



the Eagle and Lamb

Summer Edition

December 2016



THE CHURCH FETE 2016

The Story of *the* Cake Stall

BY JUDY JOBLING

Historically, the cake stall has been an integral part of any church fete. I believe, although it is not recorded, that William the Conqueror stopped at a church fete for a cream sponge on his way to battle.

I remember as a child having to nurse trays of cakes as our Ford Prefect would make its way to the church hall where it

would be unloaded with many others. But I digress. . . .

The 2016 cake stall was a wonderful array of cakes, slices, biscuits, quiches, sausage rolls and other delicacies.

*"I never cease
to be amazed
at the generosity
of Saint John's
& St Agnes'
parishioners."*

There is a little nervousness prior to the event in case we don't get enough stock but we should have faith. The cakes will come. The cake packs that were placed at the back of the church are a marvellous help and remind us to get baking.

As well as selling all the beautiful food the workers had time to chat and catch up on important matters, like families and news around the parish. We enjoyed that part of the day very much. When one thinks about the fete, the camaraderie on the day is wonderful. Everyone looks after each other and makes sure we each have time for a break and a well-earned cup of tea on the vicarage lawn.

The stall was well prepared for the day's trading by the time the doors opened and everything went without a hitch. We even had an autumnal theme with pretty autumn leaves scattered among the cakes. Next year's theme may include a Palm Court orchestra but we will have to research that one. All in all, a wonderful day with a resounding financial outcome. Thank you to everyone who contributed in some way. Your contribution is greatly appreciated.





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GOD DIDN'T
MAKE MISTAKES

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DAVID CARTER
AND MERELYN CARTER – C 2004
(CONTRIBUTED BY DOUGLAS EDDY)

*I remember running home from school;
Tears streaming down my face,
Through the open door I flew into
My father's strong embrace.
As he wiped away my tears
I found the strength to speak.
"The kids at school all call me names:
What's wrong with me?"*

*God made you perfect.
Just you remember that.
Every hair he put in place,
every freckle on your face.
He made you perfect,
No matter what they say.
You see, when God made all of us,
He didn't make mistakes.*

*When I look into my mirror,
Not liking what I see,
I try to find the smile that
hides my insecurities
'Cause in my heart the worst is
easier to believe.
So every time I doubt myself
These words come back to me.*

*God made you perfect.
Just you remember that.
Every hair he put in place,
every freckle on your face.
He made you perfect,
No matter what they say.
You see, when God made all of us,
He didn't make mistakes.*

*When I'm too scared to try once more
To face the world and be ignored,
To search to find somewhere that I fit in,
I know I'm not the only one
Who feels like I just don't belong, it's true,
And if you feel the same way too, don't forget*

*God made you perfect.
Just you remember that.
Every hair he put in place,
every freckle on your face.
He made you perfect,
No matter what they say.
You see, when God made all of us,
He didn't make mistakes. ✂*



NEW DAY BOXES

BY AMALIE AND LORI PEAKE

Under Maree Burt's guidance, St Agnes's congregation is supporting the New Day Boxes charity again this year. Our congregation and their friends have been filling one or more shoe boxes which will be delivered to the New Day Box venue in the city in early December.

For those who are unfamiliar with the charity, New Day Box is a charity run by three women, for women who are victims of domestic violence, seeking shelter for themselves and their children throughout the year, but particularly during the Christmas and New Year period.

Apart from the shoe boxes having essential toiletries such as comb/brush/toothpaste/toothbrush/cleanser/moisturiser/deodorant etcetera, donors are encouraged to including something a little more personal such as: a scarf/ear-rings/ socks/confectionery that isn't perishable/ stress ball/ pen and notebook etc) along with a card with a caring message for the recipient.

This ensures the gift is not only practical for women in the shelter environment, but also provides them with treats at a time when they do their utmost to make their children's Christmas as enjoyable as possible under the circumstances, but are often forgotten themselves. Hopefully, each New Day Box reminds these women that there are people who care about them and their wellbeing, and mostly, that they are not forgotten, particularly at Christmas.

A special 'Thank You' goes to Gilmore Shoe Shop in Glen Huntly Road for their donation of shoe boxes, Sunnybrook Health Food Shop on North Road, Ormond for their greatly appreciated contributions again this year, one of their distributors, 'Organic Formulations' based at Riddell's Creek for their generous donation of organic body butters, shampoos and conditioners and to Tony Barron from St Agnes who provided some beautiful pieces of fabric which were used to line many of the boxes.

*"Hopefully, each
New Day Box
reminds these
women that there
are people who
care about them"*

When ready, the boxes will be transported by a few of the congregation to a central depot in the city. From there, the boxes will be taken to shelters around Melbourne by a select group of people associated with the shelters. May the women who receives our boxes know that someone unknown to them cares about them in their time of difficulty and need. ✂

To celebrate the centenary of the parish in 1983, Hazel wrote *Born in the Boom*, a history of the parish from its foundation. The book conveys a great deal about the parish and also a great deal about its author. It is meticulous in its detail and comprehensive in its treatment; clearly, the work of one who was intimately involved in every aspect of parish life and affairs over a long period of time. It attends to the people who had a part in the story, with perceptive and insightful views about them and their contributions, showing the author to be a person of sympathy and understanding. Its clear and precise language is testimony to a mind that was likewise clear and precise. It is also an eloquent demonstration of her wry, understated humour.

Hazel came from an age that was in many ways different from the present. Her father was a solicitor with his office in Queen Street in Melbourne. Her brothers worked in the same firm. They were gentlemen, and they dined, five days a week, at their club in the city. As they followed the ways of gentlemen, Hazel learnt the qualities of gentlewomen, such as humility, humour, integrity and honesty, and practised them with distinction all her life. In that age, it was accepted in the ways of families, that, when circumstances required it, one of the girls of the family would take responsibility for the care of their mother, surrendering any idea of marriage and career in order to do that, and, equally, for the care of a sibling, which is how life fell for Hazel. Her sister Evelyn, three years older than she, was unwell from her childhood. It was clear that the usual life pathways were not available to her, so Hazel accepted that it would be her lifetime responsibility to provide the care that Evelyn needed. Her mother fell into ill health later, and Hazel cared for her also. Her commitment to both was devoted and unconditional. Kindness and gentleness were prominent in her character. In a situation that many would never contemplate today, Hazel accepted all the restrictions that these commitments entailed and lived a life that was, nevertheless, admirable and triumphant.



HAZEL MARGARET SHANKLY

05 JUNE 1926 – 20 NOVEMBER 2014

BY ROBIN RICHARDS, BETTY LADBURY, JUDITH ROBERTS & MARGARET JOSEPH

She worked for some time as secretary for her brother and learned not only a wide range of secretarial skills but also secretarial habits of precision and order. When it was required that she leave her work, she devoted herself to her caring role, and she continued, as all her family, to support the parish of St John's East Malvern. In her case, that support was extraordinary.

A simple list of her involvements is formidable. She was the secretary of the Vestry for fifteen years and she was the recorder for the planned giving program. In both of these offices, her work was meticulous. She kept full and precise shorthand minutes of every meeting and dealt methodically with relevant correspondence and the other business of the council. Her financial records were scrupulously made; her mental records were as clear, full and accurate as those that she wrote out.

She was a volunteer at the opportunity shop from the time of its beginning in the late eighties, in the time of the

Rev Fred Wandmaker, and, by that means, made the acquaintance of numerous people who happily met her again and again as she recognised them, recalled the pleasures and problems they had told her about, and asked further about them. Selling them books, as she did, she also knew and followed their reading and discussed it with them as they returned to the shop. For some years, also, she was secretary to the committee that ran the op shop. She was also active in the Mothers' Union, and acted as the verger at weddings and funerals at St John's for many years. These were her formal roles. There were informal ones also; for example, she would gently mention, when needed, that the bell had not been rung, or that the altar cloths were due to be changed, and provided agreed signals for a vicar who was inclined to exceed a reasonable length in his preaching that he should quickly make preparations to conclude.

As if this were not enough. The parish had an annual festive occasion with its

annual cricket match between The Vicar's Eleven and The Central Park Hopfuls at Strath Creek, on the ground owned by Don McQueen, who had been a parishioner. Cricket has its own complications and these games had extra; for example, there were up to twenty players in these sides, despite the name they bore, and the host devised a way of conducting the play that allowed for a batsman to be given out up to three times before he would be sent from the ground. The method of scoring that was devised to scope with all of this was of extreme complexity. Only Hazel, with her keen eye and attention to detail, could manage those rules and it was her delight to do so.

It would be seriously false if any of this were to be taken to suggest that she was domineering or interfering; rather, she had unusual sensitivities in relation to other people. She was always approachable, and had a gentle, calm, humble manner. She also had a sense of humour and a keen wit so that people nearby were often amused by her impromptu asides about things that were happening.

It would also be seriously false if her life-long restriction to a domestic role were to be taken to suggest that she could not have married. In her youth, she was a tall, attractive woman with lovely blond hair and there were among her acquaintances men who might have wished to have their acquaintance become a closer and lasting relationship. However, her commitment to her sister and mother and the life she had undertaken was not open to compromise, much less abandonment, and she never allowed the prospect of marriage to be an option.

From about the age of twenty, and for perhaps twenty years, Hazel was the moving and guiding spirit of the Sunday School, as a teacher, a pianist and the superintendent. She was known to everyone in the Sunday school as *'Miss Shankly'*, and is still known in the same way by some senior members of our congregation who were pupils in her charge. She had direct charge of the youngest of the students, in the Sunday School kindergarten, a group

of about eighteen under the age of six. She followed a regular procedure of singing, story and colouring activities, which she altered by seating on a special chair whoever was having a birthday. Those who were scholars then still remember routinely singing 'Hear the pennies dropping' and 'Jesus bids us shine'. She was a calm, assured presence, never ruffled by children's misconduct but always gently and surely in control.

She was well suited to these many roles, not only for her administrative skills but also for her knowledge; for example, she had such a knowledge of the Bible that clergy would sometimes ask her to provide or confirm the chapter and verse location of some text that they needed on the spot, or its exact wording.

A simple list of her involvements is formidable.

She was further suited by her love for little children. It often happened that, when there was a new baby in the street, the parents would make a point of bringing the newly-arrived to meet Hazel. It was a love that extended to everyone in the parish, and also beyond. She enjoyed the respect and company of parishioners and knew the problems and joys in the lives of them all. She was both intensely private and also, and definitely, a people-oriented person. Her capacity for affection appeared also in her fondness for her neighbours' two little girls, and the pleasure she took in baby-sitting there. These were Victoria and Olivia, the daughters of Ray and Elizabeth Lee, all of them well known in the parish.

At home, she loved gardening and tended her garden with great care as long as she was able. In the garden at the front of her veranda, she had some dwarf nandina domestica that she nurtured with care. Those doing flower arrangements for the church would often ask for pieces to use. Her work in the op shop led to her making a collection of attractive pieces of china. She was a great reader and had wide interests and a formidable general

knowledge. She had opinions on many things but kept them to herself until she was asked. She enjoyed being able to sit on that veranda on a lovely day and read. She read *The Age* and *The Sun* each day and listened to Neil Mitchell on 3AW, and thus kept up with the news. She was an historian of great intensity. She had a vast knowledge of the East Malvern area, and she kept records of the church and of her own family for some seventy years or more. The domestic limitations to her life may not be taken as indicative of intellectual limitations; one, who knew her well, pays tribute to her brilliant mind.

To her last years, Hazel was physically stalwart. When she was no longer one of those who were rostered to work at the op shop, she nevertheless loved to be called to come and help on the counter. Hazel loved the parish picnic and attended it regularly. Others who were at the picnic on the last time that she was there, in 2013, marvelled at the way she walked to the dam and back again, a distance of a kilometre or more, at a time that she had trouble with her feet and any walking was difficult for her. After her [sister died in ?? and her father in ?? and her mother in ??] Hazel continued to live at home in Manning Road for as long as she was able. She had increasing difficulties in doing so and depended on her sister-in-law Marie in various ways; for example, to take her shopping. Late in her life she walked with a stick, and had a fall in the street that proved to be the turning point in her health. Eventually, she suffered a mild stroke and, after a stay in hospital, accepted the inevitable and moved into Cresthaven. There, she had another stroke and deteriorated quickly. Before she left her home, however, her neighbours held a street party in her honour to farewell her. Unassuming and self-effacing though she always was – for example, she firmly resisted the idea of naming part of the renovated parish hall as a memorial to her. She was hugely pleased by their intention to make such a tribute to her but felt it was not the luxury of the living to be given such an honour. ✽

Hazel Shankly Memorial Service Homily

BY THE REVEREND JOHN BALDOCK
27 NOVEMBER 2014

Well, after wondering about it for a very long time, today you all finally find out what age Hazel Shankly actually was. I spoke to one parishioner yesterday who commented that on seeing her Death Notice, she couldn't actually believe how *young* Miss Shankly was – Hazel was 88 by the way. This parishioner had only ever been able to call Hazel 'Miss Shankly', and she reflected on how 'old' (though not old) Hazel had first seemed to a six year-old in Saint John's Sunday School. I imagine Hazel was not much older than the photo in the service booklet, and what a bright-eyed young women she obviously was. You can see her intelligence. And can see how young ones at Sunday School would have been impressed by her.

I have been thinking about this funeral for the last six or so months. I did not want to be the Priest here when Hazel finally passed away. Because an era for this Parish ends today with Hazel. She was not our oldest parishioner, but she has been, for a long time, our most distinguished parishioner. Parish Historian. Parish Secretary. Parish Recorder. Op-Shop Secretary. Verger for weddings and funerals. And, of course, Sunday School Superintendent.

How many young lives did Hazel influence through her teaching and mentoring of the Christian faith? If Saint John's has been a centre of intelligent, principled, welcoming, sensitive, mature Christianity for many generations, it is in good measure because of Hazel Shankly. Because of her influence on generations of young people in this place. What a gift she has been to others. To Evelyn certainly but also to many, many others.

And the humble yet significant force of personality that made her what she was. No fool and not someone who suffered fools gladly - yet without any hint of maliciousness or self-indulgence or superiority. Hazel did have, though, a wonderful sense of humour, that came in handy when dealing with some of the things that a Verger or Parish Secretary has to deal with. So many stories gently told with a rye smile in her soft well-spoken manner. About outrageous brides. Cantankerous Vestry members - "Should I put that in the Minutes Vicar?" Silly clergyman. Corrupt Treasurers. Hazel had a wealth of wonderful stories to tell. And while her history of the parish is a terrific read, Hazel's untold history of Saint John's was far more colourful.

As I thought about what I knew of Hazel, and the stories people have shared with me over the years, and especially in the last few days, I am aware of the role she has played in the lives of hundreds of people - in the lives of her family, her students, her fellow parishioners, her friends, her Vicars. Yet Hazel's presence meant much more to us than just the roles she filled. In a sense, the role she exercised was in fact was a priestly role. She has been a channel of God's love in this place and beyond.

Now I don't mean this in any kind of sentimental way. Clergy might not like to admit this, but the fact is that while we come and go, the dedicated service and wise counsel of a Hazel Shankly ultimately has far more influence on the character of a parish than we might, in this role, in our few years.

If you are tempted to disagree, think of Hazel's observant eye, measured speech, quiet determination to see things done well. Hazel helped set the culture of this church. One of the most even-tempered, precise, and self-contained women I have ever known. And I'm told she was very like her father and brother in this way. And it is precisely those qualities that guided Hazel to be such a good mentor and teacher of others.

Such an inspiration.

Yes, Hazel had remarkable qualities. But more than just those qualities, Hazel was fired by a deeply religious conviction, that a love of God entails a love for all God's creatures, for all created things: big and small, grand and easily overlooked; for women and men and children of all sorts and conditions.

She knew that in order to teach others and to convince, you had to live the life yourself that you wished to encourage in others. To teach by forming students, not just informing them. To minister to the whole person, not just to the surface appearance. To know in your own life what it means to love and serve others, even when it is often costly to you.

Yes we have lost a mentor, a friend, an exemplar, a loved member of a loving family.

“Losses like this place us face to face with mystery.”

Now I know that mystery is a word that makes a lot of people uncomfortable. It often smacks of escape and avoidance of difficulty, and Hazel, certainly, was not one for pietistic sentimentality.

But what Hazel's passing presents to us this morning, what this death present to us, is mystery that Hazel believed strongly in. That in dying she would never again feel hunger or thirst, pain or suffering. That the sun shall not scorch her by day, nor the moon by night. That God will wipe away all tears from the eyes of those who mourn. That a good life lives on eternally.

In mourning Hazel, and in celebrating her extraordinary life, we commend her to the mystery of a love that never ceases. To the mystery of the passionate God who created her, in the sense of forming her humanity. The God who redeemed her and who sustains her still. May her soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen. ✠

THE CHURCH FETE 2016

Some people are very special

BY ROBIN RICHARDS

Back in October 2015, when the Vicar announced the date of the 2016 Saint John's Fete would be Saturday April 30, 2016, there was a huge (silent) sigh – of exhausted resistance! The general thought was “How can we do it again?”

However, with the ever caring and gentle persuader Rosemary Wickett at the helm it all moved forward, ever so slowly at first. She protested – quite strongly for some time – at the suggestion that she should be the co-ordinator. She had done it before – alone and in tandem with others in the Parish in the past, a number of times, and she did not need to, could not, would not ever do it again! But she did!

Soon after her final agreement, her consuming thoughts were how it can be a better, different, more engaging fete with the immediate parishes and broader community.

Easy? Well yes and no! The idea of highlighting and repeating the stalls that worked well last time, add to them and finding some extras was not quite so easy. Many previous stall holders were older, away, injured, or unable to take the lead as before. But Rosemary had a plan.

It took some real “Rosemary skills” to suggest, coax, encourage, lead, push and pull some of us through the resistance barriers to get us at last to the positive thinking stage. Finally we believed that as a united group of two parishes – Saint Agnes and Saint John's – we could and would do another fete.

The planning and chatting and talking began. Ideas were tossed around, decisions made and new stalls emerged. Rosemary agreed with each forward step – as small as each seemed in the beginning. We soon forgot about the



“people began coming forward to offer their services to Rosemary for ‘anything’ and ‘everything’.”

‘can't do's’ and began to focus on the ‘can do's’, and people began coming forward to offer their services to Rosemary for ‘anything’ and ‘everything’.

The music was different this year. The usual Street Organ Musician was unavailable. Some ears were very happy about this, even though he provided a massive sound that identified the fete to the wider neighbourhood all day. As a substitute a beautiful brass jazz group and small string quintet alternated their skills and kept the musical entertainment running for most of the day.

The Splash Dunker was new and a great (water) hit with spectators. Many thanks to the brave souls who offered their bodies for the overhead splashing. It was fun and safe and, really, not too wet. The gardeners, the sausage sizzlers, the trash and treasurers, the raffle ticket sellers, the heirloom collectables, the

gourmet morning and afternoon tea makers, and the book sellers this year were joined with some curry, crepes and sausage rolls, pre-loved jewellery and accessories, and a fabulous Holy Cow Hamburger stall with the “angels” wearing co-ordinated designer T shirts. The animal petting farm and the jumping castle were again very popular with the little people. The counting house team were kept busy all day.

In order to make the whole day functional the site management team was on the job for days before-hand, from early morning till late , loading, unloading and positioning tables, gazebos, chairs, carrying and positioning stock. When all the fun was over they were on the job again returning tables and loading up for tip trips.

Throughout the day Rosemary's happy smile matched the beautiful sunny day. All the right weather buttons had been pressed, and again prayers answered. The parishioners and locals arrived in broad waves to enjoy and take part in a most successful day.

Many many thanks to you Rosemary Wickett for your selfless example, strength, encouragement, leadership and commitment to Saint John's and Saint Agnes in many ways, and particularly for the fete this year. ✠

CONVERSATION WITH THE ARCHBISHOP, JUNE 22

BY BEN DRAPER

EDITORIAL

On the morning of June 22 there were about two hundred people gathered in Deakin Edge at Federation Square to listen to the conversation that the Archbishop, Dr Philip Freier, was to have with Hugh Mackay. Who would not have been glad of the chance to sit and talk with Hugh Mackay for an hour or so?

What they heard could not have been a disappointment. Hugh Mackay is a social researcher, and well and justly known as a man of a thorough knowledge of Australian society and the currents and opinions that are abroad in it, and of measured, clear and articulate speech. The conversation was prompted, guided and sometimes provoked by the experienced, perceptive and deeply knowledgeable John Cleary, who has presented numerous programs in the field of religion and related matters on radio and television for the ABC.

The nominated subject was the search for meaning. Predictably, the conversation was focussed on contemporary religion. It ranged over whether religion is in decline or in a state of change, and the general opinion was that the public practice of religion is broadly in decline but religion is alive and well, despite the voices of its detractors, and is taking a different form from the traditional church-based religion of the past.

Some churches are doing well in these days. Many charismatic groups and Hillsong-type churches are growing, and cathedral attendances are generally higher than a few decades ago, perhaps because of the theatrical character of their worship.

The discussion dwelt for some time on the fundamental human need to give and receive love, and the complementary needs of individuals for social groups where they can find

a place of belonging, and of social groups for individuals who can contribute to their health and purposes. This led to the idea that those churches that are doing well in the present are those that provide for those needs.

It was a stimulating and rewarding session, with its provision to hear the thoughts of three articulate and intelligent people who are so well aware of the present. The venue is splendid, alike for its location in the centre of the city and beside the station that is at the centre of the suburban rail network, its ample merits as a large and intimate auditorium, and – I was grateful for it on a winter morning – its comfort.

These events are monthly, with a break over the holiday period and another in the winter months. They are usually stimulating, informative and worthwhile. You might find them an enriching addition to your diary. ✂

Grace before the Meal

MARIGOLD AND BEN DRAPER

In some families, saying grace together before a meal was a regular practice. In some families, the habit died out, often because the same form of words, repeated over and over, became a meaningless formality. If that happened for you, and if you have an inclination to resume that discarded practice of prayer, here are some graces that you have not seen that you might wish to use.

We thank you, Lord, that you have brought our way through sleep and rest to this new day. With thanks we take this morning meal. Your presence and love in us reveal And sanctify all we do and say.

As the food you have given us is ours, may the day you have given us be yours, holy and gracious God

For all that is past, we thank you. For all that is present, we need you. For all that is future, we trust you.

We thank you, Lord, for all your goodness; and chiefly now for this food before us.

You have raised us from the earth, you direct us to heaven, you give us food for our way. For every good and gracious gift we give you our thanks and praise.

For your gift of life, for your gift of all that sustains it, for your gift of all that fills it with joy; we give you our thanks and praise.

We rejoice in your presence through the day that is passing; we rest in your care through the night to come; but now for the food by your goodness you give us,

we praise your great and holy name. For these and all your mercies so freely given, we give you our thanks.

Lord God, we give you thanks for your presence through the day, for peace and health and love. We thank you for the food before us and pray your care remaining o'er us through the night to come. ✂

A WORD FROM THE REV. ADAM SMALLBONE

By DOUGLAS EDDY

Following the Death of a Much-Loved School Teacher, Mr Matthew Feld

It's very difficult to know what to say at times like this. We won't be seeing . . . Mr Feld again here . . . because Matthew's gone somewhere else now. Matthew didn't believe in Heaven . . . but I do.

I don't know what it is . . . but I do know a story that gives me an idea.

It's a story about a lot of little . . . bugs that lived at the bottom of a river . . . and every now and then, one of the bugs would crawl up a plant, up through the water into the light, and he'd never be seen again by his friends.

And one day, one special little bug felt that he wanted to crawl up the plant too.

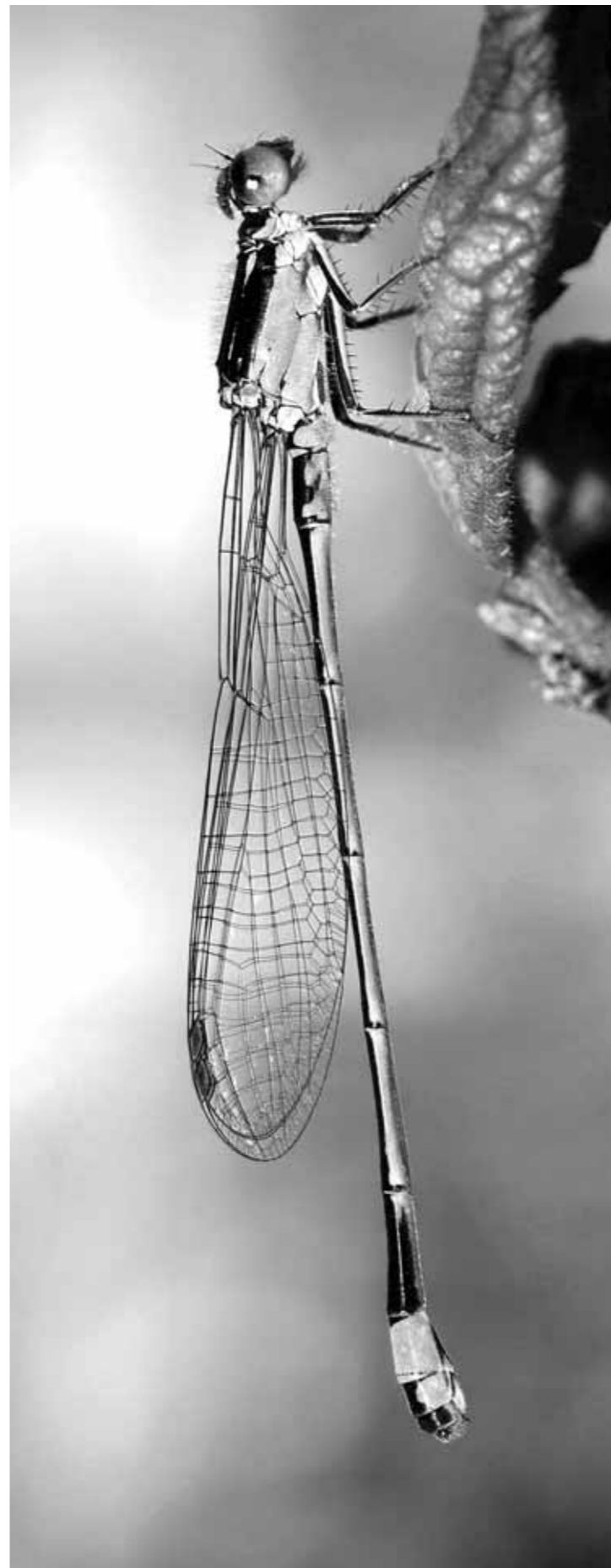
So he did.

He crawled up the plant, through the water, into the light . . . and he turned into an amazing colourful dragonfly . . . and he flew around the air and he was the happiest he had ever been.

But when he tried to fly back down into the water to tell his bug friends how wonderful it was, he found he couldn't.

He couldn't get down into the water any more, because . . . he wasn't a bug any more. He was a dragonfly.

And this upset him . . . until he remembered that one day . . . all his friends would crawl up the plant too and join him in the sun. ✂



Musical news

BY TOM BALDWIN

Evensong in 2016

As we near the end of 2016, it seems appropriate to reflect on the service of Evensong, which is held at St John's on the first Sunday of every month at 6pm (except January), and always proves to be a service of beautiful music, reflection, and prayer. The choir has sung music ranging from the Renaissance to the present day, and has tackled some challenging repertoire over the course of this year. In May, St John's also had the pleasure of hosting members of FOAM (Friends of Anglican Music) at Evensong. At this service, a choir of around fifty singers filled St John's with their voices, which was certainly a mighty sound! Special mention must be made to our organist, Yi-Shuen Chan, who has played at most of these services, and has always provided us organ playing of the highest quality, whether it be accompanying the choir, or sending us out with a thrilling postlude!

Farewell to Lyndon

Lyndon Green sang in his final service as our tenor choral scholar on Sunday 13 November, having been at St John's for the best part of three years. Lyndon has been a dedicated member of the choir during this time, and has approached his role at St John's with a professionalism that will serve him well as he makes his way in the music world. Although we won't have the pleasure of hearing Lyndon sing on a weekly basis, I'm sure he will return to St John's from time to time to sing with the choir, and perhaps even the occasional recital if we are lucky!

Congratulations to Iris

Our soprano choral scholar, Iris Ferwerda, recently attained her AMusA in singing, which is a wonderful achievement. Iris' enthusiasm for singing is present for all to see, and we are privileged to have her as one of our choral scholars at St John's.

Inaugural choir fundraising dinner a great success

In September, the inaugural St John's choir fundraising dinner was held in the church hall. Those in attendance were treated to a delicious dinner (courtesy of Amanda), as well as an enjoyable evening of musical entertainment, ranging from sacred choral favourites, to madrigals, and some solo numbers from our very own choral scholars. The event was also a success in terms of fundraising, with the proceeds going towards the choral scholarships that are awarded to promising young singers each year. We hope to make next year's fundraising dinner even better as it becomes a regular event in the St John's calendar. 🌿



Jazz Mass

Comments from Parishioners



"A bonus. We are lifted by having more young people in it." Janice Barton

"Really moving and greatly captivating." Betty

"A great beat. The choir was fabulous." Liz

"Enjoyable. I like jazz." Sue Dammary

"Great music. A thoroughly enjoyable service." Bron Williams

"The choir sang Chilcott's Jazz Mass and two spirituals with great gusto and verve. With the trio behind us, St John's was transformed into a gospel church for all who came along." Tom Baldwin

"Having jazz as part of the service allowed for another way to express one's relationship with the church of Jesus." Tom, in the trio

"Spiritual. Uplifting. The music was gorgeous." Margaret Garing

"I have really enjoyed singing the Jazz Mass at St John's. It has been lovely to be able to perform with the choir and jazz trio. I am looking forward to the next time we perform this." Iris

"Inclusive. Delightful." Susie

"Beat and spirit. The beat of the Gloria, the rhythm of the Sanctus, and the spirit of Steal Away during the eucharist. It was all just right, even for one whose musical preferences come from hundreds of years ago." Ben Draper

"Joyful. Uplifting. And a lot of fun." Chris Martin

"Wonderful. I enjoyed last week and again this week. I am reminded of John the Divine's remark, 'See, I am making all things new'. 'Classical' means to take something out of the old tradition and to transcribe it into the new." Michael Good 🌿



THE CHOIR DINNER. SEP. 10 2016

Singers. Suppers.

BY CHRIS MARTIN

Saturday, August 10th saw the start of a new tradition – the Choir Dinner. It may have been cold outside, but inside the hall it was warm and convivial. Guests were greeted with an excellent Wolf Blass sparkler and the conversations flowed. Tom B, choir master and master of ceremonies for the night, called us to order and to our seats. He spoke eloquently of the role of a choir in Christian worship and then assembled the choir on the stage to entertain us with two items: Church favourites by Tallis and Mozart. Then down to an excellent plate of antipasto – proscuitto, olives, grilled capsicum and artichokes, mozzarella, sun-dried tomatoes, as well as dips and Turkish bread. Feeling mellow, we were then treated to two art songs by Lyndon Green (Tenor Scholar),

accompanied by Tom on the piano. The whole choir then followed with three enchanting madrigals.

The main event was smorgasbord main course. The caterers had prepared a feast of roast beef and chicken, vegetables and salads. They were attractively presented and our appetites were revived and satisfied. A lovely surprise for the night followed when Georgia – our Alto Scholar – sang two jazz classics for us. Who knew she had this other singing talent?

This emboldened the Vicar to then deliver his party piece, that great favourite, Alexander Beetle – a lovely and lilting rendition it was, and which then led onto the results of the Silent Auction, which had been most generously patronised by those present. A number of prizes had been donated by parishioners and groups connected to the Parish – I for one am looking forward to my prize of a day at the races!

Tom took a break at this time and handed the baton over to the unsinkable Rick Berman. The choir looked as astonished as the audience as they presented Bach's Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring kazoo-style on the comb and

tissue. This called for an encore of Doh, a deer and The Lonely Goatherd.

It was a struggle, but we managed sweets of brownies and baclava, which rounded off a wonderful night of fun and friendship. All who attended – and there was even a good number of regular 'eight o'clockers' – agreed this must become a fixture on the St John's calendar.

A lovely surprise for the night followed when Georgia – our Alto Scholar – sang two jazz classics for us.

The Dinner raised funds for the choir to purchase new music and help pay for our wonderful choral scholars and music director who together have reinvigorated the choir and raised the standard of music in our services. Next year the date will be announced earlier so that many more of us can enjoy the food, wine, music and wonderful evening of good old Anglican fellowship. 🌿

“The holy spirit is in you”

BY DOUGLAS EDDY

Another dimension of the reality of being a member of the Body of Christ has been illuminated by the much respected (particularly by me) Pastor of the Bethel Church in Redding, California, Bill Johnston.

In a teaching sermon, entitled “The Holy Spirit is in you” (look for it under that title on YouTube upon which a good deal of the substance of this essay relies) Bill Johnston, who is also an inspired Biblical scholar and author of many books, including my favourite of his: “When Heaven Invades Earth”, leads his audience on a journey of hope and discovery in a world where there is so much evil. In this atmosphere of evil, people may be driven into fear, despondency and depression.

Bill Johnston makes the point that believers need to be balanced, adding that balance is not being somewhere between joy and depression. Rather, it is in a passion for God and a passion for people as we gather around the actual presence of the Lord where it is possible to see normal everyday Christians do what Jesus did.

The Prophet Isaiah prays: Oh that you would rend (tear) the heavens and come down,... to make your name known... and that the nations might tremble at your presence. (Isaiah 64:1-2). Pastor Bill links this with Mark 1:8-11: “In those days Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John the Baptist in the Jordan. And when he came up out of the water, immediately he saw the heavens being torn open and the Spirit descending on him like a dove”.

In the gospel of John the account has it that the Spirit descended and

remained [μενω], 1:33. In his 824 page commentary on the Gospel of John, Dr Leon Morris notes that John “is not talking about a vision or dream. He actually saw the Holy Spirit come down upon Jesus in a form like that of a dove.”

When John writes that Jesus saw the heavens parting, the word he uses is the same word that Matthew uses (at the death of Jesus) when the curtain of the temple was torn in two from the top to the bottom (Matthew 27:51).

Many people, throughout the ages have believed they were stewards of the message. The Lord in this day wants to raise up a generation that are stewards of the manifest presence of God. The Holy Spirit lives in every believer, and “the Father in Heaven is jealous for fellowship with the Spirit that he has made to dwell in us” (James 4:5).

The danger for us is we become impressed with darkness: it leaves an impression, we become fearful of the times we live in, of the obstacles, the darkness – and we pray in reaction to the darkness instead of responding to the Father. Jesus did not live in reaction to the powers of darkness but responded to the Father and told us: “I only do what I see my Father do and I only say what my Father said.”

There’s nothing that can stand against the power of the resurrected Christ in you. Above every true believer there is an open heaven.

Jesus promised that “whoever believes in me will also do the works that I do; and greater works than these will he do, because I am going to the Father” (John 14:12). And here he is modelling something for us in that what he did was as a human being, vis. Philippians 2:7 – he “emptied himself, by taking the form of a servant”.

Over the years, as recorded in “Acts of the Apostles”, there have been many examples of the works of the Spirit in and through believers. To mention a couple, we have the experience of Peter in Acts 5:15 –

“they even carried out the sick into the streets and laid them on cots and mats, that as Peter came by at least his shadow might fall on some of them”

and of Stephen just before he was stoned to death – Acts 7:54-56:

“(Stephen) full of the Holy Spirit, gazed into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. And he said, behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God”.

For some concluding words we might ponder on Isaiah 43:1 – ...thus says the Lord: “Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by your name, you are mine” and as is recorded in John 16:33, Jesus said: “In the world you will have tribulation. But take heart; I have overcome the world”.

“they even carried out the sick into the streets and laid them on cots and mats, that as Peter came by at least his shadow might fall on some of them”

So, as members of the Body of Christ, where do we go from here? An encouraging thought is that Jesus did His miracles as a man in what is a private world and a public world .

By way of illustration, David, before he was ever a King, as a shepherd boy killed a Lion and a Bear as he was watching over his father’s sheep when nobody was watching him and that’s what qualified him to kill Goliath when two entire nations were watching. God is looking for people that will have private victories in secret places: hidden for them to find by adventure.

If you make history when nobody’s watching, God will make history through you when everybody is watching! ✂

Alice and Wilf Clarke married when Alice was 23. They had three children, first John then the twins Elizabeth and Timothy. Alice’s relationship with St Agnes started well before this. She was born on 20th March 1922 and baptised Alice Beatrice Victoria Osbourne, at St Agnes. Her parents Nellie and Stanley lived locally and Stanley returned from World War One with a head wound and crippled hand which precluded him from resuming his profession as a bookbinder. He had a series of positions driving vans and at times money was very scarce. Alice attended Glen Huntly primary school and left school at 15. She always loved sewing and spent a year at home practising her art and sewing for the family. When she was 15 she went to work as a seamstress at Ball and Welsh and stayed for 18 years when she had reached the position of Head of the Department

With her 4 sisters Alice attended St Agnes Sunday school and was part of two youth groups associated with the Anglican Church in Bentleigh and also with a Methodist Youth group. It was at one of these groups where Wilf and Alice met and they waited till Wilf had returned from active service in the war in Papua New Guinea before they married. Alice and Wilf both believed their lives of faith began at their baptism and both believed that God entered their lives then and had special tasks for them. They carried this faith throughout their long lives together.

Each morning they had a quiet time of silence and prayer and conversation together and each day dedicated their lives to God and sorted out any small differences or problems they had encountered. Each morning they waited in silence to hear what God wanted of them.

Wilf, in Alice’s words, was a wonderful man with a tremendous care for people. The people at St Agnes emphatically endorse this. He was always willing to do something for somebody else and as a skilled carpenter he did this in abundance. Any repairs or



Lives of Faith at St Agnes. Alice and Wilf Clarke

BY BEV HEWLETT

improvements to the church buildings were carried out by Wilf as part of his service to his God. He propagated and provided plants for the most successful plant stall at the annual fete and, as well, did the restoration work on the Vicarage. Alice did vast amounts of sewing for the fete and between them they ensured that the fete was a huge success year after year, not only financially but also in building up community and lasting friendships.

They both believed that hospitality was a Christian privilege, as was service to people. Wherever they were located, Wilf was a strong Trade Union man and helped anyone in his neighbourhood who needed help. He had a wonderful community spirit. Alice served as President of the Mothers’ Union and commissioned the lovely statue of the Madonna and Child which graces St Agnes today.

Alice and Wilf spent two years in India when their children became independent. In Wilf’s words, from A History of St Agnes by Neville Drummond (page 105),

“In 1970 we received an unexpected invitation from the grandson of Mahatma Ghandi to give of our heads, our hearts and our hands in helping to build and run a training centre, where men and women of many faiths and widely different backgrounds could learn together, by listening to the “Inner Voice” to discover motives, skills and disciplines for their lives. We had a wonderful experience of God’s provision for our fares and support while we were there, some parishioners of St Agnes helping us.”

Wilf and Alice also some spent months in Papua New Guinea building a home for missionaries. In PNG Alice worked with him as his “builder’s labourer”

They gently accepted the more recent changes in the Anglican Church and supported each of their priests loyally. Wilf went to God in 2014 and, just before he died, assured Alice that that they would be with God together. He said to Alice, “I will be with you when you are ready to meet God”. Alice said she hadn’t expected to wait this long! She is now 94 and attends St Agnes every Sunday for worship and prays at home every day.

What wonderful examples and fellow pilgrims Wilf and Alice are for us all. ✂

ORGANISTS AT ST JOHNS

BY BRIAN SIMPSON

When Jennifer and I started attending St John's early in 1985, Steven Baldwin was the organist. But perhaps I could start with a story that Steven told me, related to an earlier time. The choir used to sit behind the current altar. The organ console was where the wooden grille now is. A narrow door led into the organ chamber, and then a smaller one to the outside of the building. A certain organist thought the sermon represented wasted smoking time, and sometimes slipped out via the route outlined to have a puff. One morning the small door slammed, locking him out. He had to return through the main church, sliding on to the organ bench alongside another who had filled in during his absence. But I digress.

Steven Baldwin was, I think, a public servant during the week. He played the organ beautifully. He was a wonderful improviser. I was often moved by his link pieces, or variations on well-known tunes or themes. Even Happy Birthday could be woven into a postlude. Steven's sister, Jenny, was also a great contributor at St John's. Steven became organist at Townville Cathedral. He returned recently to play at the wedding of Sam Johnston. And he is now organist at Christ Church, Acland St, St Kilda.

Steven was followed for a short time by David Brennan, who during the week was an industrial chemist.

David played with great attention to the spirit of any occasion. He left us to become Music Director at St Martin's, Hawksburn. He recently retired from there, and has returned to St Johns as a member of our congregation and occasional organist. I find his quiet contributions often very moving indeed.

Dr Terry Norman followed. He was an academic at the Victorian College of the Arts. He had a great interest in early



music, and on one occasion brought his harpsichord for a performance at our church. At the end, the instrument, minus legs, was packed into the back of a large station sedan, and with the vicar Fred Wandmaker sitting in the front passenger seat as it drove off, one observer got quite the wrong idea! Terry has more recently served as organist at Christ Church Brunswick, and in the UK.

“He found it difficult to comprehend that not all of us were accomplished sight-readers or pitch-finders!”

Our next Music Director was Tim Clark. Tim, a public servant in the weektime, was another devout Christian, for whom the music served a very definite purpose. He put great effort into the Christmas choir, and I enjoyed singing under his leadership. Tim moved on to St Pauls, East Kew. Another Tim, quite a different personality, followed. The son of a clergyman, Tim Stevens was a very talented jazz musician.

He is making a big name for himself in the Melbourne and wider jazz scenes, with some fine recordings and important performances under his belt. Tim's style in conducting the Christmas choirs was less forgiving than that of some others. He found it difficult to comprehend that not all of us were accomplished sight-readers or pitch-finders!

Then came Cheryl Jenkins. Cheryl was a pupil of well-known Melbourne organist John Mallinson (ex-organist of St Patricks Cathedral, and more recently St Georges, Malvern). She gave us her best, and then moved to Ewing Memorial, where she has served until recently.

This brings us to about 2005 and the arrival of Bruce Fethers. He worked during the week for the Coles Myer organization. (Now he helps run music appreciation classes for youngsters – Mini Maestros.) Bruce is a wonderfully talented organist, having had previous posts at Scots Church, and St Georges, Malvern. To me, his music is reverent, but also always interesting, and often exciting. His arrangements of last verses of hymns are in many cases awe-inspiring, and his variations, key changes and interpolations keep us on our toes.



I enjoy Bruce's music enormously. And having sung in some of his Christmas choirs, I have learnt how devastatingly effective a smile can be in bringing people into line. Bruce resigned from our organist's bench, after some sixteen years. Hugh Fullarton, a very talented and well-qualified musician took the role after Bruce, but moved on to Canberra after a little over a year with us.

But wait, there's more. We have the incredibly talented young Yi Shuen Chang. She is studying for her Master of Music Performance degree under St Paul's Cathedral former organist, June Nixon. The more difficult the piece, the more Yi Shuen seems to relish it. Hearing her play music of the great French masters is awe-inspiring. I have heard Yi Shuen play in concert on the Melbourne Town Hall organ, at St Paul's, and elsewhere. Her technique is sensational. At one master class, the master said at the end "You leave me nothing to say!"

We are now extremely fortunate to have Tom Baldwin as our Organist and Musical Director. And what a wonderful job he is doing with our choir, with the addition of a number of enthusiastic and talented choral scholars.

He alternates on the organ bench with Yi Shuen and David Brennan.

So, put Tom, David and Yi Shuen together, and I believe we are truly fortunate in our music leadership today at St Johns. Music is a great feature of our worship at St John's, and has been so for some time past. There are good signs that it will remain so, because it is in very good hands today.

“Music is a great feature of our worship at St John's, and has been so for some time past.”

Some updates to the organ

In a major redesign of the layout of our church, and return to polished wooden floors around the altar, the organ console was moved from the south side of the eastern transept to the north side of it. The organist now hears more of what the congregation hears, and the extra reverberation greatly improves the instrument's overall sound.

And Ken Falconer and I have installed into our organ, as a memorial to Bruce

Fethers' father, a fine trumpet stop (ex-Adelaide Town Hall).

A Horizontal Trumpet, or Trompette en Chamade, is typical in southern European organs, especially Spanish. The sound is direct, often loud, and the arrangement keeps the dust out!

Our present two manual pipe organ is by Davis and Laurie. It's specifications have been listed in "Gazetteer of Victorian Pipe Organs, by John Maidment, second edition: 1998; revised September 2004, last updated 31/12/2005" thus:

B c1887 Alfred Hunter, London; inst previous church 1889; inst with addtns present church 1923 JE Dodd; reb 1964 Davis & Laurie. 2m, 34spst, 9c, elpn. Gt: 8.8.8.4.4.2-2/3.2.III.16.8.4. Sw: 8.8.8.8.4.4.2-2/3.2.1-1/3.1.16.8.8.4. Ped: 16.16.8.8.5-1/3.4.16.8.4.

This is a modified version of an article I wrote for "The Eagle" several years ago. It is not intended to be an exhaustive or official record of holders of this post, but rather to give a list and a few personal reminiscences and opinions about people who have filled the role of Director of Music, or Organist, at St John's over the past thirty years or so. ✂

Tom Moss

BY WINSOME THOMAS

Sixty or so years ago, Tom was involved in a make-or-break moment for one of Australia’s biggest businesses. It was after the war, and Tom had returned to Myer in Bourke Street, where he had been employed before he enlisted. As a senior executive there, in charge of fabrics and furniture displays, he was making a decision with A.H. Tolley about the store’s windows. Their displays were presented in thirty-six bay windows in an arcade that allowed people to walk down the middle, between them, and see what was available. Tolley was deciding whether to maintain that arrangement or do something quite different, with display windows facing Bourke Street. We all know what was decided and done, but it was a critical decision. “We’ll either sink or swim”, he said. We all know, as well, how successful the decision turned out to be.

While Tom was in this position, Dean Tom Thomas sought his advice concerning the relocation and preparation of the nave communion table in the cathedral. Tom remembers Dean Thomas warmly as “a lovely man”.

Tom’s parents came to Australia from England after the First World War. His father became works manager at Leyland Motors. Tom was their second child, born in Oakleigh on Feb. 10, 1924, a year after his sister Joan. His first school was Murrumbreena Primary school but, when the family moved to 24 Beaver Street in 1930, he attended Tooronga Road Central School and stayed there until he completed his Merit Certificate. That was at the end of what we now know as year eight and marked the attainment of a level of education that was regarded as highly as the completion of our present year eleven or twelve.

Tom applied three times to enlist in the AIF but was rejected because of

a heart problem. However, when the Japanese invaded New Guinea, all such restrictions were set aside and many more were called up. He went into the army and was trained at Wangaratta to be a male nurse. He was then stationed in the medical unit at Watsonia Sometimes he assisted in the operating theatre at the Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital.

“you will always find him in the same pew that he has used for eighty-three years.”

Tom’s family attended St John’s in Finch Street from the time of their move into East Malvern. His mother was especially attracted to the church because it reminded her of her home church in Chandley Brindle, near Preston in England. There were two services; Morning Prayer at 11.00 am and Evening Prayer at 7.00 pm. Eucharist was celebrated only once a month, and administered from the high altar in the sanctuary. His father’s preferred service was Evening Prayer. He remembers a fine choir, which sat in the area that is behind the present altar and which we know as the chapel. One of the leading sopranos was Dora Bonwick. In those days, the church was always full. Both of the front doors, the one currently used as an entrance and also the one under the tower, would be open for people to stream through.

Two of the clergy whom Tom remembers well are the Reverend Dewhurst and Geoffrey Sambell, as curate (1940-41). The Rev Sambell was to become a bishop in Melbourne and Archbishop of Perth. Tom speaks of Geoffrey in glowing terms, especially of how he created the Young People’s Society. They used to go on picnics in a

furniture van to Canadian Bay and stay at the guest house. There was also a Girls’ Friendly Society.

Some years later, the vicar was Fr Fred Wandmaker, whom Tom remembers as a down-to-earth, straight-to-the point vicar who had a great interest in the Northern Territory.

Tom’s sister Joan sang in the choir and was also a member of the Girls’ Friendly Society. Tom’s own role in the church was to decorate a Christmas tree that was three or more metres tall and was erected yearly in the north transept. Part of that long-ago Christmas celebration in the church was a Christmas dinner at The Gables, held sometime in November, until it became too expensive.

There have been many changes in the church and the district over this period of Tom’s living here. Before the war there would be a parade of eight to ten girls from Lauriston Girls’ School that was then located on the corner of Finch and Kerferd Streets. When the school was closed during the war and turned into an air force base there would be a parade of five or six airmen to the church.

One landmark of long ago has disappeared. There was a large home on the corner of Knox and Kerferd Streets that belonged to Oliver Gilpin, who owned a chain of stores that sold nothing priced above two shillings and sixpence. He moved out and the home was taken over by the Postmaster General’s Department, the predecessor of the present Telecom, and was later used as a warehouse for tyres until it was destroyed in a massive fire.

Tom remembers another big, two-storey house on the south side of Manning Road, beside the laneway. It was the retirement home of Archbishop Head until he was killed in a road accident.

The church also has seen changes. The pulpit stood on the side of the...



Ben Johnson - truly a ‘Saint John’s’ Man

BY JOHN SLOSS

Ben was born on 11 May 1924 at Clifton Hill. When his family moved to Armadale, Ben attended the Armadale State School, Spring Road Central School and then Geelong College until 1942. At school, he played in cricket and football.

After leaving school, Ben was involved in the family business, Golden Cross, for a short time before he joined up. Golden Cross Bakery operated initially from Armadale and later from both St Kilda and Armadale. Carriage of bread was provided by horse and cart in the early days of Golden Crust’s existence but later this was replaced by vans. Hours were long in the bakery and involved travelling from St Kilda to Glen Iris six times a week.

He joined the AIF on 11 June 1943 at Camp Pell in Victoria and was posted to the Australian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Corps. After recruit training, Craftsman Ben Johnson attended a school for radar equipment repair and was posted as a radar mechanic. His pay was then increased by three shillings to nine shillings and sixpence per day. He repaired radar equipment in Sydney and on the east coast of Australia until he was posted overseas to Rabaul. Rabaul was an important harbour on the island of New Britain, now part of Papua New Guinea, where Ben maintained two radars. Radar was particularly important for the detection of enemy aircraft and ships and for providing accurate information for artillery target acquisition. The information Ben gained

...church near the organ. At the end of each pew, on the ledge at the back, was fixed an oblong metal frame into which was put the name of the person or family that had bought the right to use that pew. The standard fee was seven shillings and sixpence, and the charge for seats closer to the altar was higher. The place of those metal plates can still be seen by the different shade in the varnish on the ledge.

One thing that has not changed is his enjoyment of for the building. He loves its design and compact feel. “It’s all there”, he says. Another is the place where he sits, when his health allows him to attend. On those times, you will always find him in the same pew that he has used for eighty-three years. He sat there when he attended St John’s first, in 1933. He recalls that that was the

in his work was highly secret and he was forbidden to speak about it.

Ben returned to civilian life on 28 June 1946. He resumed working in the family business and at the same time studied commerce at the University of Melbourne. After graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Commerce, Ben continued as manager in the family business, Golden Crust.

After 25 years at Golden Crust, Ben bought a garden supplies business, ‘Criss Cross’. The work was intensive – six days a week – Ben trading mainly with landscape gardeners. He employed Jim, who drove the truck and filled bags. Jim’s nickname was ‘Mossy Rock’.

Ben married his first wife, Josie, in Adelaide. They were married for forty years and had two daughters and one son. Ben and Meryl, his present wife of seventeen years, a parishioner at St John’s, were married in St John’s. They have fourteen grandchildren. Ben has one great-grandchild. Ben spent five years on the vestry at St John’s as Parish Treasurer and set up the church for the Sunday Service each Saturday for many years.

Ben made the time in his busy life to breed and sell horses at Strath Creek, Victoria. Ben’s uncle Fred and his dad helped. Ben triumphed when his horse, ‘Vain’, won the Golden Slipper. Their horses also won other races but when Fred died the business was sold and the proceeds were split between three families.

Today Ben and Meryl live in Fairview Grove, Glen Iris, in an Edwardian-style red brick house named ‘Fairview’ and have a delightful garden. 🌸

day after the running of the Caulfield Cup. You will recall that the day after the Caulfield Cup this year was a day of strong winds. Tom remembers that, on that far-off day, there was also a strong wind, on that day from the north, and that the winner of the cup was a horse named North Wind. 🌸

DULCIE TAWTON

BY GLORIA JANKOWSKI, WINSOME THOMAS & SALLY WALLIS



One of the biggest changes brought about by the Second World War was in the way women worked. Dulcie Tawton was a young woman in her mid-twenties when the war started. In hindsight, we might see it as inevitable that she would be deeply affected by it, especially as she was the chief bread-winner for her family. While she worked for an employer during the day, she studied at night to become a chartered accountant, one of the few women to do so at the time.

Although this was a triumph for Dulcie's devotion to her family, her inclinations were quite other. At that time she had wished to follow a career in nursing. It was an inclination that took her into hospitals to visit ill and wounded servicemen. In true story-book fashion, it was while she was on one of these visits that she met the man who won her heart. Ern had served in Borneo and was recovering in a Melbourne hospital. Dulcie was smitten. He had two small sons, Robert and Peter, at the time, but had lost his wife soon after Peter's birth. To her mother's horror, she broke off her engagement with a pharmacist and married Ern in 1947. Ern was a pigeon fancier, a pursuit that gave him an important and dangerous role in the war, as he went behind enemy lines and sent messages back to his own side by pigeon express. It also eventually took his life, as he died from a disease that he contracted from his pigeons. They were to have one son, John. Dulcie now has nine grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren. Her interest in nursing continues to this day, but now is expressed in her reading preferences; in particular, the Mills and Boon novels with a medical and nursing theme that she continues to enjoy.

Dulcie was a busy wife, mother and homemaker in those years after the war. She worked tirelessly as a volunteer in school tuck shops, both as treasurer and also working behind the counter. She also attended to the wages

and accounts in Ern's painting and decorating business. As well, she was a keen gardener. She had a hothouse in the back, where she cultivated her beloved orchids.

Dulcie was born on November 22 (Saint Cecilia's day) in 1916. Her first family home was in Burnley. Her family moved to Preston while she was still at school, and she attended Coburg High School. She attended church in Preston and has warm memories of her time there, in particular of her involvement in a young people's group. One member of that group was Robert Dann, who was later to become an Archbishop of Melbourne.

Dulcie has a gift for friendship. She made life-long friends at Coburg High School. At Octavius Avenue in Caulfield North, she made friends readily among her neighbours. Dulcie moved into the street in 1950 and Audrey, knowing that she was lonely, invited her in for a coffee. In her turn, when Gloria moved into the street in 1967, Dulcie made her feel welcome with a cake in her hand. Audrey and Gloria remain in touch and a third friend from the street, Elvira, regularly rings from France. Dulcie is known to her friends as a person who is always caring and friendly.

She lost her Ern in April 1997. In 2009, at the age of ninety-three, she gave up driving. Then she relied on Audrey to take her shopping, or on Gloria when Audrey could not. Late in life, she became very deaf. As with so many, this caused her to withdraw from many of

her social connections and she came to spend time more exclusively with her family, friends and neighbours, pottering in her garden and reading. She remained living independently in her Caulfield home until December 2015. She now lives in care in Cresthaven. There, except for meal times and the regular church services, she keeps mainly to herself. She has one sister, Shirley, who is four years younger than she and is also in care.

Dulcie's faith has always been important to her. She maintains her life-long practice of prayer. From her childhood, she continues to pray daily, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" and she has always been able to repeat by memory all the prayers and responses of the eucharist service.

Dulcie came to St John's when her church, St Margaret's in Caulfield, closed. She was attracted to this church by the Light of the World window above the altar. At St John's church, she joined what was then known as the Sanctuary Guild and took a place on the flowers roster. Her style of arranging was imaginative and striking and she excelled herself with special arrangements at Christmas and Easter, that were set up in the transept opposite the organ. She also threw herself into the work of the fetes, not only by making generous gifts of flowers but also working behind the stalls.

She is remembered her with affection and respect and, of course, we wish her very well for her hundredth birthday. 🌸



ORGANS WITH STORIES

BY BRIAN SIMPSON

I have had a passionate interest in pipe organs since my teenage years, when I was introduced to one at my secondary school. (Yes – I was privileged to attend a college that eventually had not just one but two such instruments.)

On a recent visit (October, 2016) to Lucca in NW Italy, with my wife who was studying at the Lucca Italian school, I had the opportunity (as on quite a number of previous similar trips to other Italian cities and towns) to walk in nearby hills and to explore and to find pipe organs which I might inspect or play. I have found that locals are often only too pleased to show their instrument to interested visitors.

For this article I would like to mention two completely contrasting organ finds in and around Lucca. One doesn't need to be long in this exquisite, completely walled city to know that it was the home of opera composer Puccini. He was born there, and lived most of his life beside a nearby lake. Indeed, three previous

generations on his father's side had been organists at Lucca's San Martino Cattedrale. Lucca boasts over a hundred churches, many with pipe organs, but unfortunately today often in disrepair and partly or completely unplayable. And this situation is deteriorating. There is increasingly less money and less interest directed towards these instruments. In one of the two largest churches where my wife and I attended Mass one Sunday, although there were two organs it was guitars on the day.

I was eventually to gain access to not one but two instruments on which Puccini had been a regular organist as a young teenager. The first, at San Frediano, was in pretty poor condition. The other, at a church called San Pietro Samaldi, a different matter. Both these instruments dated back to the late 1600s. But the San Pietro one was in relatively good order – with the exception of the reed stops. And it has the name 'Giacomo Puccini' inscribed on the woodwork just above and to the right of the keyboard. (Who invented graffiti?)

Naturally I played some Puccini. I got the impression that some ladies in the church below thought the great man's ghost was among the pipes – they

couldn't see me in the gallery – and it was good to meet them later and compare our experiences with limited language overlap!

By way of complete contrast was my encounter with a small and very much more recent instrument in the mountains to the north of Lucca. Towards the end of WW II, Hitler decided that the citizens of a small village, some 650m up in the Apuan mountains behind the coastal town of Pietrasanta, had been giving support to resistance fighters and needed to be taught a lesson.

Without going into too much detail here, on 12 August, 1944, four panzer divisions rolled into this tiny remote town and in just over two hours shot or otherwise killed over 500 people, including many old men and women, children and the priest who tried to stand against them. It was one of Italy's worst WWII moments. Only one German commander has ever been punished. But about ten years ago, two German musicians, with the means and interest, decided to do something for the small town where today about 25 people live. They decided to provide a small but beautiful pipe organ for the tiny chapel there. Lucca organ builder Glauco Ghilardi, whom I met in his factory on the outskirts of Lucca, was commissioned to do the job, and on 2008 its opening concert took place. It must have been an extraordinary moment. The instrument is known as Il Organo della Pace (Organ of Peace).

I had mentioned this story to the director of my wife's language school, and just before the end of our stay in Lucca he offered to take the two of us to the village - Sant'Anna di Stazzema. He had arranged to get the key for the organ, and I played it for a little while. Difficult to choose music, but I Included some JS Bach. And locals gathered to hear the instrument being played.

I consider myself extraordinarily fortunate to have had yet more opportunities to follow up on my virtually lifelong interest in pipe organs. 🌸



Stained glass window at Christ Church Cathedral in Dublin, depicting the Fruit of the Holy Spirit.

The Nine Fruits *of the Spirit*

BY ROBIN RICHARDS

Most people have seen at least one or two of the Archibald exhibitions over the years. Thinking about this I recently had an opportunity to chat with Clem Taplin about her life. She was happy to talk about “life” but had never talked like this before about “her life”. As we chatted over a cup of tea, her life’s experiences so happily spilled out in so many directions, I kept thinking of the 9 Fruits of the Spirit, and in order to offer you the “Real Clem” I decided you might like to

take a lesson in creating a virtual word picture (VWP) portrait with these 9 fruits – Love, Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness, and Self Control. So – here is how you can start. Take a large blank sheet of paper (A3 size is good) and draw a circle in the centre, about 9 cm in diameter. Then draw 8 spokes from this circle and attach 8 further circles of the same size, with each circle just touching the one next to it and all connected to the centre circle by the 8 spokes. Now number

each circle from 1 to 8 and the centre circle number 9. Easy? Well done so far and you haven’t spilled any paint. Give each circle a title - #1 Early Life; #2 Travel; #3 Normal Parish Life; #4 Decision to Continue Further Study; #5 Ordination; #6 Family; #7 Areas of Ministry; #8 Saint John’s and Saint Agnes; #9 Personal. You are now ready to begin creating your own Virtual Word Portrait (VWP) of our Assistant Priest Clem Taplin, by adding the following notes in each circle.

Circle #1: Early Life

Born Clemence Woods to English vicar father and his wife in Yorkshire, father a vicar there after WW2 chaplaincy; Frank Swiss born, Jean Wiltshire; “called by God” to Australia when Assistant Bishop of Manchester, UK; sailed on ‘Strathmore’ 1957; father installed as Archbishop of Melbourne, mother intelligent, devoted to family and husband’s ministry; ran great children’s parties at Bishops court; siblings – sister Richenda 8 years older, (Quaker heritage names) 2 older brothers David and Theodore; held leadership positions at school and inspired by Girl Guides and D.C.E. adventure camps with Anglican Department of Christian Education – her ‘parish’ to age 25 gave leadership and faith leap!; much school sport; tennis, hockey, cards with humorous father as often as possible; family Prayer and daily Collect at breakfast table each morning; learned to drive at 13 in paddock sheep feeding, horse riding and mustering on school friend’s family farm.

Circle #2: Travel

Diploma of Primary Teaching; taught at Lowther Hall; Children’s Ministry Melbourne Diocese; U.K. 3 years, gained Diploma of Community Work at Birmingham (multi-purpose churches with local community; later a year in USA following heart to South Dakota; volunteer family camp work in the Lutheran Church, but cupid’s arrow did not claim its mark on her there.

Circle #3: Normal Parish Life

Returned to OZ, St Martins Deep Dene as a full parish member, ran music programs, an “alternative choir” group, member of vestry, assisted as a Minister of Communion, further work experience in publishing, educational research ; unit of Clinical Pastoral Education at Royal Melbourne Hospital re-discovered “self” in this very challenging process; Pastoral Worker at parish of All Saints Northcote, including conducting funerals, lay reader, hymn selection, pastoral care; vicar was deputy principal Ridley

College and with us for weekends! Rekindled friendship with Rev. Stewart Taplin (known earlier as DCE bushwalking guru and later widowed)

Circle #4: Decision to continue further study

Dived into Bachelor of Theology at Ridley College then United Faculty of Theology, Melbourne College of Divinity, through Trinity; much testing and resisting of vocation; first a student at St John’s East Malvern 1986; then St. Margaret’s Eltham, then St. Oswald’s Glen Iris plus workplace chaplaincy – placed with police force! explored parish nurture of full time working in parishes.

“9 fruits –
Love, Joy, Peace,
Longsuffering, Kindness,
Goodness, Faithfulness,
Gentleness, and
Self Control.”

Circle #5: Ordination

Ordained deacon February 1989; Curate St. Peter’s Mornington with St. Martin’s Mount Martha 1989-1994; became Deacon in charge St. Martin’s; ordained Priest December 1992, pregnant and one of 33 women Deacons in the same week; father died two weeks beforehand but heard the Appellate Tribunal’s decision; sang at his funeral; wore one of his stoles for ordination, experienced bomb scare at first Cathedral Ordination Service, protesting against female priests.

Circle #6: Family

1989 married to Stewart (School Chaplain and Outdoor Education teacher, who was Priested in 1973); family expanded with 2 daughters – Elizabeth born 1993 – perhaps first child born to an Australian woman priest; baby minding on St. Martin’s roster!; Stewart a parish Associate Priest three years whilst studying and the arrival of Elizabeth; Christina born 1993; decision to commit to work part

time in order to have quality family life, Stewart’s job required him to be often away from home.

Circle #7: Areas of Ministry

Mornington/Mt Martha 5 years, Priest-in-Charge Holy Name of Jesus Vermont South – 7 years, Associate Priest St Stephens Mt Waverley 3 years; Assistant Priest St Margaret’s Eltham circa 10 years; present licensed ministries: St. John’s with St. Agnes (see below); Spiritual Director+ shared leadership of Anglican Spiritual Direction Training Program

Circle #8: St John’s Malvern East with St. Agnes Glen Huntly

Assistant Priest from April 2016. Main roles: preside and preach at services at both St John’s and St Agnes and ARCARE hostel; to work with parents and children; connecting families together, support children in worship; assist at Tuesday morning ‘Bubup’ Playgroup; other pastoral support and parish work as appropriate.

Circle #9: Personal (middle circle)

Brotherhood of St Lawrence Charter Member; Benedictine living for today (background of Anglican Church), Celtic Christian revival in prayer and music; meditation Labyrinth; Leunig views, prayers; home loves: family life with student children & their friends & our dog & cat, coffee catch ups; holiday reading and water activities, gardening – sporadic vegies and native plants, water aerobics, cross country skiing, Scottish music and dancing.

How does it look?

Now add one of the 9 Fruits of the Spirit to each circle of your choice – which will create a beautiful VWP of Clem. Then the final touches are two clear blue eyes that look so gently on life, two very good ears that listen really well as people chat to her, a relaxed and welcoming smile and a wonderful scramble of blonde hair. And - there you have your very own possible Archibald entry. 🐑



Entertainment

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE PARISH

Several contributors focussed on the important issue of what entertainment is:

“Entertainment is not just empty self-tickling. What I find entertaining – that is, that which captures my attention, also feeds my mind, transports me to the worlds of others, raises my sights, addresses a range of my emotions, challenges me with beauty, images of life and the universe. Entertainment is edutainment, soul enriching, infotainment, spirit lifting, and at its best ennobling.”

Gary Bouma

“Transported elsewhere for an enjoyable while.”

Marigold Draper

“I think that entertainment is anything that distracts, amuses, relieves boredom, takes one’s mind off responsibility or pain or angst. It can come in a manifold of manifestations: a baby smiling on a tram, watching pets or people play, movies, theatre, concerts,

conversations, gardening, reading, travel or whatever takes your fancy. We love entertainment but I think that it is so freely available these days in so many forms that it can become addictive.”

Winsome Thomas

“Entertainment can be public, i.e. movies, theatre etc, or private i.e. reading a gripping novel, watching a T.V. program. Everybody gets involved in both types of entertainment but which is the most satisfying?”

Just thinking, Anonymous

“Entertainment can be very very different for many people. Just sitting? Lying? Meditating?

Leaving that very basic thought aside Entertainment can be subdivided in two ways.

One: types of entertainment

- † Simple pleasure where the “work” is done for you.
- † Thought provoking entertainment.
- † Informational entertainment.
- † Activity based entertainment.

Two: each of the above can be presented in different ways

- † Books
- † Art
- † Music
- † Plays
- † Films
- † Sport
- † Discussions
- † Watching others
- † Active participation.”

Sally Wallis

“Amusing, diverting, agreeable occupation for the mind ...”, says the dictionary.

Does it say that a good story puts the reader into one of the characters, or make the watcher’s muscles tense up at a ballet or a football match, or a supporter feel transported to the batsman when a ball goes for a six?

My entertainment is perfect when it gives me one of these ‘Out-of-body’ experiences.”

John Sloss

There were several perceptive comments in response to the question, “Why do we value entertainment so highly?”

Nothing is so intolerable to a person as being fully at rest, without a passion, without business, without entertainment, without care.

Blaise Pascal

(this contributor is not a member of St John’s congregation)

I know the difference between an ambulance call and an hour of watching television, but sometimes I think that without that hour I could not keep going.

Anon

Entertainment is valued because it gives temporary relief from the hazards/horrors/drudgery/tensions/realities of everyday life.

Anon

It is likely to have something to do with a preference for easy options.

Anon

I am a great friend of public amusements. They keep people from vice.

Samuel Johnson

We do not put such a high value on all and every kind of entertainment. Some of it is for the moment and we easily turn from it but some is very important to us.

Anon

Plainly, we put a high value on entertainment, but isn’t it odd that entertainment must be advertised?

Anon

Some philosophers or psychologists of some particular leaning are likely to say that we value entertainment so highly because it allows us to

evade ourselves. Most of our choices about how we spend our time are made for us by family, home and work responsibilities. But we have time left over and we must decide for ourselves how that is used. We turn to entertainment as a way of avoiding the difficulty of spending time in our own company.

Anon

Perhaps there is some fundamental need. People living in conditions where there is no entertainment to be taken, make ways of entertaining themselves. They do things by which they produce nothing – except, perhaps, incidentally, and by which they achieve nothing but to divert themselves briefly from their everyday existence.

Anon

These remarks came in response to the question, “What requirements must be met before you would consider entertainment to be ideal?”

Ideal entertainment does not just fill an idle hour pleasantly but gives me something to take away, something that allows me to think and feel better about people, about the world and the way it works, something like respect, connectedness and hope. The Anzac Day march (and I do not at all put it on the same level as the froth that fills so much of our television programs) does that for me. Sometimes MASH did it also.

Anon

‘Worthwhile’ is a key word. Worthwhile entertainment must be worth the time that it occupies. Ideal entertainment makes me feel that it gives a plus return on the time that it occupies.

Anon

One contribution was made without direct reference to any of the questions posed on the weekly notices.

How do you feel?

Interpretation of what is entertaining differs, both for each of us and at various times. The latter can change with our other environment and mood, including “what may others think”.

Despite those comments, I feel that mostly we all like to be entertained as it expands our personal feeling. Our own discomfort can at times be entertaining when it is kindly caused.

In my view foolishness is part of humour, again if kindly done. Jewish humour uses that at times, perhaps as a safety valve for a race too often dealt with less kindly than we ought.

Worship can use entertainment with great effect on memory, but whether we remember the real message or the event can be unforeseeable. For instance Archbishop Desmond Tutu became eternally memorable to me, when at our St John’s he alerted us all with a great story against himself. He was using the pulpit as was then customary, so a beautiful smiling face began to speak.

He began, “I hope today will not be for you like events earlier in my life.

“Many years ago after I had been married for 4 to 5 years, I was woken by my beautiful wife shaking my shoulder. I asked what trouble required such action, to which she replied, “Desmond it is not a big trouble, but I cannot go to sleep, so please preach me a sermon.”

I do not recall what the real message of the sermon was alas, but it illustrates your question, whether making someone look foolish is humorous, which at times it is.

Alex S. Wood ☚

The following is a response to the question, “Our choice and use of entertainment is an issue in our Christian discipleship. What Christian principles might we apply to our choices concerning entertainment?”

IT IS NOT A MICKEY MOUSE ISSUE

BY BEN DRAPER

We all must deal with responsibilities of various kinds and the claims they make on our time, and it may be that when we have met those responsibilities and find time left over, we assume that that left-over time is our own.

That point of the ownership of and sole responsibility for the disposal of that time is one point on which a consideration of entertainment in the life of the Christian must be raised.

Matthew tells a story of a landowner (Mt 20:1-16) who paid servants equally although they had done unequal work, and rebuffs a question about his fairness with the question, “Don’t I have the right to do what I want with my own money?” Matthew expects that his reader will be compelled to allow the landowner that right, but one must reply, “No, Mr Landowner, you do not”.

The Christian principle of stewardship points to a considered use of talents, treasure and time. We assess our talents as we consider how best we can serve God and the kingdom, and choose a career that best fits our abilities and our purpose to serve. Similarly, we weigh up the claims that are made on our money and know that our use of what is left after we have met our financial demands is subject to various Christian values, such that some of it ought to be used in the service of God, in the specific ways of our own choosing. Elsewhere in this issue of The Eagle and the Lamb there are several stories about people who have given much of their talents and treasure to the service of their

neighbours and of the kingdom, and also of their time. But the stewardship of time, especially when there are no calls made on it, when we have free, ‘entertainment time’ at our disposal, often appears rather different, as though we have the right to do with it as we will. However, time, like talents and treasure, is given by God and decisions about how it might be used ought to be illuminated by that awareness and by our Christian values.

If researchers are right, we sit in front of our television screens for an average of three hours per day. That fact alone makes spare time an important ethical issue; as such, decisions about our use of it stand under Christian values. It is not alone the amount of time that we commonly devote to entertainment that makes it an important issue but also the kind of entertainment that we choose. Film-makers know what they are doing when they have characters smoking; they know that there is a persuasive effect. Not only films, but all the passive entertainment that is available, is potentially an effective and even insidious means of persuasion. There are not only ways that we might spend our money, but also values, loyalties and ethical ideas, for example, that are paraded persuasively. Consumers of that entertainment need to be aware that they expose their thinking to a wide range of means and ends in terms of persuasion.

In one way or another, as we use entertainment, we hand our thoughts over to someone else for a period of time. The kind of entertainment that we choose has its effects on the way we think. It creates the opportunity for all kinds of mental weeds and it bears on the kind of people we become. It may be that people who are inclined to violent behaviour choose violent entertainment, but it must also be the case that violent entertainment tips people towards a more violent disposition. It appears reasonable to think that the kind of entertainment that we share as families has a good deal to do with the kind of families

that we become. So that it might have the widest appeal, entertainment not only usually has no spiritual content or purpose but either trivialises or silently denies it, and even ridicules it. Paul advises us to make every thought captive to Christ (2 Cor 10:5) and to join him in imitating Christ (1 Cor 11:1). It sets up a demanding criterion for our choice of entertainment.

According to Paul, a believer is the temple of the Holy Spirit (1 Cor 6:19-20). That idea raises the need to make careful decisions about how we choose and use our entertainment. Our use of entertainment bears heavily on how we maintain ourselves mentally and emotionally. Day by day, in this way and that, we change. It might be altogether too simple to suggest that, if we do not grow, we decline, but we know that declining is the easier path (Mt 7:13-14) and we know that we are called to growth (Eph 3:19, 4:13-15; 2 Pet 3:18) and fullness of life (Jn10:10).

“It creates the opportunity for all kinds of mental weeds and it bears on the kind of people we become.”

The use of entertainment is an important issue for the Christian. The various questions in the notices about The Eagle and the Lamb that have been circulated over a recent few weeks may have prompted some reflection on previously unconsidered assumptions about the choice and use of entertainment. Perhaps those reflections have raised issues that, in the past, have not been considered as having Christian dimensions. Perhaps they touched on some of the ways in which we might more fully become living sacrifices, ready and able to live and work to God’s praise and glory. ☛

‘A Big Cheque’ for PLC

Yes, Norma Flowerday is skylarking again! But this time with good reason! The Big Cheque was for The Positive Living Centre in Prahran, the proceeds of a successful fundraising concert at Saint John’s in September. Together The Melbourne Rainbow Band and the parish have donated more than \$5,000 to the PLC in the last two years, to help men and women with HIV/AIDS in Victoria.



OP SHOP MUSINGS

BY JANICE BARTON

As the last President of the now defunct Op Shop, I have been asked to write a few words about its operation for over 27 years.

The Shop, conveniently situated in Derby Rd near the Caulfield Railway Station, was run entirely by volunteers from St John’s Anglican Church and Ewing Memorial Uniting Church (now Stonnington Community Uniting Church). Over this time, we raised more than \$725,000 which has been distributed equally to the two churches to provide support for a variety of purposes.

The demise of the Op Shop was precipitated by a change in the rental conditions, and after considering many options to continue trading,

we reluctantly decided to close our doors at the end of November 2015. As you would expect, all the volunteers are in their senior years, with some into their 80’s, and finding people to work an afternoon or morning shift has been an ongoing logistical exercise, particularly during winter months when illness has taken its toll of the volunteers.

The Shop opened to the public from Tuesday to Saturday, with sorting of goods taking place on Mondays and on Tuesday mornings. We accepted everything from clothes to knitting needles, although we were unable to take electrical goods or large furniture because the shop was quite small. Goods needed to be sorted, washed and ironed if necessary, priced, cleaned, and displayed in our limited space.

I felt the purpose of the Op Shop was important in our community, not only to raise money, but especially to reach out to the people who came into the shop to browse or to chat with the volunteers. For some, we may have been the only human contact that day. There were our regular customers who will be missing having an Op Shop so conveniently situated at the tram stop, as well as the many students and their lecturers from the nearby campus of the University.

I would like to pay tribute to the many volunteers from St John’s who have so loyally supported the continued operation of the Op Shop for more than a quarter of a century. Some such as Hazel Shankly and Connie Besanko are no longer with us, and Merl and Ben Johnson retired recently, while Margaret Joseph continued until we closed our doors. Others have come on board during this time and stepped up to hold office on the Committee which was elected annually from the two Churches.

“For some, we may have been the only human contact that day”

Much effort and goodwill has gone into the operation of the Caulfield East Op Shop, helping to further develop the close relationship between the parishioners and ministers of both churches throughout this period, and this is an important legacy of this aspect of our ministry to the community.

Many thanks to all from St John’s who have contributed goods for sale, and labour to man or “woman” the Caulfield East Op Shop during these last 27 years. ☛



After starting a new diet a priest altered his drive to work to avoid passing his favorite bakery. He accidentally drove by the bakery that morning and as he approached, there in the window were a host of chocolates, donuts, and cheesecakes. He felt this was no accident, so he prayed ... “Lord, it’s up to You. If You want me to have any of those delicious goodies, create a parking place for me directly in front of the bakery.” And sure enough, on the eighth time around the block, there it was!

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large tray of apples. A nun lettered a note and posted it on the apple tray: “Take only ONE. God is watching.”

Moving along the lunch line, at the other end was a large tray of chocolate chip biscuits. A girl wrote a note, which she put next to the tray of biscuits, “Take all you want. God is watching the apples.”



Q: How many people went on the Ark before Noah?

A: Three! Because it is written “And Noah went forth onto the Ark!”

Q: Who was the greatest financial planner in the Bible?

A: Pharaoh’s Daughter, because she went to the Bank of the Nile and pulled out a check.

Q: What kind of car did the Apostles drive?

A: A Honda, because in the book of Acts, “the Apostles were all in one Accord.”



Q Knock knock, Who’s there? Luke! Luke who?

A. Luke through the keyhole and you can see!

Q: Knock, knock, Who’s there? Ashe Ashe who?

A: Bless you!

Q: Knock, knock, Who’s there? Nobel Nobel who?

A: No bell, that’s why I knocked!

Q: Knock, knock, Who’s there?

A: Interrupting cow Interrup... MOOOOOOOOO!

The things that happen

Another Friday at St Jack’s. But here is Norma talking on her phone, looking and sounding serious. Backstory. She had been given a purse, had taken it into the kitchen and opened it under the eyes of several volunteers. There was a credit card and a driver’s licence; thus, there was a name. There was also the usual stuff of a Medicare and loyalty cards, other personal things, and cash. She rang the bank, but they were unable to do anything to help because the owner’s phone number is not listed. Then she rang the police. The police have ways of doing things. They contacted the owner and told her to ring Norma.

A few minutes later, a much-relieved Gemma, with her little Toby, arrived to take possession of her purse. Heaps of purses and wallets are handed in, but usually empty. Gemma examined hers and declared it intact.

Paul Annable found it on the footpath as he walked from his home to the tram, put it inside his shirt, where it was safe against any and every kind of danger, and handed it to Norma when he arrived at St Jack’s. A good story. Of course. But it becomes miraculous when you bear in mind that Paul is blind.



H	A	P	P	Y	F	D	M	A	R	Y	S
A	N	T	S	T	Y	J	X	O	M	K	L
P	G	N	G	E	M	F	O	W	J	U	O
R	E	G	N	A	M	A	V	S	J	R	R
E	L	S	H	E	E	P	A	Q	E	W	A
S	S	T	A	R	X	M	J	S	S	P	C
E	M	A	B	Z	T	R	E	E	U	Z	H
N	B	L	W	S	B	A	H	L	S	J	O
T	C	R	I	M	L	R	U	O	R	L	Q
S	D	R	W	I	S	E	M	E	N	V	L
A	H	L	S	H	E	P	H	A	R	D	S
C	Z	S	Z	E	W	P	B	E	L	L	S

WordFind

BY MARIGOLD DRAPER

In the little boxes, you will find these very special names

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH

And also these words

CHRISTMAS

ANGELS

STAR

HAPPY

CAROLS

TREE

SHEPHERDS

MANGER

PRESENTS

SHEEP

WISEMEN

BELLS

Photo Competition



01 'Beauty amidst the Stuff'

Top Award

Best photograph and caption

Photograph: Sanchia Draper

Caption: Liz Burman

02 'Such a Good Sport'

First Runner-up

Photograph and caption

Photograph: Sanchia Draper

Caption: Jane Fyfield

03 'A Bright Spark and Well-earned Break'

Second Runner-up

Photograph and caption

Photograph: Sally Wallis

Caption: Sally Wallis



04 'Prize Flower'

Special Prize - Gorgeous Photograph

Photograph: Sanchia Draper

Caption: Sally Wallis

05 'Have I Nicked Enough for the Holiday?'

Special Prize - Best caption

Photograph: Barry Cutler

Caption: Richard Burman



THE ANGLICAN PARISH OF SAINT JOHN'S AND SAINT AGNES'

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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