop. I was one of the shop assistants. One afternoon Bishop John Howe came in and asked me to send some theology books every three months to a Paul Grawng in Myitkyina. That was 50 years ago and that was the first time I heard the name of Fr Paul Grawng. I had to wait another 32 years before I had the privilege of meeting him.

In 2002, I visited Myitkyina in Myanmar and on arriving at St Columban's Cathedral I met a man outside. I thought he was either a farmer or someone who had dropped in to say a prayer. He was wearing slippers, grey trousers and a casual shirt.

He approached with outstretched hand and a genuine smile. I introduced myself as a Columban and he invited me in for coffee. He gave me a room and told me to stay as long as I wished.

Over coffee he mentioned several Columbans who worked in Kachin State and told stories about them. I wondered how he knew so much about the Columbans and still, not knowing who he was, I innocently asked, "And what is your name?"

He gave a gentle smile and said, "I'm Bishop Paul,

Bishop Howe's successor." I was happily surprised as it was the first time I had met a bishop so simply dressed with no ring on his finger. We hit it off and enjoyed some great chats over the next three days.

When I returned to Ireland, we kept in contact and in 2003 he told me he was transferred to Mandalay as Archbishop. A few months later he emailed to say he was going to Rome to receive the *pallium*, symbol of an archbishop's authority, and would like to stop over in Ireland. This was great news and he spent some time in Dalgan and met those Columbans still alive who had worked in Myitkyina, Frs Colm Murphy, David Wall, Paddy Conneally and others.

That weekend I was going to visit my elderly parents in Derry and asked Bishop Paul if he would like to come with me. He jumped at the idea and stayed with my parents for three days. He offered the weekend Masses in my home parish and spoke about the importance of the family, something very dear to him. I took him to visit friends and he made a big impression on people.

One 80-year-old lady gave him a 30-minute talk on the ills and injustices in the world. Bishop Paul listened attentively and when she had finished told her, "You should be the Prime Minister." She was chuffed and took delight in telling her friends and neighbours what the Archbishop thought of her. From then until his death people around my home place would always ask me, "How is wee Bishop Paul."

Bishop Paul knew I was finishing my term on the Columban General Council in Ireland in 2006 and he invited me to come to Mandalay to teach in the pre-major seminary. In early 2007, I went to Mandalay and my friendship with Bishop Paul grew stronger. To be appointed as Archbishop was a great honour but he remained a simple shepherd.

Both of us were interested in





02

Fr Neil Magill was ordained in 1973 and went on mission to Taiwan where he founded the New Life Workers' Centre (NLWC) helping workers get to know their rights through educational programmes. He is now missioned in Myanmar where he founded the Mandalay Archdiocesan Higher Education Centre which provides high quality third level education to students from disadvantaged backgrounds. The aim is to help them achieve their potential and become leaders in both their civil and church communities.

- 01. Archbishop Paul Grawng of Mandalay. Image: Sarah Mac Donald
- 02. Collage of images from the funeral and burial tomb of Archbishop Paul Grawng.
- 03. Bishop Paul (second row, second from left) with Fr Neil Magill (second row, third from left) with some of the students from Mandalay Higher Education Centre (HEC) students.



03

education and in young people so, after a lot of planning, we started the Higher Education Centre (HEC) in Mandalay. This was not without difficulties and headaches but we persevered and opened the HEC in 2010. It is a three-year residential course to train teachers.

Bishop Paul very frequently came to the HEC, offered Mass, chatted with the 150 students and on Sunday nights joined the students for their social night of drama, singing and disco dancing. He was always out on the floor dancing to the great joy and amazement of the students. He would say "life begins at 75." This meant so much to the students as Bishop Paul debunked the image of pomp and ceremony associated with bishops.

My greatest joy was in early 2017 when Bishop Paul asked me if we could give him a room at the HEC. We prepared a small sitting room and bedroom for him and we were all happy that he was now a fully fledged HEC family member.

Our friend, Archbishop Paul Grawng died on 24 October 2020; he was 81.

Words which come to mind about this great shepherd are: saintly, encourager, cheerful giver, prayerful, simple lifestyle and patient. He loved everyone and had a special place in his heart for the youth and believed in their potential. The Church, Myanmar and all of us are much better because of Bishop Paul. What a blessing he was to all of us!

He is always in our hearts. ●

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COMMODIFYING HOPE

Fr Bobby Gilmore writes about the desperation of trafficked people and asks why are the destitute used to sow fear and resentment by political leaders promoting their own popularity.

This is an extract from a letter written in Jamaica by a young teenager, Karoline Wulf, to a German newspaper in 1836. She was a member of a family trafficked from Germany to Jamaica.

"My fellow-countrymen, under no circumstances must you come to this land called Jamaica. The temperature here is extremely hot and five crowns will only buy you five potatoes. For ten days after my arrival I felt so ill that I could not walk... Let no one deceive you, do not let yourselves be persuaded to emigrate to this place unless you want to starve to death and be dragged down, like us, for ever. I felt I had to write to warn you, because we, unlike you, had no choice. The emigration contract was given to us on the ship, when we had already left port. And what could we do in those circumstances except sign it?"

Traffic, trading and transfer are words that seem to have a lot in common. They can be used in many contexts in the area of commerce and in respectable interchange of goods and services. In the recent past a new word "trafficking" has emerged to denote events that happen in twilight and shady zones of crime associated with illegal drugs, the movement of people and objects not sanctioned by the formal economy.

The people who carry out such off

limits commerce are called "traffickers". Their activities are frowned on in this age of so-called civility. In the past such people worked on behalf of European governments. They were "slavers" who managed the slave trade from West Africa to the Caribbean on behalf of European states and business interests.

As the Abolition of Slavery in the Caribbean loomed in the early 1830s the Jamaican plantocracy with the consent of the then colonial government hired two recruiting agents to go to Europe to entice poor white people to come to Jamaica. They were promised farms in the Jamaican highlands. The plan was to force the freed slaves to the lowlands so the sugar plantations would continue to have cheap labour.

Recruiting agents targeted poor areas in Germany. There they recruited Germans, families and single people, five hundred in all, promising them a new life in the United States. However, the ship, *The Olbers*, on which they were passengers docked in the port of Rio Bueno on the north coast of Jamaica. The passengers thinking it was a United States port disembarked. The ship sailed on leaving them stranded.

News spread of the plight of these Germans. A plantation owner, Lord Seaford, offered them five hundred

acres on a mountainside in the parish of Westmoreland. There they used their skills to survive. They built temporary shelters and went about tilling the land to produce basic food. Most of the men were tradesmen and ex-soldiers having little knowledge of cultivation and no knowledge at all about farming in the tropics. The women were skilled and resourceful, quick to adapt tropical food production and innovative in household maintenance and management.

The years after their arrival were extremely harsh. Some died of malnutrition and disease. Initially, they depended on the goodwill, kindness and welcome of the recently freed slaves. There was no Catholic presence in the area. Those among the Germans who were Catholics built a temporary chapel. Others who were of the Lutheran faith associated with the Baptist and Anglican local churches.

The Catholics elected a lay leader to lead their Sunday worship. He later went to Kingston to inform the church leadership of their presence. He requested arrangements to have liturgical celebrations. The church leadership in Kingston was surprised to hear of a vibrant Catholic community in the heart of Westmoreland and formed a pastoral plan for it. The parish became known as Seaford Town.

The late Cardinal Carlo Maria Martini speaking at the World Conference for the Pastoral Care of Migrants and Refugees in 1992 said, *"The history of salvation has known unpredictable and mysterious integration of peoples, cultures and races."* However, the human desperation of trafficked people can never be quantified.

As the pastor of Seaford Town in the 1990s I was constantly reminded of the resilience of the human spirit to overcome

exploitation and the depravity that accompanies it. It was a constant in the faces of both descendants of the African slaves and the trafficked Germans. Their ability to recognise the goodness in each other's plight was the community balm that nurtured hope making life tolerable.

This is an extract from another anonymous letter written to the German magazine, *Der Sprecher-Rheinisch-Westfalischer Anzeiger*, in 1835 by one of the trafficked Germans in Jamaica.

"At the beginning, when we arrived in this distant land, we were very happy. The natives welcomed us very warmly. Then we were taken to the place appointed for us, and we immediately saw that the firewood was unusable and the water undrinkable. Over the following weeks we realised that it would be impossible to grow food on these mountains, but we were ordered, nevertheless, to build our huts on that poor, infertile soil. Now we never have enough food to eat. And we continue to suffer."

As I read and watch media images of tired, exhausted and worn out men women and children, families, stumble on to beaches, clamber over fences, crawl under border wire, then separated from each other, I ask myself, has anything changed? Why are the destitute used to sow fear and resentment by political leaders, in promoting their popularity? Are we experiencing a global disorder in which migration is a crime, the victim a criminal and welcoming the stranger subversive? ●

Fr Bobby Gilmore was ordained in 1963 and assigned to the Philippines from 1964-78. From 1978-92, he was Director of the Irish Emigrant Chaplaincy in Britain and chaired the campaign for justice for the Birmingham Six. He was a founding member of Village of Hope, Montego Bay, Jamaica, where he worked from 1992-99. In 1999, he returned to Ireland where he established the Migrant Rights Centre Ireland.



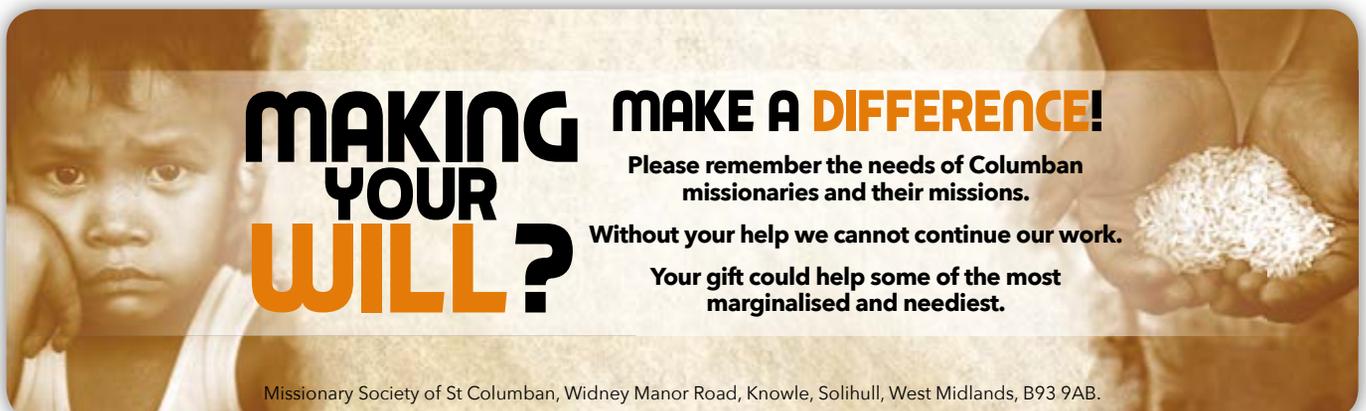
01. St Mary's Parish Church in Port Maria, Jamaica, built in the 19th century. Image: Shutterstock.

02. A worker labouring in the fields to harvest sugar cane at Siloah, St Elizabeth, Jamaica. Image: Shutterstock.

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HUMAN TRAFFICKING: A SCOURGE ON HUMANITY

It's adults that allow the sexual exploitation and trafficking of children warns Fr Shay Cullen. He reveals how the child sex abuse business continues to thrive in the Philippines and what measures the Preda Foundation is taking to counter it.

Human trafficking and child sexual abuse are still thriving in the Philippines. Online sexual abuse of children is everywhere, it seems, and more has to be done by the telecommunication corporations to stop it. This heinous crime against small children, to satisfy the depraved lust of foreign paedophiles, is abhorrent. Shame on all who allow it to happen with impunity.

The Philippines has become a hub for such crimes. The National Bureau of Investigations (NBI) in Olongapo and Manila rescued 18 women and children and arrested three human traffickers recently. In Angeles City in November, two children were rescued and two pimps, both minors, were arrested and turned over to the social workers. A US national, Nicholas Pyant, was arrested by the Philippine National Police in a room with children and is due to be charged with sexual assault and the rape of young children. Pyant was under surveillance for weeks and is allegedly a known child predator.

In Barrio Baretto in Olongapo City minors are brought to sex hotels to be sold as sex slaves to paedophiles. The sex industry exists for the sexual gratification of paedophiles, foreign sex tourists and rich locals. It earns huge profits for the foreign and local owners of these sex bars and hotels.

Preda Foundation's social workers are very active in intelligence gathering. They

provided vital information and assisted in the recent rescue of trafficked women and minors in the Barretto night club district. The four minors were referred to the Preda Home for Girls where they are safe from the sex mafia and the families of the human traffickers. At the Preda home, they receive full support, affirmation, counselling, emotional release therapy and education as well as values-formation to prepare them to have a normal, happy life.

The Preda home will assist the minors in bringing charges against their abusers and traffickers. Together, we win several convictions of traffickers and child rapists every year. In 2018, we had 18 convictions. In 2019 we helped the children win 20 convictions leading to life sentences. Last year, 13 convictions were secured. There would be more but due to the pandemic the courts were closed.

Fighting for justice is a very important healing therapy for the children who testify in court what their abusers did to them. Most victims/survivors are teenagers, but some victims are just three years old. They can feel secure knowing that their traffickers and rapists are behind bars and can abuse no more children. Some of the teenage child victims of human trafficking also want to be advocates for children's rights and to speak out. They volunteer and sign up to be children's rights advocates, a brave and courageous action

to take. While we adults do everything to protect their identity, we cannot stop them from exercising their human and civil rights to speak out against human trafficking and advocate children's rights. The #MeToo movement is a way for women and children to fight for justice and many young survivors want to be part of it.

It is adults that allow the sexual exploitation of children in the first place. The horrific child sex abuse business that is a scourge today in the Philippines is due to the former presence of the US Naval Base at Subic Bay, Olongapo City. Thousands of women and children were exploited and abused in hundreds of sex bars catering to the US Navy personnel. It was a wonderland of sex abuse. Paedophiles flocked there and the sex mafia systematically and efficiently allowed them to sexually exploit, rape and abuse children. The local authorities allowed it and the rich made millions of dollars.

In 1983, I discovered a child sex abuse syndicate selling children as young as nine years old to US sailors. I broke that story in the media and instead of being recognised for taking a stand for justice and truth and child protection, I was vilified by local government officials at the time. I was brought to trial at the Bureau of Immigration to be deported. The charge was that my child protection work and writing was bringing Olongapo City and its officials into disrepute. They felt I was blaming them for the child sex industry. They denied all responsibility despite a high-profile military court case in Guam that brought a US officer to trial for child sexual abuse in Olongapo City. A sad state of affairs indeed.



That's how journalists and child rights campaigners fighting for the dignity of the Filipinos were dealt with. However, I won my case, was found innocent and continued my work protecting human rights from my base in the Preda Foundation. When the city officials said they would close the Preda home for children, I said it would be better to close the US Naval Base. An idea was born and I started a 'Life after the Bases' campaign to close the US military bases and convert them to civilian economic zones. It was amazing then how many people in the Catholic Philippines were hostile and negative to that vision of hope and help.

However, against all opposition, I promoted that idea and it caught on and a coalition of civil society members was formed that eventually persuaded the Philippine Senate to vote against the continuation of the US military bases. The conversion plan I formulated was eventually implemented and Subic Bay is now a thriving industrial area giving jobs with dignity to thousands of Filipinos.

Human trafficking never really ceased and years later it began to make a comeback as tourism was promoted. So, today we are still fighting this scourge against humanity and protecting Filipino children. ●

Fr Shay Cullen is from Dublin. He was ordained in 1969 and missioned in the Philippines. He established the Preda Foundation in Olongapo City in 1974 and has been rescuing children and women from sex slavery ever since. He set up Preda Fair Trade to alleviate poverty, support indigenous people and support his charitable projects to promote human rights, justice and peace.

01. Columban missionary Fr Shay Cullen established the Preda Foundation in Olongapo City in 1974 and has been rescuing enslaved children and women ever since.
02. Fr Shay with a young resident. "Fighting for justice is a very important healing therapy for the children who testify in court what their abusers did to them."
03. Preda Foundation in the Philippines provides sanctuary and healing for children traumatised by sexual abuse.

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To support Fr Shay Cullen's work see: www.preda.org

“KEEP ON WALKING”



Columban Fr Dylan Tabaco tells Fr John Boles how he thought he knew all about walking until he came to Peru and met someone who had walked across half a continent.

The Covid pandemic has brought hardship and tragedy to countless numbers throughout the world, but it has also brought out the best in many people and connected up remarkable individuals who otherwise might never have met.

That was the case for two young men from totally different backgrounds but with one thing in common: walking. One is Dylan Tabaco, a Columban priest from the Philippines. The other is Rafael Yovera, a Venezuelan refugee. Their unlikely point of contact was the city of Lima, Peru.

Dylan hails from the island of Mindanao in the far south of the Philippines. (His father was a fan of Western folk music, hence 'Dylan', after the famous Bob Dylan.) He grew up in a Columban parish, where generations of Columbans helped inspire his own vocation to missionary priesthood.

Chief among them was Fr Gerry Markey, now working in Britain, who gave the young Dylan a rosary and taught him the word, 'missionary'. Dylan carries the rosary with him to this day.

Whilst in our Philippines seminary he lived an event he describes as, "unforgettable". His spiritual director, Irish Columban Fr Mick Mohally, decided to send the students off on a six-day hike, with no money in their pockets apart from their return bus fare.

"It was a 160-kilometre walk. We had no food for the journey, and just relied on the providence of locals we met on the way. That experience helped deepen my vocation as a missionary. I felt the struggles of those who have less in life, not knowing if they can survive for another day with a starving stomach and no place to stay."

Memories of his epic trek were revived



02

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a dozen years later. By that time, he had been ordained and appointed to the Columban parish of *Santos Arcángeles* in Lima. It was here he met Rafael.

Rafael was born in Barquisimeto, Venezuela, in 1995. At that time, Venezuela was the richest country in South America. Today, it is the poorest. Ruined by years of mismanagement, corruption and authoritarian rule, the economy has collapsed, the rate of inflation is the world's highest, unemployment has soared and the shops are empty. Rafael is one of over two million Venezuelans who decided they had to emigrate in order to survive and to support family members back home. In Rafael's case, an aged and infirm father.

Half a million Venezuelan refugees turned up in Peru. Many settled in Lima, including in Dylan's parish. "A lot found jobs washing cars, selling things on the streets or doing low-income tasks," Dylan recalls. Slowly they managed to improve their lives and send more and more money back home.

Then Covid struck. Soon, they were in an unimaginable situation. Hunger and homelessness became a daily reality for them. The parish began organising an emergency relief programme to help cover some of the refugees' basic needs.

One day, as Dylan remembers, "On my way home after doing food distribution I met a young Venezuelan father with his baby girl, sitting outside a shop, trying to sell biscuits. He was cold and starving. I saw in his eyes how desperate he was to have something for his daughter." This was Rafael.

Dylan bought them a meal and they got talking. Rafael explained how he'd left home a couple of years before, but as soon as he'd crossed the border out of

Venezuela, he discovered that the "travel agency" he'd paid to get him to Lima had swindled him. They'd kept his money, all that he'd had for the journey. Broke, he'd walked most of the way through Colombia, Ecuador and the north of Peru, hitch-hiking when he could, sleeping rough and surviving by begging and selling the odd bag of sweets.

Finally arriving at his friend's house in the Peruvian capital, things looked up. He got a job, met and married a local girl Angela, had a child, little Alhai, rented a small home, started sending money back to his father...until the pandemic came along. Suddenly he was destitute again, but now with three mouths to feed, not just one.

What really touched Dylan was that Rafael rounded off his tale with the words, "Life is difficult... but beautiful!"

"Then," Dylan recalls, "he smiled at me. It was such powerful statement coming from someone who'd gone through so much but never succumbed to hopelessness."

Maybe this was the moment when Dylan remembered his walk and his poverty all those years before. Recognising in Rafael a "fellow traveller" in more senses than one, Dylan used the parish network to get the family back on their feet again. By the time I met them, Rafael and Angela were working in a telesales office and had moved into a small flat.

"If there is one good thing that happened to me during this pandemic," Dylan told me, "it would be my encounter with our Venezuelan brethren. I remembered those stories in the Gospel where the marginalised of those times were so grateful when Jesus helped them."

Rafael was more succinct in his summing up. "Dylan saved my life." ●

Fr Erl Dylan Tabaco is from the Philippines. He was ordained a Columban in April 2018 and is now serving in Lima, Peru.

Fr John Boles is a Columban Missionary from England and has worked in Peru for over 25 years.

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01. Columban missionary Fr Dylan Tabaco chatting to Rafael Yovera, a Venezuelan refugee in Lima, Peru. All images: Juan Diego Torres, Communications Officer for the Columbans in Peru.
02. Rafael Yovera's wife Angela and their daughter Alhai chatting to Fr Dylan.
03. Fr Dylan's parish began organising an emergency relief programme to help meet some of the refugees' basic needs such as food.
04. Fr Dylan with some of Lima's refugees.
04. At a local market during the Covid-19 pandemic.



THIS CANDLE

The Paschal Candle symbolises the risen Christ. Fr Tim Mulroy recalls a particular candle with its own unique story about prison and freedom, as well as hope and promise.

During the celebration of the Easter Vigil last year, this verse from the *Exultet* resonated deeply within me. As the Paschal Candle, signifying the risen Christ, was raised high, I imagined the radiance of his glory dissolving the steel bars encircling the prison of death. Thanks to Christ's profound love for us prisoners, held captive by our own selfishness and shame, we have been set free in order to begin a new life filled with hope and promise.

As I continued gazing on the Paschal Candle, I also became aware that this particular candle had its own unique story to tell about prison and freedom, about hope and promise.

Latai Muller is from the island kingdom of Tonga in the South Pacific. In 2015, she became a Columban lay missionary and was assigned to the Philippines. After learning the Cebuano language, she joined the ministry team that visits the men's prison in the city of Cagayan de Oro. In addition to attending to the spiritual needs of the inmates in that overcrowded facility, the ministry team also offers pastoral support to their families.

The prisoners shared with Latai their feelings of loneliness, frustration and depression. They also shared about how much they miss their families, as well as their longing to make a new start in life. As their release day approached, they became so excited, delighted – and scared! While they cherished great hopes, they also realised that there were many obstacles on the path ahead: a lingering sense of shame, distrust by others, and a lack of job skills.

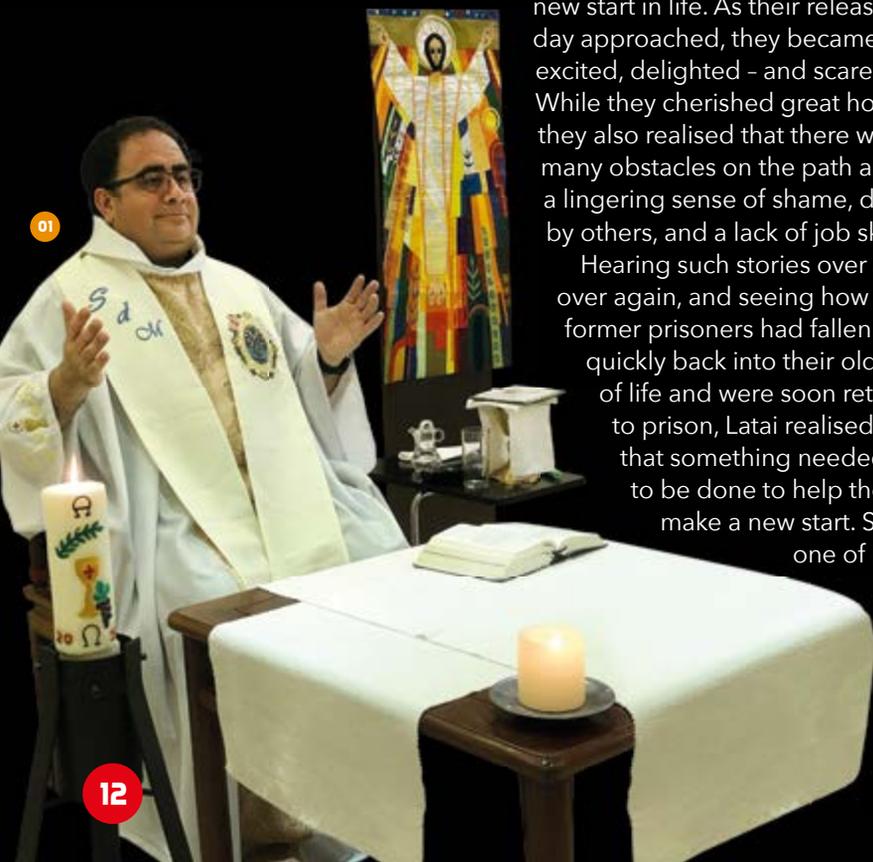
Hearing such stories over and over again, and seeing how some former prisoners had fallen quickly back into their old way of life and were soon returned to prison, Latai realised that something needed to be done to help them make a new start. Since one of her

Columban lay missionary colleagues had a candle-making livelihood project for poor women in the capital city of Manila, Latai decided to go there and learn about it.

Some weeks later, having received not only an understanding of the candle-making process, but also encouragement and support, Latai returned to her prison ministry in Cagayan de Oro. There, with a shoestring budget and the use of a vacant room at the archdiocesan centre, she started a similar candle-making project with a small group of former prisoners.

A year ago, I had the privilege of visiting the Philippines and seeing this livelihood project and meeting Latai and her co-workers. In my conversations with them, I learned how this project functions as an important bridge between prison life and the outside world. It provides the workers with a weekly wage that prevents them from falling into poverty and desperation,

*This is the
when Christ
the prison-b
and rose vic
the unde*



**the night,
Christ broke
the prison-bars of death
and rose victorious from
the underworld.**

**This is the night, when Christ broke
the prison-bars of death
and rose victorious from the
underworld.**

**Therefore, O Lord,
we pray you that this candle,
hallowed to the honour of your name,
may persevere undimmed, to
overcome the darkness of this night.
Receive it as a pleasing fragrance,
and let it mingle with the lights of
heaven.**

As I listened, I rejoiced in solidarity with Latai and her co-workers in Cagayan de Oro because of our shared belief that the risen Christ, whom the Paschal Candle signifies, had freed all of us Christians from the prison of sin and death, and given us a new start filled with hope and promise.

Sadly, due to the sudden illness of a family member, Latai Muller had to return home to Tonga late last year. However, Gilda Pates, the Prison Ministry Volunteer Coordinator for the Archdiocese of Cagayan de Oro, continues to oversee the candle-making project. Six other Columban Lay missionaries continue to minister in the Philippines. ●

Fr Tim Mulroy is Society Leader of the Columbans. Originally from Meelick, Swinford, Co Mayo, he was Regional Director in the US between 2012-2018. He worked in parish ministry in Japan from 1995 until 2002 and afterwards served in parish ministry at St Pius X Parish in El Paso, Texas.

01. Columban missionary Fr Alvaro Martinez Ibañez celebrates Mass for the General Council in Hong Kong flanked by the Paschal Candle referred to by Fr Tim Mulroy.

02. Paschal Candle. Image: Shutterstock

03. (L-R) Columban Lay Missionary Latai Muller from the island kingdom of Tonga in the South Pacific. In 2015, she was assigned to the Philippines and joined the ministry team at the men's prison in Cagayan de Oro. She is seated beside Naanise Mo'unga (Lay Mission Coordinator) and Mereani Naillevu (Fiji). Photo Columbans Fiji.

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02

thereby giving them much-needed stability as they continue to reintegrate into society. The livelihood project also helps them to forge new and different kinds of relationships, which in turn strengthens their self-worth and facilitates networking that slowly opens up new horizons for them.

When the time came for me to say goodbye, Latai and her co-workers asked if I had any empty space in my suitcase, and then presented me with a Paschal Candle to take with me back to Hong Kong. Since the season of Lent had just begun, I could not have imagined a more practical and meaningful gift.

A few weeks later, as my Columban companions and I gathered in our small chapel to celebrate the Easter Vigil, we found a new depth of meaning in the lyrics of the Easter *Exsultet* by the light of that Paschal Candle.



03

WERE YOU AT THE ROCK?

Sr Victoire Ryan pays tribute to the people who took huge risks to practise their faith and pass it on to future generations in Penal times.

“Be Not Afraid. I am With You Always.”

In the countryside where I grew up, there was a Mass rock within walking distance of our farm on the way to the hills beyond us. The rock reminded us of what our ancestors endured to preserve their faith.

People were forbidden in Penal days to gather for the celebration of the Eucharist, and there was a price on the head of anyone who dared to arrange such a meeting. Any priest who was captured was executed as were those who harboured him. There was even a special reward of £30 for anyone who betrayed a priest in hiding. Despite this, the love of the Eucharist saw priests and people take risks in order to attend Mass and preserve their faith.

Reading Fr Liam Lawton's book, **Where God Hides**, I was deeply impressed with the chapter, 'A Time to Share'.

Here, Fr Liam highlights how our ancestors, living

through very difficult times, kept their faith alive. The people had profound devotion to the Eucharist.

Because of the danger involved in those Penal days, the Eucharist (Mass) was celebrated secretly in desolate, out the way places, in forests or inaccessible caves by the seashore. As people gathered to pray, others would act as 'lookouts' to protect them as they shared in the Eucharist in hiding.

Many beautiful texts were written about this tragic time and different images and symbols were used to disguise what the writer was saying and to protect the people involved.

One such piece is called, '*An Raibh Tú ag an gCarraig?*' ('Were you at the rock?'). The rock was code for the Mass rock which was the meeting place for Catholics and the altar. The song appears to be a love song. 'Were you at the rock, and did you see my love?' This was a reference to the either the priest or the host.

*Were You at the rock?
Or did you yourself see my love,
Or did you see a brightness,
The fairness and the beauty of the woman?
Did you see the apple,
The sweetest and most fragrant blossom?
Or did you see my Valentine?
Is she being subdued as they are saying?
Oh, I was at the rock
And I myself saw your love,
Oh, I saw a brightness,*

CARRAIS AN AIFRINN
UNCASSLAGH MASS ROCK

The fairness and the beauty of the woman
 Oh, I did see the apple
 The sweetest and most fragrant blossom
 And I saw your Valentine
 She is not being subdued as they are
 saying.

At first glance, 'An Raibh Tú ag an
 gCarraig?' appears to be a series of
 questions and answers about a young
 woman, but in reality, it is a coded
 message:

I was at the Mass, I saw the Virgin Mary,
 I received Communion, and said the rosary
 I saw the chalice,
 And saw the sacrifice of the Mass
 And I practised the faith;
 We are not being subdued as they are
 saying.

People went to great lengths to protect
 their faith and to hand it on to future
 generations, so great was their love of
 God. These people lived out the words of
 St Peter: "To whom Lord shall we go? You
 have the word of eternal life."

Sad to say that in some parts of the
 world Christians are still being persecuted
 for their faith. Let us keep them in our



prayers before the Lord that like our
 ancestors they too will have the grace and
 courage to remain faithful. ●

Sr Victoire Ryan entered the Columban Sisters
 in 1953. She served on mission in Peru and
 Hong Kong before retiring back to Magheramore
 in Ireland.

- 01. A Mass rock in a forest in Ireland.
Image: Shutterstock
- 02. Mass rock in County Donegal,
Ireland. Image: Shutterstock
- 03. Protest following the Supreme Court
decision to acquit Pakistani Christian
Asia Bibi of blasphemy after eight
years on death row. (Lahore on 2
November 2018). Image: Shutterstock

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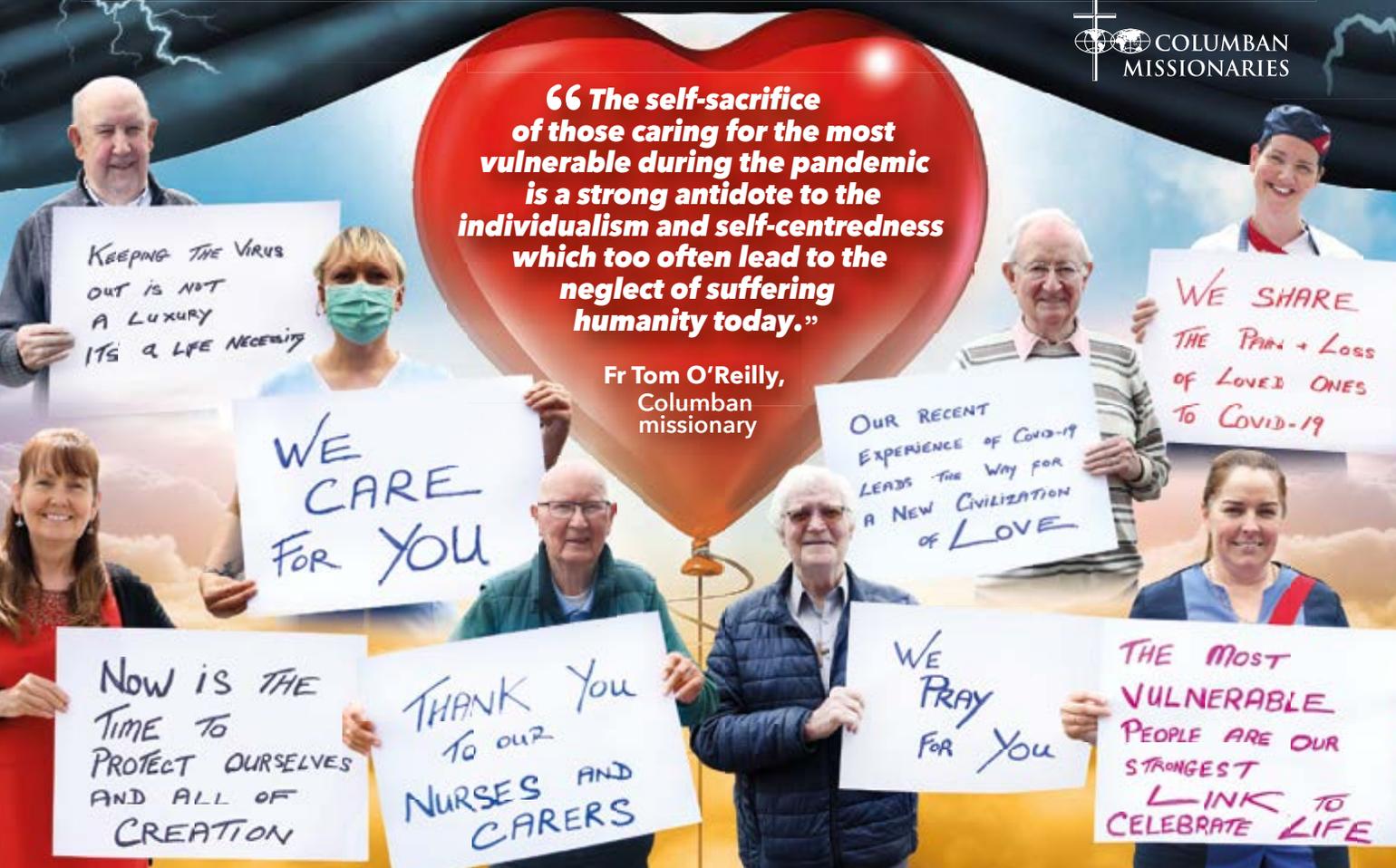
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A MESSAGE OF SOLIDARITY FROM THE COLUMBANS



**“The self-sacrifice
 of those caring for the most
 vulnerable during the pandemic
 is a strong antidote to the
 individualism and self-centredness
 which too often lead to the
 neglect of suffering
 humanity today.”**

Fr Tom O'Reilly,
 Columban
 missionary



KEEPING THE VIRUS
 OUT IS NOT
 A LUXURY
 ITS A LIFE NECESSITY

WE
 CARE
 FOR YOU

NOW IS THE
 TIME TO
 PROTECT OURSELVES
 AND ALL OF
 CREATION

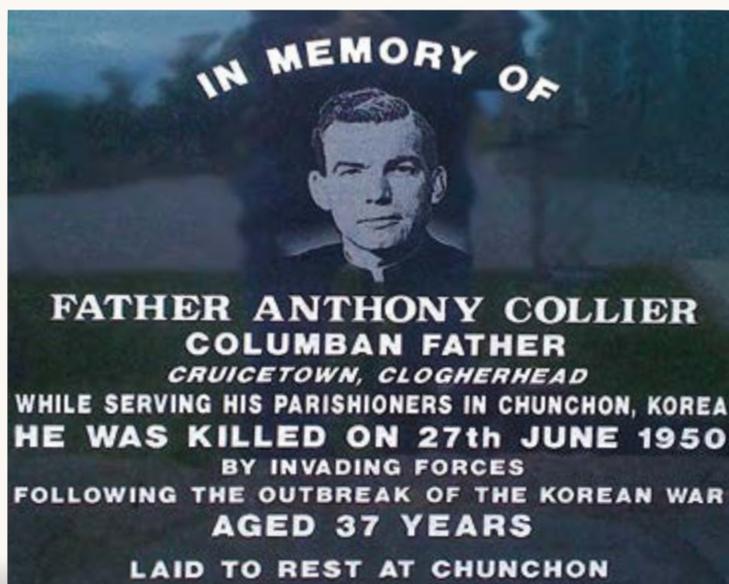
THANK YOU
 TO OUR
 NURSES AND
 CARERS

WE
 PRAY
 FOR YOU

THE MOST
 VULNERABLE
 PEOPLE ARE OUR
 STRONGEST
 LINK TO
 CELEBRATE LIFE

OUR RECENT
 EXPERIENCE OF COVID-19
 LEADS THE WAY FOR
 A NEW CIVILIZATION
 OF LOVE

WE SHARE
 THE PAIN + LOSS
 OF LOVED ONES
 TO COVID-19



This is the sworn account of Gabriel Kim of the last days of Columban martyr Fr Tony Collier, outlining the circumstances of his death. Gabriel Kim was shot while tied to Fr Tony and was buried alive with him. After three days in the grave he managed to escape. It is thanks to Gabriel Kim that we know the circumstances of how Fr Tony was killed and where he was buried.

THE MARTYRDOM OF

According to the request of Your Excellency, I Gabriel, describe here briefly what I saw and felt during the martyrdom of Fr Anthony Collier.

On 25th June 1950 we met some refugees after Sunday Mass and were informed that the roaring of the guns we had heard earlier that morning was that of the invading Red Army. The shells began to strike the streets in the afternoon, but the church was still safe since it was under Mount Bong Ui. We had Evening Prayers with several Catholics who lived near the church, and though we did not know it, it was to be our last Benediction.

On 26th June 1950 after Mass the shells began to strike spots nearer and nearer to the church, and Fr Collier, who had said, "If anything happens, I must remove the Blessed Sacrament," consumed it. After lunch, we moved from the kitchen into the shelter in the backyard of So-Yang-Dong parish church to escape the danger of bombardment. A shell struck the kitchen soon after we had left it; nobody was hurt.

Father said, "It's just as well I removed the Blessed Sacrament" and added, "It's dangerous here. You should move on. I will watch the Church." At that time James, Therese and I were there with Fr Anthony. His decision was so firm that Therese and I left Father and went home during an interval in the bombardment.

Having told my parents who live in Hyo-Ja-Dong that I would go back to Fr Anthony, I left for Juk-Rim-Dong Church to see Your Excellency - Bishop Quinlan. After reporting the news of So-Yang-Dong parish I said goodbye to Your Excellency, who had been wounded on the face. When I went back to So-Yang-Dong parish I told Fr Anthony about Juk-Rim-Dong church and the situation. He was glad to hear the news, and worried about Your Excellency's wound.

The shelling continued all night long.

On the morning of 27th June, we knew that all the South Korean Army had evacuated the position near our church and we saw the Red Army advance along the road. At about 1pm, I recommended Father go to Juk-Rim-Dong, instead of staying alone at So-Yang-Dong church. To his enquiries about the local Catholics, I replied that everybody had safely escaped from the town.

Having finished the Breviary, he said it might be better to go to Juk-Rim-Dong where Your Excellency was and we left. I can't help but feel sorry that I recommended him to go to Juk-Rim-Dong as there were other possibilities for his safety.

After we left our church, we saw nobody on the streets



of Chunchon, until we came across two Communist soldiers at the Rotary in the main street of Chunchon. They held us up, stole everything we had and bound our hands together. They asked Fr Anthony, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am a priest." They asked again, "Aren't you a spy?" and he answered calmly, "I am a Catholic priest, a missionary." Then we were taken to the post office which was about 100 meters from the place where we had been arrested. There were many Red Army military cars there.

The two soldiers reported to a man, who seemed to be a Commanding Officer, that they had caught two spies. Fr Anthony declared again that he was not a spy but a priest. The officer ordered them to take us somewhere, but I could not hear clearly where. They ordered us to go to the nearest river, and we walked along a road behind the Chunchon High School towards the downtown section. I guess Fr Anthony already knew he was on his way to his death. We came across several groups of Red Army soldiers, who mocked us, but Fr Anthony walked on calmly.

I thought I would soon be in Heaven also, since I was with Fr Anthony, who had devoted his life to Our Lord, so I asked him to forgive me for all my faults in the past. He said, "Yes." When he started to continue speaking, the soldiers shouted to us to keep quiet. So we walked on in silence.

FR TONY COLLIER

When we arrived at Kyong-Chun Road they ordered us to go into a lane. We stopped in front of a small empty sloping garden at a distance of about thirty meters from Chunchon Revenue Office. The soldiers said to Father, "If you have any family or relations we will send them news, so speak up." Father replied, "I have not." They asked Father, "Will you make a will?" Father said "No."

They proposed covering his eyes, but Father refused and they shot him in the back. I did not know what kind of gun they used as they had three kinds of guns, a rifle, a pistol, and a magazine-rifle. They fired five times and the first, fourth and fifth shots were aimed at Father. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. Father fell down without any words.

The state of my mind was so serene that I had no dread of death. At the moment of hearing the shots, all my mind was filled with the hope of Heaven, since I thought I would be dying with Father, who had sacrificed his life for Our Lord, and there was no room for any other thought about this world.

Considering that such a worldly person like myself possessed such a state of mind, at that time, I do believe that Father, who had spent all his life for Our Lord, had a mind full of love for Our Lord, which made him walk on the way to death with no complaint or refutation, but with a calm attitude and even a smile.

I lost consciousness when the Red Army left the place. When I first regained consciousness, Father was still breathing, and the sun was still high. When I came to my senses again, he had stopped breathing, he was covered with a straw mat, and the sun was setting. There were bullet wounds on Father's face and arm. I left the place on the morning of 29th June.

I attended as a witness at the exhumation of Fr Anthony's remains by UN soldiers on 9th October 1951. The place was correct, and they were indeed Fr Anthony's clothes. The body had wounds on its face and arm and there were three medals which Father always wore. After prayers for the dead, the remains were removed to Juk-Rim-Dong Cathedral.

The next day, 10th October, the Requiem Mass and Final Absolution were held by Fr Tji, at the partly ruined Cathedral, and the funeral took place behind the Cathedral.

I swear that all of the above about Fr Anthony Collier is true.

Signed: **Gabriel Kim Kyong Ho**

After signing the original document in Korean, Gabriel Kim took an oath that it is all true, in my presence in Chunchon, 5th October 1968.

Thomas Quinlan, Tit. Bishop of Boccorica, 13th January 1969. ●

01. At the age of 37, Fr Anthony Collier became the first martyr in the diocese of Chunchon, Korea.
02. South Korean forces run into refugees fleeing south from North Korean forces on 25 August 1950. Image: Everett Collection/Shutterstock.
03. Soyangro Catholic Church in Chunchon, South Korea. In 1956, Columban Fr James Buckley built this church in honour of Fr Anthony Collier, who was appointed as Soyangro's first parish priest in 1950. War broke out on 25 June that year.



03

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SHARING FOOD AND BUILDING FRIENDSHIPS

Columban Lay missionary Kim Sun-Hee Sunny writes about how food is a means to learn and understand the uniqueness of each other's culture.

01. Japchae - Korean stir-fried noodles and vegetables.

Image: Shutterstock.

02. Columban Lay Missionary Kim Sun-Hee Sunny.

Who would have imagined that I would be cooking food and ministering to people? I was a total stranger to cooking before joining the lay missionary orientation programme in Korea. All I could cook was instant noodles. When I was told that my teammates and I had to cook our own food during our orientation, my mind went blank.

At the beginning, even deciding on a menu was daunting, but thankfully I got used to it as time passed. Funny enough, I now enjoy cooking.

Developing an interest in cooking has helped me on mission not just to survive but in other ways too. There is nothing like talking about food or recipes to start a conversation to break the ice. Through it I can make small talk and build a rapport with people naturally.

Not long ago I made *japchae* (Korean noodle dish) to celebrate a Korean national holiday with the mothers in my ministry. It is cooked with *Dangmeon* (Korean noodles). However, I cooked it with *sotanghon* (Filipino noodles) to pursue the fusion of Korean and Filipino food culture. I was pretty sure that it was a good attempt, but the result was that the noodles were short and overall it was not what I was expecting.

Although this 'fusion *japchae*' looked a little

strange, we enjoyed eating it and all had a big laugh. One mother joked, "If today was someone's birthday, she/he would not live long!" I also learned that *sotanghon* varies greatly according to its quality. I should have bought a better brand!

What was most impressive that day was that the mothers asked lots of questions about the Korean holiday we were celebrating: what was the significance of the holiday, what Koreans do and eat on the holiday, what are the names of the dishes in Korean and so on. Answering their questions I felt their attention overlapped with my efforts to try to learn the Filipino language and to learn about the Filipino culture. I thought it was only me who had to learn to adapt to a new culture - but in reality we learn from each other.

I am always amazed by the influence of food. As we accept food, the door to the heart is open to the people who cook and with whom we share it. It gives us a golden opportunity to learn and understand the uniqueness of each other's culture.

I am grateful to experience this joy of friendship through sharing hearty meals with people from another culture.

Kim Sun-Hee Sunny is a Columban Lay Missionary from Korea who has been on mission in the Philippines since 2011.



REST in PEACE



Fr Terence Bennett



Fr Anthony Mortell



Sr Elizabeth Doyle

Fr Terence ("Terry") Bennett was born in Omagh, Co Tyrone on 15th December 1926. He was educated at Loreto Convent PES, and CBS Omagh. He came to Dalgan in 1944 and was ordained a priest on 21st December 1950.

Appointed to the Philippines, he was among the pioneer Columbans who worked ceaselessly to restore the neglected parishes of Negros Occidental. After 17 years in Negros, he spent six years in Student Catholic Action in Manila. This was followed by eight years seeking vocations and promoting the Columbans in Britain.

In 1975 he was happy to return to Negros and worked as parish priest first of Sipalay and then of Tabugon. He spent two years on full-time vocations work, 1992 to 1994, based in Negros and covering the islands of Negros, Panay, Cebu and Bohol.

His last parish appointment was to Holy Family Parish, City Heights, Bacolod City, where he served from 1995 until 2008 when he retired to the Dalgan Community. Terry loved parish ministry and was loved by the people in each of his assignments.

While in Dalgan he was delighted to serve as Spiritual Director to the local branches of the Legion of Mary and was an enthusiastic participant in every community activity.

A man of prayer, he lived a frugal life, with a special care for the sick, the poor, and the dispossessed. Terry died on 12th November 2020 peacefully at St Columban's Retirement Home, Dalgan.

Fr Anthony ('Tony') Mortell was born in Mallow, Co Cork on 28th August 1935. He was educated at the Patrician Brothers, Mallow before coming to Dalgan in 1954 where he was ordained a priest on 21st December 1960.

Appointed to Korea in 1961, he was assigned to Kwangju archdiocese and became familiar with parishes like Hampyong, Tamyang and Cheju City. Further experience in parishes in Namdong and Mokpo followed before his first home vacation in 1967.

That break gave Tony the opportunity to do studies in mass communication. Within a year he was given responsibility for radio programmes and managed to establish them as a part of the diocesan ministry before being appointed to the Korean Apostolate in the USA in 1979. Language and cultural differences prevented most new Korean arrivals from quickly integrating into America and even into parish life.

Beginning with the Korean community in St

Gregory's parish in 'Koreatown', Los Angeles his ministry spread north to communities in the San Fernando Valley. The next stage of growth was to develop Mission Education and Mission Promotion in the Korean communities and then to hand the communities over to the care of US-born Korean priests.

When ill health obliged Tony to return to Ireland and later to the Nursing Home in Dalgan that did not mean the end of his enthusiasm for mission. No meeting was ever complete without his persistent challenge to us all: What are the Columbans going to do about it? He died peacefully in Dalgan on 20th November 2020.

Sr Elizabeth Doyle was born on 19th June 1931 in Dublin. She had one sister and four brothers, two of whom became priests. Elizabeth entered with the Columban Sisters in Cahircon in 1953 and she made her Final Profession in 1961. She did a BA in English and Spanish and a HDip at University College, Dublin.

Her first appointment was as Assistant Novice Mistress in the Columban Sisters' Noviciate in Boston. Her first missionary appointment was to Peru. Elizabeth asked the local people what they wanted her to do for them. They answered "educate us". She founded a Special Education Centre for the disabled and the deaf. She wanted them to take their place in society and become independent. She also taught in the Women's University of the Sacred Heart and was involved in teacher formation.

After 20 years in Peru she moved to Chile where the parish of Camino had no resident priest. Elizabeth performed liturgies and ministered in 10 villages and was fondly known as "our beloved parish priest". She said later that her time in Camino was when she felt most like a missionary. She spent 14 years in Chile.

Elizabeth then spent some years on promotion work and fundraising in Ireland, England and Scotland. She also spent time in Tallaght and Ballymun in Dublin where she was involved in catechetics and music ministry and prepared some migrants for the Sacraments. She finally retired to the Nursing Home in Magheramore in 2016 and died there peacefully on 16th December 2020. She is buried in the Convent Cemetery in Magheramore.

May they rest in peace.

Spring is the season of new beginnings. The earth comes to life again after its Winter sleep. Everything in Nature is changing and promising new life. The long dark months of Winter have faded. The days get longer and the nights shorter. The natural world comes to life and the air is full of expectation. Birds and animals reappear and are busy building their nests and burrows. Our native birds are laying claim to their territory and migrant birds begin to increase the volume of their sweet song as the temperature warms up. Hibernating animals begin to emerge and scurry here and there.

Woodland wildflowers come into bloom giving new life and beauty to pastureland and hedgerows. Mad March hares are performing their eccentric leaping and boxing and lambs are frolicking around while their anxious mothers keep an eye on them. Blossoms dance in the wind and carpet the earth beneath. All is excitement and expectation.

March and April are certainly months of Resurrection. They come to us as times of change and of new beginnings. And what greater mystery have we than the Resurrection of the Son of God, our brother Jesus Christ. He came to us born of the Blessed Virgin Mary our Mother. He lived among us as one of ourselves, doing good to all and healing everyone who put their Faith in Him. When someone needed healing Jesus asked them, "Do you believe that I can heal you?" When they said "Yes, I believe" they were restored to health. Jesus has told us "Ask in My Name and you will receive."

If we ask with conviction, we will not be disappointed as Jesus is full of compassion. Faith is not just saying "I believe". It is the profound conviction and unshakeable surety that God is all in all to me. On Mount Calvary Jesus gave His mother to us to be our mother. She is the one who tells us "Whatever He says to you, do it." How can we go wrong if she

is always interceding for us? After His death Jesus' body was buried in a rock tomb sealed with a large boulder. In her rush to the tomb Mary Magdalene wondered, "How am I to roll back the stone?" As she hurried along at the break of day, she heard her name being called, "Mary". Then she knew all was well. It was Jesus resurrected. All obstacles were taken away. The tomb was empty.

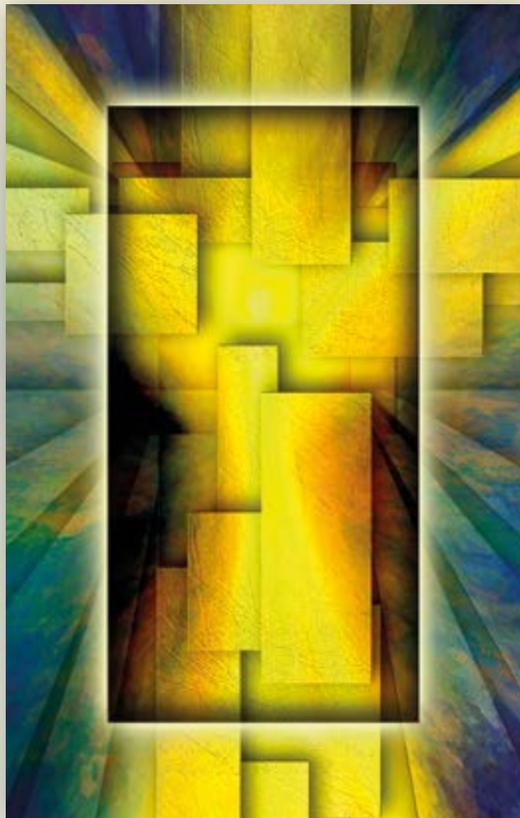
Like Mary, Jesus calls each one of us by name. His care and concern for us is personal. His invitation is issued to each of us in our own circumstances. He addressed everyone when

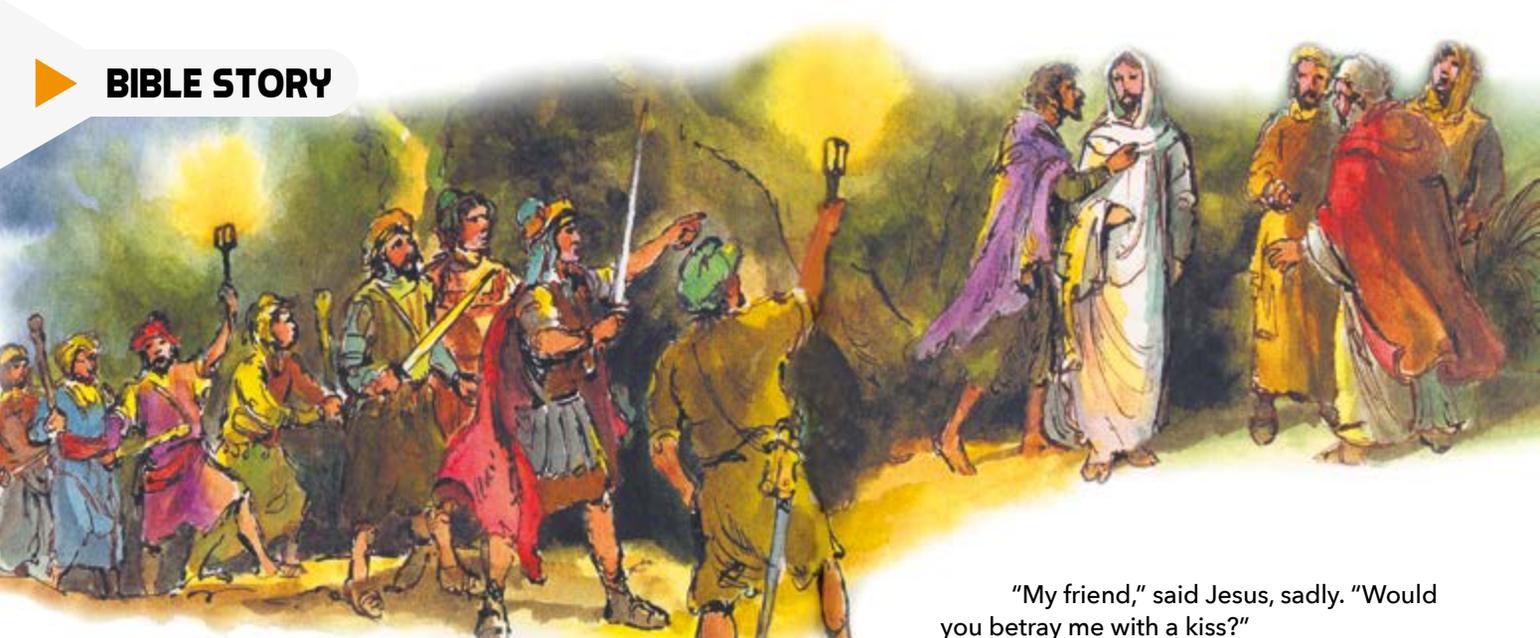
He says, "Come to Me you who labour and are heavily burdened and I will give you rest." Why then do I weigh myself down with fear, anxiety, guilt, dissatisfaction or any other negative feeling that pulls me down? As I know the past is over and will not return. The future is not yet and still unknown. All I have is this present moment. But the present moment is the most precious of all. Jesus whispers "Come to Me. Don't be afraid". Behind every moment the Spirit of Life waits. In the Now of life is everything we have ever been and ever will become. The present is what takes us into the centre of ourselves. Let us then drop our burdens and leave them behind.

In his book 'An Astonishing Secret' Daniel O'Leary tells us that the central doctrine of Christianity is the Mystery of Resurrection. Spring and Easter therefore explain the continuing resurrection of all creation. What God promises is "A new Heaven and a new Earth". In one of his Easter Homilies Pope Benedict XVI describes the Resurrection of Jesus as a "leap in the history of evolution and of life in general towards a new future life". Iris Hesselden tells us:

As Spring returns across the land,
It brings new hope to wake the earth
It touches all with healing hands
Lord, touch the soul in me. ●

Sr Abbie O'Sullivan





JUDAS BETRAYS JESUS

Judas knew where Jesus would be. He had often visited Gethsemane with Jesus and the other disciples. This time, Judas came into the garden with a number of men carrying clubs and swords, sent by the Sanhedrin.

Judas had arranged a signal with them: "The man I go up to and kiss," he said, "is the one you want. Take him into custody and make sure you have him well-guarded when you lead him away in case any of his friends try to rescue him."

He then went boldly up to Jesus and kissed him on the cheek. "Master!" he said.

"My friend," said Jesus, sadly. "Would you betray me with a kiss?"

The men seized Jesus. But then Simon Peter drew his sword and struck the high priest's servant, cutting off his ear.

"Put away your sword," said Jesus. "Those who live by the sword will die by the sword. This is the way it must be!" He touched the man's ear and immediately it was healed.

The Jesus turned to his captors. "Am I such a criminal," he asked, "that you need to take me with swords and clubs? I was with you all in the temple day after day. Why didn't you arrest me then?"

They said nothing, but tied Jesus' hands and led him away to the high priest.

Afraid for their lives, his followers all ran away and left him. ●

Read also: Matthew 26:47-57

Illustration by Val Biro from One Hundred Bible Stories for Children. Published by Award Publications Ltd.

BIBLE QUIZ

NUMBER 91

- 1 In Genesis ch.22, why did Joseph's brothers first travel down to Egypt?

- 2 In Acts ch.8, which disciple travelled from Azotus to Caesarea preaching in all the towns?

- 3 In 2 Samuel, ch.11, who did David send out with his army to besiege Rabbah while he stayed in Jerusalem?

- 4 In Philippians ch.2, who left Philippi to care for Paul but was sent back there after he himself became ill?

- 5 In Luke ch.24, about how far was Emmaus from Jerusalem?

- 6 According to John ch.4, Sychar was in what district in central Palestine?

£15 vouchers for the first three correct entries received!
 Consult your Bible, answer the questions above and send your entry to: Bible Quiz N° 91, St Columban's, Widney Manor Rd, Solihull, West Midlands, B93 9AB, before 30th April 2021.

Bible Quiz N° 89 Winners: Mel Normoy, Banbridge • Joseph Vernon Johnson, Glossop • Mary Kearns, Castleford.

Name: _____

Address: _____



WORD SEARCH

Find these medical items in this word search. They can be found either straight across or down:

- PLASTER
- THERMOMETER
- STETHOSCOPE
- PILL
- MASK
- SYRINGE
- DOCTOR
- HOSPITAL
- AMBULANCE
- MIXTURE
- VIRUS

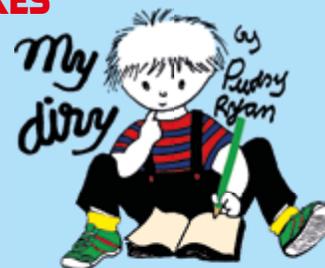


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c	r	d	a	p	k	z	x	k	u	a
t	u	h	o	s	p	i	t	a	l	s
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r	q	m	a	s	k	t	r	l	n	e
v	x	c	i	p	c	l	e	h	c	r
t	h	e	r	m	o	m	e	t	e	r

PUDSY'S DIRTY - FIND THE 10 SPELLING MISTAKES

Easter is coming and our class always got the church ready cept this year nobody knows yet. Our Grandad says these are pecular times - I dunno if that's spelt right cos its like one of the hard words Ms Flinn makes us spell. Bump said she was collecting them during the lockdown and has a huge big bag of them now. Then we have this bubble thing and nobody can come to our house if they are not in it. Old aunt Mamie is in ours and last week she was drinking tea and she said you young fellas are aful lucky with all the

long holidays you are getting. Excuse me sed it's not holidays and besides we can't go to shops or play football or anything. And she said nonsins when we were your age we'd have loved breaks like this and we cud'nt go to shops anyway because we had no money. When I was telling Grandad this on the phone he said just keep your feet on the ground and I said why and he said because you are living in a hot-air bubble and you might find yourself floating up in the sky - that cud be great fun too!



Help Pudsy correct his spelling to win a £15 voucher.

Rewrite the story and send to Pudsy's Dirty, St Columban's, Widney Manor Rd, Solihull, West Midlands B93 9AB, before 30th April 2021.

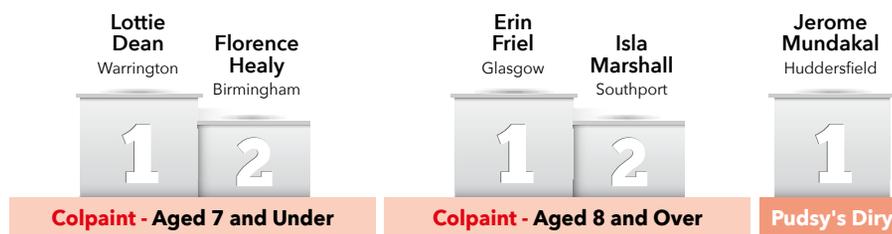
HA! HA!

- Why was the Easter Bunny so upset?
- Why shouldn't you tell an Easter egg a good joke?
- How did the soggy Easter Bunny dry himself?
- How does the Easter bunny stay in shape?
- What do you call a line of rabbits walking backwards?
- What kind of jewelry do rabbits wear?

1. He was having a hare day!
2. It might crack up!
3. With a hare dryer!
4. Lots of eggs-erctise!
5. A receding hareline.
6. 14 carrot gold.

COMPETITION WINNERS

DECEMBER 2020



Outstanding Octopuses

By Elizabeth McArdle



A volume of dedicated encyclopaedias could never begin to describe these underwater wonders, which we refer to as octopuses.

Two hundred and seventy million years ago, the first octopuses appeared in the seas, having evolved from a slow-moving snail-like ancestor. Today there are around 300 known species and they belong to a group of very ancient organisms called cephalopods, which include squid and cuttlefish.

Their very large brain places them among some of the most intelligent creatures on the planet. For example, they have eight, sucker lined arms which can be used to grasp, manipulate and even taste their food. If one of these arms gets torn off, the octopus can grow another one. Unfortunately, unlike the octopus, if we humans lose an arm or a leg it will never grow back again.

They are masters of camouflage and specialised cells in their skin called chromatophores enable them to change colour and texture in the blink of an eye. Unlike most other marine creatures, octopuses do not

have a hard shell or sharp spines to protect themselves, so camouflage is their best option for avoiding hungry predators. Wouldn't it be great to have this talent as we could hide instantly by changing our skin colour when we had to do things we hate such as chores or going to the dentist.

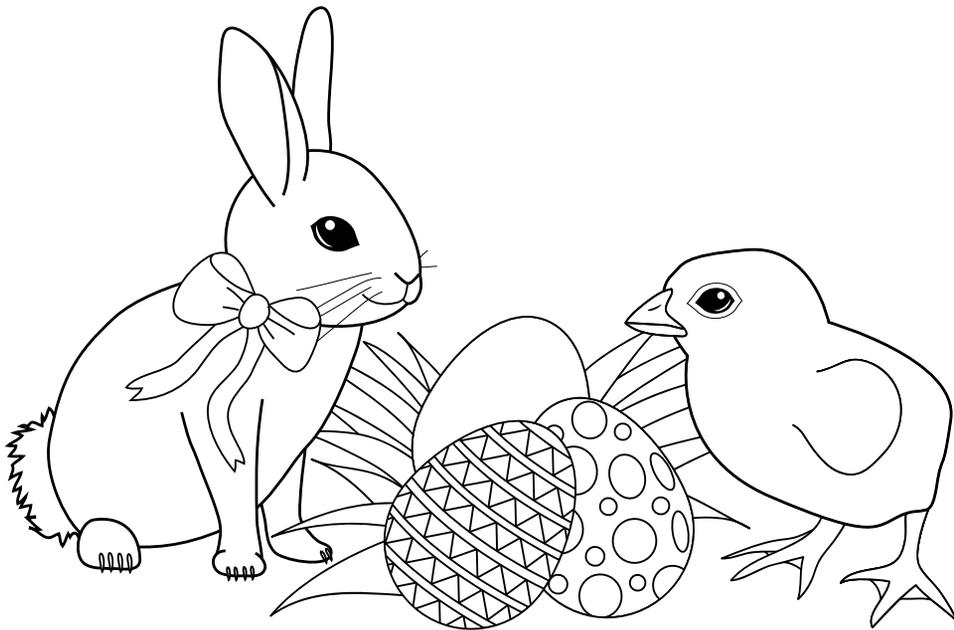
Octopuses famously eject ink to escape from predators. This ink, which remains in the sea water for some time, confuses not only a predator's eyesight but its scent as well. The octopus can then escape under its cover of inky darkness.

We cannot take a journey to observe the wonder of life below the waves. However, technology provides us with amazing images of the octopus and its world. The miracle of the sea is breathtaking, and God's creation is evident everywhere right down to the sea floor, where the Outstanding Octopus lives. ●

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Name:

Age:

Address:

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from the Columbans for your support and prayers.

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For Further Information:

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