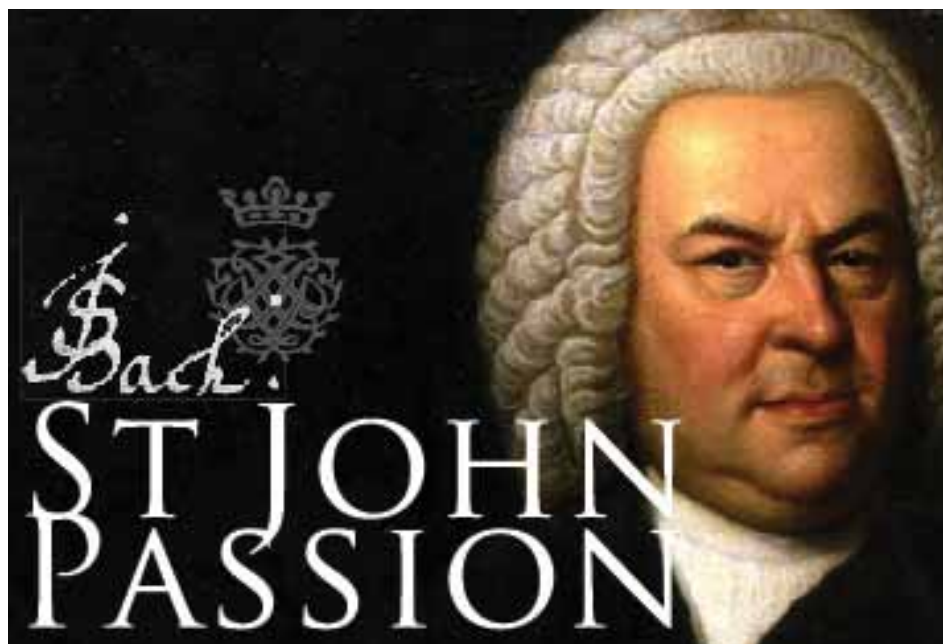




the Eagle and Lamb

Winter Edition

July 2017



ST JOHN'S CONCERT

On Sunday, March 19, the third Sunday of Lent, the choir of Christ Church South Yarra, augmented by our own choral scholars and by some members of the choir Polyphonic Voices, joined with the Melbourne Baroque Orchestra, conducted by Michael Fulcher, and distinguished soloists to present a performance of the *St John Passion* by J.S. Bach. The combination of the moment, the venue and the efforts of the musicians created a deeply impressive musical experience, as evidenced in the following remarks of some who attended.

"The whole performance was flawless. The soloists and choir were excellent as was the orchestra. The conductor was very competent. The final chorus *"Lie Still"* was just beautiful. It was obvious from the demeanour of the audience that they were enjoying every minute."

Joan Collins (visitor)

"The youthful voices in the choir were a real highlight."

J. Barton

"Absolutely glorious."

Caroline Travis
Christ Church, South Yarra

"Extremely moving and beautifully presented."

Sandy Knott

"The performance was very accomplished and profoundly moving. Among highlights for me were the vigour of the choral singing, with clear articulation and crisp 'cut-offs', and the glorious soprano arias — 'I follow thee too, my Saviour' sung with luminous intensity by Kristy Biber in the first half, and the deeply moving 'Dissolve then, heart, in floods of tears' sung in the second half by Jordie Howell to an insistent gently throbbing accompaniment of continuo and flute obbligato. Michael Leighton Jones also impressed with his authoritative and deeply-felt baritone aria 'My dearest Saviour' through which the choral work was gently woven. The work of our own Director of Music, Tom Baldwin, on the chamber organ was outstanding, anchoring and supporting the whole performance. The concluding chorus ('Lie in peace, sacred body') and chorale ('O Lord send thy cherubs') were a moving finale to the whole afternoon."

Jennifer S.

"The soloists were excellent, particularly the tenors."

J Sloane (visitor)
formerly professional singer in Europe

"It was a wonderful, professional performance and I felt very proud that such talent and musical acumen are alive and well in our city of Melbourne. Congratulations to all musicians who made this possible for the privileged audience. I was very grateful for the ready assistance offered to my elderly parents in being escorted into the church and for the cheerful and pleasant ushers who found seats for people in a packed church. A memorable highlight for this season."

Jenny Roe (visitor)



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The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of the Anglican Parish of St John's and St Agnes'. To the best of our knowledge the contents of this publication do not infringe on any copyright.



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EDITORIAL NOTE

CORRECTION

In the Summer Edition of *The Eagle and Lamb*, the authorship of an item contributed by Douglas Eddy, viz. "A Word from the Rev. Adam Smallbone" was inadvertently attributed to Douglas when, in fact, it should have been acknowledged as being sourced from the fictional BBC TV series "REV".

In an attempt to make amends, the following has been provided by Douglas as a non-fiction account of an outstanding Anglican Priest and man of God. This may be found on page 21 of this edition under the title: "Recalling Harlin".

“Overwhelming.”

Paul Annable



Continued from page 01: St John Passion

“What a privilege it was to be a member of the audience listening to Bach’s incomparable St. John Passion! The choir, soloists and orchestra were superb despite the oppressive conditions due to the hot and humid weather. Michael Fulcher conducted the musicians with great finesse and his careful use of pauses between some of the movements added emphasis to the more dramatic moments. Can we look forward to a performance of the St. Matthew Passion next year?”

Tim Clarke

“The performance left me totally drained — it was just so emotional.”

Judith Jobling

“The venue, in St John’s, was splendid because of the acoustics, that gave the performance a sense of intimacy. The choir was inspirational. It achieved a perfect blend of voices and harmony. All of the soloists have excellent voices. The orchestra provided a wonderful support for the choir and balanced the organ beautifully. We loved the devotional setting and treatment. The idea of people standing at the end, rather than applauding, was an inspired one. It was a magnificent experience.”

Ian Williams, Marilyn Hope and friend, Pauline; visitors

“The account by St. John of Jesus’ passion is a very powerful story.

When my primary school teacher read it to our class when I was 9 years old, I remember being deeply moved to the point of being tearful, and on numerous occasions since, I have also been similarly moved. It is such a powerful revelation of the nature of Jesus and how he responded to his enemies and friends and dealt with suffering. The story has of course inspired many artists and musicians down through the ages, and the composition by J.S. Bach is a truly great creative work.

“The performance on March 19 at St. John’s was amazing in many respects. The music was meticulously and beautifully performed. I loved the counterpoint, the instrumental work, the solo singing passages, and the beautiful chorales. There was artistry, delicacy, brilliant singing voices and superb instrumental work, all coordinated under the direction of the conductor, Michael Fulcher. I am aware of the dedication, devotion, hard work and discipline necessary to prepare and rehearse for such an event. Practice is certainly done at rehearsal times, but also by the performers, physically and mentally, outside of these times. For an event such as this to be the success it was, also required the initial concept of the performance, leadership, coordination and organisation, even down to the detail of a very professional program booklet. Special thanks go to Tom Baldwin, our music director for his initiation and support of the event, as well as his musical participation.

“Thank you to all involved at St. John’s, and especially Father John, for making the church available and encouraging the event. It is a truly appropriate place for such a work to be performed in, with its beauty, good acoustics, and a place dedicated to Christian teaching and worship.”

David Brennan (fresh from the wonderful performance).

“Extremely moving and beautifully presented.”

Sandy Knott

“It was a great performance, done professionally. It was very helpful to have the words and the translation in the programme. I particularly enjoyed the alto aria “Est ist vollbracht” and the soprano aria “Zerfieße, mein herze”.”

Satoshi Okita

“Tom Baldwin was an amazing accompanist.”

Anonymous (visitor)

“Very moving.”

D. Eddy

“Deeply moving. The altos and sopranos were wonderful. An amazing performance.”

Sarah, visitor

JACOB

"I was born in Manila but moved to Melbourne with my parents and sister at the age of six. Although raised a Roman Catholic, I attended Anglican churches and youth groups since my teens after exploring other Christian traditions. Having always felt called to ordained ministry, I pursued theological studies after high school. However, as one often does at uni, I developed a crisis of faith, moved away from Christianity and pursued a teaching qualification instead of ordination. To cut a very long story short, I eventually regained my Christian faith via a detour through Judaism, and I worked as a secondary school teacher until I was encouraged by clergy at my parish to consider ordained ministry again.

After completing the Year of Discernment program, I decided to follow God's call to ordination; and as part of my training, I did placements at St Peter's Box Hill, St Mary's North Melbourne, St James Old Cathedral, St Michael's Carlton North, and the Royal Melbourne Hospital. I also completed my post-graduate theological studies at Trinity College and served as its student president last year.



***I feel extremely
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supportive and
caring community.***

I was delighted to accept the offer of a curacy at St John's and St Agnes, which also involves chaplaincy at Monash Uni Caulfield. I feel extremely blessed to live, worship and work in this parish, and to be part of such a welcoming, supportive and caring community.

My top-five favourite things are roast dinners, Netflix, bookshops, weddings and IKEA. I hope to be one day travel the globe more, to pick up Spanish, and to learn the piano or guitar. I'm also trying to get fit again so please refrain from offering me another slice of cake because I'm too polite to say no!"

Beanies on for the Homeless

LORI PEAKE

Pictured is a small selection of many colourful beanies knitted by an accomplished knitter and a good friend of St Agnes' congregation, Isobelle Turnbull.

Isobelle lives in Frankston and when she comes to visit and stay with friends near Chadstone she enjoys worshipping with them at St Agnes'.

Isobelle's commitment to helping the homeless this coming winter has, at times, had her knitting a beanie a night.

Isobelle, you have our thanks and admiration for this truly magnificent effort. 🌸



Godly Play Workshop INTRODUCTION/REFRESHER

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 11 2017

CLEMENCE TAPLIN

"How could I pass up a Godly Play workshop with Jeanette for only \$30.00!!" was one delighted response to the invitation to and beyond our parish and deanery to surrounding churches of several denominations. Explorers came from four other congregations.

Jeanette Acland recalls, 'The purpose of our day together was to be re-inspired about the remarkable qualities of Godly Play. Godly Play has a reverence for sacred story, an openness into wonder and a challenge for us to respond with prayerful art.'

All of this we certainly were, and more. Jeanette told us three stories. We heard the story of the Holy Family, the parable of the great pearl, and The Faces of Easter. We feasted on lunch, stories and the fellowship of like-minded folk who are all trying to bring freshness and life to children of all ages and stages. Many thanks to Claire Lunn who brought us such a delicious spread for lunch and snacks.

We realised again how this method can astonish and stir adults as it takes

us beneath our intellectual perceptions into our hearts and nourishes our stories of life.

Are you inspired to learn to offer this story-telling? Please speak to the vicar!

Jeanette Acland, who presented the workshop, says of herself that she is a religious educator who spends a good deal of time on the floor. There she is surrounded by children and adults who all wonder together. She encourages wonder about God, about what Jesus' stories might mean, about how to live with the stories, how to live with other people and about life in general.

She has been a junior school Chaplain and religious educator in an Anglican school in Melbourne, a Parent Educator and Children's Ministry Worker in Melbourne Diocese. She enjoys teaching all the major world religions using story as a medium.

She has been teaching using a Montessori method of religious education, called Godly Play by Jerome Berryman, for more than 17 years. She travelled to the USA (2001) to learn how best to train others and did additional training in Canada (2011).

Jeanette is part of many Christian communities. She is married to Harry and they have one daughter Cecilia. ✂

FAMILY PICNIC CENTRAL PARK

MARCH 5 2017

CLEMENCE TAPLIN

Stories, rugs, sips and eats shared under shady trees; brilliant balancing on kiddy stilts; comical co-ordination on 'shoes for four'; soaked faces and soggy hair caught a bobbing apple or two...

A three generation social get together for families gathered after Kids@ church, the monthly 11 am congregation spreading picnics in Central Park. It was rich in conversation, fun, laughter, getting to know one another and building on possibilities for both social family gathering and family worship.

SAINT JOHN'S & ST AGNES' CHRISTMAS DINNER

DECEMBER 2 2016

BY JIM MORSE

The fellowship was joyous and warm and the catering was splendid. The supermarkets had been telling us about their own peculiar kind of Christmas since Grand Final day or before, but when we heard these children sing Silent Night, we thrilled to realise that Christmas was all but come.

With our thanks to Iris and John for their help with the music, to Amanda for providing and overseeing the catering, and to Jim Morse for these pictures that bring back to us memories of the evening. ✂





09 JUNE 1924 – 21 DECEMBER 2016

CECILIA MARGARET ROBESON

BY ROSEMARY WICKETT

The early 1900's produced many challenges in the form of two World Wars and severe economic conditions. Survival was often difficult and the life of Cecilia Robeson was no exception. "We lived frugally," was how Cecilia described her early years, similar circumstances to many other families during these difficult times; except Celia carried an extra burden of growing up without her natural parents.

Cecilia was born in a suburb of Bendigo in 1924, with few recollection of her parents; however she shared many loving memories of her childhood growing up with her Grandfather and Aunt. They lived in a weatherboard home in a row of three on the outskirts of Eaglehawk. Her Grandfather was a battery manager in the nearby mines and Celia recalled the distinct working noises, especially when the quiet of the night was disturbed by the stamping of the battery. Thankfully they owned their home so didn't live in fear of eviction as many people did in the Depression.

Her Aunt was the homemaker and a great cook, they benefited from a large garden where fruit trees and vegetables were grown and chooks roamed free, ensuring they never went hungry.

Although Cecilia was to later discover she had two half-brothers, she grew up as an only child isolated from other children until school age due to their location and family circumstances; these served to encourage Celia to be to become self-sufficient. She would amuse herself with a toy dog and a bantam hen until commencing school when reading fiction replaced these as her favourite pastimes, particularly the "Billabong" series. Her love of the written word was to stay as one of her great passions for her entire life.

After the morning chores Celia rode her bike to the tram terminus, leaving it at a friend's home, before catching the tram to school, returning in the evening to more tasks. Life in the depression left an indelible impression on Celia.

The difficult times demanded much prudence. Clothes weren't store-bought, there was no gas or electricity and the open fire was only used on 'high' days and holidays. Although holidays were rare, once a year they travelled to Melbourne for a week to visit family. This was financed by her Aunt's little enterprise of fattening geese and hens and selling them off to the neighbours for their Christmas tables.

*"Although growing up
without traditional
parents was hard
and often cruel, she
felt loved and secure,
assisting in her
becoming resilient
and self-contained."*

Celia completed High School, but going to University was unheard-of in her family, so she worked as a typist in the offices of the State Electricity Commission, later working the switch-board and taking dictation. She also attended a School of the Mines, learning many skills including dressmaking. After commencing work at the SEC she had electricity connected to their home. Church always played a prominent role in Cecilia's life; she happily rode her bike to Church and Sunday school. As a teenager, Church was also the centre of her social existence. She was entertained by attending church youth groups, socials and dances. Her Grandfather was a keen dancer so they often attended together. Although growing up without traditional parents was hard and often cruel, she felt loved and secure, assisting in her becoming resilient and self-contained.

During the Second World War she continued working at the SEC, as it was protected, however she did many things to aid the war effort, learning first aid, making camouflage nets and knitting jumpers and socks to warm the soldiers in the cold North and Atlantic seas. Her true determination was seen in her work for the Volunteer Air Observers Corps working in shifts plotting the aircraft that flew overhead, learning Morse code and raising funds, once by running ugly men competitions!

On one of her family's annual visits to Melbourne Celia met the man who was to become her husband. It began with an argument over spelling, a pet subject for Cecilia. Fifteen months later they were married and she moved to Melbourne to live. At the end of 1949 Keith and Celia showed great courage in travelling to England with no guarantee of employment. As usual her persistence paid off and they found work and enjoyed life in Birmingham for six months before moving to a bomb-torn, post-war London where they again lived and worked happily.

“She was an advocate for women’s rights long before it was fashionable, resulting in prolific letters to newspapers, television and radio stations, ‘The Eagle’ and unsuspecting Vicars.”

On returning to Melbourne they made a home and family together, bringing up two children, Ian and Spud. Celia and Keith enjoyed a happy relationship together, sharing activities in the local

community, while Celia and the boys joined the local church of St John the Evangelist. The family enjoyed a strong relationship with Somers Yacht Club, of which Keith was a Foundation member and Ex-Commodore. Together they compiled and published *The History of The Somers Yacht Club 1962-1975*. A heart attack claimed Keith's life in 1981. Celia was a true “Saint Johannian.”. It was her anchor, she was a member of Mothers Union often selling their cards and books in the Narthex, a member of the Women's Guild and later Caritas. She was active in the Paper Group, the Op Shop and a Pastoral Care group; she seemed to be constantly washing dishes after Saint John's events and it was here that she built relationships with many young mothers and teenage children in the parish.

Celia's passion for writing was reinforced by her classes and group at the CAE, resulting in many stories and poems. Apart from being a creative channel, it gave her a “voice” to make her attempt to right the wrongs of the world. She was an advocate for women's rights long before it was fashionable, resulting in prolific letters to newspapers, television and radio stations, “The Eagle” and unsuspecting Vicars.

Her kindness was legendary. She shared a remarkable friendship with a Bendigo class mate, spanning the majority of her life. She cared for her niece for five years when her brother became ill and she never forgot a birthday, a new arrival or special event, and everything was acknowledged with a hand-written note. Her quiet contribution to Saint John's was enormous, matched only by the size of her heart.

In a cruel irony Cecilia's twilight years robbed her of necessary tools for the communication that had given her life such joy and purpose; a sad ending to a life, as all who knew her remember it, full of faith, love and friendship. ❀



A Now Upright Man

ALEX WOOD

Small acts can have unexpected effects, so here is a story that has no long term follow up, but seemed helpful, at least in the short term.

By chance I met a middle aged man going in the opposite direction several limes over two weeks, each time bet over, muttering to himself & the ground and looking unhappy.

A week or so later it happened on 3 successive days, so forewarned I said “Good day” to his astonishment on the first day. Next day he was not so stooped so I said “good day” again, also on the following day as he approached I decided to repeat my greeting. On the third day he was walking erect and we exchanged “Good day”, quite spontaneously from his side.

My thought was that a chance encounter and greeting made a small difference? I have not encountered him again, so only he knows the longer term outcome? It created a good memory for me. ❀

UNDER LUCCHESI CLOUDS

JENNIFER SIMPSON

It's something of a cliché, isn't it?—a villa in the rolling Tuscan hills, bucolic lunches on vine-shaded patios, perpetual golden sunshine, pencil pines extending up the hill in the distance, coffee in the quaint cobbled piazza—all chronicled so memorably in *Under the Tuscan Sun*⁽¹⁾ and many other travelogues of that genre.

However, our recent trip to Lucca (in Tuscany) was a little different. For a start, it was very purposeful. For many years, I have had a passion for the Italian language, a passion initially aroused through the Italian songs which I used to sing. Meanwhile, Brian has long nurtured a passion for pipe organs (described in the last edition of *The Eagle and Lamb*).

Thus, October 2016 found us in Lucca, each exploring our passion. I had enrolled for four weeks in a Language School (LIS—Lucca Italian School) and before we left Australia Brian had made contact with an organ builder in Lucca.

Lucca is without doubt a very beautiful city, with a history going back to Etruscan times, and there is still ample evidence of the of the Roman colony which was founded here in 180 BC. The regular street grid, for example, follows the basic layout of the Roman settlement, and the remains of the old Roman amphitheatre are still apparent, with medieval and Renaissance buildings tracing the outline of this long-gone ancient structure. In addition, one of the main churches of the city, San Michele in Foro, is built on the site of the old Roman forum (foro).

Like many Italian cities, Lucca is a walled city, the old Roman walls having been extended and renewed several times over the centuries. With a perimeter of about four kilometres, the walls completely encircle the old city and are planted with two rows of deciduous trees, thus functioning as an extended park where the Lucchese walk, jog, cycle, socialize and indulge in the evening passeggiata, a notable feature of Italian life.



Our days quickly developed a pleasant pattern. Every morning, at about 7.30, as daylight was beginning to assert itself, I would open the green wooden shutters of our small second-storey apartment, and peer down into the street below to ascertain the weather conditions for the day (it was frequently grey and overcast) and to observe the early-risers hurrying along the street.

Then, after reading Morning Prayer, and partaking of a modest breakfast (breakfast does not figure largely in Italian gastronomy) I would gather my books, clatter down the stone stairs of the old (1630) building, through the heavy wooden door, which banged firmly behind me, and emerge into the Via Pelleria to begin the walk across town to the Language School, a distance of some 1.5 kilometres.

My walk took me past the tabaccheria (tobacconist) at the corner of our street, where the men were already smoking the first cigarette and tossing back the first espresso of the day, then along the

Via San Giorgio, where I joined a number of other commuters on foot or on bicycles, and from thence into the long stretch of the beautiful Via Fillungo, once the route of the original Roman *cardo maximus*, but now a street of elegant dress shops and mouth-watering alimentari (food shops).

Lessons commenced promptly at 9.15 every morning, and were truly a delight. The teachers were excellent, and the classes both challenging and fun. Although attention was given to grammar, there was a strong emphasis on spoken Italian. Class sizes were small—never more than ten—and the range of students was gloriously eclectic. In one of my classes, there was a young Korean violin-maker (female), a professor of psychology from Stockholm (male), a German lawyer (male), a Chinese businessman, an American writer of historical fiction (female), and a young Swedish school counsellor.

At 11.00 am we would be released from class, and by mutual agreement several of us would go for coffee in the nearby Piazza Francesco or at the Café sulle Mura

(on the walls) and there continue to talk in Italian until it was time to return to class at 11.30 for the second session of the morning which concluded at 1.00pm.

At lunchtime, I would retrace my steps along the Via Fillungo, where by 1.15 pm many of the shops would be putting up their shutters for the afternoon siesta, and people would be hurrying homeward.

After a quick lunch, Brian and I would often walk back to the school and participate in one of the many excursions which the school organized—a guided walk around the town, or a train trip to a nearby town, or a visit to one of the historic buildings of the town, or sometimes a film. There was an activity or excursion organized for every afternoon of the week.

Sometimes Brian and I simply stayed at home in our apartment, closed the shutters and enjoyed that wonderfully civilized institution of the afternoon siesta. Then, after about 4.00 pm

the city would come alive again. The shutters on the shops would clatter open again, people would emerge from their apartments, and we would frequently go out to a local bar for an evening 'Spritz'.

The weekends were different, as no classes were held then, but each Saturday Brian and I took train or bus trips to nearby towns, Pisa, Via Reggio, and Pietrasanta, a small town famous for its marble workshops, being among the places we visited. And on Sundays we went to church.

After one encounter with the guitars of San Michele, we decided that was not for us, and from then on our preferred place of worship was the Cathedral of San Martino, a beautiful 11th century Romanesque building, encompassing a vast space of rounded arches on soaring columns; and in the side aisles there were superb paintings by Tintoretto (Last Supper), Bronzino (Annunciation) and Ghirlandaio (Virgin with Saints). There was also a fine organ and a competent choir. But for me, the real joy

of worshipping in the Cathedral was to hear the liturgy, so similar to our own, all said in Italian, and to hear the familiar words of Scripture, also read beautifully in Italian.

And the weather? Well, quite frequently the skies were grey and the rain quite heavy. We got used to negotiating the slippery cobbles with care, dodging the large puddles which formed on the uneven pavements. And we became accustomed to the sight of the Lucchese riding their bikes through the rain, umbrellas aloft in one hand, while steering the bike with the other. But somehow the weather didn't matter. We had time on our side. If it was raining today, we could wait until tomorrow to do what we had planned.

And did it really matter at all if we didn't see a 14th century Madonna? Not really—we were each pursuing our passion and simply enjoying being part of Lucca for a brief moment of time. 🌿

(1) Mayes, Frances: Under the Tuscan sun. New York, Broadway Books, 1997



Evening 'Spritz' in a local bar.



Old Roman Gateway in the Via Fillungo

THE CHANCEL SCULPTURE AT ST JOHN'S

BEN DRAPER

The sculpture is of a category known as a 'rood'. The word 'rood' has several meanings, including a cross. You may be familiar with the Old English poem, 'The Dream of the Rood', in which the poet imagines Christ's cross telling the story of the crucifixion from its own point of view:

*"I dared not break or
bend aside
Against God's will,
though the ground itself
shook at my feet.
Fast I stood . . .
I was reared up, a rood,
I raised the great King,
liege lord of the heavens,
dared not lean from
the true."*

The word is sometimes used to mean a crucifix. Most often, it is used for a crucifix that stands on a screen in a church between the chancel and nave. The screen is called a chancel screen, or, with a rood set on it, a rood screen. Sometimes the rood is elaborated, as is ours, by the addition of figures, usually comprising Mary, the mother of Jesus, and John the Evangelist. Some churches are consecrated as 'Holy Rood'.

As far as we know, chancel screens were first erected in churches in Rome in the fifth century, apparently to separate the chancel and sanctuary, the part of the church used by priests as they celebrated the Mass, from the nave, which was used by lay worshippers. The chancel screen was, however, constructed to allow worshippers to see what was being done at the altar. It may originally have been of lattice-work construction, since the word 'chancel' comes from the Late Latin *cancellus*, meaning 'lattice'.

In modern usage, and given that a church is a sacred space, 'chancel' means something like 'sanctuary' and refers to the most sacred part of that space. Following this etymological clue, it might originally have meant nothing more than 'the screened-off part of a church'.

In monastic churches, in the early Middle Ages, where the monks assembled close to the altar and conducted their worship, it was necessary to build extended chancels. According to the prevailing beliefs of the time, it was not necessary for lay people to attend worship in a church, and few did so, and then rarely, perhaps once or twice in the year. It was enough for the spiritual welfare of the community that the monks conscientiously conducted their worship and made intercessions for themselves and for those who lived around them. In these circumstances, the practice of building a screen to separate the nave from the chancel was regularly followed. Many of the churches built in England in the seventh and eighth centuries were built with chancel screens, after the Roman model. It is probably from this time that the word was used in English place names, such as Holyrood in Scotland and Rood Ashton House and Rood Ashton Hall in Wiltshire.

After the church council of 1215, at which the doctrine of transubstantiation was affirmed, it was thought important to protect the sacred places from common contact but, with the Counter Reformation in the later part of the sixteenth century, Catholic leaders had most chancel screens removed so that worshippers could clearly see the proceedings at the altar. Many chancel screens were removed from English churches during the sixteenth-century reformation or under Puritan influence in the following century. Some churches that were built in the nineteenth century, under the influence of the Oxford Movement, had chancel screens but some did not.

Most chancel screens now exist in Anglican and Lutheran churches. Many of the screens that still exist are of stone, and thus permanent. Many consist of a low balustrade, fine columns that do not obstruct the sight of proceedings at the altar, and a frieze across the top, above eye-level. The screen in York Minster is a substantial stone structure, sufficiently solid and broad to support the organ and to allow a person easily to walk along the top. Such a structure is usually known as a 'pulpitum', rather than a screen

It appears that the rood, as a specific piece of church sculpture such as we have, originated in the Middle Ages. There was a timber rood screen in St Paul's in Melbourne, which was moved from its original place at the communion rail to its present position between the narthex and the nave about fifty years ago, at the time of what was then called the 'liturgical revival'. It has a cross at the top of its central arch.

Where a church was built to a cruciform plan — that is, with a main long space that was crossed with a transept that was so placed as to create the shape of a Latin cross — the rood screen was usually placed between the transept and the chancel. In that cruciform plan, there were usually four large arches at the crossing. Visually, one marked the separation between the nave and the crossing, those on each side marked the separation between the transepts and the crossing, and the other marked the separation between the chancel and the crossing. Structurally, where the church had a central tower over the crossing, the crossing arches supported it. If the rood was not part of the screen, it was usually suspended from the chancel arch or placed on a beam that extended across the chancel arch.

St John's has a crossing, but no central tower above the crossing and no arches at the crossing. Some of the hammer beams at the crossing at St John's are set at right angles to the walls.



The rafters that rise from them trace the outlines of three crossing arches that we do not have. Some of the hammer beams are set diagonally and from these rise rafters that meet in the centre of the crossing. Their curvature means that they do not reach the height of the steeply-gabled ceiling, but they meet a little below that at a square timber boss. The rood is suspended from these diagonal rafters, to hang in the centre of the crossing space.

St John's does not have a chancel screen, but it does have a chancel arch. Although the rood is neither on the chancel arch nor on a beam placed against the chancel arch, it is so placed that most people in the church would see it against the chancel arch and thus in its traditional place.

It is also of the traditional form, showing Jesus on the cross, his mother the Virgin Mary at the viewer's left, and – we assume – St John the Evangelist at the viewer's right. It is a set piece of ecclesiastical sculpture that has been executed countless times.

Most images of the apostles show them as men of mature age and bearded but John is usually represented as a young man without a beard. That is as Leonardo showed him in his Last Supper, with the figure that gave Dan Brown so much bother, and as with the male figure

here. Yet there is some room for doubt. The trio of Jesus, Mary and St John the Evangelist is usual but not universal. Orthodox churches have a screen, an iconostasis, on which they have a rood which usually has figures of Mary and John the Baptist. The attribute, or identifying symbolism, of St John the Apostle – who might not have been the Evangelist, but that is a different story – is a chalice and, more precisely, a poisoned chalice, often with a serpent rising from it. This is used in the right-hand light of our east window, where John stands in the lancet next to Jesus, the Light of the World, but not in the rood. One might also have some doubts about the figure in our rood because he is shown pointing to Jesus in a gesture that is often used to identify John the Baptist. This gesture is associated with the words attributed to the Baptist in John 1:29, "Behold, the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world", after he had given the first public testimony to Jesus (Jn 1:15-28). Matthias Grünewald used this gesture to identify John the Baptist in the altarpiece he painted early in the sixteenth century for the monastery of St Anthony in Eisenheim.

Others have done sculpture or paintings that have placed John the Baptist beside the cross. On one leaf of the Potocki Psalter, which had its origins in Paris in

the mid-thirteenth century, there is a picture of John the Baptist at the cross with Mary. From early in the fifteenth century, there is a crucifixion scene, that has often been attributed to Jan van Eyck but is probably done in imitation of van Eyck and may have been done in his workshop, which has John the Baptist standing beside the cross. A little later, the Italian painter Cosimo Roselli (1439-1507) painted a scene which has Mary, Mary Magdalene, Andrew, St Francis and John the Baptist at the cross, with Mary at the left and John at the right. Denys van Alsloot (1570-1626) also painted a crucifixion group with Mary and John the Baptist.

Mary also points to Jesus. The most treasured of all the many relics that were gathered by the church in Constantinople was a painting of Jesus with the child Jesus that was believed to be the work of Luke the Evangelist. The painting was paraded through the city every week and revered by the people, in part because they believed that it kept the city safe from the repeated attacks by Persian and Muslim forces. For that or some other reason, the city did stand against its eastern attackers for over a thousand years, until it fell to Christian forces from the west in 1453. The painting was removed as part of the loot. Where it went and whether it survives are things that we do not know. The theme has since been treated again and again; for example, in later Russian icons. The original was known by its Greek name, the Hodegetria - "she who points the way", because Mary was shown pointing to Jesus as the way of salvation. Associating this gesture with Mary is unusual, but it does have this notable precedent.

That both Mary and John are shown looking away from Jesus need not be seen as in any way anomalous, as both may be understood to be trying to draw the viewers' attention to the figure on the cross.

Unfortunately, there are no reliable historical records to which we might turn for confirmation of the gospel records about the crucifixion or who was there at the scene. The Jewish historian Flavius Josephus (37-c 100) wrote two histories

of the Jewish people, both of which included attention to the period in which Jesus lived. Josephus's work is the nearest that we have to an independent record, but Josephus is unfortunately unreliable. One scholar thinks that he is basically reliable whenever he is not writing about himself. Another calls him a wonderful writer and a nonstop liar. Beyond one famous passage that mentions Jesus but is likely to have been inserted later by someone unknown to us, there is next to nothing in his work about Jesus and only a little to do with John the Baptist. He did not use our dating system and we must infer his chronology, but it appears that he has John the Baptist thrown into prison in c 35-36. He also implies that John the Baptist met his death by crucifixion. Both of these are in conflict with the biblical record which, in any case is also without dates, so that we draw ideas of chronology from it also by inference, and the accuracy of its record, especially of the events around the crucifixion, is also open to doubt. This is so because, for one thing, the gospels are not consistent and, for another, their account of Pilate's conduct is suspect. Of immediate relevance, our rood is a representation of the detail in

the account in the fourth gospel in which Jesus speak from the cross to Mary his mother and to the Beloved Disciple – who might or might not have been John the Evangelist, but that also is a different story – and give both into each other's care (Jn 19:26-27). However, given the way a person who was crucified came to die, the detail of Jesus' speaking from the cross is physically improbable. As well, given the way that Romans conducted crucifixions, the detail of Mary and John being close enough to the cross the hear Jesus speak is historically improbable, because Romans intended crowds to attend crucifixions so as cow them into obedience but also kept them at a distance so as not to interfere.

Any instances of conflict between what is represented in this setting and the evidence of either history or the gospel accounts is of no consequence, because the rood is symbolic rather than literal. Other groupings are based on other gospels; for example, the church of St Mary-le-Bow in London, the home of the Bow Bells, has a rood that is based on Matthew's gospel (Mt 27:54-56). It has two women figures, probably Mary and Mary Magdalene, and a Roman soldier. Some roods include the crosses on which

the two robbers were crucified with Jesus. Some comprise a simple crucifix, such as that at Peterborough cathedral, which also hangs in front of the chancel arch. Others, like the one that stands on the chancel screen at Worcester cathedral, are a bare cross.

The rood is the work of sculptors Alfred and Eve Shubert. It was installed in 1967 in memory of Robert William Hobbs. ✠

"TWO SHORT BIBLE STUDIES" ANSWERS (Questions on page 20)

1. John the Baptist; 2. The house of David; 3. Circumcision, Presentation in the Temple, Visit of the wise men, the flight into Egypt; 4. The deliverance of the people of Israel from the bondage in Egypt; 5. Thirty years old; 6. He was tempted by the devil; 7. The great council of the Jewish nation, comprised of seventy men, with the high priest; 8. Messenger; 9. A young man, the only son of his widowed mother; 10. The ruler of a fourth part; 11. The parable of the Good Samaritan; 12. Andrew



The congregation of St Agnes' at their Patronal Festival 2017



Lives of Faith at St Agnes'

ST AGNES' A TRUE FAMILY HAVEN:
BILL WORTHINGTON

BEV HEWLETT

When asked to pen a few words on the importance and influence of St Agnes' on my life over the last eight decades, I felt somewhat challenged by the task. I found my mind racing through a chronological series of events over the course of those years. I admit this approach was in the vain hope of avoiding the true belief – that of reaching into my very soul and committing my feelings to written words.

Yes, St Agnes' is a lovely building, and it is very convenient to my family home. It also has an interesting history in its own right.

These were nice observations but the true personal influences on my life were the humans involved over that period. None more so than the collective ministry of this well-loved Church and their combined teachings. Family, friends and fellow-parishioners also offered a lifetime of joy, support and memories, along with a taste of pain.

Finally, at a personal level, I appreciated the rituals of the Church itself and the role these played in celebrating Christ's life and values.

For a boy in short trousers in the 30's, belonging to the Church of England was not a personal choice; more a heritage, a family tradition going back many generations in my case.

I was about eight years old when a new minister, the Rev Moyes, was appointed to head the St Agnes' parish in the mid-nineteen thirties.

These were tough years as Australia exited the depression period. Rev Moyes' tenure brought an awe and ceremony to services, which appealed to my soul immensely.

I well recall the extending and opening of the new sanctuary during his term as it instantly gave parishioners instant access and learning. It was a period of the opening up of the Church, led by men like Rev Moyes and others who followed in his path.

Congregation numbers grew with families attracted to the Church as never before. It was an exciting time for an only child who relished catching up with scores of new kids each weekend for Sunday School. Whilst never an academic child, I did enjoy leaning in this environment.

World War II came hot on the heels of the Depression and I watched as many of our congregation answered the call and headed off the war.

Rev Moyes moved on and was replaced by Rev Harwood, who would serve and enlighten the parish for the next seventeen years, a time that would see me woo his beautiful daughter Mary, and also marry her, with her father leading the formal proceedings of the wedding. Within a short period thereafter, we would make him a grandfather several times over.

Other fine ministers would follow hot on the heels of these two excellent servants of God, each in their own way adding to my Christian education and life tenets.

The majority of my immediate family were parishioners, or underwent their christenings, confirmations, marriages or, like Rev Harwood, served in some capacity at St Agnes'.

Friendships blossomed between families as parents and children gained a greater insight into the real meaning of community. St Agnes' was at the very heart of this learning.

While the congregation has grown smaller and older since those days, I take comfort in seeing familiar faces across the aisle each Sunday and hope to do so for years to come. Faith, Hope and Love were the values imparted at St Agnes' during my time, and who could ask for more? ✠



Another world, so close to ours.

Two Weeks in Papua New Guinea

BY SALLY WALLIS

During our marriage, Adrian and I have celebrated Christmas in many places. We have been in the North and the South Islands of New Zealand, in Sweden, Lord Howe Island and Africa, and this last one in New Guinea. What things people will do to follow their children!!

Our trip to PNG was divided into three experiences, with one scheduled, and one unscheduled, night in Port Moresby.

After a flight from Melbourne to Brisbane and on to Port Moresby (overnight), we eventually arrived on Daru Island. The only town on the Island (5X4 km) goes by the same name, and is the capital of the Western Province of Papua New Guinea. It has a population of about 20,000. At the time we were there, there were only five Caucasians living on the island.

It is considered that probably up to 95% of the inhabitants have tuberculosis of some sort, and a high percentage of these had multi-drug resistant, or extreme drug-resistant TB. This adds up to the highest density of drug-resistant TB in the world.

This is what took us to Daru. Our son and his wife had been working there (as two of the “whities”), on a project sponsored by DEFAT, and run by the Burnett Institute, to set up a program to help halt this terrible progression.

Daru is a very poor island. There is no arable land, and the only industry is fishing. There is VERY little fresh fruit and vegetables. Many people live on their boats, using the shore line for everything that one might conceivably use water for. There is no rubbish dump, or collection. Enough said. The people are very poor, very friendly, and live very basically. We were free to wander around the town / island, but Amanda did give us a list of a few shops that we could visit. All others – banned. WHY? We needed to keep well away from badly ventilated areas, where we might contract TB.

Since we stayed with Peter and Amanda on Daru, they have returned to Darwin. It was fascinating to see the hospital where they worked. We were not

allowed on the wards. They always wore good masks on the wards. There is little or no air-conditioning on the island. They lived very simply in what is little more than an elevated container. Yes, they did manage to avoid serious illness this time. Two days was enough for us to “get the picture”.

Now it was time to start our holiday. Three short flights and an unscheduled night in Port Moresby owing to late flights, took us to Kavieng on New Ireland. From here, we took a small boat to the small private island of Lissenung. The only buildings here belonged to the small resort that prided itself in simple living, local fresh foods and exquisite diving and snorkelling opportunities. The visitor capacity is twelve. No children. The highlight of the carefully chosen time we were there was observing the hatching of hundreds of turtle eggs. Ange and Dietmar, who run the resort, organise the locals to collect eggs from the neighbouring tiny islands within a day of when they were laid. Each turtle lays between 100 and 200 eggs. In the natural habitat, many of these are collected for food by the locals, eaten by birds or experience unfavourable environmental conditions and die. Of those that hatch, precious few make it to the sea, only then to be eaten before their shells harden.



The eggs brought to the island are cared for, hatched, and released into the sea around dusk, which is considered the time when they have least chance of being eaten. Even so, very few are likely to survive. We were lucky enough to experience two such hatchings.

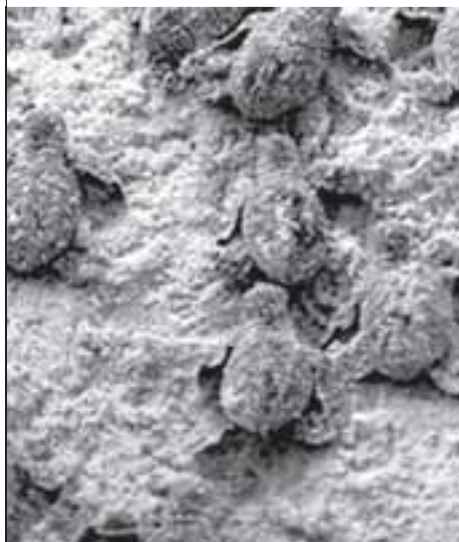
Another three flights, again through Port Moresby, took us to Milne Bay. After a two-hour bus ride and thirty-minute boat ride, we arrived at Tawali resort.

Tawali is in a secluded area of Milne Bay, amongst local fishing villages and accessible only by boat. It is built on a limestone bluff, eighty feet above the water. Our secluded bungalow had superb views of the bay. Very many of the guests here were Japanese. The resort managers were Filipino.

We thought the reefs here were even more exquisite, like looking into an over-crowded fish tank. Such colour! We were also taken for walks through the local rain forest and villages, to view the skull caves, and up in the predawn in an attempt to see the Bird of Paradise. The exact origin of the skull caves, where we saw more than 100 human skulls is unknown. Possibly they were used to hide cannibalistic practices from the early missionaries, or as a burial site for dignitaries' heads.

Christmas lunch included a Mumu – a whole, unskinned pig covered in palm leaves and cooked on hot rocks. Carols were beautifully sung with local harmony. We did decide not to go to Church, as the only service offered in the local village was a Mormon one, and we had already heard much about Mormon philosophy from one of the guides!

We had a wonderful holiday with Peter and Amanda. As usual, when we leave a place, we left many things undone for “next time”. We were VERY pleased to welcome P and A back to Australia a couple of weeks later. Darwin is not quite so far away, and not so dangerous in very many ways. ✂



FLYING, SINGING

BY BEN DRAPER

*Jesus at play –
like God at play – created
a bird
of clay.
Pleased with his work,
he spoke a word,
and it lived,
the bird,
and flew.
A piece of apprentice work,
done as a child,
to have everything ready
for when he was older.
The bird did not fly away.
It perched on Lazarus's shoulder,
hovered, brooding over the tomb
and sang a song in the upper room
that his disciples are singing still. ✂*

END OF LIFE CHOICES

JANE FYFIELD

There has been a great increase in the interest and discussions about end of life. And so there should. We are an older population, life expectancy is growing, most deaths occur in old age and we are a much better informed population than ever before. But what does having a good death mean, are there choices at the end of life, how do we know when end of life is and where and how should we die? Great questions and ones that bear thinking and talking about to each other, our loved ones, our next of kin, our health professionals and any other carers. The more conversations we have the better decisions we will make.

Most people in Australia do not die where they want to. Although about 70% say they would like to die at home only 14% do.

I think there are choices to be had at the end of life. However, having a choice is not one thing or another. It is much more complex than that and can change along the way. As with many aspects of the human condition exercising choice can be along a continuum of experience and changing life situations. The choice may not be about death, it may be more about how a person wants to live, now and until the end. Real choices about end of life care cannot be made unless there is sufficient information for everyone involved including health practitioners, caregivers and the dying person themselves. Prior lived experience, beliefs, relationships and knowledge all play important parts in the exercise of choice and empowerment to make decisions.

So in order to exercise choice at the end of life we as a community members, or as a dying person, or as a health professional, or as a family member or caregiver, or as a combination of all these, need:

- Public conversations about End of Life care with contributions from experts, consumer groups, ethicists and religious communities, and dying people and their families
- Access to Advance Care Plans, End of Life Care Plans, advanced care directives, or medical powers of attorney while people are well and able to make informed decisions
- Improved education about palliative care to give health professionals skills and confidence to raise the issues about end of life
- Improved knowledge, better understanding of treatments and what they mean
- Improved access to palliative care services, where a person lives
- Knowledge about what a hospital admission at the end of life might mean
- Acknowledgement of changing treatments for diseases at the end of life
- Improved quality of life and preparation for death for all people
- Acknowledgment of spiritual life
- Choice for health professionals
- Leadership from health professionals.

When should choice start? Often the discussion about how, when, where, and what care come late in the progress of a chronic disease, even though death is the expected outcome. Much effort is made in the treatment and cure phase of a disease to the exclusion of planning for future demise. The dying aspects of the disease trajectory are often ignored. So when is there a choice? When should palliative care start?

There are some things that we all can be aware of that may not improve our experience of death. Where to die, who has a say, who listens to the dying person, when do we cross from living with a disease to dying with a disease and is this important?

Most people in Australia do not die where they want to. Although about 70% say they would like to die at home only 14% do. Most people die in hospital or residential aged care (which is home to many people). The apparent overuse of emergency departments in acute hospitals by people whose deaths are expected or their carers occurs when there is poor planning, lack of professional support, anxiety about death, uncertainty of what to do and symptoms of disease causing distress.

The clarity about what contributes to a good death can be clouded by concerns about euthanasia and assisted dying or suicide. Debates about legalising euthanasia may prevent clear discussions about treatments at the end of life. It is true that some medical treatments or the change of treatments at the end of life will not only alleviate pain and other symptoms but may also hasten death. This is not euthanasia. Many patients will have earlier treatments withheld or withdrawn when they are considered inadequate and death is imminent. Different treatments will be instigated. These decisions should be made with the patient and the family member, and if in existence, in line with an advance care plan or other directive. This is not euthanasia.

A good death requires preparation, time for discussion with family members and health professionals, adequate information about what is possible, futile and necessary. Advance care plans at any point in life will assist in ensuring a good death and will enable people to have a voice when they are very vulnerable and they can no longer express themselves directly. It is clear that advance care planning enhances end of life and gives people choice and control. Plans are often completed with the help of a health professional, but not necessarily so. A good time to think about an end of life care plan or medical power of attorney is at the time of preparing a will. Then every time your will is changed you can also change or endorse your end of life care plan. ✿



***"I wish it was as easy
with all the things that
wear dog collars"***

Brian Simpson

AS WE FORGIVE THOSE

JOHN SLOSS

Have you, dear reader, ever had a disagreement with another person — perhaps a neighbour, perhaps an in-law, that has not been resolved.

Was the other party — let us call each a 'party' — uncaring of your needs and feelings? Perhaps you considered they treated you with contempt or just would not cooperate with you to agree to a solution you offered them but insisted that there was no way they would give in to you?

So far 'you' has been spoken of but I am thinking of 'me' also as I am writing this.

- Solutions you might consider are:
- Write a formal, stern letter.
- Put the case to your solicitor.
- Have your solicitor seek a barrister's opinion.
- Go to court.
- Move to another suburb and lay eyes on her or him no more.

But there is a better way! There are free mediation centres available for civil matters and neighbour disputes and there are other free centres for family matters. The outcome of a mediation is usually an agreement of the action to be taken, signed by both parties, but, by State legislation, the agreement is not admissible in a court of law. It is an agreement 'in good faith'.

About 80 per cent of mediations on civil matters are successful and both parties then have a clear path forward that they have agreed to follow.

Well then, how does mediation achieve this level of success? The answer lies in Dignity and Understanding!

Sounds simple — but it is not simple. Mediation is a well-crafted and well-tried process where each party understands both parties' feelings and both respect those feelings and the other's needs. So, what are the details?

After explaining what the mediation will involve and emphasizing that the dispute and its solution are the disputants' responsibility and no judgement will be suggested by the mediators, one of the disputants outlines the dispute as he or she sees it. Then the other does likewise.

An agenda is then drawn up of the main issues — usually three or four. Both

disputants contribute to this list. Both must be happy with each agenda item.

Then, taking one agenda item at a time, each disputant speaks about their feelings and needs. The mediators ensure that each understands the feelings and needs of the other.

One disputant then leaves the room and has some tea or coffee. The mediators ask the other how they feel the session is going and how they think it may be resolved. If it is appropriate, each agenda item is dealt with in turn. Then the first disputant leaves and the other returns to do the same thing.

In the next session, called 'Negotiation', each agenda item is discussed and agreement is reached on a plan of implementation to which both agree. Usually both are on a high and use vague terms like 'As soon as possible', 'Now we have reached agreement we will work it out between us'. Mediators take care that 'where' and 'who' and 'when' are specific and agreed to by both parties.

Finally, the mediators write up in the parties' own words what was agreed on. Each disputant signs and receives a copy of the 'agreement in good faith'. Both disputants then become part of the 80 per cent who have successful mediations.



TWELVE QUESTIONS ABOUT THE GOSPELS

RICK BURFORD

Our faith relies on the scriptures in so many and such essential ways that it is impossible to think that anyone is adequately familiar with them.

These two studies will help to extend your familiarity with the sacred text. The first is a straightforward “Do you know?” study: the answers are on page 12.

The second follows a different approach, and its particular value is in the reflection that it is likely to provoke. Each one of us might reach different answers to its questions; thus, appropriately, there are no answers given here.

1. Who was sent specially to announce the coming of Jesus Christ?
2. To what royal house did Joseph and Mary belong?
3. Name the four principal events in the early years of our Lord's life?
4. What does Passover commemorate?
5. How old was Jesus when he left Nazareth?
6. What took place immediately after Jesus was baptised?
7. What was the Sanhedrin?
8. What does the word ‘apostle’ mean?
9. When our Lord went to the city called Nain, he was met by a funeral procession. Who was being carried to the grave?
10. John the Baptist was put to death by Herod the tetrarch. What is the meaning of the word ‘tetrarch’?
11. What parable did the lawyer's question call forth?
12. Who was the first of the disciples to know Jesus?

EIGHT QUESTIONS ON JOHN'S GOSPEL

MICHAEL GOOD

1. According to the author of this gospel, Jesus claimed authority –
 - a) as the final arbiter on the meaning of divine Law
 - b) in his respect for the people of God who had been governed by divine Law since the days of the Exodus
 - c) by identifying himself with the Messiah of the Old Testament prophecy
 - d) all of the above
2. Jesus' message was
 - a) that the decisive hour of history had come
 - b) that the reign of God on earth had begun
 - c) that the community of the new age, the Church, a reconstituted Israel, based on faith and not on race, would achieve ultimate victory
 - d) all of the above
3. John is best described as
 - a) the son of Zebedee
 - b) the disciple whom Jesus loved
 - c) a theologian who asserted that the Christ is the creative power behind the universe
 - d) the author of three epistles and the book of Revelation
4. John's portrait of Jesus
 - a) is better than a series of photographs
 - b) records the story of someone who is the human expression of the creative purpose of God
 - c) as the Word made flesh equates creation in Genesis with an act of God's love
 - d) intends to illustrate the power of divine energy which brought order out of chaos as light out of darkness
5. According to the author, the mission of the Messiah is
 - a) to be the expected deliverer
 - b) to replace the water of Judaism with the new wine of the Gospel
 - c) to reveal the proper service of God
 - d) to reach us how to prove that God is working for us
6. The fourth gospel is the key to the Bible because
 - a) John knew the mind of Jesus better than any other of the gospel writers did
 - b) it allows us to see Christ as the Son of God
 - c) it presents the unique relationship with the Father as a sense of oneness
 - d) it records the seven miracles that make manifest to God's elect the mission of the Minister for their salvation
7. The Dead Sea Scrolls disclose
 - a) ideas, at first thought to be Greek, as in fact originating in the Old Testament
 - b) distinctions repeatedly used by John; for example, contrasts between light and darkness, spirit and flesh, truth and falsehood, love and hate
 - c) the possibility that Jesus belonged to the Essene sect
 - d) essentially the same truths as the Book of Mormon
8. The general aim of the gospels is
 - a) to bring people to God through Christ
 - b) to reinterpret Jewish thought-forms with that purpose in view
 - c) to reveal the loving purpose of God as expressed in a human life
 - d) to give rebirth to sinners as adopted children, baptised into a new relationship with God

EDITORIAL

Julian Burnside:

What has happened to our values?

BEN DRAPER

On Sunday February 19, at the meeting of The Progressive Christian Network of Victoria, held at the Ewing Memorial Centre of Stonnington Uniting Church, Julian Burnside addressed the question “What has happened to our values?” and discussed how Australian society is becoming more unjust, as seen in our continuing toleration of the present treatment of refugees arriving by boat. Since the Tampa incident in August 2001, people who have arrived in Australia by boat, seeking asylum here, have been held at either Manus Island or Nauru. They are subject to treatment that is worse than any that would be condoned in any mainland Australian prison.

Refugees in Indonesia face a choice between indefinite imprisonment or a dangerous voyage to Australia. Of course, many take that chance. Our refugee policy allows these people to die but requires that they do so in places and ways that we will not know about.

That incident occurred immediately before the terrorist attack on New York’s Twin Towers. In the anti-Muslim backlash to it, world terrorism came widely to be branded “Muslim –” or “Islamic terrorism.” We have followed the same pattern, and the language that the government has used and has required its officials to use has fostered animosity against asylum seekers. The Australian government used the moment to brand asylum seekers who arrived by boat as ‘illegals’, with its suggestions of criminality. There is of course nothing illegal in their actions, as people have the right to seek asylum here; the means of their coming does not make them illegal.



One expression, ‘queue jumpers’, is ludicrous since there is no queue. The idea that there are terrorists among them is nonsense, as at least 94% of the boat people are genuine refugees by agreed international definitions. It has never been shown that there has ever been a terrorist among these asylum-seekers, and it is highly improbable that anyone intending to undertake terrorist actions would come in such a way. The idea of border protection is similarly contrived to manipulate public opinion, and is equally false. Again, the term ‘people smugglers’ is a loaded one, and misused.

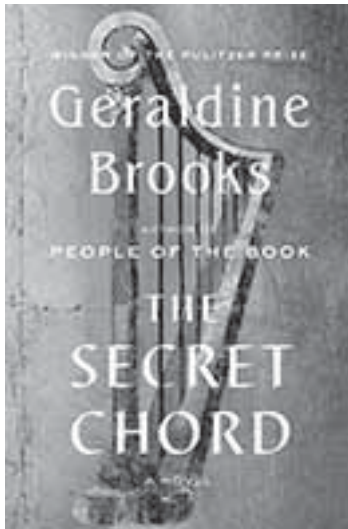
Some declare that they would like to deport every Muslim from Australia and shoot every asylum-seeker. It appears that the government has fostered such attitudes, whether intentionally or not. We know something about the human rights abuses conducted in our name on Manus and Nauru, despite governmental efforts to keep it secret, but we are unmoved by them.

The implication is that we think that the humanity of the imprisoned asylum seekers is of a lower kind than our own. We have been misled, to act out of hate and fear. It appears probable that the constant blaming and isolation of Muslims will provoke extremism here.

It is a policy that defies economic sense in that it costs ten times as much to detain asylum seekers than it would to settle them in Australia. The difference could be spent in the countries from which they come, to the preferable purposes of improving conditions there, so that less would wish to flee, or in programs that would inhibit the growth of Islamic extremism.

This treatment of asylum seekers is not necessary. We could house them here, as smaller nations than we are have done. The cost of our collusion with the government’s practices of exclusion, vilification and criminalisation has included the sacrifice of our sense of moral values. ✂

BOOK REVIEW



The Secret Chord

GERALDINE BROOKS

BEN DRAPER

When you read Brooks' historical novel about king David, be ready for some unfamiliar names. You might not recognise Yishai as David's father Jesse, or the Plishtim as the Philistines. Brooks uses transliterations from the Hebrew rather than the English forms that are likely to be more familiar to us. Other names, such as Shmuel and Beit Lehem, will not delay you for long. She follows a Jewish practice by avoiding the use of a name for God and instead refers to God throughout as 'the Name'. Brooks gives the disjointed biblical fragments continuity by making the prophet Nathan the narrator of the whole. The bible story has him appear when David is a king in Jerusalem but Brooks has him join David as his servant when he is an outlaw and she makes him David's companion, courtier and advisor until his last days. Nathan has frequent moments of inspiration in which, beyond his own awareness, he speaks words of God. In these moments, he can tell David in cryptic terms of the triumphs and dangers that lie before him. David is convinced of Nathan's gift, so keeps him at his side and accepts from him words of blunt rebuke.

You will be impressed by Abigail, as Brooks interprets her, and probably also by Joab and by Mikhal. You are not likely to forget the heart-wrenching account of David's recall of Mikhal. She was Saul's daughter and David's second wife, whom he dismissed when he wished to dissociate himself from Saul and his legacy but recalled to his court when he needed to unite the Hebrew tribes, including those that were loyal to Saul. Also striking is Brooks' account of Nathan's turmoil at David's treatment of Uriah.

Necessarily, Brooks invents much but it is all done with respect for the biblical record. Given this care, it is odd that she makes no mention of the strange incident of David sending three of his men to Bethlehem, then held by Philistines, to draw water from its wells.

Perhaps there is too much respect for the biblical record. Brooks takes that record at face value and makes no attempt to explain the strange episode of David, needing to flee from Saul and seeking and being given sanctuary with the Philistines (1 Sam 27:1-9). He has already been to war with the Philistines (1 Sam 17, 23:1-6) and been celebrated for killing them in the "tens of thousands" (1 Sam 18:7-8), yet they took him in and gave him and his men a place in their army (1 Sam 29:1-11). Nor, again, does she attempt to explain how Jonathan could defy his deranged and murderous father by repeatedly telling David of Saul's plans to kill him. Nor, and more seriously, does she give any attention to David's slaughter of innocent people. For organising the murder of Uriah, husband of Bathsheba, he earned a fourfold curse but his brutal killing of whole communities (1 Sam 27:8-9) brought no censure from the writers of the scripture, and those writers apparently endorsed the slaughter and butchery of Philistines to raise the price that Saul demanded so that David could marry his daughter Mikhal (1 Sam 18:25-27). Brooks gives no sign that she as much as saw these things as problematic. Perhaps she dismissed ethical questioning for the sake of sales of her work?

Front and centre throughout is David, and Brooks sets his qualities and faults plainly in front of the reader. He was accomplished in war and statecraft, so that he was able to accomplish the unification of the warring Hebrew tribes and to construct a realm that extended from the Euphrates to the Sinai, and he was ruthless in the power games that went with it. He had extraordinary physical gifts that Brooks displays in showing him as a soldier both tireless and brazenly brave. A charismatic leader, he was loved by his army and could retain the loyalty of such a man as Joab, the tough soldier who was constantly sensitive about his dignity. Nevertheless, he was a deeply passionate man. His repentance over his wrongdoings was deep and his grief over the death of the rebellious Absalom was almost enough to lose everything he had fought for. The biblical account of his sons' revolts is bare, and Brooks traces their origin to David's failure as a parent, to his endless indulgence that turned them, with Solomon, who was taught by Nathan, as the sole exception, into drunkards, rapists and rebels.

Brooks' David is still the sweet singer of Israel. Jonathan's death prompted David's lament known as the Song of the Bow, surely one of the most eloquent and moving of its kind. He was constantly in the presence of the Name and even in moments of crisis was capable of composing psalms and music that turned hearts and minds to God.

Brooks writes a flowing, compelling prose. She imagines conversations and constructs scenes that give character to some of those who are otherwise little more than names. In this way, she fills in some of the gaps in the biblical story, but without distorting it, and it can be said again that although she proposes plausible settings and reasons for some of its events, she allows some of its difficulties to stand unaddressed. The title she has chosen has its mystery, which hangs over the whole book, with occasional allusions, and is revealed in the last line. ❧

RECALLING HARLIN

BY DOUGLAS EDDY



Harlin Butterley 1927-2012

Trained at Moore College, Sydney

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 1951 | Ordained |
| 1954-1957 | General Secretary of CMS in Tasmania |
| 1957-1967 | Chaplain at St Stephen's College, Hong Kong |
| 1967-1972 | Army Chaplain –
Two years in England
Three years with NATO Forces in Germany |
| 1972-1980 | Dean of St David's Cathedral, Hobart
Harlin's beloved wife Judy, mother of their children Joanna and Simon, was a yoga enthusiast. At the time of Harlin's installation as Dean, red hot pants were all the rage and Judy stole the show by wearing hers at the Cathedral event and appeared in the next morning's Mercury report. |
| 1980-1993 | Vicar, St Andrew's, Brighton |
| 1993 | From March, in semi-retirement, became a popular speaker and wrote a number of books. Was with the Saxton Speakers Group while serving as a locum in a number of churches in interregna. |

As a speaker with Saxton, he was described as one of the funniest and most engaging in Australia. His 'hobby' as a raconteur was frowned on by many clergy, and his maiden aunt warned that God would strike him down for laughing in church, but Harlin continued to be reverently irreverent at everything from Major Corporate presentations to Football Final lunches.

Following is my tribute to our late friend, Harlin Butterley.

*If you are musical (or not) it may be sung to the tune
'Tit Willow' (G&S, The Mikado), a favourite of Harlin's
when he broke into song in the pulpit!*

"Ode to Harlin"

*There once was a marvellous Anglican Priest,
Who was youngish and handsome and keen.
He worked as a curate and then as a priest,
'til to Hobart he went as the Dean.
With talent aplenty that none could eclipse,
He challenged the locals with articulate lips.
Some had things 'more important', worth only two cents,
So he patiently waited for one who repents.*

*There are chapters and verses, and books have been writ,
Of his exploits from Deutschland to Brit.
He could rivet his audience just as they sit,
With his sermons of wisdom and wit.
His writings prolific, his utterings great,
Delivered, as well, with a smile; not too late!
His kindness is legend; his love without feign;
His caring unstinting, in sun and in rain.*

*To serve interregna, his excellent bent;
He had placements all over the city.
For many, as locum, he came and he went:
More's the pity, the pity, the pity.
His likeness to Nathanael, in whom guile was not,
Was a comfort to those whom he found in a spot:
The more that they needed, the more that that they got,
From his message that came with the lot!*

*Now after the toil, his duty is done,
And Gabriel's given him the nod,
There'll be sorrow and weeping by all, one by one;
But in heaven the laughter of God.
At rest with his Saviour whose service he loved,
So peace comes again to us all.
And will this brief idyll become our new rhyme,
Of the Harlin we love to recall. ✠*



LARAPINTA DREAMING

SEBASTIAN HARVEY

In August 2016, I travelled to Alice Springs with my son Finn to walk the Larapinta Trail. The walk was an eight-day supported trek organised by Huma Charity Challenge for Oxfam Australia. The trek took in sections of the Larapinta Trail which winds through the West MacDonnell Ranges from the Telegraph Station to Mt. Sonder. We walked about 100km of the 223km trail, with a bus taking us and our gear between remote semi-permanent campsites. There was a group of 15 walkers and three guides.

My inspiration for doing the trek came from several sources. Since visiting some remote communities in Central Australia in 2012 as part of my role on the board of St. Kilda Youth Service, I had wanted to do something to help address the health and life-expectancy issues for indigenous Australians. While the National Apology was an important step for reconciliation and in helping define our national identity, I felt it would only be lip-service while these disparities existed. The trip required participants to fundraise for Oxfam 'Close the Gap' programs. This became a great way to provide tangible support for indigenous communities while raising awareness in my circle of influence.

I did the trek with my son, Finn, who was 14 years old at the time.

Finn has mild autism and an intellectual disability. We have found his learning and development accelerates from getting out into the bush and experiencing new environments. It was also a good goal for his fitness and an opportunity for him to work on his citizenship through fundraising, which also contributed to his participation in the Duke of Edinburgh program at Ashwood School.

The fundraising target was the first challenge and we greatly appreciated the generous support of parishioners at St. Johns. Having spent over 8 months on various fundraising activities, it was exciting during our time in Alice Springs to hear from several people who had benefited from the Oxfam programs. Our first afternoon in Alice Springs we were welcomed to country by a group of women who had established a business in local herbs and medicine sold through Oxfam shops. Their business was also used to educate young aboriginal people about traditional use of plants, ceremony and language. That evening we met with several other women who spoke of the Oxfam 'Straight Talk' initiative in which they had participated.

Oxfam fund programs that build capability and self-determination. The women learnt how to develop programs in health and education relevant to local

needs, prepare a business case and then navigate the various government and philanthropic bodies for funding and support. Their stories were inspiring but there was also an underlying frustration with the ongoing negative impacts of the NT Intervention on local communities and individual human rights.

During the trek, we learnt about the sacred and practical significance of certain sites: water, trees, several of the 'passes' along the trail and the Ochre Pits. The guides were also quite knowledgeable about the extraordinary geology and plant life of the region. This was not the flat, barren landscape one often associates with Central Australia.

The sections we encountered took in several of the better known parts accessible by road: Simpsons Gap, Standley Chasm, Serpentine Gorge and Ormiston Gorge. However, it was the less accessible places that made the walk worthwhile. The trek was graded as 'introductory to moderate' but the physical demands of the climbing and conditions meant some days qualified as 'hard'. This included one of the highlights of the trip – a 3am walk up Mt. Sonder to see the sunrise.

The climb up 850 metres over 8 km in the dark was rewarded with a magnificent

sunrise and 360 degree views. Another highlight was Counts Point which also involved significant climbing and a long walk along an exposed ridge.

But most inspiring were the people in the group and those we met along the way. Sharing stories with the other trekkers was something to look forward to each evening. We had another presentation from Deanella Mack, a local Arrernte woman, on the social and family structures established in the area over thousands of years. Despite the dislocation and dispossession since white settlement, many of these traditions persist. It was interesting to hear about the Skin Name System that determined how families and marriages are organised. She also spoke of the connections between the human, physical and sacred world, and how these are not seen as separate entities, but are fully integrated. Hearing Deanella's stories and being in the country of which she spoke, I understood more clearly the importance of country to the significance of both the human and sacred world. Western (white) culture builds monuments and churches to signify our stories and worship. For aboriginal people the waterholes and rocks are their cathedrals and the animals integral to their stories that give meaning to their lives. I heard from several people who talked about the difference between spending time in other places (such as Canberra or even Alice Springs) and being on country. Apart from the special time I spent with Finn, I expect planting the seed of learning about indigenous culture will be one of my most enduring memories of this trip. ✨

For more information about Deanella Mack, Oxfam Close the Gap and Huma Charity Challenge go to:

www.culturalconnections.com.au/

www.oxfam.org.au/what-we-do/indigenous-australia/

www.youtube.com/watch?v=e2P3PuOkVWU



A Birth

BEN DRAPER

I would gladly tear something out of my mind, if only it would give me peace. I cannot bear these dreams.

My family was pleased and so was hers, but that was then. "Have a wife in your home before you have a beard on your chin", my father said, And so it nearly was. I had some earliest growth of soft fuzz when I took her as my wife.

But such dreams I have had. I dreamed of the stoning. Jagged, heavy stones that would tear her flesh and break her bones. Bruised and broken, she would be beaten to the ground, Unable to move or rise, helpless and defenceless. I dreamed of this, again and again. And others. Horrible, horrible dreams.

Of course such things happen but not among those who love the Law. Perhaps there would be no stoning. Even so, she would be ostracised and live as a stranger, And people would point and whisper as long as she lived. People were doing that from as soon as it was known. And they flung dust and dirt at me as well. They spat at me and said that I was lying. My family was ashamed. Hers was too, and furious. You will live in disgrace and die alone, they said, to both of us.

I could not hide. I could not sleep. When I did sleep, I could not rest.

And then that dream. That other dream.

She really was very special. To know her was to love her. And everyone did love her.

She was calm, poised and peaceful. My parents thought she was regal. Perhaps Abigail, wise and beautiful Abigail, was like her. There was truth in her bearing and in her being. I wondered if she was of heaven. I knew that disloyalty was beyond her, like our mother Ruth.

I was whirling. There was no sky and no earth. Light flooded and swirled about. There was a silence that I could feel. A voice spoke, without words. It was all over in a single tremendous moment But I knew, I knew, I knew That the pregnancy was of God.

It was my first moment of peace. I ran and told my father. As soon as he heard what I was saying, he shouted at me. I had never heard him shout. He threw me against a wall and hit me. Others came running. They shouted, and threw dirt at me. I lay on the ground sobbing for hours.

Soon after, we ran away to Bethlehem. As soon as we could after the birth, we came to Egypt. I have no idea what will become of us, Mary and me and our son. ✨

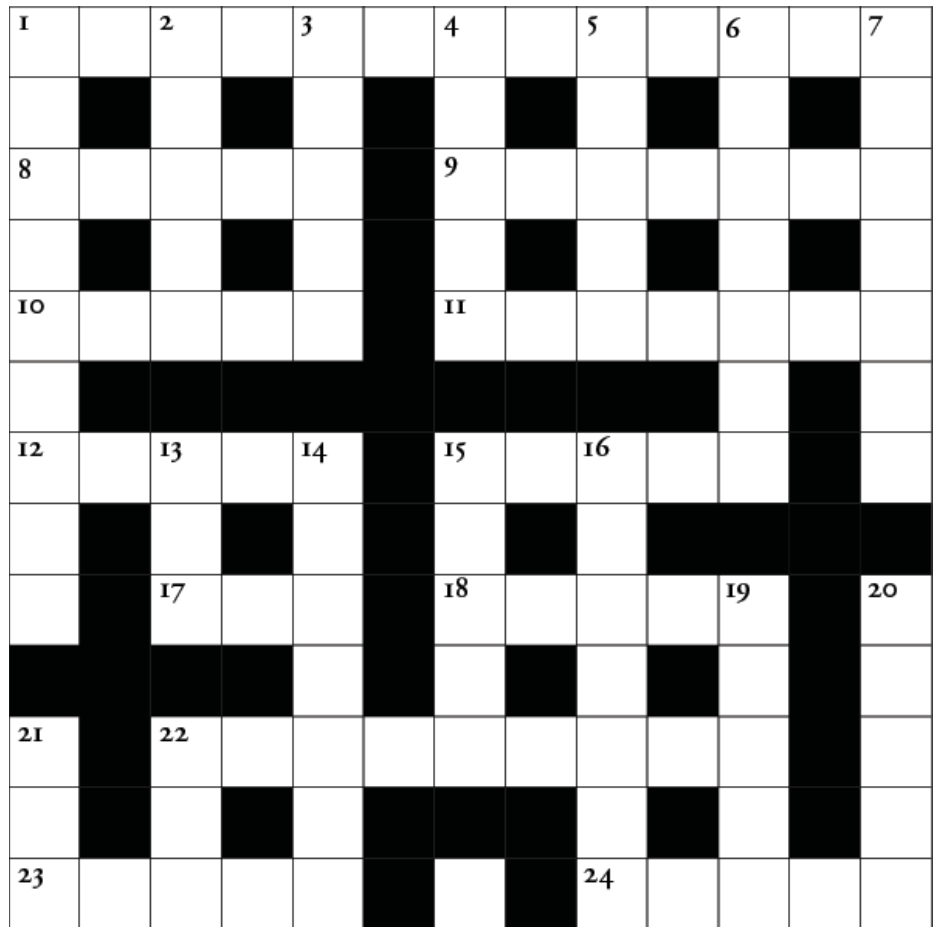
Crossword

BEN DRAPER

Complete the crossword by filling in a word that fits each clue

DOWN

1. A quality of Christ, according to the Te Deum (9)
2. English philosopher, founder of empiricism and thus of the clash between science and religion (5)
3. Forbidden to original Jews to use in their worship (5)
4. Minor prophet (5)
5. Hoods, as worn in clothings of monks (5)
6. Home of 14th century anchoress Julian (7)
7. Serious divisions in the Church; as that between Rome and Constantinople in 1054 (7)
13. Symbol of penitence (3)
14. Bind inescapably, the consequence of sin (7)
15. One of the lowest of the nine heavenly choirs (5)
16. Good news, gospel (7)
19. Access; for example, the Kingdom of God (5)
20. Latin; 'I believe that' (5)
21. Christogram (3)
22. One of thirteen popes of this name; the last died in 1903 (3)



ACROSS

1. The children of Bethlehem who were killed on the orders of Herod (4,9)
8. The ancient council at which the doctrine of the Trinity was defined (5)
9. The site of the vicarage in which the Bronte sisters grew up (7)
10. One of Chaucer's pilgrims; an old, irritable and shrewd manager of estate (5)
11. People who seek by contemplation and self-surrender to obtain unity with or absorption into God; as, for example, St John of the Cross (7)
12. Writer of hymn 'Jerusalem' (5)
15. First letter of the Hebrew alphabet (5)
17. Bohemian reformer, 15-16th centuries (3)
18. Gift, second only to God's presence (5)
22. Church window, traditionally both decorative and instructive (9)
23. Long black scarf (5)
24. Musical term; very slow (5)

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SAINT JOHN'S SERVICES
Sunday
 8:00am & 9:30am Eucharist
 11:00am Kids@Church 1st Sunday
Wednesday
 11:30am 3rd Wednesday of the month
 6:00pm Meditation each Wednesday
Thursday 10:00am Eucharist
Friday 7:30am Eucharist

SAINT AGNES' SERVICES
Sunday
 9:30am Eucharist
Tuesday
 9:00am Eucharist