



# Parish News



Patronal Festival Edition 2011

## From the Vicar



Welcome to the Patronal Festival edition of the Parish News.

Mary has more feasts in the church's calendar than any person other than Jesus himself. The importance of the Blessed Virgin Mary was acknowledged early in the life of the church, and clearly she was an active member of the earliest community of her son's followers, as well as being respected as the mother of the Christ. We keep the feast of Mary on 15 August (this year transferred to Sunday 14<sup>th</sup>) as a commemoration of her departure from this world, in the same manner in which we commemorate other saints on the day of their death. In Mary's case, of course, there has long been debate about what actually happened. The Roman Catholic doctrine of the Assumption suggests that she was assumed bodily into heaven without experiencing corruption. The Eastern Orthodox tradition speaks of the "dormition", or falling asleep of Mary. Most Anglicans, I suspect, are comfortable enough with the idea that Mary simply died. Like so many of the early heroes of the faith, we have no direct reportage in Scripture of the time or manner of that death. But what matters most is her life, her example, and her action in giving birth to, raising and nurturing, Jesus.

Blessings,  
Fr Craig.

## Children and Youth Ministry at St Mary's

*Michael & Eleanor Golding*

Michael - Have you ever baptized a cat? As a child (the, alas, fictional) John Ames had great fun baptizing a litter of kittens. Being a Congregationalist he did it by sprinkling them with water. This annoyed a Baptist boy who haughtily declared that the baptisms were of no effect because the cats had not been dunked (totally immersed) in the water in accordance with clear Biblical precedent (as he believed). Both boys apparently overlooked the more fundamental theological issues associated with feline baptism.

This story, taken from the early pages of Marilynne Robinson's Pulitzer Prize winning novel *Gilead*, springs to mind because it helps to

illustrate what happens during Children's Ministry which takes place in the Mary Chapel during the 10.00 am service every Sunday morning (excluding School holidays). I hope we have some fun and I hope we get to talk about God a little even though I am sure we overlook a few things sometimes.

Josie Snowdon, Varsha Pilbrow, Marion Poynter and I have all taken our turn on the roster to lead Children's Ministry from time to time over the last few years and I am sure that we all approach it in slightly different ways. I'll hand the article over to my daughter Eleanor now so that she can give you her impression of what goes on.

*Eleanor - We have never actually baptized a cat before. I have two cats, Mango and Coco, and they don't like getting wet, but last Trinity Sunday we did each take turns to baptize a baby doll. We made the sign of the cross on the doll's forehead in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Once we did the story of Lazarus and wrapped up another doll in bandages, which we removed when he was raised from the dead. Sometimes we make things like the "Jesus Loves You" doorknob hanger. Recently we did the parable about how the kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed which grows into a tree that the birds nest in. We each got a tomato seed to look at (no mustard seeds available) and then we raided my sticker box to put birds in the branches of a tree collage. The only bird stickers we had were penguins, who don't nest in trees, and there weren't enough of those so we also stuck on a few fairies and spaceships, who don't nest in trees either, but we all had a lot of fun.*

*What I like most about Children's Ministry is that I get to be with my friends like Rachel, Jessica, Ingrid, Ollie, Jessie and Eddie. Sometimes I get to take the bread and wine up to the altar during the service but I'd like to do more like being a server or reading a lesson.*

*My Dad would like to say something now so I'll hand back to him.*

Michael - One of the issues that I have found is the age range of the children and young people. In the past we have had pre-schoolers and teenagers in the same group. It can work because the older ones can help the younger but I think we do need to offer something specifically directed at different age groups. In my opinion children and young

people are spiritual beings who need feeding – just like adults in fact. I have no issue with people who say that children are the church's future as long as we also recognize that they are the church now and they are equally important members of the congregation neither more nor less important than the adults.

Following meetings attended by parents, other interested adults and some children and young people St Mary's is going to trial some additional provision. This has been highlighted in recent pewsheets but just as a recap:

- Starting Sunday 7 August, and thereafter on the first Sunday of each month there will be a new service at 3.00 pm aimed at younger children (primary and pre-primary) and their families.
- There will be a new group for older children and youth (secondary school) in the Small Hall during the first part of the 10.00 am service on the third Sunday of each month, starting 21 August.
- There will also be regular brief children's talks at 10.00 am in addition to the sermon, starting in late July.

If you would like to help out with Children's and Youth Ministry in any way please do get in touch as we love to be able add new people to the roster. No previous experience of cat baptism required.

## **In the Steps of Saint Paul**

*Chips Sowerwine*

On the evening of Thursday, 28 April, Susan and I joined nine other people, mostly linked to St Paul's Cathedral, for a tour of Turkey and Greece following Saint Paul. The tour was led by Father Jim Brady, the Vicar of Saint Mary's until his retirement in 1999.

We had planned to start in Damascus – where else would you start a tour following Paul? – but the heroic uprising of the Syrian people made this impossible and we rescheduled to start at Istanbul, where the highlight for me was the Hagia Sofia. We picked up Paul's trail on the Syrian border, at Antakya (biblical Antioch), which is near the sea around what one might call the corner of Turkey. We had a lovely time there; Jim even found a mosque which has what it claims is Paul's

tomb (but then, as we were to discover, Paul's tombs and prisons are as ubiquitous in Turkey as are signs saying 'George Washington slept here' in the US!).

We drove through west and north through Turkey in a hired van, which was ideal because Jim could discuss the sites with us as we went. We went through a remarkable series of Roman ruins, remarkable both for their extent and the amount of original building still extant. At Aspendos, Jim located a seat in the theatre marked 'for the Jews'. I particularly enjoyed the theatre: not only is the stage intact (only three Roman theatres in the world have preserved their stages), but also the original public entrances are intact. Today's tourists walk into most theatres across the stage area. The citizens in Roman times walked through grand arches in the sides of the arena which led through grand staircases up into the seating area.

In the ruins of Pisidian Antioch, Jim read Paul's sermon there (Acts 13:13-52). At Ephesus, we sat in the theatre at the spot where the silversmiths debated how to counter the threat Paul's preaching posed to their trade in graven images (Acts 19: 23-41). At Cesme, we marvelled at a kilometre-long stretch of the Roman road at the heart of the town, surprisingly well-preserved, with a fountain at one end that flowed down a still intact water feature running all the way down the centre of the road.

A further delight of Turkey was the warmth and hospitality of the people. On three occasions, we were hopelessly lost and local people got into the van and drove with us, giving directions, going far out of their way to help us. At the grand mosque of Selcuk, the imam insisted on taking us inside, although the women weren't dressed in the full gear: 'it's all the same to Allah', he reassured us. Afterward, he didn't lose sight of business. He took us to his son's stall and sold us a great many delightful souvenirs!

After a fortnight, we took the ferry to the Greek island of Chios (which

claims to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus) and then flew to Kavala on the north-west coast of Greece. Greece had a very different feel. They are reeling under the enormous budget cuts imposed on them. People seemed depressed and preoccupied. There were few people in restaurants and most of what was on the menu wasn't available. We enjoyed the ruins at Corinth, which has a special association with Paul.

Only Athens, however, was really enjoyable. The Acropolis and the Parthenon are timeless and we had excellent tours. The new Acropolis Museum was a real highlight. The first storey of this stunning building beautifully displays an array of statues and reliefs. The second storey is the size of the Parthenon and fittingly shows all the friezes that Lord Elgin didn't take to Britain. There's no excuse now not to return them!

We ended up in Rome, where we enjoyed the great Roman sites, but Rome is also depressed. Poor government is in evidence, with everything looking shabby. The footpaths are in a terrible state and transport is hopeless. It made us realise how lucky we are in Australia to be so well governed and administered and how much we have to lose from the 'tea party' attitude Tony Abbott seems to promote of regarding taxes as somehow illegitimate: without paying taxes, we would have the same dreadful urban squalor from which Rome suffers.

In Rome, we concluded the tour with a simple mass at the Anglican Centre of Rome, celebrated by Jim Brady and David Richardson, formerly the Dean of St Paul's and now the Anglican envoy to the Vatican. This was followed by a delightful evening meal in the 17<sup>th</sup>-Century palazzo that houses the Centre.

The others in the tour left. We stayed in Rome and then took the train to meet my daughter in Torino. We drove to Chamonix-Mont Blanc and spend a week there, walking in the Alps (I'd never seen them and I can't recommend this too highly), and then took the train to Paris,

where we met up with my other daughter, her partner, and my grandson. It was a lovely personal end to a remarkably interesting tour. I can't wait to go to Syria (when, hopefully, democracy is established) and experience Paul's time there.

## **Poynter Trip to Europe, May-July 2011.**

*Marion Poynter*

On July 6 John and I arrived back from nearly two months in Europe. That is over a month ago now, and we're still savouring our memories of a period in which we caught up with old friends, frequently staying with them, and enjoyed many new and stimulating experiences in past-visited countries – Scotland, England, Paris, Bavaria and Italy.

We loved Glasgow with its rows of charming Victorian terraces, its exquisite Burrell Collection and the Renee Macintosh (Scotland's William Morris) Museum. Driving to, and around, the Isle of Skye, with its rugged mountain landscape and lochs (frequently seen through misty rain), the great swathes of bluebells in full bloom (of a hue more vibrant than the English variety), its castle gardens, and its homely but delicious food, was a memorable experience.

In England we tasted a variety of culture. At Oxford, in the newly and splendidly restored Ashmolean Museum, we saw a wonderful exhibition – 'From Heracles to Alexander the Great' – of Macedonian treasures from 4th Century BC, and in the Bodleian Library a fascinating exhibition entitled 'Oxford and the making of the King James Bible' to commemorate the 400th year since the first publication of this translation. We enjoyed a magical choral evensong at New College, and on Sunday morning attended the morning communion service at the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin – Craig's former parish. We also enjoyed dinner with Don Markwell at Jamey Oliver's funky new Italian restaurant in George Street.

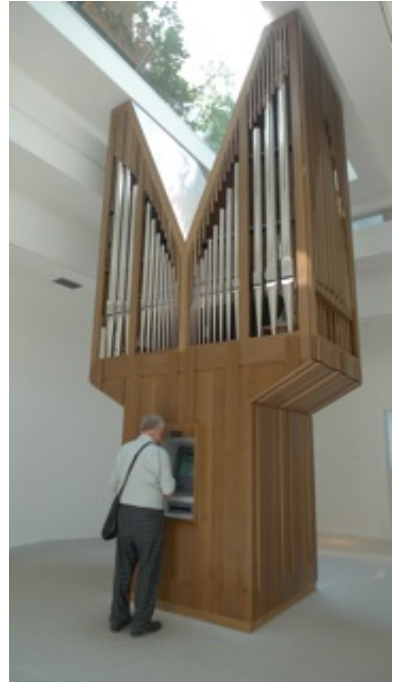
A friend took me to the Tate Modern Museum to see the fabulous Miro Exhibition, and John and I went together to the British Library to another interesting show: 'Afghanistan: Crossroads of the Ancient world' where we saw artefacts (many of gold and lapis lazuli) which have survived from the Bronze Age till the first century AD, and, having remained hidden away, have mostly never been seen before out their own country. A day at the Chelsea Flower Show (where we saw Australia's gold medal-winning entries), and visits to houses and gardens in the Cotswolds, Kent and Hampshire were other highlights of our time in England.

Three days in Paris went very fast. It rained on and off as we walked to the Louvre to see two special art exhibitions: The first was 'Rembrandt and the Face of Christ' which showed the artist's innovative depiction of Christ as a human, Jewish man rather than the iconic representation usually depicted at this time. There was also a beautiful special collection of some wonderful paintings by Claude Lorraine. One night we attended the opera at the Bastille with Chips and his wife Susan to see a beautiful Marriage of Figaro.

From Paris we travelled by train for six hours to Munich, to spend a relaxing week at the lakeside home of friends at nearby Tegernsee. During this time we went for forest walks, attended a local market, made a day-trip to Salzburg, and ate well, before flying to Venice. For ten days we stayed at a delightful apartment in Castello near the Arsenale (Naval headquarters) from where we did all the usual wonderful things one does in that magical city. Highlights were a visit to an exhibition of fabulous tapestries, ancient and modern, ('Penelope's Labours'), a tour of the opera house La Fenice, a boat trip out to the island of Torcello to see the mosaics in the Baptistry of this very early settlement, attending a choral mass at San Marco's, and taking a gondola ride through the canals with my son and family who joined us in the second week. The Biennale was on while we were there, and we went to look at some of the extraordinary exhibits from many countries. I was most unimpressed by the Australian Pavilion

that largely featured works by a Sydney artist consisting of sculptures of everyday objects cast in polyurethane resin. In the USA pavilion we were amused by the large pipe organ into which a functioning ATM machine had been built. When John withdrew money from it a loud blast of organ music issued forth.

On then to Urbino in the Marches to stay for a few days with old friends with whom, some twenty years ago, we had spent a month while attending Italian language school. Their home in the Appenine countryside is idyllic. On the Sunday we were there the Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated in nearby Urbania. Groups of town's people got up early to prepare spectacular flower petal pictures on closed sections of the roads, and then later joined the procession to the Cathedral. While there we one day took a trip to Frasassi to see the largest caves in Europe. We were told that the biggest cavern would hold two buildings the size of Milan's great cathedral!



We finished our time in Europe with three days in hot and steamy Milan, where we saw Da Vinci's recently restored fresco of The Last Supper and visited La Scala, and then two days in the villa of friends in the lovely country near Lake Maggiore, before catching a plane from Malpensa for home. A two-day stop in Dubai on the way helped somewhat to allay the jet-lag. A wonderful trip in so many ways, but it's good to be home.

## **Fresh Fields -- Reflections on Christ's College Cambridge Concert at St Mary's 23.07.2011**

*Andrea O'Donoghue*

St Mary's has always reminded me of a village church in England – and never more so than on the evening of Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> July, when we were treated to the vision and sound of the choir of Christ's College Cambridge: Fresh young faces. Purity of voice. Beautiful organ accompaniment and solo. Sensitive conducting. Their extensive repertoire included old favourites: Bach, Rachmaninov, Verdi, Brahms, Fauré, and Sévérac – new to me, popular Parry, and the comparatively contemporary Vaughan Williams, Britten and Ledger. Their concert bridged continents and generations.

An unexpected delight to hear the Russian language in Rachmaninov's *Nyne Otpushchayeshi*, to be challenged by the mysterious and enigmatic *Hymn to St Cecilia*, to hear the sacred in many versions of the parts of the Mass, the culmination of Parry's *I was Glad*.



*Photo by Kevin Wong Hoy*

At the end of the concert there was an air of Collecting-the-Kids-after-the-School-Camp, when members of St Mary's and host families from other congregations waited to meet and gather their billeted guests. These young people had been performing in our Eastern states since 8<sup>th</sup> July in Sydney, Canberra, country NSW and now Melbourne. Twenty events – concerts and masses – in eleven cities over eighteen days, and their singing still vibrant and inspired!

## **(Re)turn and (re)turn again...**

*Jacqui Smith – Theological Student*

I wonder how many of us have at least once in our lives identified with the story of the Prodigal Son and seen it mirroring our own relationship with God. Yet, unlike the prodigal son and his singular journey, I have found myself returning again and again on my journey that now finds me as an ordination candidate on placement at St Marys. I have been to the “far country” more than once in my spiritual life and have had to deal with all the emotions the homecoming stirs within me.

What has been of immense encouragement during these times and the period of reflection upon the ‘why’s’ of my wandering away from God have been two books by Henri Nouwen. Firstly, “The road to daybreak: A spiritual journey” about his decision to live in the L’Arche community and also his classic “The return of the Prodigal Son: A Story of Homecoming” which grew partly out of his meditation upon the Rembrandt masterpiece of the same name. (If you have the opportunity, I recommend viewing an image of this work and also reading at least one of these books.)

I have been both comforted and challenged by the following words:

It strikes me that the wayward son had rather selfish motivations...he didn't return because of a renewed love for his father. No, he returned simply to survive...I am moved by the fact that the father didn't require any higher motivation...even if we return only because following our desires has failed to bring happiness, God will take us back...even if we return because our sins did not offer as much satisfaction as we had hoped, God will take us back...God's love does

not require any explanations about why we are returning. God is glad to see us home..." *The Road to Daybreak*, pp. 72 - 73.

God may not require any explanations but I have felt compelled to give him long soul searching explanations and apologies about motivations for both the journey away from and back to him (and he is probably heartily sick of hearing about them!)

I also keep giving God ample opportunities to exercise his grace and probably remain as bewildered as both the sons in the story when he takes me back again and again (when will I fully grasp this is how this grace operates?)

To quote Nouwen again, "returning is a life long struggle" in thought, word and deed, yet I am compelled. I cannot seem to settle in the "far country" (and believe me I have tried). So I simply return again and again and each time find myself standing alongside Peter as he declares "Where would we go, you have the words of eternal life".

## **The Ministry of Sound**

*David Barmby*

The title may suggest an article about high-energy, club dance music, but rather the following is an opportunity for me to express some thoughts about sound and how important it can be in our lives. How often do we think of sound? Do we really value and savour our sense of hearing as much as the other senses? Do we ever find ourselves in a place quiet enough to even notice sound? How often do we really listen closely?

In 1997 the City of Sydney Council commissioned Paul Bangay to design an artificial walled garden built in the middle of Martin Place. For an entry fee, one could experience a secret, if temporary, elegant artificial garden space in which one was given the opportunity to "meditate with nature" in the middle of the CBD. Has it come to this?

In the mid 1990s, I worked for an arts organisation called Musica Viva Australia and undertook the task of selecting the artists and repertoire for its ten, capital city international concert series. This provided me the privilege of meeting and conversing with great musicians from all over the world. One such musician was the Catalan viola da gambist,

Jordi Savall. At a masterclass before students of stringed instruments in Sydney, rather than listening to any of the young musicians perform their carefully rehearsed virtuoso works, he asked: "What is a beautiful sound?" Then he asked, "Why is it beautiful?" All were struck dumb. Of course we all have heard a beautiful sound, but what characteristic made it beautiful, at least to us? Savall went on to say that as a musician he values silence as much as sound, how silence is a suspended backdrop from which a beautiful sound might be created and into which it may be released to dissolve back into silence. One can tell this from his particular kind of music making; throughout his tour of Australia I've never witnessed audiences listening more intently.

In late 2007, and now working for the yet to be built Melbourne Recital Centre, my work took me to Hamburg. Three new concert grand pianos needed to be selected from the Steinway workshop for the MRC's Hall and Salon. An appointment was requested months in advance and I was eventually given a day for the selection process to take place. I undertook a brief tour of the factory in the morning and was allocated an apprentice who explained much about the crafting of one of the world's finest pianos. Well, as much as he could; a lot was still to be learned, or secret. In fact, some of Steinway's technology is for the knowledge of Steinway employees only and photographs are forbidden. I learned, however, that there are three basic parts to the magic sound which a Hamburg Steinway makes: the rim (the usually



black, curved edge of the instrument), the iron frame, and, most importantly, the soundboard. The soundboard is formed from carefully selected and joined, thin pieces of Alaskan spruce; pieces with broader year rings in the bass leading to narrower in the treble. The soundboard is shaped to be slightly convex. This unique, pale, fragile, sounding membrane is the 'soul' of the instrument.

*Some of the carefully graded wood used in the making of a Steinway piano*

Each part (rim, frame and soundboard) is crafted by men and women who excel in making that component of the instrument but who really know every aspect of the instrument being created. The three parts are then brought together by experts and this is called 'a marriage'. Sometimes the marriage is not successful and another attempt is made. After many further stages, the instruments are judged for their sound behind closed doors (this part is entirely secret) before, if ready, they are put into the showroom to be selected. Piers Lane had flown from London to join me. We walked into the showroom lined with grand pianos all with their lids eagerly up waiting to be played and heard. I learned that Steinway is proud of producing instruments with different characteristics; each instrument is, after all, 80% hand made. At the end of the day, I discussed with Piers the selection process. 'When I play a beautiful piano', he said, 'it gives me back extraordinary ideas which I would not have thought possible. Each Steinway is quite different.'

*Piers Lane plays one of the many Hamburg Steinways*



Another instrument, an earlier manifestation of the modern piano, was being built for the new Centre, outside Prague. This was an historic instrument, an exquisite fortepiano modelled after an Anton Walter 1805 instrument. 'Forte' (meaning loud) and 'piano' (meaning soft), these were the first instruments which used little hammers to strike the strings affording entirely new expressive capabilities and the ability to play, based on the weight of depressing each note, loudly, softly and all gradations in between. The craftsman was Paul McNulty, something of an eccentric genius, who has made a study of these particular instruments and is now world-renowned in his field. A Texan by birth, he maintains his workshop in Divisov, Czech Republic. These were the instruments Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven composed their keyboard

sonatas for. Generically called 'Vienna' fortepianos, much of the wood they were made from came from the north. Indeed, near McNulty's workshop, a metre-wide canal was still in existence where the logs were floated down to Vienna. The difference in sound?: a beautiful clarity of sonority and extraordinary expressive flexibility, which, arguably, one cannot emulate in larger, more robust modern instruments. To hear, say, Haydn, played on one of these instruments by a great musician such as Australian Geoffrey Lancaster, I can only say that the music comes to life, like viewing a restored painting. Beethoven strained against the limitations of these instruments and his sonatas should *sound* like that. He uses the instruments to extremes sometimes writing repeated, loud chords at both limits of the keyboard at once. The point being, you can hear *all the notes* in the chords and not have to make the polite adjustments one needs to when playing a modern instrument. Beethoven was not polite! His music was certainly instigated by a privileged patronage but really had nothing to do with that milieu. I would argue that he was, in fact, quite allergic to that Society world of class and manners but, of course, totally dependent on it to survive; he savagely bit the hands that fed him for most of his career. To hear Beethoven played on these instruments has for me been revelatory and exhilarating listening. It was the difference (McNulty fortepiano vs a modern piano) of, say, the experience of

driving a sports car with the wind in your hair to sitting in the back seat of a limousine.

*A McNulty fortepiano*



Fast forward to late 2008. Jordi Savall was in Melbourne on another national tour. I invited him to 'sample' the acoustic of the now nearly completed Elisabeth

Murdoch Hall. A time was carefully arranged but because of Savall's busy schedule, when I brought him to the lip of the stage with his ancient viola da gamba in hand, the hall was full of workmen and a

symphony of chaotic, mechanical noise. My heart sank. But we waited and at last there came a break. Eventually, with the Hall empty of people we walked on stage over cables avoiding tools and machinery, the hall lights on their bar were fully descended, nearly to stage level. Regardless, I found a piano stool and, after listening to the silence, Maestro Savall began to play: first of all, long soaring phrases by Purcell, envelopes of sound, and then just tiny, short bows, finely judged 'chips' of sound. He stood beaming and said, 'It's *beautiful!*'

I'm writing music now; happily a friend has commissioned a work. It's a work for voices, harp and percussion. Late last year I spent some time at St Mark's Benedictine Abbey in Camperdown. Like generations of people before me, I found the opportunity just to work and pray a most rewarding and unravelling experience. I spent a good deal of time listening in silence, and music came. The hard part is getting it as close to the original intention as possible, as beautiful as I could make it. The secret was not to worry that it wouldn't come as, out of the silence, it always did. I just needed to wait and listen closely.



*St Mark's Benedictine Abbey,  
Camperdown, Victoria*

Similarly, at St Mary's North Melbourne, it is sometimes a refreshment for me just to sit within the Church in silence, and to enjoy the sound of the breeze in the trees of our grounds. Indeed, in today's world of

compressed, pressured time and apparently unceasing, uncontrollable, unstoppable noise, I've often thought that by our maintaining the building and its grounds we are providing a rare and important asset, indeed, ministry to the community by providing the opportunity just

to listen.

## **New Red and Gold Vestments**

*Fr Craig D'Alton*

In the past few months, St Mary's has been the recipient of several general gifts of fine quality vestments, in red and in gold.



The red set, comprising a cope, dalmatic and tunicle, were designed and executed locally by Fr Nigel Wright, who previously made the red chasuble, frontal and stoles that have been in use for some time. The new vestments are designed to complement the existing set. Each is in a shade of fabric slightly different to each other piece, resulting in a “crescendo” of colour, from the subdeacon to the celebrant and altar. Each of the main vestments includes embroidered Greek texts, taking a Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary theme from one of each of the four Gospels. The cope also includes a striking figure of a Palm branch down one side, and a hood with twelve “tongues of fire”, representing each of the apostles at Pentecost. In the centre of this circle is a single lily, representing Mary.



The gold high mass set, comprising chasuble, dalmatic, tunicle and two stoles, was made by Watts of London, one of the world's foremost makers of traditional vestments. The very bold gold and blue fabric is allowed to speak entirely for itself, with the orphreys being simply outlined gold braid. The fabric is called Comper Strawberry Blue. It was only very recently re-woven, and the St Mary's set is the first to be made in this fabric since the nineteenth century. The brocade contains strawberry fruits and strawberry flowers, both Medieval symbols of abundance. There remains an opportunity to complete this set with the addition of a cope – but that will require another generous donor(!)

It is a delight that such exquisite work is able to be put to use in the liturgy at St Mary's, and that they have come at no cost to the parish budget. The clergy and churchwardens are most grateful to the donors, whose gifts will be enjoyed by generations of worshippers.

## **Events at St Mary's**

**Kids' Church @ St Mary's** – For children 3-10 years old and their families and friends. 30 minute service followed by a short party. The next service will be Sunday 4 September, 3pm.

In October, the service will include Blessing of Pets and teddy bears to celebrate the Feast of St Francis on Sunday 2 October, 3pm.

**Confirmation Service Sunday 11 September** – Bishop Philip Huggins will visit St Mary's to conduct a confirmation service at the 10am Eucharist. If you would like to be confirmed, or have a child of an age when they can answer for themselves who wishes to be confirmed, please speak to one of the clergy. There will be separate confirmation preparation classes for children and adults in the second half of August. This service will also be an opportunity for younger children, not yet ready for confirmation, to be admitted to communion. If you would like your children to be admitted to receive communion, please speak to the vicar.

**Parish Dinner 24 September** – A fundraiser for the parish, this evening will be full of food and fun with BYO wine. Stay tuned for details.

**Feast of St Michael & All Angels** – Thursday 29 September 7pm Eucharist followed by supper in the small hall.

**Vicarage Open House** – Sunday 30 October after morning tea.

**Feast of All Souls** - Wednesday 2 November 7pm Eucharist followed by supper.

**This Edition of the Parish News has been printed in black & white to help save money. If you would like to view this edition of the Parish News in colour, please go to our website [www.stmary.org.au](http://www.stmary.org.au)**

## **Making Contact with St Mary's**

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The Parish Office is open Tuesday & Thursday 9.00am – 2.00pm.

The church is open during the day.

Morning Prayer is at 8.30am Monday to Friday. All are welcome, and for coffee afterwards. Evening Prayer is at 5.30pm Monday to Wednesday.

The clergy are happy to be contacted to discuss matters of faith with anyone, and to prepare people for the church's sacraments.

**If you would like to be part of this vibrant community, please complete the details below. We will contact you within the next few days.**

### **New to St Mary's**

Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Phone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Today's date: \_\_\_\_\_