

St Mary's Parish news

Pentecost 2013



From the Vicar



Dear Friends of St Mary's, Pentecost Sunday falls at an exciting time in the life of the parish. As we gather with friends past and present to give thanks for recent building works, we begin the task of looking forward to growth in ministry and numbers. This month we have welcomed back the Revd Philip Bewley, and next Sunday will see the licensing of the Revd Michael Symons, both joining the Revd Don Edgar in our extended team of honorary assistant clergy. During June we will be advertising for a half time stipendary lay minister position working

with children and young families. This is an exciting and necessary step as we build up a community of faith that takes seriously and encourages the young people in our midst. Please continue to pray for your vicar, churchwardens and vestry as together we walk the road to growth in the power of the Spirit. Yours in Christ,
Fr Craig.

Kids at St Mary's



Children's and family minister (ASLM)

Part-time (0.5)

St Mary's Anglican Church North Melbourne is growing. We need someone to help with our ministry to children and young families.

For a position description contact
9328 2522 or priest@stmarys.org.au

Applications close 28 June

On Being Humble In Church

Robert Gribben

There is an old joke about a Pope preaching in St Peter's on the subject of humility - but the basilica shouted him down. I have recently been witness to this battle in the inaugural liturgies in both Rome and Canterbury. What took place in St Peter's square on 19th March was not an enthronement (in any case, the Pope's *cathedra* is in St John Lateran), but the *Inizio del Ministro Petriano del Vescovo di Roma*, the beginning of the Bishop of Rome's ministry as Peter. That is a large enough claim, but the language is notably understated. Thus, at the opening, Francis received the pallium, a band of cloth made of lambswool, signifying 'the lost, sick or weak sheep which the shepherd places on his shoulders, and carries to the waters of life' (Benedict XVI). He was then given the 'Fisherman's ring' with its image of Peter, and of the net thrown out into the sea to win men and women to Christ. What followed was as simple a mass presided over by the Bishop of Rome among his people (100,000 of them in the open air) as possible in the circumstances. That bishop, without red slippers or the fur-trimmed red cape, presided with palpable humanity and serenity. He has carried it through in his washing of the feet of imprisoned young women and men outside the walls of the Vatican, by contrast with the sanitized version of his predecessors. At the audience for ecumenical and inter-religious guests the next day, a displaced grand throne was visible through the open door of an anteroom while the Pope sat on a formal but modest chair of the same design of that occupied for the first time since 1054 by a Patriarch of Constantinople.

The thorough arrangements by Lambeth Palace for the hospitality of ecumenical guests at the *inizio* of the new archbishop of Canterbury were thrown into disarray, at least for a group of us, by the invitation to a papal inauguration at two days' distance from it. Some ecumenical representatives were faced with the choice of missing the papal audience or their plane to the next event. I changed flights and only missed one Anglican party; I also missed the last train to Canterbury and had to find accommodation in central London at one in the morning - a slight experience of homelessness in the near-deserted streets.

One friend had asked me to remember the poor and marginalized amidst the pomp and power, and this was an apt reminder. And so to Canterbury Cathedral on pilgrimage by fast train at 6 a.m. - and to a service of worship which at no point contained the word 'enthronement'. He was 'placed in the Chair of St Augustine' for the first time in history by an archdeacon who was a woman. There were other touches from Justin Welby's hand: when he struck the great west door with his pastoral staff, he was greeted by a young Indian girl, a member of the usual congregation, who asked him 'Who are you and why do you request entry?' The liturgical conversation was a little formal, but let an archbishop listen first to the questions of a child! His cope and mitre were pre-loved, handed down from a bishop who had been his mentor. Justin, who is a Benedictine oblate, had clearly planned a Franciscan simplicity in his inauguration, before the Jesuit Pope did. Notable also was the choice of hymns - ancient and modern, classic Anglican and charismatic song, a Punjabi hymn (*Saranam, saranam*) and - I must record - the final hymn, with 2000 voices and the choir, magnificent organ and trumpets, Charles Wesley's *And Can it Be?*, an ecstatic moment for more than me.

Well, what was it all like? In Rome, the Methodists (whom I had the honour of representing, together with Gillian Kingston, a leading laywoman of the church in Ireland, and an honorary President of the World Methodist Council) walked through the cobbled streets at 7 a.m., when even then crowds were gathering, and met our coach party at the Venerable English College. That added a solemn note: in the reign of the first Elizabeth, young men who had been trained for the priesthood there were smuggled back into England to face a dreadful death if they were caught, and 44 were. And many Anglicans were similarly martyred a generation earlier under her sister, the Catholic Queen Mary. With a mutual prayer for forgiveness, we set off, preceded by a police car with siren blaring and lights flashing. Familiar names with us included the Archbishop of York, John Sentanu - an African in a purple velvet Tudor bonnet, David and Margie Richardson from Melbourne, from the Anglican Centre in Rome, his successor, Archbishop David Moxon from New

Zealand, and the Australian prior of the Benedictine monastery from which Pope Gregory sent St Augustine to Canterbury in 597 AD, Peter Hughes OSB Cam, who keeps his Anglican heart.



With Cardinal Kurt Koch, President of the Pontifical Council for Promoting Christian Unity.

The day was wintry, but the whole piazza was warmed in cloudless sunlight. To our left beside the altar, were the cardinals, then the large Orthodox delegation. Notable among the other ecumenical guests were the presidents of both the Pentecostal World Fellowship, and the World Evangelical Alliance, looking slightly under-dressed in business suits. Behind me was Linda Bond, General of the Salvation Army; beside me, Larry Miller, the Mennonite secretary of the Global Christian Forum, the group facilitating contact between Catholic, Orthodox, other World Council of Churches members, and those who have played no part in the ecumenical movement, nor previously desired to: the burgeoning numbers of charismatic and conservative evangelical churches and movements across the globe. Given such a crowd, it will be no surprise that the most

fruitful outcome of this extraordinary journey has been the opportunity to meet old friends and make new contacts among the full spectrum of the changing Christian world. As we walked back to our bus, I met Cardinal George Pell and the new Australian Ambassador to the Holy See, John McCarthy, and greeted Brother Alois, prior of Taizé, and Brother Enzo Bianchi, prior of the more recent ecumenical community at Bose in northern Italy.

And similar things might be said of the Canterbury celebration. The cathedral declared its historic message, certainly, and the established nature of the Church of England was there signaled in the presence of the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall, the Prime Minister, the judiciary fully wigged, and chancellors of several universities. The overwhelming thing for me was the sheer number of bishops from across the Anglican world, uniformly in rochet and chimere, a mighty army in red and white.

This brought me back to my first reason for setting forth on this six week safari: the final meeting of the current round of AMICUM, the Anglican-Methodist International Commission for Unity in Mission, in Jamaica. We too are aware that, of all things, the Anglican is an *episcopal* Church. Curiously, it is now possible to say the same about world Methodism: the Australian (now in union with Presbyterians and Congregationalists) and New Zealand churches, and their British model, are now in a minority. But: 'What kind of Bishops?' is the issue. We have tried to trace the history of the different understandings and place them in contemporary context of two churches who in all other ways find it possible to work together in mission and service. We have reviewed several ways in which the two communions have sought, and might seek to recognize each other so that mutual exchange of ordained ministries was possible. The report will be sent, early in 2014, to the local churches, including our Australian two, whose formal dialogue must be amongst the world's least fruitful. I hope it may refresh the conversation between us. And in the renewed spirit of St Francis, we might listen again to the apostle Peter: 'All of you, have unity of spirit, sympathy, love for

one another, a tender heart, and a humble mind' (1 Pet.3:8). Only then might we find a way forward.



Christmas in Bethlehem

Greg Reinhardt - May 2013

Each December I travel to Dhaka in Bangladesh for some teaching and combine this with an additional trip elsewhere. This last December year's journey took me to Israel, Palestine and Turkey.

But first to Dhaka. My seventh visit I think and the most difficult. Government in Bangladesh and the sub-continent generally, is dynastic and difficult. The Opposition Bangladesh Nationalist Party had sought and continues to seek to challenge the Awami League Government by demanding an election 12 months before the due date (January 2014). The weapon of choice is the hartal (strike) which paralyses the country and which has proved very effective historically. Every third day or so the country shuts down and it is impossible (unsafe) to leave the hotel. This made teaching very difficult indeed last December. The whole battle results from longstanding animosity between the two Begums,

the women leaders of both parties and has its origin in the war of independence from Pakistan in December 1971. The current government has set up a war crimes tribunal which is basically targeting extremist Islamic parties and, in particular, Hefajat-e-Islam, said to be in league with the Opposition. This year's trip will not take place, complicated as it is by the election in January. Bangladesh is basically a secular country, although both main parties espouse Islamic credentials. That is not to say that alcohol is unavailable, a great relief to the Australian contingent, although some hosts offer a dry cupboard! The sheer number of people is overwhelming- more than 160 million- with daily tragedies such as the recent building collapse at Savar north of Dhaka.

We (the teaching group) managed to get to Kathmandu for a couple of days, which was all rather interesting. The former Royal Palace has been opened as a museum, the former king having been banished by the Maoists to some distant part of Nepal and was well worth a visit as well as the Monkey Temple and the Durbar Square, now World Heritage listed. It is interesting to see how the Hindus, who are in the majority, rub along so well with the Muslims and also the Buddhists, including a significant community of Tibetan refugees.

A couple of days in Singapore, then to Istanbul via Doha, where I caught up with one of my former articulated clerks, Brecon Darbyshire, known to St Mary's through the occasional appearance in the Choir, who is working on the new airport project, shortly to be completed and who is to move to Gabon mid-year.

On to Jerusalem where I stayed at St George's, the Anglican Guest House in East Jerusalem, just beyond the Damascus Gate, which is naturally a very Palestinian area. A full week of sightseeing, including Christmas Eve in Bethlehem with lessons and carols in the Greek Orthodox Chapel said to be above the stable. The President of Palestine, Mahmoud Abass, spoke at the service. Bethlehem can be reached by public bus from Jerusalem. A sad commentary on the current political situation is the wall which the Israeli Government has built to separate Israeli settlers from the rest of the West Bank, where the rightful owners, the

Palestinians live. It was certainly something new to me. It had not been there on two previous visits. Bethlehem itself is heavily Palestinian and it is interesting to see that the vote in the United Nations last year in favour of limited representation in the General Assembly for Palestine has already resulted in some limited trappings of statehood.

Midnight Mass at St George's with Bishop Katharine Schori, the presiding bishop of the US Episcopal Church as preacher. Mass was concelebrated by the Bishop of Jerusalem, Bishop Schori and the Bishop to the US Armed forces. There is a good number of Palestinian Anglicans in Israel and Palestine, a result, no doubt of the British Mandate pre-1948

During my visit: A walk along the Via Dolorosa following the last stages of Jesus' life with a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, authenticated by St Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the third century from contemporary sources, with the place of the crucifixion and the tomb as well as the last stations of the cross. It is possible to reach beneath the altar to touch the place of the Crucifixion and to enter the tomb and touch the place where the Body lay. Evangelical Anglicans in the 19th century refused to believe that the Holy Sepulchre could be the place of the crucifixion, burial and resurrection (there was no garden or green hill far away) and created a Garden tomb in East Jerusalem, actually near St George's, at the instigation of General Gordon (of Khartoum)!

The Western Wall revered by Jews of all persuasions as the remaining part of the Temple of Solomon, Yad Vashem- the Holocaust Museum, the souqs, the Mount of Olives where thousands of Jews and Muslims are buried, facing the Golden Gate which is sealed and through which Jews believe the Messiah will enter Jerusalem and Christians that Jesus will enter the Holy City when He returns, the Church of the Ascension, built by the Germans under Kaiser Wilhelm II on the spot said to be the place of the Ascension, Dominus Flevit where Jesus wept over Jerusalem and the Garden of Gethsemane. As luck would have it, the eight olive trees in the Garden, said to have been present as Jesus prayed in the Garden before His trial and Crucifixion and normally inaccessible for obvious reasons, were

being pruned. I was able to bring a few sprigs from the said olive trees back home, one of which was used by Fr Craig to bless the congregation with Holy Water on Palm Sunday! Masada and the Dead Sea, the Sea of Galilee, including Mount Tabor (the place of the Transfiguration), Nazareth, the place of the Sermon on the Mount, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes and the first miracle at Cana of Galilee, the Jordan, place of the Baptism by John the Baptist (although on an earlier visit I went to another part of the Jordan closer to Jericho which is probably more authentic). Do I feel holy!!

Tel Aviv, where I stayed for 3 nights, was disappointing, although the cuisine there was a relief from that in Jerusalem which is almost always kosher - not to be able to have meat followed by cheese is a problem! I found a good restaurant in the old Yemeni quarter, where the chef was part Iraqi and part Swedish, which served pork chops! Indeed, the whole of Tel Aviv was very non-kosher.

Next on to Istanbul, a wonderful city, staying on the new side of the Golden Horn with easy access to the main parts on the old side of the Golden Horn across the Galata Bridge, including Aya Sophia, the Blue Mosque and the Topkapi and the water cistern (featured in the recent James Bond film!), as well as the Grand Bazaar and the Spice Bazaar. Wonderful voyages by ferry on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. Turkey is booming with a strong middle class. It's ironic that they are now beating their old foe Greece and really have no need for the EU or the Euro. I like the Turks. They have a positive view on life and whilst things are slightly more Islamic than the Ataturk legacy might prefer, there is a strong secular population particularly in Istanbul, far more so than in smaller towns which I visited in the summer of 2011.

Sadly, travel in the Middle East has been restricted with the wonders of Syria off limits and travel to Lebanon, Egypt and Jordan difficult. Israel and Palestine and Turkey remain relatively easy to travel in and a visit is recommended.

Holy Week & Easter at St Mary's in pictures



Palm Sunday 24 March 2013



Good Friday 29 March 2013



Easter Vigil 30 March 2013

Janet Horn's Family Reunion



Over Easter I flew to N.Z. to attend a celebration of the 150th anniversary of my maternal grandparents' arrival. They landed at Lyttleton, the port of Christchurch, in December, 1863. My Grandmother, Patton, came with her family from Killinchy, now in Northern Ireland; my Grandfather, Edmund Leversedge, came alone, from Somerset. They met on the ship and married a few months later. They settled in Christchurch and had thirteen children, twelve of whom lived to adulthood. My Mother, Helen Patton Leversedge, was the youngest, and I am the eldest of her five children. Of the six surviving grandchildren, four attended the reunion - my sister, my brother and I, and a ninety-four year old cousin.

The celebrations began on Good Friday evening and continued all day Saturday and Sunday till lunchtime. It was well-organised with complete family trees for all twelve of their children, colour coded so sorting out which branch people belonged to was fun.

We had sessions about both families and a talk from a local government historian, who told us of the social conditions in which the family became established. On Saturday afternoon a bus load of us went on a tour which included some of the houses in which our forebears had lived. That evening over a convivial dinner people contributed memories of family incidents and occasions.

On Sunday morning a small number of us attended the regular 10 a.m. service at St Paul's Church, Papanui, the parish where the Leversedges worshipped and where my parents were married in 1920. The service was held in the parish hall as the timber church was closed for re-inforcing. More family turned up immediately after the service for the dedication of a plaque on our grandparents' grave. It replaces the old headstone, which was in disrepair. The ceremony was conducted by a descendant, a woman Uniting Church minister.

After that, lunch was provided but many people had already left Christchurch. It was a very interesting and enjoyable weekend. I hope the organisers are pleased at the success of their hard work. They deserve our gratitude.

I stayed on in Christchurch for a couple of days. Though I had been more or less prepared for the devastation left by the earthquake, two things I found particularly poignant. In a corner of a green square in the central city near the now demolished Cathedral there is a simple memorial: 185 white plastic chairs arranged in rows, one for each person killed. Ordinary chairs but also wheelchairs, old people's chairs a few children's chairs. Nearby are colourful flower beds and an invitation to just sit and remember.

There is another touching memorial in the grounds of St Luke's church on the city fringe. This was where Ken was organist and choirmaster for many years and our parish church for part of that time. I knew that St Luke's had been bulldozed but found looking at where I remembered it so well hit me hard. The memorial here is a cairn, consisting of blocks of masonry from the church, again one for each life lost, with flowers nearby and a couple of benches to sit on. St Luke's had had a potable labyrinth on canvas which could be moved for various occasions. That has

been replaced with a permanent one on the ground where the church used to be.

After Christchurch I spent a few days in Wellington staying with a niece and her two daughters. I was pleased that I managed to gather all my Wellington rellies for Sunday brunch - three nieces and eight assorted student-age grandnieces and nephews. After that happy occasion I flew home late on Low Sunday.

Truth is Stranger than Fiction: Srebrenka's Flight from Zargreb

Srebrenka Kunek

"So, how do you know all this?" I get asked. And then the story starts coming out about the World Bank meetings, the tanks rolling up to the borders and citizens flocking into the churches. Yes, the churches. By this stage in the conversation, I get some very quizzical looks, as if I am speaking about the latest spy series set in Europe.

But this does happen, for in Europe borders do change at almost regular intervals. You tend to expect it. You can wake up in the morning and be in a different country, with a new official language and with a currency that is called something else to what it was yesterday.

A news item sparked off the reason for writing this piece, that, and questions that come about in my daily conversations.

The 6.00am news item was about the Berlin Wall and that, "...exclusive apartments are to be built by a developer on the site where the Berlin Wall once stood, and where there is a remnant of the Wall".

The reporter went on to outline the significance of the remaining section of the Wall, "...The East Side Gallery is the longest remaining stretch of what was the inner section of the Berlin Wall which separated East Berlin from West Berlin during the Cold War". The significance of this section of the Wall is that, "it's covered in murals painted after the Wall came down in 1989", with one of the Soviet leader Brezhnev kissing his East German counterpart Erich Honecker.

But the Berlin Wall is to be no longer. The historic parts of the Berlin Wall have been removed to make way for a luxury

apartment building, despite much public protest (ABC Radio National Worldnews, 23 March 2013).

A bit of background to this conversation is that 1989 is cited as the critical year in the development of events in Europe and the world in the twentieth century. History accelerated its course; the symbol of the shift being the fall of the Berlin Wall. “Velvet Revolutions” was the term used to refer to events in Central and Eastern Europe with totalitarian and authoritarian regimes losing their grip on power in the early 1980s. I lived in the former Yugoslavia from 1971 to 1983.

“People power” is said to have been at the core of the changes, with the result being that the regimes all unravelled over a very short period of time. The structures of the totalitarian systems were dismantled by the quiet and persistent efforts of people. The word used by Gorbachev was “*prestroika*”. The effect was the reunification of Germany, the end of Communism and of the Cold War.

Rewind back to the early 1980s, and the experience of times lived – and the quizzical look of the inquirer in the conversation dated 2013.

In October 1983 I remember asking the two representatives from the World Bank, “Could you tell me, how is the Yugoslav section of the European road being funded?” I had completed another all day session as the official Yugoslav translator/interpreter at the International European Road Conference, Zagreb, Yugoslavia in 1983.

“Oh, that’s straight forward”, one of the elderly men in suits with an American accent said. “We at the World Bank are going to fund the road connecting the Yugoslav section to Austria and then Greece. It’s how we have done it since the allies organised things with the late President Tito of Yugoslavia leading up to 1945. As you know, that was the deal – he turns his back on Stalin and the USSR, and we pay for the regime. That is now over – the Cold War is finished”.

I reflected - so, that is why the churches have been full over the last year. Demonstrations had been taking place in front of churches. The priests have been speaking about the changes that were taking place in Eastern block countries, particularly in East

Germany. Word had got out and we had already been told through the Christian church network. I had not realised, until that moment in time, how significant the role of the church had been in preparing the people for the shifts in history and their daily lives.

Fiction? I knew it was fact. The following week, I went to see our local priest for advice. He said to get out. I defended my Masters thesis, put in for a doctoral scholarship, organised an exit visa and got out, back to Melbourne Australia, the place that I called home from 1959 to 1971, after leaving my birthplace Zagreb at the age of five.

If it had not been for my local parish priest, a Jesuit, I would not have acted so swiftly and decisively.

I knew that at times of major upheaval, it is not only regimes that cease, that people work for change, but also that the church is where you get the latest and best guidance about what to do next - including getting the right train, at the right time and day.

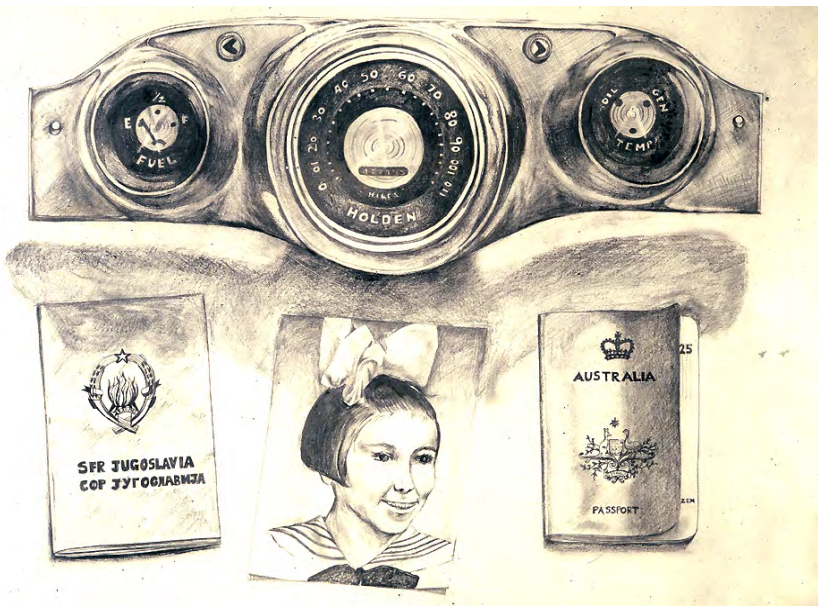


Image: "1980s", pencil drawing on paper, 1987, artist: Srebrenka Kunek

Josie Snowden's Parish Connection

In answering the question "what has coming to St Mary's meant to me?," I need to cast my mind back to the year 2000 and even a little beyond. I had raised my family in central Victoria, having moved there in 1979 specifically to work in Paediatrics - for 20 years I lived and worked from Gisborne to Maldon and Castlemaine to Bendigo, where I just loved the country spirit of community and loved working in community based positions in Occupational Therapy, I met my very talented musician husband, married at the Church of the Good Shepherd (saw it burn down on Ash Wednesday), and had twins. My sister Jane had also moved to central Victoria and although not a christian was always my first friend in life.

Before this, when my brother and sister and I lived in Carlton it was the days of the old Lygon St, hard on the heels of the hippies moving out and new alternative cultures of the 70's moving in, involving yoga, film, art theatre, books and vegetarianism. I shared an old unrenovated terrace with three other Christian women. One of these women was to become one of the first female ordinands for the Melbourne Anglican communion: She had to hang around and wait for the church to catch up with the idea and she did. We lived together because we had no money and \$10 per room and \$10 on food kitty seemed ok on student income!!

St Jude's was unrenovated and a low church evangelical culture, made up of a highly intelligent congregation of students and professionals, many of whom committed to the ministry and were financially supported through training at Ridley by the congregation . . . men only in those days! It was here I met Jenny and Howard Langmead (both who attended my wedding). I left St Jude's, full of a mish mash of theology from all directions, slightly dispirited, with many questions but still a committed Christian.

Skipping forward, very reluctantly in 2000 having had to leave behind my marriage, I arrived in Essendon and rented a house that my two studying children could come and share with me as they needed. When I did arrive at St Mary's in 2003, I met Jenny Langmead - hailing me from the other side of the small hall! My

old priest from Maldon days, Hedley Jones, had suggested I should try St Mary's, but I didn't until 2003 when it was again suggested to me, this time by the then current Dean at UFT, where I had enrolled to do study toward a PhD in spirituality and occupational therapy.

Sjef, if you are unaware is my long time friend from Bendigo, he had often attended St Paul's Bendigo with me and encouraged me to try out St Mary's - I think we were both taken with Cecilia and the friendly congregation - at last a home - not too high church for making transition, and I adapted quite easily, St Mary's evoking memories of my first Church days as a teenage convert when I attended St Columb's Hawthorn. At St Columb's, under Archdeacon Maroney, we had a small choir to die for and wonderful sung evensong. I believe memory plays a great part in spiritual comfort or discomfort into the present, whichever it may be, and St Mary's made both Sjef and me feel comfortable and welcomed.

So St Mary's has meant comfort and friendship and also through the encouragement of the two Priests, involvement and growth. As St Mary's has regained strength and direction as a congregation so have I. With Cecilia's, pushing from the rear and Craig's leadership from the front, it has been a place to find spiritual growth and change that has been rewarding.

I had always wanted to have a private therapy practice in paediatrics but family and bread winning came first. This goal finally began to come into fruition in 2003, and I worked in part from Christchurch Essendon, I met Richard Murray there, at UFT and at St Mary's! Simultaneously I began studies in theology and spirituality at UFT, an academic interest since the 1990s Occupational Therapy renaissance in spirituality in therapy. So no longer with a resident partner to have to care for, no longer with children to rear (or so I thought, but that latter one has not proved a reality) I became involved with study, teaching at a university, a therapy practice and children's ministry - the latter about which I had not really got the first clue! (Thanks to Jeanette and Godly play I learned I could do some things with out being an expert in theology!)

I lost my sister the week after Craig's arrival I think (this is the sister I had walked beside in life for 54 years) and two years later my Mother. When asked what characteristics I had wanted in the new priest, I had stated that pastoral skills would be of high importance. Craig's ability to use liturgy of the church to heal the sadness of loss and bereavement and openness to just being there as a support has meant a lot - the loss of my sister threw up so many questions personally. What about that PhD, what about the Grad Dip, what about....!!! Second to this Craig has a convincing teaching style and is a great vegetable gardener - both things I can admire.

However its those friends I have made through being on Field Committee, on Vestry, in via positiva or just doing craft at Marion's house and working with others from Children's Ministry, or just Morning tea, that I consider my extended family and the core of St Mary's spirit.

Reflection now 10 years down the track shows me how much I have grown spiritually - how important for example Easter is to me now, when once an anathema, and how much that Grad Dip in Theology has meant to my confidence in Children's ministry as well as being the essential vehicle with my Masters research degree in OT to commencing the PhD at MCD...Finally! Thanks to both Charles and Peter Sherlock for helping toward this at specific times.

Once again I am a student, living in Parkville not Carlton (not much money but with a small paediatric practice), and attending an inner city church, high Anglican not Evangelical, but one so full of the spirit and inclusive that it reaches out to you to stay. Somehow St Mary's has been able to hold me through 10 very difficult years when I went through reconciling the loss of a marriage and two serious critical illnesses with children, as well as the two recent bereavements! There are lots of things you can do with a Grad Dip in Theology, but one also has to earn money! The PhD is being undertaken because I sincerely believe in the importance of being a Christian in the real world and understand how hard it can be to actually fulfil ones calling - Christ, in me doing my job, as a therapist, as a doctor as a teacher, as a lawyer as well as the need for and great importance of Women taking

ordination for Ministry in the church . With this Doctorate I hope to write, teach and mentor and encourage many other therapists and health professionals toward a christian spirituality of praxis: In other words I believe we all have a spiritual calling as Christ's servant. More over I think that this is what we need to equip our children for through our ministry, how to listen to and for that calling for love and service for God, and how to differentiate between world values and Christ's way.

Elizabeth Murray's Parish Connection

I officially became a parishioner at St Mary's in January 2010, although my connection with St Mary's precedes that date.

I began employment as the Verger/Sacristan in September 2008. Before that, I had popped in a few times while my dad, Richard Murray, was a student and then honorary curate in the parish.

Moving parish was an important step for me. I had been in my previous parish of St Andrew's Aberfeldie since I was born. I was baptised there at about 5 months old, confirmed there in 1995, acted as Synod Representative from 2000-2009 (for those interested in such things, that included two sittings of election synod!) and was very involved in services by leading intercessions, reading and providing the music in the parish. The music aspect was 'inherited' from dad when he began his formal preparation for ordination. It became more crucial when the parish organist moved back to America and I was the one who could confidently operate the computerised music system, which became our main accompaniment.

During my undergraduate years at uni, I felt that I would very much like to move to a parish where they hadn't all known me since I was a baby. It wasn't that they treated me like a kid, but I didn't quite feel like an equal adult. The time I really wanted to leave would have been the very worst time to leave. St Andrew's became vacant and we had a locum priest. While I have never and will never claim to be indispensable or irreplaceable, I did not want to leave St Andrew's during such a time of transition, and I told myself that after the new priest had been in place for a

year, I would begin the search for a new parish. Our parish had an interregnum of four years!

Anyway, the new priest arrived and I gave myself one Sunday a month to go to other parishes in the area and to explore other ways of worshipping including visiting St Jude's Carlton one Sunday. I suspect I always new I'd end up at St Mary's, but it was fun and important to go visiting different parishes that represented the range that Melbourne Diocese has to offer.

I was liturgically farewelled from St Andrew's mid-January 2010 and came to St Mary's the next Sunday. The wonderful people, including a high proportion of academically minded sorts, are what keep me at St Mary's. I truly love being here.

As I said earlier, moving from my childhood parish was an important step. The move gave me the space to actually contemplate my relationship with Christ's church on Earth. It meant that when a priest I greatly admire and respect told me she thought *I* would make a very good priest, I actually had to listen this time. I had been asked many times if I was going to be a priest. I thought that's just what happens when you hang around Theological Colleges for a few years. It also happened when my dad became a priest, but I brushed off those questions because when dad was an English teacher and my mum a Science teacher, many people asked if I would become a teacher too. I ignored that niggling feeling in the back of the mind that I might be called to ordained ministry for years. I ignored it partly because I was in a position I was less than happy with and I did not want a wish to escape to be present while exploring a call to ordained ministry. There have to be better reasons. Now that I am in a parish I love and would rather not leave, that niggling feeling has become harder to ignore and a well-placed conversation during Holy Week was the final kick. I am enrolled in the Year of Discernment, the first formal step in exploring a call to ordained ministry in the Diocese of Melbourne. The whole process is going to take years and I am very pleased to belong to a parish that I feel sure will support me during this journey.

Parish Connections

How long have you been at St Mary's?

What brought you to this parish?

Were other members of your family already parishioners?

Were you even baptized or confirmed at St Mary's?

Why did you stay?

We would welcome all pieces, long and short, to add to our files to be included in later Parish News editions.

PARISH FAIR

Marion Poynter

Well, the St. Mary's Church and Kindergarten Fair is over for 2013! We can all breathe a sigh of relief, and contentment, for this year's Fair was, in many ways, the best ever. More people came, more money was made (well over \$9000), the happiness factor was high, and the weather, after a slow start, turned out just right. The early cool of the morning in fact proved a boon by driving people into the Morning Tea venue (the small hall) to gratefully partake of the most excellent coffee, tea, and slices offered by Helen and her team, as well as Josie's fresh scones. The takings were the best for years.

Efficient, hard-working teams on all stalls did a great job. Jackie on Jams has, aided by others, been working for months producing those fabulous preserves which draw people back each year to spend freely and make this our star stall. Closely behind Jams this year was the Produce Stall which, unexpectedly, was particularly popular, and did remarkably well. Perhaps a good part of the credit should go to Tom Shearer whose imaginative busking caught people's attention! Another attention-attracting personality was 'Raffle – Ticket – Seller Supremo' Candy-Leigh, with good results. Generous Raffle prizes from local patrons were gratefully received. The vicar drew the raffle and prizes were gratefully received.

A new attraction this year was the Games stalls, and they drew in lots of young people (and some not so young!) to try their hand at Splatting the Rat, fishing for Ducks on the Pond, and

Throwing Coins onto chocolate bars. A total of over \$500 was made, thanks to the generosity of prize donors, and the hard work of Ann, St. John, Clare and Jack. Once again the Bouncy Castle proved popular.

The very successful Craft and Cake stalls were stocked largely with items home-made by parishioners. Working bees before the Fair to make crafts at Srebrenka's place were fun and instructive, and there was one last-minute cake-making gathering at Marion's. The Cake stall was soon sold out. Everyone wants to buy cakes, and there never are enough. People lined up to buy the delicious barbequed sausages from the ever-popular stall run by Sophie and family. Books made more money this year than ever. This stall requires the skill, and endurance, of dedicated people (headed by John, John and Chips) to handle the great avalanche of stock which arrives to be sorted. (More people are off-loading their books in favour of e-books.) It has been suggested that next year we maybe should drop the Book stall. But this would be a pity, as so many people still love to look through the volumes and make their selections. A fair without a Book stall wouldn't be the same. This is also true for Bric-a-brac, where the job of rapidly sorting and pricing of stock requires the experienced hand of troupers like Christine and Susan. This year less stock came in, but what did was mostly sold. People love the bargains on this stall.

The money management for the day was efficiently managed by Andrew, assisted by his counters Rhondda and Kate, while the handling of so many behind-the-scene arrangements, including the necessary Fair notice board (designed this year by Srebrenka) and the printing of a large number of Fair-advertising fliers, were handled by Elizabeth with her usual aplomb. John Blanch, Peter and Tom helped with the very important job of setting up and down.

The Kinder stalls did well too. Lots and lots of children came, with their parents, helping to swell the crowds. Altogether this was a fantastic team effort. A Parish Fair is a valuable expression of community spirit for ourselves and others in the area.

Calling all shutter-bugs

As part of the ongoing work to improve how we present ourselves to the world, we strongly encourage people to bring their cameras along to special parish events, and use them. The photos in this parish news came from various parishioners and we are grateful for their contributions.



Photos from the Parish Fair

If you have little snippets of news that you want included in the parish news, please send them through to the office at any time.

Retrospective



The January fundraiser was a Broadway Musical Evening – New York food and an amazing array of performing talent from parishioners.



Carols for Kids 2012

UPCOMING EVENT

Patronal Festival Mary, Mother of our Lord Thursday 15 August, 7pm

Sung Eucharist followed by supper

Guest preacher the Revd Canon Professor
Andrew McGowan

All are welcome to join us for this celebration



Virgin and Child, written by Pavlos Dimitriadis

Making Contact with St Mary's

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The church is open during the day.

Morning Prayer is at 8.30am Monday to Thursday. All are welcome, and for coffee afterwards.

Wednesday Eucharist is celebrated 12.30pm in the Mary Chapel.

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

The Parish Office is open Tuesday 9-11.30am,

Wednesday 9-11.30am & Thursday 9am-2pm

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.stmarys.org.au

MISSION STATEMENT

St Mary's Anglican Church, North Melbourne is an inner-city Christian community that strives to be faithful, inclusive, and sacramental. God inspires us to worship in daily celebration; to be caring, thoughtful and inviting.

In response to God's call, in the next three to five years we aim:

- to grow substantially in faith and numbers*
- to provide ministries and cultural activities that actively engage with people in North Melbourne, West Melbourne, and South Parkville*
- to improve our ministry to and with children and younger adults*
- to manage and deploy our property and financial assets wisely*
- to become more open to change as we learn how to grow*



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: