

St Mary's *Parish news*

Patronal Festival 2016



*The Mary Chapel Icon:
Virgin and Child, written by Pavlos Dimitriadis*

From the Vicar



Welcome to the Patronal Festival edition of the Parish News, as our souls magnify the Lord, and our spirits rejoice in God our Saviour.

This year your Parish Council has been beginning to consider a new Strategic Plan for the parish. I would encourage you to read again the newly agreed Mission/Vision statement that is printed each week in the pew sheet. As Council begins the work necessary to

turn this statement into more concrete plans for action, we will be challenged both to make best use of our resources, but also to take some risks. In any parish there is always a huge “wish list” of things we would like to see done, and indeed of things on which we would like to see money spent. In practice, of course, resources, both financial and personnel, are limited. The point of developing a strategic plan is to assist the parish leadership to make choices that further the mission of the parish in a programmed way, rather than allocating resources in an ad hoc or responsive way. As we examine anew every aspect of what we do as a parish community, there may be some elements of our current activities that will need to change in order more accurately to reflect the missional focus we have set ourselves. This will be challenging as well as exciting.

Over the next few months, Parish Council will be engaging in a series of discussion that will lead to some initial goal-setting. There will also be a wider parish consultation in the weeks prior to the Annual Meeting, to canvas key questions more widely, and so that the new Parish Council

elected at the Annual Meeting will have a clear mandate for action from the wider parish. I encourage you to enter wholeheartedly into these opportunities for discussion, and to contribute your perspective to the wider planning exercise.

- Fr Craig.

VISITING MARIAN SITES

Greg Reinhardt

Our Lady of Walsingham

The Anglican shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Walsingham is to be found in the more remote part of Northern Norfolk near the Queen's country house at Sandringham.

In 1061, an English noble woman, Lady Richeldis de Faverches, saw a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary who carried her soul from England to Nazareth so as to show her the house where the Holy Family lived. What should be noted immediately is that the apparition was one experienced by a noble lady (typically English) and can be compared with the apparition of St Bernadette at Lourdes!

A shrine was built at Walsingham and visited by most kings up to and including Henry VIII, who went to Walsingham to give thanks for the birth of a baby boy, the future King Edward VI.

Consistently with the suppression of the monasteries under Thomas Cromwell, the Walsingham priory was suppressed in 1538. Anglican devotion at Walsingham was revived in 1922. Meanwhile, the Roman Catholics had re-established the Slipper Chapel about a mile from

Walsingham, which had been the final chapel on the pilgrimage to Walsingham where pilgrims would remove their shoes so as to walk to the principal shrine barefoot. Bishop Lindsay Urwin, the present Vicar of Christ Church Brunswick, is the former Administrator of the Shrine of Our Lady Of Walsingham.

Well worth a visit, but you need a car or someone to drive you!

Our Lady of Lourdes

The first apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette Soubirous, a young peasant girl, in the south west of France near Tarbes was in February 1858 in a cave (or grotto) whilst she was gathering firewood. She experienced a number of subsequent visitations and she heard the Blessed Virgin saying (in translation): "I am the Immaculate Conception".

I have been to Lourdes on several occasions including, once, with Roman Catholic friends, who declared it a veritable "Catholic Disneyland". That said, the main religious part (heavily neo-Gothic) is fenced off from the commercial and it is necessary to buy containers (mainly dinky little bottles with blue sashes on the image of the Virgin (Bernadette is said to have seen the Virgin with a blue sash) for the collection of Holy Water at the Grotto. Lourdes is regarded as a great place of healing (through the Holy Water) and it is possible to be bathed in the waters from the spring. Evidence of healing is provided by things such as crutches which have been abandoned by pilgrims!

The place itself is very pretty, situated as it is in the foothills of the Pyrénées. It is very cold in winter. Bernadette was canonised on the feast of the Immaculate Conception on 8 December 1933, despite what readers may think is my apparent cynicism, the experience at Lourdes is quite a moving one. There is a train to Lourdes from Toulouse and the town can be quite crowded in the summer pilgrimage period.

Our Lady of Fátima

This shrine is to be found in Portugal, about two hours north of Lisbon. In 1917, three shepherd children reported apparitions of the Virgin Mary above a tree in their home village of Fátima. Three secrets were entrusted to Lucia, one of the children. One of these predicted the end of the First World War. This secret also predicted that there would be worse wars unless people ceased to offend God.

One of the more mystifying, and distressing, aspects of Fátima is the way in which new mothers (encouraged by their partners) feel compelled to crawl almost two miles on their bare knees with their babies. I personally found this a bit offensive. I'm not sure whether there is a train. I went both times from Lisbon by bus.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

This shrine is to be found north of Mexico City. Our Lady of Guadalupe is said to have appeared to Saint Juan Diego Cuauhtlatoatzin, an Aztec convert to Catholicism, in 1531. The Blessed Virgin appeared to Saint Juan speaking in his native Aztec language. Our Lady of Guadalupe was used by the Spanish as a means to converting the Indigenous Aztec populace to Catholicism. The shrine is immensely popular and one has to approach the Chapel to the Virgin

on a conveyor belt to prevent people from stopping in front of the image of the Virgin to pray! Prayer has to be quick.

By way of a small aside, two things worth visiting in Mexico City- the house and studio of artists Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivero (there is an excellent Frida Kahlo exhibition in Sydney at present) and not far away, Trotsky's house. I didn't see the ice pick that killed him but I understand it has been found and is now in the house! And don't miss the amazing Rivero murals in Mexico City!

Stories from around the Parish

Kids at St Mary's



Harriet Jenkins

So far this year many of our children have celebrated some major milestones at St Marys. Emma and Adele were baptised and Hugo had his first Communion. We wanted to share with you this lovely exchange between Rebe and Hugo after his first Communion.

Rebe: What did you like about your first Communion?

Hugo: It tasted good. And it made me feel more like a Christian.

Rebe: Did it make you feel more a part of this church's community?

Hugo: Not completely. I think I will feel that when I'm confirmed.

Our favourite activities at church this year have include colouring in, Sunday School and of course morning tea. In Sunday School we've consistently been talking about where we find God. Neve summed it up perfectly by telling us that "God is in your heart".

Stitchers Synonymous

Andrea O'Donoghue

Night-Timers Meeting

Marion's Home

Hello everyone. My name is Andrea. I'm a lapsed Stitcher. Marion, Rhondda, Anne, Fiona, Kathleen, Kerry, Jenny:

Hello Andrea!

I haven't done any knitting for years and years – decades in fact!

I open my knitting bag and show my proof: a knitting pattern book, Patons 8 Ply Misti, positively screaming The Seventies! *Lady's Batwing Zipper Jacket* – dusky pink, a fine leather belt around the waist band. My Show and Tell is a hoot!

I have forgotten how to cast on! With a little help from my friends it all comes back to me. No one judges. One member admits *I've never learned to cast on!* Over the weeks she develops a unique to-be-envied lacy scallop style.

What do we love about Stitchers?

- The company – congenial, restful, funny, chatty;
- Marion's home and hospitality: ambience and open fire. Mmm!
- Marion and John's newest dog Toby, who thinks he's a cushion!
- Supper of sweet slices and blended tea;
- Anne's ghoulish renditions of The Hobyahs from the (very) old Grade 2 reader *The Second Book*. Ah, memories!
- Oh – and the knitting!



Picture from *Second Book of The Victorian Readers* 1930

Come and join us! Donate wool! Bring a friend! We will welcome you warmly. At present we are all knitting squares for quilts for a charity. But Stitchers is not proscriptive or prescriptive. Work on your own projects: Knitting, sewing, crocheting, tapestry, embroidery, darning socks – anything that is dear to your heart. Stitchers is non-gender specific. We focus on what draws us together and rejoice in what makes each one of us and our handiwork different.

Hugh McKay talks with the Archbishop

Janet Horn

I expect you all know about the Archbishop's Conversations, held at the Federation Square Auditorium on a mid-week morning from 7.30 - 8.45 am. The sessions are chaired by a third party, and the Archbishop and an invited guest, an expert on the topic for discussion, talk about the main issues before the subject is open for comments or questions from the floor.

A couple of weeks ago I went to hear Hugh MacKay talk about the research behind and findings recorded in his latest book *Beyond Belief*. Not only is he a relaxed and humane speaker, he probably knows more about social attitudes than almost anyone else in Australia. His work shows the prevalence, especially among the under 40s demographic, of the attitude he calls 'SBNR': Spiritual But Not Religious. I think this is an area where St Mary's should initiate wider engagement.

I enjoy MacKay's throwaway lines and I cannot resist quoting this one: 'The Sydney Diocese has just banned yoga classes from being held on Church premises.'

Heather and Graham Celebrate Their Birthdays:

Pam Cox



Heather and Graham celebrated their birthdays, which are only a few days apart, in the week spanning the end of July and the beginning of August, with a joyful party for residents, families and friends at Gregory Lodge. The festivities began a week earlier with a weekend at Craig's Royal Hotel in Ballarat, also with a group of family and friends from different periods in their lives. After drinks and hors d'oeuvres in the L'Orangerie Room at this beautifully restored historic hotel, the party adjourned over the road to Her Majesty's Theatre, also built in the gold mining period, for an English version of *The Marriage of Figaro*. The set was simple, the cast was young, and the chorus was made of well-rehearsed local children. It was thoroughly delightful.

Afterwards the party returned to the hotel for a few more glasses of champagne - after all it was a very important birthday - and on the way to the lift discovered members of the *Figaro* cast having a drink in the lounge. On hearing that it was Heather's birthday, they made her day by

bursting into song. It's not everyone who has *Happy Birthday* sung to them by Australian Opera!

I'm afraid the singing of our small gathering that Thursday wasn't quite up to the same standard but we joined in with all our hearts as we celebrated Heather and Graham together. After cakes and champagne the party continued outside in Heather's garden, an amazing place that she has created both for residents and for family and friends to relax in when visiting loved ones.

Heather's garden speaks to me of her witty and intelligent nature. As she was telling us, only recently a group of young school children came to help plant cabbages, keen to learn about gardening. She had them preparing the soil and measure distance for careful planting. What a wonderful guide she is!

In her garden there are vegetables, herbs and a magnificent passion fruit climbing from one corner of the garden to another, already bearing fruit. Espalier trees are a feature across the brick back wall, featuring a quince in front, all pruned to bear fruit in the coming seasons.

You are a gifted plants woman, Heather. Congratulations on your beautiful garden and congratulations on turning 70. Thank you for sharing your birthday and your garden and your incredible vigour and zest for life.

Blessings to both Heather and Graham as their journey continues, surrounded by love.

Treasured Possessions

Judie Bainbridge

The Gospel reading on 7th August about possessions, “for where your treasure is, there your heart will be also” (Luke 12:32-40), and Father Craig’s subsequent sermon have had a significant impact on me as during the week I was privileged to spend time having a cup of coffee with a homeless woman who was so generous as to share some of her life story with those of us gathered at the table. She epitomised the person who had given up all: carrying all her possessions in one large black bag. She explained that these were not necessarily the same possessions she might have had last month or three months before that. Her things might have been stolen or she lost her bags while stored somewhere she had considered safe. She did have her Centrelink card, her bank card and her Medicare card – all of which were vital to her survival – but had lost her birth certificate, citizenship certificate and passport.

She did not know where she would spend that night, nor indeed what she would be doing in one hour’s time. She lived in the moment. She told us that she had learned much from her seven years on the streets of Melbourne. She had learned to be independent, to care for herself and to look out for her safety. She explained it was necessary to be completely self-sufficient as she could trust no-one she met. They might seem to be her best friend one moment and her worst enemy the next.

She told us of some of the culture of the homeless people in the city: the groups who formed, some for good, others to perpetrate evil by the sale of drugs and alcohol and by violence. She told us of the young girls who come onto the

streets and are abused and of her attempts to help them. She told us of the Police who are kind but have to enforce the law when things go wrong. She told us of the young man she had helped to reunite with his family and the phone calls to his parents and siblings and the information on where he would be that night, and her joy at seeing them all come to collect him and take him home to begin the treacherous journey of drug rehabilitation.

She told us of the shortage of accommodation and of the bad places that are available as emergency accommodation, where the drug users occupying it mean that it is safer to sleep on the street. That this is only for a few days any way and then the search for non-existent permanent affordable accommodation begins with no hope of a happy outcome.

She told us of her visit last week to the National Gallery to look at Heidelberg School paintings and indigenous art with another homeless man, an artist himself, and part aboriginal. He had been able to explain to her the significance of the indigenous art. She told us that there are many artists on the street. In fact there are people with many useful skills capable of much but with no opportunities to use their skills in the City of Melbourne.

Over the time we spent with her we came to know her as an extremely gentle and gracious woman who has no anger, no resentment and is content with her lot. We had met her in a church where we had shared communion, and her faith was very apparent to us all. She lives her life as best she can in the circumstances in which she finds herself and clearly relies on her faith to sustain her. I do not know what caused her to be homeless and it doesn't really matter.

She had a number of things she wanted us to know:

- She would like an opportunity for homeless people to meet with those making decisions about their future and to have input into the decisions.
- She would like it to be understood that to be without a roof over your head is not the worst thing, it is the thing which causes you to be homeless that needs addressing.
- She would like to have a safe place to sleep which is warm and dry and quiet
- She would like to advocate for more showers and places to wash clothes.
- She would like a safe place to leave her possessions during the day so that she didn't have to carry them with her all day.

These do not seem to be too much to ask of a society like ours. I don't know how the change can happen but I do know she was an inspiration to me of how to live a generous, compassionate life without needing all the trappings we consider essential. She had much to offer us by way of advice and by example.

St Mary's Remembers the War

From Here to Eternity

Jim Osborne

Visits to World War 1 battle sites, especially where Australian involvement occurred, are invariably powerful events. In Flanders and in Picardie, walking through cemeteries and reading inscriptions on headstones are, for many of us, very emotional experiences indeed. Where the young men so interred were able to be identified, folk at home were given the opportunity to send a very brief statement which was inscribed at the foot of the tablet. Most of us who have read their inscriptions realise that few or any of these relatives were ever actually able to visit the graves or view the terrain over which the trench warfare was fought by their loved ones.

Back at St Mary's at a Choral Eucharist one Sunday in April, the Epistle reading from scripture was from the Book of Revelation where St John the Divine has painted for us his image of the eternal Kingdom of God. In his sermon which followed, our Vicar posed the question: "Why are we here today participating in this Eucharist?" Fr. Craig proceeded to postulate that in the Eucharist, where we consume consecrated bread and wine, we momentarily arrive at the outer limits of the Kingdom temporal where we offer ourselves to Christ as a living sacrifice to be refreshed anew, whence we commit to get back out there in order to do a better job as Christians. The Vicar explained the rationale for our use of music, candles and incense as aides whereby an atmosphere conducive to all this might be achieved more readily. He drew a picture

of God's Kingdom, from the temporal to the eternal as akin to a continuum.

At this point my mind returned to northern France. Will you please re-accompany me there;

We had found private accommodation in the small village of St Martin-des-Entrees adjacent to the lovely town of Bayeux, home to the famous tapestry depicting a cross-channel invasion some 950 years earlier, which fellow parishioners will have also viewed. On this particular day we repaired once more to the Normandy coast at Arromanches-les-Bains, in order to visit further Landing Beaches of D-Day 6th June 1944. We motored east along the Channel to the beaches then code named Gold, Juno and Sword, where British and Canadian forces had landed ashore. Sword beach, the most easterly was particularly vulnerable for these reasons:

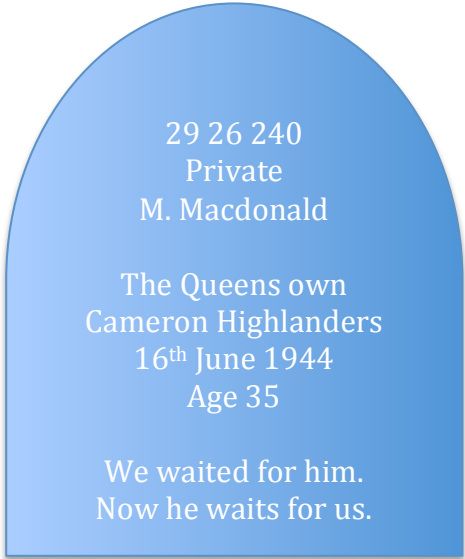
- a) it was the closest to Caen where a Panzer Division awaited;
- b) it was adjacent to the River Orne and the Caen canal;
- c) the very heavily defended Merville Battery was situated on the eastern side of the River's entry in the Channel.

This Battery, and the Pegasus Bridge across (b) above, just HAD to be captured for a successful outcome at Sword.

These tasks were assigned to Paratroopers who were landed in gliders behind coastal defences in pitch darkness after midnight on 6th June. In a swift, daring manoeuvre, the Pegasus Bridge across both river and canal was taken intact with relatively light casualties. The capture of the Battery was a different proposition entirely; this task fell to men of the 9th (Airborne) Battalion, which suffered horrific

casualties. By dawn, out of 750 men who landed, 75 survived to neutralize the long-range weaponry.

Having visited the Battery, which today is a commemorative museum, we made our way back to our lodgings via Caen. However, one further stop was made at Ranville about 8km SSW of the Merville Battery in order to visit the very beautiful British Cemetery which is bordered on its Western edge by a lovely 13th century transitional Romanesque-Gothic village church. It was still quite light approaching 6pm on a late spring afternoon as we wandered among the graves, reading headstones in the process. The Church was by now a silhouette against the western sky. From its detached Bell-Tower, the Angelus was chiming when I happened upon the headstone of a paratrooper. An inscription from his widow and three young children attracted particular attention.



29 26 240
Private
M. Macdonald

The Queens own
Cameron Highlanders
16th June 1944
Age 35

We waited for him.
Now he waits for us.

My vision became blurred, tear ducts unable to cope, swallowing was difficult, conversation was impossible. Nevertheless this moment has been with me ever since.

In the meantime now, we are all still together in St Mary's about to recite the Nicene Creed. However, given the poignancy of the above inscription, and its relevance to Fr. Craig's thoughts, you will appreciate my compulsion to share with you this experience. I have often wondered whether by now, all of those hoped-for reunions have been accomplished within the space-time of God's Kingdom

The Italian POWs

John Bishop

During the winter of 1942, when I was 4 ½ years old, my mother would send me out after breakfast for a walk in our quiet English country lane. There was no traffic because no one had any petrol. One day I was fascinated to see three of the biggest, most sunburnt, men I had ever seen mending potholes in the road. They were dressed in pale blue dungarees with coloured patches, floral shirts and, despite the frosty weather, open-toed leather sandals. They had a wheelbarrow full of tarmac, a spade, a rake and a "stamper" to tamp the tarmac down when they had filled a hole. They were working very, very slowly and stopped frequently to burst into operatic song to the great annoyance of the little English corporal who was supposed to be in charge. He would shout at them, using very bad language, until they stopped singing and resumed work. He saw me staring and called me over. Despite his greatcoat he was shivering with the cold and he had pimples. He was standing with his back to the work gang with his rifle slung on his shoulder while he rolled a

cigarette. One of the men was muttering rapidly to the others, obviously passing on what was being said. "Sonny", said the corporal, "these are very dangerous men and you must keep right away from them. Now f---- off". He was completely unaware that the very dangerous men behind him were towering over him pretending to be fierce, with their teeth bared, arms raised, hands extended like claws. I had trouble keeping a straight face while I thought that these men could kill us right now if they wanted.

Each morning the corporal would wave me past. The workers were definitely not doing their best to contribute to Mr Churchill's war effort and the road repairs made little progress. Then one fine frosty morning I walked down the lane to find the work gang there without the corporal. They called me over. As I ran across they upended the wheelbarrow, leaving the tarmac in a heap in the middle of the road. Two of them sat on the wheelbarrow while the other one stood because the barrow was too small to seat three. I sat on the knee of one of them. He explained that they were Italian prisoners of war (POWs). His name was Antonio and he spoke good English because he had worked in a hotel in Brindisi before the war and was used to English tourists. The other two could not speak English and I couldn't get my head around their names, although I think one was Nicko. Antonio was familiar from the old music hall song "Oh, Oh, Antonio" which I heard on the wireless from time to time.

We settled into a regular routine of having a chat each morning sitting on the wheelbarrow. One day there were only two of them – the other one was too sick to work. Another day one of them told me that he had a son who

was younger than me, 18 months old, with the same name as me – Giovanni. I was most indignant – I could not accept that John and Giovanni were the same. Antonio laughed and said that I would understand when I was older. I was upset when he told me that Giovanni and his father had never seen each other because of the war. All four of us had a good cry at the wickedness of a world where “kids could not see their fathers when they needed to. (MY father had been away for several weeks working in the London blitz, sleeping in the tunnels under Whitehall, so I felt strongly about this, mother and I worrying about his safety.

One morning Antonio called out to me to keep away. “We have been seen, John, and told that we must not be seen talking to you in the middle of the street”. I had a wonderful idea. “If you aren’t allowed to talk to me in the middle of the street, then why not come home with me for a cup of tea? I’m sure my mum would love to meet you.” The three Italians had an intense debate and then Antonio said “OK John. We will do it, but we must go as quickly as we can and keep below the level of the hedges so we aren’t seen.” Crouching low, we ran as fast as we could up the lane to my house and in through the kitchen door. My mother was standing in the middle of the kitchen with the empty teapot in her hand ready to make morning tea. Her face went white and her jaw dropped when I dashed through the door followed by three men. “Mum, I’ve asked these men home for a cup of tea”. Antonio looked at her face and said “I see that this is a mistake, madam. We’ll go now.” They started to go out of the door but Mum saw my disappointment and said “John has asked you in for a cup of tea so you shall have a cup of tea”. So we sat around the kitchen table and drank about four pots of tea

and the three men wolfed down two loaves of bread and butter. They told my mother that they were glad to be out of the fighting, but they were always hungry and cold and the thin ragged clothes that they were wearing were all that they had.

Suddenly the kitchen door crashed open and the corporal leapt into the room with his rifle at the ready. The Italians sprang to their feet and he gestured them towards the door with his rifle. He said to my mother "I could have you arrested for aiding escaping prisoners". My mother replied "Nonsense, corporal, we were just having a cup of tea. Why don't you have one yourself?" The corporal growled something and quick-marched the men away.

That evening my mother told my father all about it. She was sure that the Italians were telling the truth about always being cold and hungry. My father said that prisoners were supposed to be fed and clothed to the same standard as our own troops. He would have a word with "the Major" that evening. The Major ran the local Home Guard, headquartered in "The Shepherds Rest". My father had been in the Home Guard until they found out how old he was; he still helped with planning and training. The Major was initially reluctant to do anything. They couldn't spare good troops to guard POWs and if there were serious irregularities what could he do? My father suggested that they used convalescent troops to guard prisoners, the way they had done in WWI when returning prisoners to Australia. By this time the publican had joined the discussion and said that he had wondered where the "miserable little sod of a corporal" had come from – he was waiting for the pub to open every morning and spent hours staring out of the window, ignoring everyone.

Three days later the Major told my father that they had raided the POW camp and found conditions worse than they had imagined possible. There were no blankets, crockery, cutlery etc and very little food. The guards had been taking everything. "We are clearing the lot out and they will be in the front line by the end of the week. They are being replaced by convalescent troops. They are good lads but they won't be up to supervising work parties so John won't see his friends again." The Major said that he would like to meet me so on Sunday morning my mother brought me to the pub door. The Major shook my hand. "Well, John," he said, "I think that worked out rather well, but we were lucky that the POWS were decent men otherwise things could have turned out very differently. Promise me that you won't fraternise with the enemy again". As he said it I realised that he was right and my promise was sincere.

On Monday morning, just as we were starting "elevenses", there was a loud pounding on our kitchen door. My mother flung the door open. The little corporal was outside, in his uniform but without his rifle. "I'm killed", he bellowed. "I don't know how you've done it, madam, but me and my mates are killed". My mother lost her temper. She had a magnificent temper and a much louder voice than the corporal. The corporal looked as though he would burst into tears and started running. My mother's voice changed – she felt sorry for him. "Do your duty, corporal, and you should be all right. I had three brothers in the last war and they all came through all right and my husband was one of three brothers who also were all right". I doubt if the little corporal heard her. We watched him running away up the lane to meet his destiny or maybe have a last pint at "The Shepherds Rest".

St Mary's Travels

Overseas Adventure

Kimberley McMahon

On Thursday 16th June I took off on a grand adventure with my boyfriend. Bound for London, we endured a 24hr flight stopping over in Brunei and Dubai. We arrived in London at 6am. Being my third time back to London and my boyfriend's first time ever overseas, we were both very excited to explore. Running on adrenaline, we decided to just walk and walk, getting our bearings and happily stumbling upon Camden Market, a diamond in the rough, a fantastic array of colourful people, alternative clothes, bags, jewellery, antiques, souvenirs, trinkets, sunglasses and toys. My eyes lit up at all the shopping possibilities running through my head. Apart from the shopping, the market is best known for its amazing food! The smells that filled my nostrils as we walked around the stalls, pulled pork, spiced chicken, rotti bread, macaroni and cheese, smoked beef, sweet caramel, melted chocolate, pancakes were enough to make anyone salivate at the thought of all that delicious food. With full tummies we headed back to check into our hotel and enjoyed a good night's rest.

We spent the next eight days being tourists and taking in all the sites. We visited all the celebrities including a photo with the Royal Family at Madame Tussaud's, seeing the Crown Jewels and the ravens at the Tower of London, walking along the glass floor at the very top of Tower Bridge, cruising down the Thames taking in London sites from Westminster all the way to Greenwich and back. Being a massive soccer fan, my boyfriend was extremely excited to check out the Arsenal Stadium and museum.

Another activity on my list was to visit Westminster Abbey. As my boyfriend is not very religious I didn't expect him to be very keen, but he was actually quite interested in seeing the inside of the Abbey and learning the history. It was quite moving for me to be inside this historic building: I felt quite overwhelmed at the grace and beauty of this majestic place and enjoyed walking around taking in the serenity and peace.

It was then time for us to take off on our twelve day tour around Europe, catching the ferry over to Calais and heading off to some wonderful places. First was Amsterdam, followed by Rhine Valley in Germany, then on to Munich, which I absolutely loved! We did a walking tour around the city and visited two of the beautiful basilicas there, one being St Peter's Church where we saw the 'devil's footprint', and the other St Michael's, which was absolutely beautiful. I made sure my boyfriend and I lit a candle (I had to explain to him what you do and why we light candles, but he did it, which I thought was very nice). After Munich it was on to my next favourite place, Austria. It was lovely up in the Alps, so picturesque and absolutely beautiful. Venice was next where we got to enjoy a gorgeous Gondola ride through the canals, followed by Rome where we spent two nights. On our free day we went to Vatican City where we were lucky enough to go on a guided tour of the Vatican, seeing all the beautiful sculptures, tapestries and paintings. I felt very privileged to be able to enter the Sistine Chapel and enjoy the beauty and peacefulness of such a prestige and historic place.

After Rome it was a whirlwind of rushing about on the bus, singing karaoke in Florence, visiting monuments in

Lucerne, Switzerland, two nights in Paris where I was very spoilt and received a cute little Parisian bear at the top of the Eiffel Tower, not to mention plenty of shopping! Finally our twelve days had zoomed by and it was time to head back to Calais to catch the ferry back to London, where we enjoyed another seven days of shopping and exploring, and very exciting for me was the visit to the Harry Potter studio.

Unfortunately as the old saying goes, “all good things must come to an end” and it was our turn to get back on the plane and head back to Melbourne to be greeted by our family and friends as well as the icy cold wind of winter. It was a fantastic holiday and I have made some wonderful memories which will stay with me for a lifetime.

A journey through the Mediterranean world *Greg Reinhardt*

In July the principal focus of my travels in July was a 14 day cruise from Venice to Piraeus, the port of Athens, via Istanbul. Not surprisingly, Istanbul was cancelled before the ship, the “Queen Victoria” left Venice largely as the result of the terrorist attacks in Istanbul, most recently at the airport. Disappointing though this was, I could fully understand having visited Istanbul on several occasions and having a fair idea of the risks involved in tourist areas surrounding the Blue Mosque, the Topkapi and Aya Sophia as well as the Grand Bazaar which are normally swarming with tourists. Constant vigilance would be required and this would not be a lot of fun. I’m not sure when it will be safe to visit this marvellous city again which is very sad.

I spent four nights at Amalfi on the Amalfi Coast which has to be one of the most delightful places in Italy or, indeed, the world. In my opinion, the Amalfi Coast is more beautiful than the Cinque Terre in the Ligurian area south of Genoa.

Those familiar with the film adaptation (1999) of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" may recall the sequence in Amalfi and the views of the wonderful Cathedral dedicated to St Andrew and which contains some of his relics. I have stayed in Amalfi now on several occasions, always at the same hotel with the same welcome, and enjoyed the food, wine and local ambience (it is one of the few Italian towns where you are not conscious of tourist presence. Visits to the adjoining village of Atrani, which is charming, and Positano by ferry which probably has greater prominence for tourists, but, in my opinion, lacks the charm of Amalfi. Other places of interest, which I did not visit this time, are Ravello in the hills above Amalfi (whose garden inspired the Magic Garden scene in Wagner's "Parsifal"), Praiano (between Amalfi and Positano) and Sorrento.



On to Rome for a couple of days. The Trevi Fountain has now been completely restored- no more barricades and scaffolding. Visits to the Piazza Navona and the Pantheon and St Peter's principally to walk through the Holy Door (the Porta Santa) which is opened every 25 years regarded

as Jubilee years and on other years declared by the Holy Father (2016 being one of them and called an extraordinary Jubilee of Mercy). Pope Boniface VIII began the tradition in 1300.

There are Holy Doors in all the major Basilicas in Rome and naturally more than the usual crowd of pilgrims who descend on Rome for special pilgrimage. No longer does the Holy Father knock on the door three times with a silver hammer. A great pity in my view! Traditionally those who walk through the door are granted plenary indulgences. That is a great comfort! The Holy Father has declared that the benefits of the Jubilee year extend to all even if they cannot journey to Rome. Pilgrims are reminded before entering the door of John 10:9, where Jesus said, "I am the gate. Whoever enters through me will be saved." And Luke 11:9, "And I tell you, ask and you will receive; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you".

A couple of days in Venice with a drink at an outrageous price (you pay separately for the music) at the Hotel Danieli in St Mark's Square. I love this city. To take a vaporetto (the ferries which ply the Grand Canal) from the station to San Marco is like living in a Canaletto painting and a magnificent experience; to see the Grand Canal open up with the wonderful building on both sides of the Canal, the Rialto and then Saint Mark's with the Doge's Palace.

To Dubrovnik in Croatia, which is one of the most exquisitely preserved cities in the world. The damage sustained by the city as the result of attacks by Serbian artillery from the heights above Dubrovnik during the Balkan conflict has been almost totally repaired, a remarkable achievement. Those travelling to Dubrovnik

are advised to take a trip (as I did on my last visit) to see the restored Ottoman bridge at Mostar in Bosnia and Herzegovina, a symbol of the renewal of relations between the Bosniaks (Muslims) and the Serbs, and Sarajevo, to see the place where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in June 1914 precipitating WWI, and to see how the residents of that city survived the siege by the Serbs during the Balkan wars, largely through the use of a tunnel under the airfield.

Crete and the Minoan excavations at Knossos. These date from the Bronze Age (the approximate dates are 3650 to 1400 BC) and are named for the legendary King Minos, the first King of Crete and the son of Zeus and Europa. Every nine years, he made King Aegeus pick seven young boys and seven young girls to be sent to the labyrinth to be eaten by the Minotaur. The Minotaur was the son of Pasiphae wife of King Minos, half bull and half man. The Minotaur was eventually killed by Theseus son of Aegeus who fell in love with King Minos daughter, Ariadne, who gave Theseus a thread to enable him to enter the labyrinth, kill the Minotaur and return. The site was excavated by an English Archaeologist, Sir Arthur Evans, in the early 20th century. Much has been restored using concrete, the subject of considerable criticism, but at least it does allow one to have a perspective of how the ancient city, or parts of it, looked. All quite fascinating. I would like to return to Crete which is a beautiful island with lovely beaches. I have never seen so many olive trees!

Kusadasi in Turkey to visit Ephesus. I visited Ephesus some years ago and work continues on the excavation of this Greco-Roman city which was abandoned after earthquake and silting of its harbour (the harbour is now

some 5km from the city) but which, up until the 7th century AD was one of the principal cities of the ancient world. The city was famous for the temple of Artemis, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, which was damaged or destroyed by the Goths in 268AD. Nearby is the House of the Virgin Mary and the Chapel of St John the Evangelist where St John is said to be buried. It is generally agreed that Mary lived in the area for some time, assisted by St John (recall Jesus' words from the Cross to His mother: "Mother behold thy son" pointing to St John. There is no real evidence that Mary died at Ephesus. The place of the Dormition was probably Jerusalem. Nor is there evidence, if there be an Assumption (a doctrine introduced by Roman Catholicism only in the late 19th century), that this took place at Ephesus. I should add that St John is said to have written his Gospel at Ephesus.

Santorini with its caldera formed by a massive volcanic eruption which may have been responsible for the destruction of the Minoan regime. One of the most beautiful of the Greek islands with its capital, Thira, perched high above the caldera and accessible by funicular (or donkey!), and Oia on the western edge of the island which has the most magnificent sunsets I would suggest of any part of the world.

A day in Piraeus to enjoy some of the best of Greek food I have tasted on the marina (I've never had calamari like it) and to avoid the crowds in Athens (in my opinion, once you have seen Athens and its museums you don't need to return). On to Volos in Greece (a substitute for Marmaris in Turkey as the attempted coup had put an end to any further venture into Turkey; I was told by an English woman later in Rhodes that she had a yacht in Marmaris

and that renegade soldiers were on the run shooting indiscriminately, which was why she was going back to her home in Cyprus). Volos is a lovely town and the legendary home of Jason and the Argonauts.

Rhodes for two days. It is a beautiful island with an interesting melange of eastern and western cultures. Lots of mosques interspersed with Orthodox churches. The island had a long Byzantine history until settled by the knights hospitaller in 1309 after the fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem in 1291. There they remained until defeated by the forces of Suleiman the Magnificent in 1522 whereupon they settled in Sicily. The city contains much evidence of the knights and the Crusades.

Mykonos with its beautiful white-washed house and windmills, then back to Piraeus. Four days in Mallorca with a friend who lives at Fornalutx, including Mass at Palma Cathedral with Father Nigel Wright, former Vicar of Glenhuntly and his partner, now living in the north of Scotland. In Palma, one of my favourite cathedrals, there are remnants of the One True Cross in the Cathedral Museum. The Baldachin (canopy above the altar) was designed by Gaudí and it is interesting to see his skills displayed outside Barcelona. I like Mallorca very much, particularly Sóller in the north of the island, which is a delightful town with a small tram that runs to the port. Palma and Sóller are connected by a small train.

Next Mediterranean trip, I hope, will take me to Malta, Sardinia and Corsica which I have not seen. I'd particularly like to see Napoleon's birthplace on Corsica. I'll start planning!

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The church is open during the day.
Morning Prayer is at 8.30am Tuesday to Friday.
All are welcome, and for coffee afterwards.
Wednesday Eucharist is celebrated at
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
Monday & Thursday 9.30am–3.30pm

Any views and opinions expressed in this edition of the parish news are those of the individuals writing them and do not necessarily reflect parish policy or the views of the parish clergy.

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 AND VISION 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 create an inter-generational culture that values all age groups - children and adults - equally*
- *To express our faith in active engagement within and beyond our own community*
- *To deploy our property and financial assets in strategic support of the ministry needs of the parish for the long term*
- *To become more open to change as we learn to grow*

