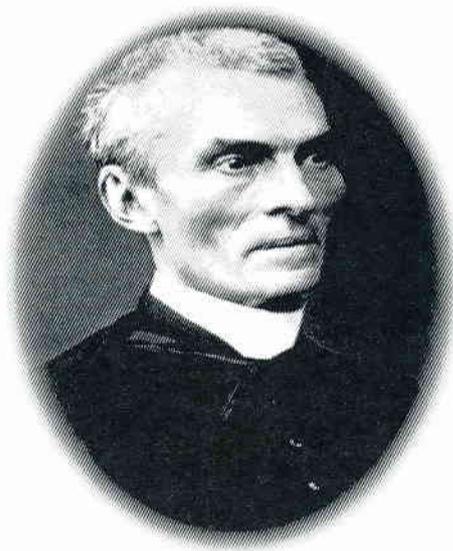


Pat Negri, S.S.S.



I had difficulty remembering where I was when the Founder was canonized. It was fifty years ago! On reflection, it must have been Sydney, for I have no recollection of clergy celebrations such as were held at St Francis'. In Sydney a new church was being built ready to receive the title *St Peter Julian's* once the canonization took place. What I remember most vividly was the fact that the canonization ceremony had been deferred due to the fact that news of the papal approval of the Australian miracle had leaked prior to the Holy See's proclamation. Nobody knew who had told a journalist in Sydney about it, but a headline announced that the cure of Dora Bartels had been approved as a true miracle by the Congregation for the Causes of Saints. We were forced to wait twelve months. I was involved with the artists commissioned to produce a suitable image of the new saint for the new church at the Haymarket. Mr and Mrs Kalmar invited me to their home to discuss the issue. They were charming hosts and served what I then thought to be quite strange: roasted fruit as part of the main course. What perhaps was stranger was the fact that they used the death mask of the Founder as the basis for their image. I looked again at that death mask just a couple months ago in our Provincial Archives. It's true what they say. After his death St Peter Julian looked wonderfully peaceful.



THE USES OF SAINTS Tony McSweeney, S.S.S.

Not long after his hapless adventure with the windmills, which he took for giants, the intrepid Don Quixote de La Mancha espied in the clouds of dust rising from the road in the distance the approach of a mighty army. His fertile imagination, nourished by the innumerable romances of knightly adventure he had for so long devoured, pictured one by one the stalwart heroes and mighty warriors against whom he would shortly be called to do battle.

Heedless of the alarmed cries of his faithful squire, Sancho Panza, he quickly lowered his lance and galloped stoutly into the fray. Alas for those of them who would shortly lie bleeding on the ground, his formidable adversaries turned out to be a tranquil flock of sheep partly hidden by the clouds of dust.

If Miguel de Cervantes' marvellous spoofing of the passion of his contemporaries for fantastic tales of knightly chivalry remains a classic study of imagination run wild, it witnesses no less forcefully to the enduring human need for models. The real question is about the choice of model.

At the approach of death the mind of the Knight of the Sad Countenance finally cleared and he saw through the "extravagance and trickery" he had succumbed to for so long from his "constant reading of detestable books of chivalry." Too late he regretted his failure to have chosen "other books which would help to enlighten my soul."¹

Recent neurological discoveries, especially in relation to the brain, have given new force to the same truth that Aristotle too had seen so long ago, namely, that we humans are imitative animals. Great excitement was generated in 1996 by the discovery of what quickly came to be known as the "mirror