



19th April 2020

2nd Sunday

Easter

Year A

“The Spire“

All Saints' Parish

Portland - Heywood - Dartmoor

All Saints' Parish Office
PO Box 210 Portland 3305

Phone: 5523 1046 Mobile 0475 512530

email: portland@ballarat.catholic.org.au

www.ballarat.catholic.org.au/parishes

Rev. Gregory A. D. Tait, P.P.

email: greg.tait@ballarat.catholic.org.au

Parish Secretary: Antonella Webbstock

Wednesday & Friday 9.00am till 3.00pm

All Saints Parish is committed to Child Safety - our Child Safety Policy and Code of Conduct are on display on the Parish website and noticeboard in the Tower Entrance of the Church.

All Saints Parish Portland acknowledges the Traditional Owners and Custodians of the land on which our Parish Community meets, the Gunditjmara people. We pay our respects to their Elders past and present and commit ourselves to the ongoing journey of reconciliation and constitutional acknowledgement of first peoples

Recent Deaths:

Anniversaries:

Baylee Rogers, Margaret Noske, Valerie Dooley, Peter Harris, Elizabeth Kearney, Fr Francis Madden, Rachel Twomey, Mignon Kinnane, Marianne Kirk, Fr John Murphy Christopher Powell, Sr Eileen Riley, Teresa Howard

Prayer Requests:

Bruno Cancian, Margaret Couttie, Patricia Bailey, Noela Clifford, Les Hildebrand, Nicky Schultz, Claire Jesser, Lea-anne Bourke, Rudy Legray, Michelle Mutch,

If you have any prayer requests please contact Antonella at the Parish Office; for privacy reasons only Next of Kin may ask for names to be added: Thank you

You will be able to watch online services at the following links:

St Patrick's Cathedral Parish, Ballarat:

Mass live streamed on [Patrick's Cathedral](#) facebook page.

Mass Western Border Parish: Website www.westernborder.church or

Facebook page: [Western Border Catholic Parish](#)

Mass for You at Home: This program has been allowing the faithful to participate in Mass from their homes for many years. Mass for You at Home is broadcast on Eleven and Network Ten on Sundays and Aurora Channel on Foxtel every day.

Matthew's Beatitudes and Catherine McAuley in Dialogue with Earth's Distress

Veronica Lawson RSM recently held a webinar exploring the Beatitudes and Catherine McAuley at this time of the Earth's distress. Watch the video here <https://vimeo.com/404735366>

Planned Giving for Parish Account

Given last week, inc. EFT: \$ 1,410

Pledged Amount \$62,400

Total YTD 2019/20 \$ 48,687

Total YTD 2018/19 \$ 52,645

Direct deposit payments for planned giving and donations can be made electronically. Details are as follows:

Account Name: Portland Catholic Church

BSB: 083 532

Account No. 5159 81661

Presbytery Account

Priest support: inc. EFT \$ 431.00

Direct deposit payments for the presbytery account can be made electronically. Details are as follows:

Account Name: All Saints Presbytery Portland

BSB: 083 526

Account No. 24476 6002

Masking Anxiety, showing care - Kate Galloway, Eureka Street

Who knew that the greatest moral debate of our time would be whether or not to wear a mask? Having sewed my first mask many weeks ago, I've been following the millions of words written and spoken on the efficacy of masks, whether to wear them, who should wear them, how to use them, and how to make them. In a genre that is already bending my brain, there is a special sub-category of mask-shaming.



The polarised global debate manages to shame both mask wearers/promoters (especially where that involves medical masks for the public), and those who do not wear masks. The science, apparently, is 'in'. On both sides.

I'm not here to mask shame. I'm not here to evaluate the science of masks in a specifically COVID-19 pandemic. (Mask efficacy for the general public is pathogen specific, I understand.) And I'm not here to promote masks or otherwise.

I simply offer the observation that my own mask 'practice' is a practice of love and care that exists purely in the social and not within the realms of science.

When my children were small, some days were tough. For whatever reason, school was an emotional or psychic bridge too far. But life goes on. And so, I gave them a token of my love for them. A talisman by which to remember that this too would pass, and we would be reunited. The token was a hand-made glass bead threaded on a satin ribbon. I would tie it on their little wrists, or they could carry it in their pocket. Whenever they felt the sadness or the worry surge within them, they could hold the bead. Play with it in their fingers. And be reminded that their equilibrium would soon return.

If a member of our family is sick, we have a routine of care developed also when the children were small. It includes particular food — chicken broth, fresh juice jellies — and until the kids were too old, the special mattress pulled up by our bed. Rituals designed to soothe the heart and thereby to still a fevered mind, absent the science.

These days, I knit. Knitting is a meditative activity that resolves my own angst, whilst channelling it into creating garments that themselves signify care for others. I only make shawls, or wraps. The symbolism is clear. Even when I am far away, the wrap will enfold the wearer as a sign of love and of care.

'I make them, and give them, because I care. The people I give them to wear them because they are fearful, and, for the most part, vulnerable. The masks are a means of sharing our humanity.'

Before the widespread political and social engagement with coronavirus in Australia, I was already looking ahead. It is a feature of the anxious that they remain hypervigilant and I am no exception. My response was to prepare my (adult) children and my partner, and my elderly relatives, for the likely advent of significant changes to our lives. Part of my preparation included investigating masks. Conscious of not wanting to draw on medical supplies, and in light of my sewing skills and abundant stocks of remnant fabric, I found out as much as I could about how to make cloth masks.

There came a point in my reading that it was clear that there was no robust scientific, peer reviewed evidence to support cloth masks as offering genuine protection for the general public against this type of pathogen. And yet, I sewed them. I gave them to my family, to friends with older relatives, and I have now given them also to community health services to distribute within the communities they serve.

I see the public health advice is that masks will take resources away from frontline health workers. Well, not these masks.

So, if the public health advice is that masks do not work, why then have I persisted in making them? For the same reason that I gave my children a glass bead, that in my family chicken broth makes you feel better, and a woollen wrap even in a Queensland summer, means that my heart enfolds you. I make them, and give them, because I care. The people I give them to wear them because they are fearful, and, for the most part, vulnerable. The masks are a means of sharing our humanity.

To be sure, those who have received masks from me acknowledge that they are not medical, that frequent hand washing is imperative, and that face touching is out. The masks can only be worn briefly, and they must be changed frequently and washed in hot water and detergent. Maintaining physical distancing is a given. But the masks give them confidence to do the things that remain permitted as a supplement to all recommended behaviours.

I've seen social media posts by some in the sewing community who cannot bear to sew masks. Too much anxiety. Too much worry about their lack of efficacy. Too much pressure. All of these views are valid responses — everyone is responding differently. For me though, sewing batches of cloth masks at a time is a tangible means of connecting with others, and a psychic salve in these disconcerting times.