

UREKA STREET

7 No. 3 April 1997

\$5.95

QUEENSLAND



garet Simons on

The state of

YV-21260

C/- 6000 The
A3-9459 3017.



EUREKA STREET

Volume 7 Number 3
April 1997

A magazine of public affairs, the arts and theology

CONTENTS

4
COMMENT

7
CAPITAL LETTER

8
LETTERS

10
THE MONTH'S TRAFFIC

16
CHANGING CAPITAL THINKING
Labor are now one year on in opposition, Lincoln Wright analyses some shifts in their economic policy.

18
NEW FOR OLD
Jon Greenaway looks at changes in the ALP and in the unions.

19
ARCHIMEDES

20
NORTHERN EXPOSURE
Has the Queensland of the Fitzgerald Inquiry era changed at all? Margaret Simons investigates.

24
A DAY WITHIN YOUR COURTS
Michael McGirr tells of abuse, shame and guilt.

27
SUMMA THEOLOGIAE

28
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU
Paul Chadwick sifts through the latest on media ownership and diversity.

30
CHANCING YOUR ARM
An Irish Diary *part II* by Graham Little.

36
BOOKS
Ray Cassin reviews the Santamaria revision; Max Charlesworth gives an unabashed review of *Shame and the Modern Self* (p39); John Hewitt salutes the grand old lion of economics, J.K. Galbraith (p40).

42
RELOADING THE CANON
Peter Craven on the Great Book into Great Film phenomenon.

43
POETRY
Back and Spadework (p45) by Peter Steele.

46
THEATRE
Geoffrey Milne asks why Shakespeare gets top billing.

48
FLASH IN THE PAN
Reviews of the films *Jerry Maguire*, *The English Patient*, *Lost Highway*, *Breaking the Waves*, *Mars Attacks* and *Star Wars*.

50
WATCHING BRIEF

51
SPECIFIC LEVITY

The public hysteria of extinguishment has now given way to the private discourse of negotiation and co-existence.

Meanwhile Borbidge and Co. have dispatched their ilk, with all due respect, to ask the High Court to overturn 50 years of decisions on excise. Some follies have no shame.

—Frank Brennan

See 'Pastoral comical, pastoral tragical', p4.

Cover cartoon by Dean Moore.

Cartoons pp 10, 18, 20-23 by Dean Moore.

Cartoon p11 by Peter Fraser.

Cartoon p49 by Pat Campbell.

Graphics pp2, 10, 14, 16-17, 25, 27, 28-29, 39 by Siobhan Jackson.

Photographs pp31, 32 and 35 by Gill Thomas.

Eureka Street magazine

Esprit Publications

PO Box 553

Richmond VIC-3121

Tel (03) 9427 7311

Fax (03) 9428 4450

EUREKA STREET

*A magazine of public affairs, the arts
and theology*

Publisher
Michael Kelly SJ

Editor
Morag Fraser

Consulting editor
Michael McGirr SJ

Assistant editor
Jon Greenaway

Production assistants:

Paul Fyfe SJ, Scott Howard, Juliette Hughes,
Chris Jenkins SJ, Siobhan Jackson,

Contributing editors

Adelaide: Greg O'Kelly SJ

Brisbane: Ian Howells SJ

Perth: Dean Moore

Sydney: Edmund Campion, Gerard Windsor

European correspondent: Damien Simonis

Editorial board

Peter L'Estrange SJ (chair),

Margaret Coady, Margaret Coffey,

Valda M. Ward RSM, Trevor Hales,

Marie Joyce, Kevin McDonald,

Jane Kelly IBVM,

Peter Steele SJ, Bill Uren SJ

Business manager: Sylvana Scannapiego

Advertising representative: Ken Head

Patrons

Eureka Street gratefully acknowledges the

support of Colin and Angela Carter; the

trustees of the estate of Miss M. Condon;

Denis Cullity AO; W.P. & M.W. Gurry;

Geoff Hill and Janine Perrett;

the Roche family.

Eureka Street magazine, ISSN 1036-1758,

Australia Post Print Post approved

pp349181/00314

is published ten times a year

by *Eureka Street Magazine* Pty Ltd,

300 Victoria Street, Richmond, Victoria 3121

Tel: 03 9427 7311 Fax: 03 9428 4450

e-mail: eureka@werple.net.au

Responsibility for editorial content is accepted by

Michael Kelly, 300 Victoria Street, Richmond.

Printed by Doran Printing,

46 Industrial Drive, Braeside VIC 3195.

© Jesuit Publications 1997.

Unsolicited manuscripts, including poetry and
fiction, will be returned only if accompanied by a
stamped, self-addressed envelope. Requests for
permission to reprint material from the magazine

should be addressed in writing to:

The editor, *Eureka Street* magazine,

PO Box 553, Richmond VIC 3121.

COMMENT

FRANK BRENNAN

Pastoral comica pastoral tragica

TIM FISCHER SPENT CHRISTMAS with a temporary hold
the prime ministerial reins, calling for the extinguishment
of native title on pastoral leases in the wake of the High
Court's *Wik* judgment.

John Howard, back in the saddle, set about searching for
a solution by Easter. Extinguishment was not an option. The
issue was money, not principle. The National Party and its
constituency were sure to be offended. The Liberals had to
step back and let their country cousins vent their spleen.
Discrediting the High Court which delivered a 4-3 victory over
the Aborigines was a central part of government strategy.

During the summer vacation, the Court was fair game,
being mauled by conservative premiers led by Rob Borbidge,
whose knowledge of the Constitution led him to believe that
he could do a Bjelke-Petersen in replacing Mal Colston, over-
looking the 1977 amendment to the Constitution designed
to defeat any such repeated abuse of parliamentary repre-
sentation.

While Chief Justice Brennan privately corrected Fischer
for his earlier erroneous attacks made during the WA election
campaign, alleging the Court had been tardy in reaching its
decision in *Wik*, Attorney-General Daryl Williams said
that was no part of his role to defend the judiciary, even from
unwarranted public attack from his own government.

According to Williams, 'The judiciary should speak for
itself.' He thought 'the judiciary should develop mechanism
themselves in contributing to community debate'. The
judiciary maintained its silence. As Brennan said in his
private correspondence to Fischer (released with remarkable
haste by Fischer under an FOI request on the eve of the
National Party Conference on *Wik*): 'Neither the co-operation
that is required among the branches of Government nor
the dignity of this Court would be advanced by my making
public statement to repel the attacks which you have made.
Indeed, Courts are not capable of responding—nor would they
wish to respond—to media attacks.'

Howard endorsed his deputy's attack on the Court by
his silence and fudging of the issues, saying, 'The Chief Justice
didn't dispute the right of people to criticise court decisions.
As for his deputy, 'No, I don't think Tim ever overdoes it.
I think he is a fantastic deputy and a fantastic bloke.'

Tim just happened to get his facts wrong. He just
happened to fudge the distinction between erroneous
criticism of the court for tardiness and acceptable criticism
of a particular decision. And it all just happened in time for
the National Party meeting to carry a resolution unanimously
supporting Fischer's criticism of the High Court, and just as
the government's legal advice was flowing in, revealing that

THE CHURCH
MICHAEL MCGIRR

A day within your courts

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO IS an astute traveller. Whenever he finds himself in a new city, he takes himself on Monday morning to the local court-house. He believes you can learn more from what passes in front of the magistrate than you can from any tourist brochure.

The courts are unfamiliar to me. When I found myself in Ballarat in the middle of January, I was surprised that a city with such fine public buildings has such a lacklustre court-house. The backs of the toilet doors are covered with graffiti: 'here I shit, a free man', 'abandon hope all who enter here.' Somebody had amended 'such is life' to read 'suck is life'.

I was there as a character witness for another friend, Tom Matthews. About two years previously, Tom and Joanne Adams had approached me after Mass and asked if I would celebrate their wedding with them. They were slightly older than the typical couple. In his mid-thirties, Tom had successfully changed careers from being a primary school principal to working in data management. He had been married twice before but, by one of those strange turns of the Catholic bureaucracy, we were able to negotiate all the formalities. He had first married soon after leaving a religious order and we talked at length about his fraught relationship with the two sons of that marriage, both now teenagers. I was relieved to see them both at the wedding. Before long, Jo was expecting their first child.

I hadn't heard from them for a while when last September I had a call from Tom. He told me that the police had come to his office and asked if they could speak to him privately. He suggested a meeting room but they said they'd be happier if he came back with them to the station. He complied.

At the station, they charged him with nine counts of indecent assault on minors. The charges related to a time about 25 years before when he was still a member of a

religious order and was teaching in a school near Ballarat. Tom had no clear recollection of the incidents that were described in the statements of his victims. He had, however, lived for years with a sense that there was something in his past which was unresolved and continued to undermine his capacity for intimate relationships. He knew he had done something terrible. Although he had no legal counsel with him, he pleaded guilty to the charges on the spot. He said he even experienced a mild relief. He said that he had spent 25 years tied to a railway track, waiting for the train to come. Now the train was approaching.

Even so, there was still a long wait. A date was set for the case and then deferred on three separate occasions. Tom was spat on and heckled on his way to court for the preliminary hearings. Jo was hoping that the matter could be settled before the baby was born, although she had to contend with the prospect that Tom could be behind bars for the birth. In fact, they had a boy about a month before the case finally came to trial. It was a stressful Christmas. During a briefing with Tom's barrister, Jo asked if she should bring the baby to the court.

'God no,' said the barrister, 'the last thing we want is for people to say what they said about Lindy Chamberlain—that she only had the baby to get sympathy.'

It had been a long wait also for Tom's two victims. The statements they made to the police told of lives that had been damaged by abuse. The night before the trial, one of them appeared on a tabloid current affairs program. His face was masked, but his voice betrayed more tiredness than anger. He didn't sound vengeful, there was no sign of bloodlust in what he had to say. But he was clear that Tom's actions had laid a burden on him under which he had struggled. Unlike Tom's, his recollections of the crimes were crystal clear. The victims had been aged nine and ten when they came

under Tom's care. They were now in their mid-thirties, about my age.

Later, I tried to imagine their side of the story. Robyn Miller is a family therapist and social worker and works as a consultant to the pastoral response office in the archdiocese of Melbourne. She has indelible memories of standing in front of a forum that was conducted in the parish of Oakleigh last July after its former parish priest, the late Kevin O'Donnell, was convicted of sexual offences against children. O'Donnell's history of abuse stretched over 40 years. He had been in Oakleigh for 16 of those years. Nobody has dared count the number of his victims. According to Miller, the anger in the parish was white hot. After the meeting, two women in their sixties approached Miller and disclosed for the first time that they had also been abused as children. Their reason for staying quiet for so long was a common one: they thought they would not be believed. In sentencing O'Donnell in August 1995, Judge Kellam emphasised again and again the long silence which his victims had maintained because they too thought they would not be believed. In February, the Archbishop of Melbourne, George Pell, attended another meeting in the parish and offered an apology. This time the church's credibility was on the line. The process of recovery in Oakleigh, as elsewhere, will be long and arduous.

YOU HAVE TO REALISE TWO things about paedophiles,' says Miller. 'The first is that they are engaged in highly addictive behaviour.'

She quotes Ray Wyre, the founder of England's Lucy Faithful Foundation, who came to Melbourne last year to conduct training in this area. He maintains that with offenders you have to talk about control. You can't talk about cure.

'The second thing,' continues Miller, 'is

that, like most addicts, sexual offenders are highly skilful. They are adept at grooming their victims and cultivating opportunities to offend. Often this means infiltrating a family and gaining trust. They also rationalise in order to overcome internal and external inhibitors of their activities. Then, finally, they are brilliant at minimising the impact of what they have done. They evade responsibility. Part of what we try to do in working with offenders is to get them to develop victim empathy.'

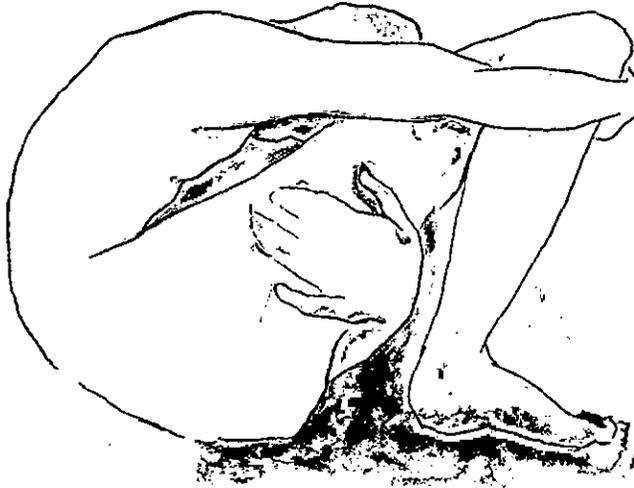
Robyn Miller's own research has built on the comparison often made between the impact of child sexual abuse and post-traumatic stress disorder. This disorder was used in the 1980's to describe the specific symptoms of large numbers of veterans after the Vietnam War. Miller says, 'the syndrome is characterised by nightmares, intrusive recollections of the event, acting as if or feeling that the event is recurring in response to a situational cue, memory lapses, anxiety, problems with relationships and a feeling of detachment from others.'

Miller has also itemised some of the recurrent difficulties that victims present. They include regressive behaviours, sleep disturbances, eating disorders, persistent and inappropriate sexual play, depression, low self-esteem, fear of or reduced interactions with members of the sex of the perpetrator, substance abuse, self-destructiveness and risk of suicide. That's before they reach adulthood. The overwhelming legacy left to the abused is self-hatred. They often take responsibility for what has happened, especially if the adult is trusted by the community at large. They live in shame.

Tom's victims spent their day in court sitting patiently in the back row. An encampment of media set up outside the building. Everybody waited as the dark side of Ballarat passed slowly before the magistrate. A transport company had an unregistered vehicle. A young business woman needed an intervention order against her former partner who happened to be her paymaster at work; the magistrate ruled that he was not to come within 50m of her and wondered how this could be enforced

when they worked in the same office. Another woman had breached an intervention order because she wanted to rescue her child who had been left to sleep in the car at her husband's place. A young man was rifling a purse in a shop in Daylesford. He was caught before he managed to get anything. Otherwise he'd be going to jail: he has a long list of priors.

Tom's was the 42nd case to be called. What unfolded over the next two and a half hours was beyond the normal range of sadness. The police prosecutor read the details of Tom's crimes in a grim litany as members of his family struggled to contain their emotions. Tom sat with his head bowed; a member of one of the victims' action groups moved to the seat behind him



and leaned forward, literally breathing down his neck. A police officer asked the man to sit back.

TOM'S BARRISTER THEN BEGAN to fill out the picture. It emerged that Tom, having grown up in a staunchly conservative Catholic family, entered the juniorate of the order when he was fifteen. The juniorate was a school designed for streaming vocations from early adolescence. He left the juniorate and returned to a normal school run by the order where he felt branded indelibly as a failure by the brothers for leaving the juniorate and a freak by his peers for going there in the first place. He was himself sexually assaulted by brothers.

The magistrate interrupted at this point to ask the barrister if surely, having been abused himself, Tom would have been in a better position to judge the

effect of his actions on the boys.

Beneath this question lies a world of conjecture. Robyn Miller says that the anecdotal evidence indicates that most abusers have themselves been abused, but this is far from saying that everyone who has been abused becomes an abuser. Indeed, some, as the magistrate implied, become effective carers.

The question also begs the further question of how deeply entrenched abuse has become in the clerical culture. It is impossible to know and easy to exaggerate. Nevertheless, the letters of John Bede Polding, Australia's first bishop, have recently been published. They show that in the middle of the nineteenth century, he had to send a fellow Benedictine back to

England with a reference to the effect that he was not to be allowed near boys. The expression used to describe his failing was 'goosiness', a word I am unable to find in dictionaries of slang, although the verb to 'goose' means to poke somebody between the buttocks. Some years ago, I was teaching at a school in Sydney where one of my lay colleagues told me about his days as a brother. In his mid-twenties, this man had been made headmaster of a school, superior of a community and expected to do a university degree at the same time. This workload itself bordered on abuse of a kind. It came to his attention that an older

member of the community was molesting one of the young students. He broke one of the unwritten rules of the order, that you sort out your own problems, and asked advice from the higher-ups. 'Don't tell us he's up to his old tricks again,' he was told about the paedophile.

After Tom's case, my evidence in support of Tom was widely reported in the media. One result was a letter from a member of the order which Tom had joined. It was long and deeply pained and ended in the writer saying it was 'really an open letter':

Every male teacher worth his salt is tempted in the company of youths and boys. Some are alluringly attractive. 'KK's' used to be an expression when I was a young brother—'kissable kids'. It is an obligation to resist these temptations. Thank God, I did. But it's every male

teacher's problem. All the safeguards in the world will not shield him from meeting the problem.

Miller believes that the writer is caught up in a 'distorted offender thinking' which attempts to normalise paedophilia.

The overwhelming majority of students in Catholic schools, however, were not subjected to sexual abuse. Indeed, without the work of brothers and nuns, often in heroic circumstances, Australia would have been unable to teach its baby boomers how to read and write. The renowned Goulburn school strike made this point in the early sixties. If a life of personal privation forced some individuals into distorted behaviour, then the whole country is subtly complicit.

Sexual abuse was never part of my experience at school in the seventies. I do vividly recall one occasion in 1973, when I was 12, finding myself out of bounds in the wardrobe room behind the stage. I was sticky-beaking. The priest in charge of the area discovered me and flew into a rage. He threw me from one side of the room to the other then dragged me outside by the hair. He had been drinking. I became terrified of him. Eight years later, when I was a novice in this man's order, I was sent to work in the community to which he was now attached. I was still terrified of him, always looking over my shoulder to see when he was around.

IT WAS A FURTHER SIX YEARS before I was back in that man's city, this time for an ordination. He came and sat beside me at the lunch afterwards. After some awkward small talk, he said to me 'I bashed you up, didn't I.' I said 'Yes you did' and had to leave the table to regain my composure. That brief exchange relieved me of an enormous burden. It was enough to know that he had remembered, was troubled, and owned up in an openly apologetic manner. Admittedly this was a minor incident. But I admire his courage. It has helped me a great deal. Sometimes I wonder if victims of abuse are really looking for a meeting of this kind in which the original aggressor is nakedly undefended.

I feel for my friend Tom. In spite of a traumatic adolescence, he did make a second attempt at a religious vocation and at the age of 21 he found himself teaching as a member of a particular religious community whose prevailing ethos was one of psychological torture and emotional deprivation. In our briefing, Tom's barrister wondered aloud what every other 21-year-old was up to in the mid '70s. Tom was living in a

community whose older members took a perverted pride in steadfastly refusing to remember his name. Every hour of the day was accounted for; the only adult companionship was the half hour in which the community sat down together to eat in silence. Several of the people who sat in silence around that table have since been convicted of child sex abuse. Gerald Ridsdale, who worked in the parish in this period, is still in jail. As these details were being enumerated, the member of the victims' rights group sitting behind Tom stood and yelled the names of the members of the community who had been convicted. He added Tom's name to the list and stormed through the door.

Tom's case does stand out in significant respects. He took responsibility to the extent that he realised his behaviour was destructive and in 1974, close to a breakdown, sought professional help. His psychologist, Ronald Conway, had kept his file and was able to testify on Tom's behalf. Conway said that 'the only available objects of affection for him (Tom) were the boys in his charge ... (it was) not surprising this overflowed to indecency'. Conway also said that the system of training which Tom had experienced which crushed fundamental human needs was inhumane and destructive. He was amazed that so many 'loyal and decent' people had come out of it. Conway's advice was instrumental in Tom's leaving the order. Some years later, Conway also told the order that they needed to change their training practices. The order took the view, according to Conway, that they would look after it themselves. Conway has interviewed every candidate for the priesthood in the Melbourne diocese since the late 60s. He has profound misgivings about mandatory celibacy for clergy. 'Many have the gift of ministry,' he says, 'but not all can live the celibate life.'

Tom's younger sister came to the stand and spoke of the silent, brooding and unhappy man who came home from the order. A friend spoke of how different he had since become. Another said that Tom had been close to suicide with remorse. I said that Tom had lived an inhuman life and acted in an inhuman way. An older victims' supporter, also sitting behind Tom, shook his head angrily as I spoke. Tom's mother was also called to the stand but the magistrate said there was no point in putting her through the ordeal.

THE BARRISTER PLEADED for a suspended sentence, arguing that the community

would understand that his circumstances warranted special consideration. 'The community' was a euphemism for the media.

There were two trials taking place in the same room. The magistrate sentenced Tom to three months on each charge, the last two terms to be served concurrently, making a total of two years. He agreed to the suspension only because the crimes took place so long ago and Mr Tom Matthews was demonstrably a different human being from Br Tom Matthews. Once convicted, Tom was able to leave, under police guard, to return to his month-old son and year-old marriage. As we stood to leave, the older victims' supporter turned and said that three of his sons had been abused and asked me if I cared about that. He was more sad than angry but I felt immediately defensive. I wish I had said something to him, something to acknowledge the pain that kept him sitting in court all day following the tragedy of a complete stranger. God knows what he was seeking. Perhaps he wanted to know somebody was sorry.

Tom was harassed as he left the court. When some of Joanne's friends read about the case in the paper the following morning, they sent flowers. Others were outraged. They said that Tom had only married her so he could be like Lindy Chamberlain and have a baby at the trial. They asked what other skeletons were in the closet. What else was going to be dragged up? They implied that if anything happened to Jo's elderly parents in the next twelve months, they would hold Jo and Tom personally responsible. Tom's employer told him there was no problem as far as he was concerned but within a month he closed the division in which Tom worked. A sentenced criminal, Tom is now looking for work. The baptism of their child has been postponed until their friends can get together calmly. Yet another generation has to wait.

There are no easy lessons from this grim sequence of events. Helen Prejean's account of offering companionship to murderers on death row while reaching out to their victims, *Dead Man Walking*, ends with these words: 'Forgiveness is never going to be easy. Each day it must be prayed for and struggled for and won.' Prejean is a model: She dodges none of the tough stuff. She believes that it's pointless talking about forgiveness unless everybody has a chance to tell their story and to be heard.

Both Robyn Miller and Helen Last, the co-ordinator of the pastoral response office in the Melbourne archdiocese, underline the fact that there is no way forward for either



SUMMA theologiae

T John Honner culls the theological crop

• THOMAS MOORE'S *CARE OF THE SOUL*, published in 1992, is a book that I liked very well. Many others liked it too—it spent 46 weeks on the *New York Times* best-seller list including time at number 1. Moore's gentle blend of Jungian psychology, Christian spirituality, and the better aspects of New Age wisdom—which is, after all, Old Age wisdom—exemplifies much of contemporary literature in spirituality. But is such spiritual a consumer product which satisfies the need it generates, or is it expressive of a thirst for God?

• In the January edition of *Modern Theology*, an international journal published by Blackwells from Oxford, Gregory Jones has an article entitled 'A Thirst for God Consumer Spirituality?' Jones argues, first, that Moore substitutes a very pragmatic polytheistic 'sacredness' for the Christian God; secondly, that Moore has his focus on the self-sufficiency of soulfulness rather than on the action of the Spirit; and, finally, that Moore privatizes Christian practices and thus removes communal and justice issues from his agenda. As a consequence, contemporary spiritual practice can make it more rather than less difficult to discover communion with the Spirit. This is a very interesting and, I think, valid critique. Jones, who lectures at Loyola College in Baltimore, is one of the editors of *Modern Theology* and the entire issue is devoted to a discussion of tradition and modern spiritualities. It is important reading.

• When the first man and woman get caught out in the Garden of Eden, the Lord God tells the woman that 'your desire shall be for your husband and he shall rule over you'. What do these lines from Genesis 3:16 mean? Walter Vogel, who teaches at Saint Paul University in Ottawa, has a very technical article in *Biblica* 77/2 (1996) which will answer your question. Mind you, all articles in *Biblica* are very technical, for this is the journal of the Pontifical Biblical Institute, the home of polyglot scholarship. Vogel notes how conservatives have used this verse to defend the superiority of the husband, and how so-called feminists in turn have argued the reverse. His conclusion, however, is surely good news for all those husbands and wives frantically deadlocked on this exegesis:

The text does not speak of the superiority of one over the other, not even, in a sense, about equality, if that means that they have equal 'power'. Love is not concerned with power. The text speaks about a very unique and harmonious relationship in which two distinct and individual persons are no longer 'alone', but really one.

• The dream of the month belongs to Reinhard Frieling, a member of the World Council of Churches and Roman Catholic Church Joint Working Group, who has an article in the January 1997 number of the *Ecumenical Review*, itself a WCC publication. Frieling's very accessible essay is entitled 'Communion with, not under the Pope'. In it he describes his desire to move from the provincialism of the German regional churches, to which he belongs, to a universal ministry of unity in the Church. This elegant, wise, and hopeful essay is in no way a plea for classic Protestant polemics against the papacy, but a dream of a truly catholic church.

• The mad article of the month is Stephen Happel's 'Communion with Fast Food' in the 17th issue of January 1997. Happel claims that few people in contemporary western societies prepare food together and then dine together. Rather, there is a greater and greater tendency towards fast food and pre-prepared food. He wryly observes that the old style of giving communion and taking communion to the sick had elements of the fast-food syndrome about it. More seriously, he asks if our eucharistic liturgy might need to be changed in order to catch the ethos of modern culture? Unfortunately he offers no answers.

• For interesting information, consider John England's study of 'Early Asian Christian Writings, 5th-12th Centuries' in the April 1997 number of *Asia Journal of Theology*. For example, England describes in some detail the Sian-fu stele, a three-metre high monument from the Nestorian monastery at Chou-chih in China in 781 A.D., a text of 2,000 Chinese characters and 70 words of Syriac which summarizes the faith and history of the community at that time. And just when was it that Christianity came to Germany? England does not mention that Matteo Ricci, the great Jesuit missionary, discovered remnants of this Nestorian Christian community when he arrived in China some eight centuries later.

John Honner SJ is scholar-in-residence at Newman College and editor-in-chief of *Pacific Journal of the Melbourne College of Divinity*.

survivors or offenders unless the perpetrator of a crime is able to take responsibility for what they have done. On the other hand, they talk about a type of church culture in which clergy lack accountability.

• Celibacy does not create paedophiles. Indeed, most paedophiles live in heterosexual relationships. But the church has put priests, brothers and nuns on a pedestal and that gives them undue power in the lives of victims. It is this power which helps first in grooming potential victims and then in reducing them to silence about what has gone on. It is a tragic irony that in a period in which the church has put the theological fingerprint of its members under close scrutiny, it has paid little attention to the ability of its celibate ministers to live with dignity and integrity. Helen Last says that her work with clergy constantly reveals a gap between the way they think they can live their vow of celibacy and the public perception of how they live that vow.

ONE SYMPATHETIC RESEARCHER, Richard Sipe has written that 'celibate—that is clerical—culture involves authoritarian alliances, economic bonds, societal privileges and homosocial parameters, all of which have nothing to do with the reality of celibate practice.' Robyn Miller puts this more bluntly. Where offenders themselves have been exposed to abusive and inhumane practices within their religious lives, the church has some tough questions to face.

It did occur to me in Ballarat that after a plane crash, people sift through the wreckage for the black box, that most protected part of the aircraft, which never forgets. They apportion responsibility to the pilot, the navigator, the maintenance crew and the design of the plane. In Tom's case, it could be too late to settle any question of blame. His victims may well ponder the old adage that justice delayed is justice denied. But if any healing is to take place, it can only do so on the basis of truth. The truth is that Tom was flying a plane that was never airworthy. The people who built it have much to lament. The church is still recovering from the timid theology which separated body and soul and tried to bind the body. But the church, including both offenders and survivors, is the body of Christ. In our fear, we have deeply bruised it. ■

Michael McGirr SJ is the consulting editor of *Eureka Street*.

Note: Some names in this article have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals and families concerned.—cd.