

Spring 2023

# The Southern Star

ISSUE #32

Newsletter for the Dominican Sisters of Wanganui



## IN THIS ISSUE:

Letter from  
Mother Prioress

Page 2

.....  
Article: A Pilgrimage

Page 3

.....  
News from  
St Dominic's Convent

Page 6

.....  
O.P. Corner

Page 10

.....  
Photo Chronicle

Page 15



***Puente la Reina***  
**on the Camino de Santiago**

“This Bridge is built of stones, so that, if rain come, it may not impede the traveller. Dost thou know what these stones are? They are the stones of true and sincere virtues.... As long as you are pilgrims in this life, you are capable of growth.”

- The Dialogue of St Catherine of Siena



## LETTER FROM MOTHER PRIORESS



*Proceedamus in pace!* From the writings of Mother Mary MacKillop in 1867 we read this beautiful quotation, “Remember we are but travellers here.” It is a very good reminder to us that our life here below is really a pilgrimage, our quest to heaven to be with God for all eternity. What a most beautiful thought to keep in mind when weighed down with our daily trials and tribulations. We are pilgrims, wanderers, journeying to our true home, day by day making the decisions to determine our destiny. Each day we are navigating the way to our true home and despite the ups and downs, windings and turnings, we are in pursuit of our eternal goal and our final destination. How beautiful to know that Heaven is really just around the corner!

In this issue you will read of many journeys and pilgrimages within our greater pilgrimage to heaven. Firstly, you will have an insight into our chaplain’s reflections while he walked for over a month on the famous Camino de Santiago, on pilgrimage to the tomb of St James in Compostella, Spain. During his absence our former chaplain, Father Albert OP, journeyed from the USA to attend to our spiritual needs. Divine Providence had truly stepped in allowing this to coincide with the month dedicated to the Holy Rosary, most dear to every Dominican heart, and the beginning of November, the month of the holy souls to whom our Order also has a strong devotion.



On October 7<sup>th</sup>, feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, our holy Patroness, many of the Sisters attended the annual parish pilgrimage to the statue of Our Lady in Paraparaumu. The day before, Father Albert had led our rosary procession in her honour with the schoolgirls. It certainly was a time of special graces for our congregation to have a Dominican friar amongst us. The Sisters especially relished being able to assist at the Dominican Rite Mass each day.

At the end of November, as the academic year was drawing to a close, the pupils and some of the sisters managed a trip to the Pacific Islands in missionary style. You will need to read on to understand exactly how they managed such an expedition with so many travellers in so short a time.

Remembering that we are all “travellers in this life”, we assure you that we daily turn to our Blessed Mother praying the “Sub Tuum”, which we say before going on any trip outside the convent precincts, that she may remain with us all and especially with you, our dear friends and benefactors, as we continue to map our way to our final destination. May Our Lady deliver us from all dangers and Our great Father Saint Dominic always watch lovingly over us all here below. *In viam pacis dirige nos, Domine!*

Mother Mary Madeleine OP  
Mother Prioress

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## A Pilgrimage

Many Fathers of the church including St. Jerome encouraged many to visit the holy sites of Our Lord's birth, where he walked upon this earth, and the places of His Passion and death. Saint Helena, the Mother of Constantine the great, sought out these places of great graces and built churches in order to house these great relics which attracted the devotion of all the faithful. As the means of travel back then was very primitive, unless they were very wealthy they probably traveled on foot.

Why go on a pilgrimage? There can be many reasons, to ask for a special grace, to do penance for one's past offenses, to focus more intently on the spiritual life. Our life on this earth is one big pilgrimage and because of that when someone undertakes a pilgrimage to a holy place such as

Santiago de Compostella one sees in the pilgrimage that they are walking striking similarities between the journey to a holy place and our journey toward eternity. This is why the pilgrimage is not just about visiting a holy place, the journey itself is a holy and sacred thing and becomes a great and powerful grace.

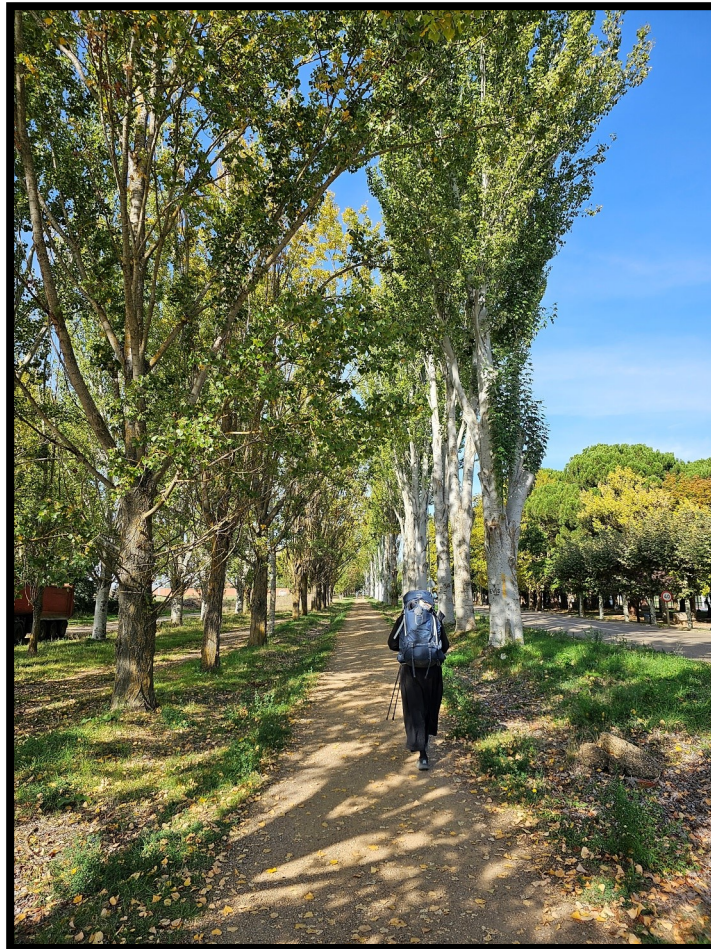
There are several routes that can be taken on the Camino de Santiago and a well traveled one from St. Jean Pied de Port will take a pilgrim about 30 days to walk covering almost 800 kilometers. Most people are on a time restraint and also sacrifice their vacation in order make this pilgrimage. If you approach the pilgrimage as just another vacation, just another adventure, you will join the crowds of thousands who walk this path every



year and fail to be pilgrims, sure you will have a great time but you will have missed the point.

On any pilgrimage, if you are going to reach your destination, you must go on. And you meet different trials every day: sometimes it is rainy, sometimes the sun is trying to melt you, and some of the suffering is the same you are tired, your feet are sore. No matter what happens, you know you must go on even if you fall you have to get up and keep going; sometimes even if you are sick you have to keep going. It is the same for our spiritual life our spiritual pilgrimage we have to keep going no matter what trials and crosses the good God allows for us. We have to keep going to reach our goal which is eternal life.

Very quickly (I think for us it was by the third day) you will get rid of and leave behind anything which is not absolutely essential. Even things which you thought you could not do without you realise as obstacles or hindrances to your goal. Everything becomes focused on reaching your goal and in a certain sense all things are sacrificed to reaching it. How pertinent is this reflection to the spiritual life, sometimes how slow we are to rid ourselves of anything that holds us back or even slows us down, we must realise that reaching eternal life is the most important thing and be willing to sacrifice all to obtain it. The sufferings and trials God allows for us in this life are designed in order to make us strip ourselves of anything which is not Him.



As I was walking along one of the things that came to mind was what Socrates said after his shackles had been removed from his feet. He was rubbing his sore ankles and he said, “pleasure comes from pain.” Now considering this more closely we realise he is talking about a certain kind of suffering or pain and a certain type of pleasure. For instance we know by experience that it is not necessary to suffer pain in order to enjoy something. There is however a lot of this pleasure coming from pain on the pilgrimage.

First there is the pleasure of sitting down or lying down after walking all day, or being able to wash off all the dirt of the road and put on clean clothes. These everyday things become amazing because of the relief from the suffering.

Another thought which strikes the pilgrim on his way is that in this life all things pass away. All pain, even of the worst kind, can be endured because of the knowledge that it will end. “I can walk for another two hours, even though my feet are sore

because then I know we will be finished.” Also it is the same for any happiness which is not spiritual, it will end— in one hour, in a week— eventually it comes to an end. God did not make us to have here a lasting city, he created us for heaven and it is only in Him that we can find that eternal happiness.

When one thinks of all those travellers suffering the Camino, or even just suffering in the world, and there are so many that don't even be-



lieve in God. Perhaps they think about the sufferings of this life in the same way, “I can endure this suffering because I know it has an end.” If their suffering remains disconnected from that of Christ it does not profit them. The world runs away from God and finds only misery. What if they lose their soul? How if I lose my soul, there is no enduring hell, there is not a day I can look forward to as an end to my sufferings. Therefore now is the profitable time to endure the violence we inflict on our fallen human nature which is inclined to sin, for this pain we can endure, and it will only be for a time and then—eternal joy.

In the pilgrimage towards eternal life, and even growing in holiness and virtue, we must understand something amazing, that in all earthly pursuits we have only ourselves, but in the pursuit of the greatest Good we have the help of God, who is all powerful. The devil will try to discourage us especially in our pursuit of holiness. He will say, “For you holiness is some crazy dream, you cannot hope to obtain it with your lack of talent and all your past sin; just settle for mediocrity.” Let us persevere on fully confident in Our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we

can do all things.

Most of the time, but not always, you would travel the Camino with someone else. There is some joy about having endured, persevered and suffered through something, with someone else. There is a bond, understanding, and experience you share with that person which will never go away.

When thinking about this in relation of our soul to Jesus Christ we realise that when we suffer with Him there is also created and strengthened a bond and union and the joy that you both experienced together in enduring that suffering. In heaven we will have the joy of triumph, of having fought and conquered, but we will no longer be able to add to that union and bond of the “joy” that comes from



Basilica of Our Lady of Remedy & Our Lady of the Miracle, Luquin

suffering and enduring together. This is the one joy that the angels do not have, and which I'm sure they wish they could enter into. It really is the greatest privilege and not the greatest evil to have the ability to suffer and endure with Christ, and we only have this life to experience this union, this joy.



# Spring: News from St Dominic's Convent

## A Dominican Visit

At the end of September, our chaplain Fr Elias departed on pilgrimage to the tomb of St James at Compostela. He did not leave us in the lurch, however, since Father Albert was able to come from the USA to replace him for those six weeks. Once again we renewed our Dominican spirit with Father Albert's very Thomistic conferences on the Blessed Trinity, as well as on his favourite Franciscan, St Maximilian Kolbe, and Carmelite, St Teresa of Avila. It was especially beautiful to have him here for the month of October: besides leading a school procession on the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, he was able to preach a recollection day on the Rosary for the ladies of the parish and as a smaller recollection day for Mendicant Third Order members. Father Albert was also delighted to be able to officiate at the Transitus ceremony, the celebration of St Francis' holy death, with the Franciscan Tertiaries. All Saints' octave brought pilgrimages to the cemetery to pray for the faithful departed, another favourite Dominican devotion, and then it was farewell, Father—come again soon!





## Feast of St Francis

The affectionate and supernatural friendship of St. Dominic and St. Francis is well known. Not the least of the qualities of this friendship is that it did not die with them, but has been passed down as a precious legacy from the fathers to their children. Among other signs of friendship, the members of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders to this day observe the neighborly custom of inviting each other to share a meal on their holy founders' feast days.

In this spirit of fraternal charity, the Tertiary Franciscans of Wanganui invited the Dominican Sisters and Tertiaries to celebrate the feast of St. Francis with them on October 4. The festivities began with the singing of Vespers. This was followed by the Transitus, a ceremony performed at sunset on St. Francis's feast day to celebrate his transitus, or passing over, from this earthly life to a life of heavenly joy. It includes the singing of the psalm St. Francis sang as he lay dying and prayers said while extending the arms in the form of a cross, a true Franciscan penance! After the ceremonies the sisters and tertiaries assembled for a meal together, which ended with a special sung grace prescribed when Dominicans and Franciscans gather together to celebrate the feasts of their founders. Thus at the end of a lovely night, all present joined in thanking God for giving us "our Apostolic Father Dominic and our Seraphic Father Francis" as true teachers of His ways.





## Pilgrimage to Paraparaumu



We started the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary with a 5:30 a.m. sung Mass in honour of our special patroness. Despite the dark and early hour the church was packed, and it was wonderful to hear so many voices joining us in Mass IX and *O Queen of the Holy Rosary* at the end! But this was only the beginning of our celebration. Sisters and boarders piled into vans and headed for Peka Peka to meet the large group of parishioners for our annual walk to Our Lady of

Lourdes at Paraparaumu. The weatherman had (correctly) predicted rain, but it would have taken more than the steady drizzle to dampen the spirits of this joyfully Catholic crowd. Father sang the pilgrims' blessing, and we were off! Colourful banners of many nations billowed proudly behind the pilgrimage banner in front, and standards of various Third Orders were on display as we tramped off, dodging (or splashing through) many a puddle, singing hymns and reciting the Rosary. An intrepid crew of young men, armed with megaphones and walkie-talkies, aided the priests in leading the decades and announcing the hymns, so we could stay on track no matter where we were in the long procession.

The rain conveniently let up at the breaks, but continued as we marched; so it was a damp band of pilgrims that scaled the last steep slope, singing *Christus Vincit* all the way to the towering statue of Our Lady, erected by a local pastor in 1958 to honour the centenary of the Lourdes apparitions. We knelt in a huge semicircle to dedicate our parish, schools and religious congregations to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; sang one more hymn; and received Father's final blessing. As

we headed homeward, the clouds broke and a huge, perfect rainbow arched over the hills. The traditional symbol of hope seemed like a smile of approval from our heavenly Mother, and added a beautiful ending to the day spent praising her and asking her intercession.







## Pacific Island Camp

Question: How do you take 70 people on a tour of the Pacific Islands over a bare five days? Answer: You harness the power of the imagination. This is exactly what happened when St. Dominic's ran its annual summer camp in November. Though based in Foxton (just one hour's drive from Wanganui) the camper-missionaries of Camp Notre Dame du Pacifique travelled (virtually) to some of the delightful islands which gem-stud the Pacific Ocean. Day One began with a bang plus Islander-themed weather: humidity and showers, just like they have in the tropics! By Day Three, though, warm sunshine shone brightly as we trekked to nearby Manawatu River, along the estuary sand-dunes (sand-sledding on cardboard boxes en route) and finally to the beach.

For some, the beach visit was a definite high point. We ate our picnic lunches in the smiling sunshine, some of us paddled in the surf, and everyone got reacquainted with the silvery feel of sand during the sand sculpture competition. Day Four initiated us into hands-on Islander arts and crafts, including archery, native painting, and the very popular basket-weaving. Each day, Father Stephens gave us pointers on how to be real missionaries. He emphasized the importance of great faith, towering humility, and burning charity; and, above all, that the most dynamic missionaries are those who do well whatever they do wherever they are. On Friday, camp ended, but left us with a store of Pacific-themed memories and the tools to perpetuate our Baptism-given missionary apostolate at home.





## THE O.P. CORNER

*Dominican Old Pupils' Corner*

For all of  
our readers, too!



# The Man of Your Choice

For those of our Old Pupils “with a Mind for Marriage” - we would like to continue to share the treasure of Father Daniel A. Lord’s out-of-print, yet still relevant, pamphlet—hoping that it will provide useful counsel for them:

### How Can You Tell?

How can you judge a good disposition from a bad one? Well, that takes some watching with a pair of wide-open eyes. If you are blinded with love and hoodwinked with your infatuation, you may not be able to see the most glaring faults.

He is unreasonably jealous with you over trifles. Bad sign; life with a jealous man is likely to be life close to the flames of the inferno. But you are flattered now with his jealousy. Take a second look and try to imagine how you’ll feel with this unreasonable jealousy after it has flared and singed you over and over again.

He is all full of song when things are bright and sunny. But let one thing go amiss, and he is unfit to lay a hand

on. You may want to mother him now; if he continues that through life, you will likely have moments when you won’t want to mother but murder him.

He is an angel when you do whatever he wants. But when you disagree with him, cross him slightly, suggest that instead of his plan you’d like to do something else, he sulks and pouts and plays the hurt baby. You’d better get yourself a man, my lass. What you now have is a petulant infant, an adolescent who shows no signs of adulthood. He may grow in years; his disposition shows plentiful indications of staying a sour thirteen.

He finds it impossible to adapt himself. If he has to make a change of any sort, he is completely out of kilter. Should an emergency arise, he is panicked. Things do not go just as he planned them, and he is enraged or totally upset. Bad, very bad indeed. Life is largely a matter of adaptation, of feeling the need for change and changing to meet the need; of accepting the person at hand when one could prefer to be with someone else; of doing this when one’s heart had been set on doing that. If he can’t adjust himself easily as a youngster, as an



oldster he will be a spiritual and social arthritic. Physical arthritis is mild compared to this hardening of the customs.

He crabs. He finds fault with. He can see the one thing wrong with everybody and everything. The party is wonderful, but the decorations were yellow and he dislikes yellow. This chap is charming and generous, but he is six-feet-one and he can't stand tall people. When he has a job, he sees only the one thing about the job that is tough and harps on that. He harps, that's the word; but he harps on just one badly tuned string.

Well, there is nothing perfect in life and nobody without his faults; and any disposition that sees only the imperfection and picks out only the fault is going to have an ugly hobby leading to a pretty noisome collection. But if he does it now, he'll probably keep on doing it. And you, his wife, will be crabbed at and picked on. And you'll live co-curator of his prize collection of things which he just can't stand.

### **The Dark Side**

Or he is always seeing the dark side. If it is a bad day, well, what do you expect? If it's a good day, don't smile; it is going to be bad before noon. If the job has gone badly, that's to be expected; doesn't each of his jobs go badly? If the job goes well, just you wait; in the end it will collapse. Yes, that person is pleasant except that he has an annoying walk; anyhow, just watch a bit, and you'll see he's like all the rest, merely waiting to see what he can get out of you. The country is fine? There's a depression just ahead. There is a slight recession...see, what did he tell you?

Life has troubles enough without a man who goes after

them with a butterfly net. And once a pessimist, always a pessimist, unless the grace of God and some real character rebuilding take over.

He seldom has a good word for others. He is irritated when he hears them praised. Watch out! He is a greedy person who can't bear to see others treated generously. He doesn't intend to so treat them. He is angry when someone else does.

He brags. He tells you his achievements and his accomplishments, some of them true, some of them inflated, some of them just plain yarns. It's hard to live

with a braggart, even when you have long since stopped believing his boasts. "So I told him off, believe me...And then I said to the boss, and did that lay him flat!...I never much cared to do that sort of thing, but I've always known that if I wanted to and did, well... It's the sort of thing a person doesn't talk about, but just three years ago, I had a chance to show them what I could do, and..."

### **Ah, Money!**

Quicksilver is the measure of the temperature. Silver

(and gold and bills in pleasant, restful green) is a wonderful measure of character and disposition.

People's youthful attitudes towards money will likely continue throughout life. Extravagant people remain extravagant. Tight people stay stingy. Reckless people seldom get careful. And careful people seldom start throwing dimes like confetti.

So with eyes wide open, a girl had better watch the young man and see how he handles his money...not to



Lidia Timoshenko (1903-1976), illustration for Aleksandr Puškin's "Eugene Onegin"



mention the money of others. For from the day they marry, he will be handling her money, their money, the oxygen-carrying corpuscles in their domestic blood stream. She had better be very clear about how he handles money, how he feels towards it, and how she can expect him to act once they are a married team.

The days he is taking her out are pretty fair tests, that is, if she doesn't let love blind her to the way he acts where money is concerned.

Is he extravagant? Does he toss it around? Does he pay no slight attention to whether he gets value for his money or not? Is he just a show-off with money? Could be. Many a young man is.

And in that connection, she might well notice whether he is reckless with the money of his parents and mighty tight where the money is his own.

For many a lad, money is merely a way of being big and important and impressive. He never bothers to add up a check even in what may well be clip joints. He over-tips the waiter just to get the homage paid to a big spender. He is lavish the first of the month and broke about the second week. In the old Irish expression – it's chicken today and feathers tomorrow, as far as he is concerned.

Well, a young woman may have a lot of fun going around with a free spender. Unless he is also a free earner, unless he has the ability to match his output with his income, she would, as his wife, be dogged with the bills after he had tossed his earnings away in bold, sweeping gestures.

Along that line, she had better watch for the gambler's instinct. And there it's well to make a careful distinction:

You can count on a lad who gambles on his own abilities and willingness to work. He is likely to be a success. He will bet his own energies and resourcefulness that he can do this job or that. He'll take the risk of a more challenging job rather than stay in the safe stall of a mediocre position. He has courage and daring. With a good wife to cheer him on or when necessary curb him a trifle, he'll go places.

Very different is the chap who bucks the odds. All horseplayers die poor, Damon Runyon stated in the

accepted truism of the tracks. Once a gambler, a gambler forever. So if he is the kind who likes to turn a fast buck by a smart bet, let him put his bets on some other girl in the Matrimonial Stakes. Don't marry a gambler, however fascinating he may seem to be. My sympathies were never with the heroine of *Show Boat*. The day that chap first tossed easy money into her lap, he was getting her ready for another day when he would be tossing pawn tickets the same way.

### **Please, Not Stingy**

My wise mother always believed that a girl should let a man be somewhat extravagant on her during the days of courtship.

Time enough to be saving when they were married. For, while there are occasional men who are extravagant, the far more common male vice is tightness with money, especially where their wives are concerned.

So watch for the signs of stinginess. And if the boy is stingy, avoid him like jungle fever.

He's stingy if he doesn't want to spend money on the girl he says he loves...if he doesn't bring her small presents constantly...if he talks too much about money (even if he talks large about it, the fact he talks about it is a bad sign; it may easily be a preoccupation with him, fine prelude to miserliness)...if he is contemptuous of people without money...if he brags about putting over a financial deal which is less than exactly honest...if spending money causes him pain...if he is tight with his mother and his family, and admits that he resent paying board there or contributing to the finances of the home...if he doesn't give in charity or to his church or to worthy causes.

Nothing in marriage could be more intolerable than marriage to a miser. And it amazes me how many girls with their eyes open marry a man who is tight with money. They are walking into an embrace less warm and loving than that of the bank's basement vault.

### **An Easy Drinker**

No girl can be with a young man very long before she finds out how much he drinks and how much he likes to drink.



The majority of young men these days, I suppose, take a drink at least on occasions. So the question is, how do they drink, when do they drink, and are they able easily to stop, and do they stop – and when?

A girl is extremely lucky if she finds a young man who on principle does not drink at all. He has will power. He is not the kind to follow the crowd or adopt a custom just because it happens to be the fashion. He probably comes from a highly temperate family – a good thing, for drink like bad blood seems to pass along in many families. It may be that for moral and religious reasons he thinks it better not to drink.

If a young man gets drunk at all, even very rarely, these days, it is a bad sign. The rate of drunkenness in our country has, of course, risen alarmingly during the last two generations. The salvage record of Alcoholics Anonymous is a sign of the terrible need which the nations' heavy

drinkers have for salvation. So if any young man starts to drink heavily, to go with a crowd that makes drinking their pastime, he is well along the road to drunkenness.

A girl who discovers that her young man gets drunk at all, may well drop him. Plenty of young men just never do. It could be that on rare occasions a man might get drunk once in a young lifetime. It's bad when there are any signs of repetition. Don't wish on yourself the job of nursing an alcoholic. And I could hope you might be spared the witnessing in your own family of a rake's progress down the slippery road from drink to heavy drinking to habitual drunkenness.

### His Family

When a young man marries, he simply passes from the family of his parents to the family which is yours.

The transition is not as abrupt as it might seem.

He goes through no transformation during the wedding ceremony. Four walls and furniture, a lock on the door, meals at regular hours, and the regimen of rising and going to bed, of responsibility for bills, of normal chores about a house, do not notably change just because you, his charming wife, happen to have taken over the management once held by his mother.

Time and again, I have begged girls to take a careful look at the attitude of a young man toward his own home and family.

Does he find his home a prison, a confinement, a port of call, a mailbox, a dry-dock where one turns in for occasional

repairs? If so, he is soon going to regard his new home, your home, in much the same light.

What does he contribute to the happiness of his family?

Is he generous with his money at home?

Does he add pleasant little things to make the house comfortable and attractive?

What's his conduct at mealtimes? Is he a pleasant member of the family, taking part in the conversation, or does he so concentrate on the alphabet soup that you'd think he was working anagrams in the bottom of his bowl?



Summer Evening (1900) by Richard Bergh (Sweden, 1858-1919).



Does he take you to his home with a sense of double pride? Pride that he can show you to his home? Pride that he can show his home to you?

What's his attitude toward his parents?

Does he accept their easy house rules with the same smile with which he would accept the rule of a good club? If he doesn't, beware! You'll have to have a few simple rules in your home, and he'll like them no better than he likes the ones his parents have made.

Is he slipping it over on his parents? Not quite honest about money matters? Nor honest in telling them where he is going or where he has been? Not

telling them about his friends, or letting them meet these friends? Some day you will slip into that same position; and will he cheat on you, and hide from you, and be furtive and underhanded with you? You can take this simple rule: When a man loves his mother, he will love his wife. (I know the exceptions; but the rule still stands.) Thoughtfulness toward a mother is an amazingly satisfactory training for thoughtfulness toward a wife. But if a boy is slipping it over on the Old Lady (his mother), the day will come when his wife is the Old Lady, and he will be slipping it over on her.

*To be concluded in next issue*

## Photo Nook

...a place for past-pupils to share notable events in your lives...



16th October 2023

Annabella Stephens  
graduated from the  
University of Waikato with  
a Bachelor of Music with  
First Class Honours and a  
Graduate Diploma in  
French

*Deo Gratias!*

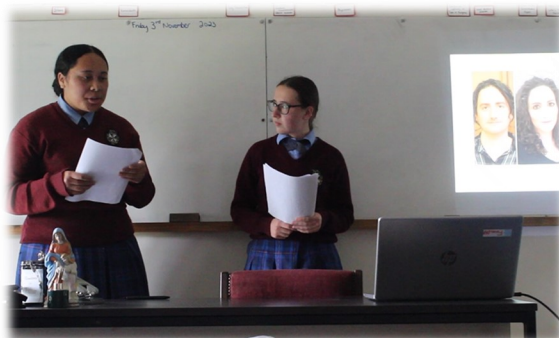


As a regular section of the *O.P. Corner*, we invite you to share with us and your fellow alumni, in the *Photo Nook*, notable events in *your lives* that have taken place recently. Please send photos with captions (eg. date, event, etc.) to [o.p.corner@opsisters.org.nz](mailto:o.p.corner@opsisters.org.nz)



## Photo Chronicle—Spring

### Life in St Dominic's Convent and the Girls' College



#### {Counter-Clockwise from the top left}

In September, Mother Prioress visited classes at St Philomena's school in Brisbane, speaking about Dominican life; Pupils at St Dominic's college in Wanganui receive a visit from the Fire Department after completing a *FireWise* unit in class—the firemen charitably gave a presentation as well as a show-and-tell session of the fire truck and equipment; Towards the end of the year, the senior pupils gave presentations on a variety of current issues in the world, giving the Catholic viewpoint and truths on the topic and answering questions at the end of their presentation; Just before the Feast of Christ the King, the Crusaders held their annual Engagement Ceremony; The sisters happily welcomed newly-made Cloister Gates which were installed in time for the Feast of Our Lady Queen of the Holy Rosary, thus increasing our cloister's privacy; The Sisters benefited from Father Albert OP's presence in New Zealand for Dominican spiritual conferences; Father Albert also accompanied the Sisters and Tertiaries on one of their *Libera* Processions in November, visiting the grave of one of our tertiaries—Brother Simon Ballachi T.O.P.—*Requiescat In Pace*.







*Please assist us to continue in our  
Contemplative & Active Apostolates*

Please consider helping us out—whether with gifts of cash or regular monthly donations. The stipend we receive is minimal, so we are truly grateful for every little effort and sacrifice that helps us to continue living our traditional Dominican way of life.

Thank you to those who have already pledged regular donations—these gifts, no matter how small, do make a difference!

May Our Lady of the Rosary reward your generosity and kindness to the Spouses of Her Divine Son. The Sisters pray specially for you during our weekly Chapter.

*Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us!*

#### AUSTRALIA

Westpac Account Name: Dominican Sisters of Wanganui  
Westpac Account BSB Number: 033-636  
Account Number: 334285

#### NEW ZEALAND

Westpac Account Name: Dominican Sisters of Wanganui  
Westpac Account Number: 03-0791-0728558-00

*Please note that the banks in NZ no longer accept cheques. Apologies for the inconvenience.*

**All donations now qualify for a 33% TAX REBATE from the IRD.**

**Please quote our NZ Charities Services Number: CC37884**

#### UNITED STATES

Account Name: Dominican Sisters of Wanganui  
Wells Fargo Bank, A/C # 2 015 569 425, Routing # 1210 42882  
Cheques can be made out to “The Dominican Sisters of Wanganui” and sent to:  
Dominican Sisters, Attn: Loren Vaccarezza, 2240 Paragon Drive, San Jose, CA 95131  
**All donations to our U.S. account now qualify for a tax deductible receipt!**

#### OR VIA PAYPAL

Visit our website at <https://www.opsisters.org.nz/fundraising>