

## *One Day at a Time*

Father Tim's Daily Reflections  
during the COVID-19 crisis

**Sunday 29 March**

**The Fifth Sunday of Lent**

**6.25am** – Well, it's actually Monday morning, but I woke up and realised that I hadn't written a blog entry yesterday, so after lying in bed debating whether or not to get up and do it, I decided that I should. I've heard from a lot of people that they're reading my daily journal and enjoying it, so I now have a new 'responsibility' that I must shoulder.

I opened the office at 10.30am for **Raewyn Hill** and little **Harvey** to do some work (well, Raewyn worked and Harvey watched cartoons on the iPad). The task: entering individual parishioners' email addresses to compile a contacts list that I can use to contact everyone with one email. Unfortunately, my linet account only allows small groups of 25 or so addresses in a group, so after all the addresses have been entered, I'll have to divide them into smaller groups. But it will be okay.

While they worked at my desk, I was at the secretary's desk completing all the church and government documents for the wedding of **Hanna Lyra** and **Alex Goldrick** that I celebrated on Sunday at 1.00pm. I don't understand Australian bureaucracy regarding weddings – there are a number of forms to fill out, and a lot of it is simply repetitious – and it must all be handwritten. In America, the priest doesn't do anything except sign off a document at the end; the couple go to the county hall and complete everything there with the registrar. Here, my hand is falling off as I write the same names, addresses, occupations, marital status, birth dates and places, parents' names and places of birth – *the same thing in four different places!* And then the same for the church documents, except the dates and places of baptism and confirmation are added – *in two more places!* Finally, there is the Certificate of Marriage – when I get to that point, it's almost like crossing the finish line in an Olympics race: ta-DA! I'm finished!

Then it was over to the church to change the purple altar frontal to white, drag the two prie-dieux to the centre of the altar, move chairs, and get everything ready for the Nuptial Mass. **Theodore** arrived early to warm up his voice, and **Alessio** came with a nice floral arrangement to brighten up the surroundings; we put that atop the baptismal font. Then arrived the bridal party: Alex and Hanna with her parents and older sister. The Government wants only five at a wedding (but ten for a funeral – go figure!), but we actually had eight of us. Oh well, if I'm taken to jail, I figure it will just be isolation with the benefit of my meals being prepared for me!

The music was beautiful: Entrance – *A New Commandment*; Offertory – *How Great Thou Art*; Communion – *Panis Angelicus*; and Signing of the Documents – *Ave Maria*. Before Mass, the bridal couple went to confession, as is always appropriate when preparing to receive a new sacrament (note that we bring our children to confession before their First Holy Communion or Confirmation); and at the end of Mass they consecrated their marriage to Our Lady, standing before the lovely icon of Our Lady of the Southern Cross that hangs over the sacristy door in the sanctuary.

The family was having a small wedding luncheon at **The Treasury** (take-away from the hotel restaurant brought to a table – somehow different from dining at the hotel restaurant), and they invited me but I didn't feel I should go and perhaps expose myself to a variety of people at the hotel. Instead, I took a nap (!) and then prepared myself a nice dinner reminiscent of my Mum's cooking: kielbasa (Polish sausage – we're not Polish, but Chicago has a lot of Poles) with sauerkraut and onions steamed in beer; rice; asparagus with Hollandaise sauce; and creamed corn. Mmmm! I read the Sunday paper and watched mindless TV before finally going to bed. Then I awoke and wrote this!