

St. Mary's  Parish news

Advent/Christmas 2014



Made from the volcanic ash of the 1991 eruption of Mt Pinatubo, Philippines.
Photo E. Murray

From the Vicar



Dear parishioners and friends
of St Marys,

“Christmas comes but once a year”.
For many, this is a phrase
pronounced with a sense of relief!

Christmas seems to begin earlier and
earlier each year. For some time, the
beginning of December has meant
the beginning of “carols in lift”,
however in at least one shop I frequent,
mince pies began appearing in October!
There is only the most limited sense
that Christmas itself – 25 December to 6
January – has any meaning in the
popular imagination. The actual
“twelve days” is the time for
dismantling trees rather than putting
them up; the time for those strange
Christians to go to church, while the
rest of us get on with consuming the
leftover turkey and ham.

The season of Advent – the four weeks
before Christmas – has become less a
time of waiting than a time of breaking
in to that which is to follow, to such an
extent that that which follows (Christmas)
becomes an after-thought, or even a
let-down. It is all the more important,
then, that active members of the
Christian Churches consider new ways
to make Christmas less of a cultural
event and more of a religious one for
those who take seriously the message of
“God with us”. At the risk of sounding
twee – how can we put the “Christ”
back into “Christmas”?

One of the key ways, I think, is not just by trying to avoid getting too caught up in the commercialisation of the season – that is virtually unavoidable. Rather, it is to ensure that we maintain our religious observance in spite of it. That means making sure that prayer – and even prayer together with others in Church services – should be a key part of what we do “on the day”. And as part of our witness to Christ, we should encourage others to join us in worship; not because it is “nice” to go to church at Christmas, but because that is one of the best, if not the best, ways to celebrate and give thanks to God for the gift of his Son, Jesus Christ.

Every blessing on you and yours in this festive season. May those who are travelling have a safe journey – and consider where you might celebrate Christmas in Christian community wherever you may be.

Fr Craig.

Rutter's Requiem sung within The Commemoration of All Souls at Christ Church Cathedral Ballarat
Christine Storey

An insightful comment made by Andrew Wailes in this month's *TMA* was that "a good choir, in addition to having basic music skills, has to have a soul, a sense of community, discipline and a passion to share music with each other and the audience" (or in the liturgical setting, for audience, congregation may be substituted). From all accounts, the choir formed from our own St Mary's North Melbourne Choir and the Ballarat Cathedral Occasional Choir, to sing Rutter's Requiem within the Celebration of the Eucharist for The Commemoration of All Souls on the evening of Sunday 2nd November, was a "good choir".

The seed for this wonderful experience grew from conversations earlier this year between Bev Phillips, (who has long standing ties with the Ballarat Diocese), Lyndell Allen, Director of Music at Christ Church Cathedral Ballarat and the Dean of the Cathedral The Very Revd Chris Chataway. Lyndell and Bev then "sounded out" their respective choirs and received a commitment to learn the work, previously unknown to most of us, over the following many months. We're not sure about the Ballarat Choir's progress, but ours was frankly fairly slow initially. But thanks to CD's and YouTube the choir heard where the music was heading and as the weeks passed by, the music started falling into place. However, we didn't practice together as one choir until the Sunday before this Service. Some of the Ballarat choristers were also able to join us for our

morning service at St Mary's when we sang the Sanctus and Agnus Dei from the work. Our grateful thanks for the sausage sizzle provided for us all at lunchtime to fortify us for the afternoon's rehearsal, when the remainder of the Ballarat choir joined us.

Within the combined choir the sense of community was contributed by Lyndell Allen, who was a former Trinity College (Melbourne) chorister and now also Director of Music at Ballarat Grammar, which is the school our David Morley attended, before he became a resident at Trinity College, when he went to study at the University of Melbourne. David's brother Tom also sang with the Cathedral Choir. Lyndell's young 8 year old son, Sebastian joined the adult sopranos and sang the treble solo for the "Pie Jesu". My late father was a one time accountant at Ballarat Grammar and was on the Diocesan Finance Committee in Ballarat for some years, and there were a number of other connections. After the service we all agreed what a great experience it was working together to sing this Requiem, and our grateful thanks to Bev and Lyndell whose patient support made it all possible. The choristers now all want to do a combined choral work together on a regular basis, perhaps annually!

John Rutter is a contemporary British Composer who is renowned for his relatively accessible choral music, particularly suitable for schools and church choirs. He wrote his Requiem in 1985 following the death of his own father. The work has seven movements, which take one on an incredibly emotional journey through the deep sadness of losing a loved one, to the joy and

triumph of eternal life in Christ. The music for the instrumentalists (all local Ballarat musicians) playing 'cello, oboe, flute, harp, timpani, glockenspiel and organ are beautifully scored to enrich the range of emotions throughout this wonderful work.

The service itself was transcending. It was particularly special to have our Curate, Emily Payne as part of the clergy procession and participating with such dignity and presence within the service. Having an ordained women as part of such a service in Ballarat has only been possible since Bishop Garry Weatherill's appointment. As a choir, we would like to thank Emily for her overall support for this venture. Lyndell is also a member of a superb Ballarat auditioned choir "Vox" who sang "Tyebe poyem" (We sing to thee) from Tchaikowsky's *Liturgy of St John Chrysotum* whilst the names of deceased loved ones were read out, providing a truly beautiful and poignant moment within this wonderful service.

As choristers, we do hope that we will be able to establish a tradition of an annual combined liturgical choral event with Ballarat, to enrich and grow the beginnings of that sense of "soul and community" which we discovered together this year.



Rehearsal on the day



Photos B. Phillips

Lyndell's son Sebastian



All Souls in Ballarat Cathedral: Singing the Rutter Requiem

Chips Sowerwine

All Souls 2014 marked the beginning of what we hope will become an annual event. St Mary's Choir joined with the Ballarat Cathedral Choir to sing John Rutter's *Requiem* in a liturgical setting for All Souls. Rutter composed the *Requiem* after the death of his father, in 1985, though Rutter conducted the premiere in Dallas, at Lovers' Lane United Methodist Church (seriously!).

The *Requiem* is inspired by Fauré's *Requiem* and shares the same gently consoling, warmly melodic spirit, but is clearly a work of the late 20th Century in its use of modern dissonances and rhythms to bracing effect, often to contrast with and prepare moments of heart-melting, soaring lyricism. It is also a very Anglican or indeed Anglo-Catholic work, using texts from the Latin *Missa pro defunctis* and from the 1662 *Book of Common Prayer*, skilfully combined. Thus, for example, the *Agnus Dei* includes passages from the *BCP* that will resonate in Anglican ears: 'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery'; and 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me shall never die'. The *Requiem* includes a beautiful setting of the 23rd Psalm in the 1662 *BCP* version, which has some surprises: 'The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing'.

As a choir, we were a bit daunted at the beginning. Some of the chromatic and dissonant harmonies looked impossible. Some sections, particularly the *Sanctus*,

made heavy demands on the sopranos and altos. But as we worked on it, we came to love it. My brother's choir sang it earlier this year and he wrote me that the *Pie Jesu* was 'to die for', a truth not to be taken literally even on All Souls! And so it was.

The expedition to Ballarat was a treat. The Cathedral gave us a warm welcome. Bev and the Cathedral Music Director, Lyndell Allen, worked effectively to get the two choirs working well together with the orchestral ensemble. We used Rutter's version for organ (played by Leigh Askew, who sang in the St Mary's choir in the mid-1990s) with cello, flute, harp, oboe and percussion, which Rutter recorded only in 2001, dedicating it to the memory of his son Christopher, tragically killed in an automobile accident that year. Ballarat Grammar provided outstanding instrumentalists. My high school girlfriend, an accomplished cellist, told me that the cello part is difficult but spectacular if performed well. I was able to reassure her that it was performed superbly. Despite a severe throat infection, Christine Story gave us splendid soaring tone for the solo in the last movement, *Lux aeterna*.

Lyndell gave us iced shortbread crosses she had baked and we left in euphoric spirits. We are all grateful to Bev for arranging and carrying through this project. It gave us all something special.

Choir aside: Recently, choir member Andrea fell outside the church on the way to rehearsal. What was extraordinary was the number of people who made an effort to offer assistance whether driving, walking or riding. One who rode up on his bike and stayed until the ambulance arrived was a nurse, long time member of Christ Church Choir and long time friend of Fr Craig. It was a really extraordinary sense of community care for us all.

Back To My German Roots And Other Travels

Greg Reinhardt - November 2014

In November I travelled to Frankfurt and then to Heidelberg, which is one of the most beautiful towns in Germany on a stretch of the Neckar River. It is a University town and the University is the oldest in Germany, established by Rupert I, the Elector Palatine in 1386. Heidelberg was saved from damage during the Second World War largely because of a decree from General Patton, an admirer of the classics, that Heidelberg and its University were not to be bombed. Patton died in Heidelberg at the end of 1945 as the result of injuries sustained in an accident.



Ziegelhausen Heidelberg am Neckar

My great-grandparents came from villages on either side of Heidelberg – my great-grandfather from Zeigelhausen some 3 kilometres to the east and my

great-grandmother from Plankstadt some 6-7 kilometres to the west. I have visited both villages on other travels but it was good to return and to see the remarkable amount of growth in both places. Zeigelhausen is no longer the village resort where Brahms spent the summer of 1875.

I attended worship in my great-grandmother's church where she was both baptized and confirmed. Her church is described as Evangelische Kirche. The Evangelische Kirche is really a federation of Lutheran, Reformed (Calvinist) and other Protestant churches. There is an overriding synod for all of these. The Lutheran church tends to be governed episcopally and as I understand it, is in communion with the Anglican Church. Apart from three candles on the altar, however, I did not notice any marked similarity. The congregation sits during the hymns and prayers and the Pastor sits in the front pew for most of the service with his back to the congregation. I happened to be there on the Sunday marking the fall of the Berlin Wall and the sermon was very much based on this event in recent German history with some loose connection to the New Testament reading. I noticed that the word "Christian" was substituted for "Catholic" in the Nicene Creed!

I also visited my great-grandfather's church in Zeigelhausen, which is now a textile museum. It ceased to be a church in 1976. He left Germany in 1864, his application to the ruler of the Palatinate for a passport asserting that as a saddler by trade he would get work in the Australian colonies. This was a time of great hardship in Germany. Three sisters also travelled to

Melbourne from a family of some 16. The substantial researchers of my third cousin, Jenny Patterson, in Sydney, who is descended from one of the sisters and is an expert genealogist on families in SW Germany shows that no Reinhardts remain in Germany, the last member dying in the middle of the last century.

My great-grandfather's family were millers who carried on their business from the Pin Mill (the Stiftsmühle) about two kilometres from Zeigelhausen. The meticulous records kept by the Germans indicate that the Reinhardt (earlier Reinhart) family plied their trade at the Stiftsmühle from roughly the end of the 30 Years' War (1648), having migrated at that time from Switzerland to Germany. The mill no longer exists. It was burned down in 1894 and then a new building was constructed and operated as a guesthouse until the 1950s but has since been demolished. The Benedictine Monastery above the site of the mill (the Neuberg Monastery) is quite picturesque and looks down gracefully to the Neckar Valley. It is still run by the Benedictines.

It is somewhat peculiar to be able to visit places such as churches left by one's ancestors well over a century ago but where they were no doubt very actively involved. I am sure that neither ancestor expected that a direct descendant would return to their place of birth. Father Craig may have experienced a similar feeling on his recent visit to Dublin. My great-grandparents did not in fact meet in Germany. They met in Melbourne and they were married at the Lutheran Church in Parliament

Place opposite St Peter's Eastern Hill, which continues to conduct its services in German.

The Castle dominates Heidelberg. Despite the fact that it is basically in ruins, it is a spectacular Renaissance edifice. It suffered considerable damage during the 30 Years' War (1618-1648) which was basically a religious war following the Reformation with damage caused by both the Imperial and Holy Empires troops led by the leader of the Catholic League, General Tilly from the Spanish Netherlands and then Swedish troops. More damage was caused during the 9 Years' War (1688-1697) sometimes called the War of the Grand Alliance or the War of the League of Augsburg, when French troops under Louis XIV laid waste to the Palatinate in a French battle for dominance over an alliance led by forces of the Holy Roman Empire, all followed by the broader conflict of the War of the Spanish Succession.

Apart from the Castle, the old town is marvellous with the Church of the Holy Spirit (the *Heiliggeistkirche*) dating from the early 15th century , the hotel Zum Ritter built in 1592 and the Old Bridge rebuilt in 1788 and which has inscribed on it the flood levels for the Neckar over 2 centuries. One of my direct ancestors drowned in the River!

I had some time in Frankfurt and in Mannheim, an industrial city but not without its charms and easily accessible from Heidelberg by rail or tram. To Amsterdam to see "Lohengrin" at the Amsterdam Opera which was marvellous as well as a production of "Swan Lake" by the Netherlands Ballet, but also to see

the refurbished Rijksmuseum. I took Father Craig's advice and went, on opening, straight to the third floor, where the Rembrandts and other 17th century works are displayed. By the time I was ready to leave the third floor, there were people everywhere. I liked the new Museum. There is much more light and space. Interestingly, the Night Watch, which was attacked and damaged in 1985, is guarded simply by two museum attendants. For many years it was under glass.

To Paris, principally to see "Tosca" at the Bastille but also to see the reopened Picasso Museum. This is to be found in an old mansion house (*maison particulière*) in the Marais. There has been much controversy about the refurbishment, with delays and cost overruns resulting ultimately in the dismissal of the former President of the Museum, Anne Baldassari, who had been supported by the artist's son Claude. The Musée contains the works gifted to the French Government in lieu of Inheritance taxes, including works of other artists in Picasso's own collection. There are, of course, other significant collections of Picasso's work elsewhere, including in Málaga where he was born. The collection at the Musée is very well displayed and the edifice itself is worth a visit. Warning: buy tickets in advance on-line!

Whilst on Paris, try a charming Bistro near the Louvre called "Au Bistro" which is at 8 Rue du Marché Saint-Honoré off the Rue Saint-Honoré (approach from the Louvre) where the dish of the day (and indeed dishes for the week) is displayed attached to clothes pegs outside! It is very quaint. You may need to share a table.

And who can go past the Bofinger in the Rue de la Bastille in the Marais very close to the Bastille.

London to visit friends and to see “Idomeneo” at Covent Garden, but also an opportunity to see the Anselm Kiefer Exhibition at the Royal Academy which was breathtaking, truly one of the great post-War German artists. And of course, St Bart’s for Evensong and Benediction, but that’s another story....

Here, but not here

Elizabeth Murray

I found myself in a strange situation this year. From March to October, I was on my Supervised Theological Field Education placement (STFE) at St John the Evangelist in Epping. That is why I haven’t been at St Mary’s on Sundays for most of the year. The placement was 12 hours a weeks, Sundays and Wednesdays. This is an important part of my ministry formation and training, to experience ministry in another context and away from my home parish. I’m enrolled in full time study, but I have kept my part time job as parish administrator at St Mary’s. This brings me to my strange place. Although I spent 10 hours a week in this parish, none of that time was on a Sunday - I’ve still been here the whole year, but in a way not really.

It struck me in particular at the evening Eucharist for the Patronal Festival. There were people who had been in the parish for a while that I hadn’t met yet! We had been in email contact for various parish matters, but it

wasn't until August that I was able to put a face to the name, actually hear their voice.

There are a number of people in the parish that I continued to see regularly: those who attend morning prayer, anyone who pops into the office regularly, and the parish clergy of course. I was still connected, but things happen on a Sunday and I never knew about it unless someone told me. I compiled a roster, but I don't know if people actually turned up. I've seen the fantastic revamp of the kids' area in church, but until November had yet to see it in action. I saw the physical changes like lighting, artwork, ropes and a bell, but I didn't see the collective reaction to them. This is not an argument that parish administrators should be Sunday worshipping parishioners - that is not essential - but I do happen to be both, and it felt strange being more one than the other for eight months. I will say it was nice not having to think about administrator matters on a Sunday.

I had a great time during my placement at Epping. The diverse congregation reflects the diversity of this fast growing suburb. The usual Sunday attendance is about 70, with an age range from 3 months to 90+ years, recent migrants to 3rd generation Australian, ethnic backgrounds from Africa, South-East Asia, and Europe. In addition to preaching and liturgical duties, I expanded my ministry experience through involvement in the Messy Church services one Sunday afternoon a month. This starts with activities based around a biblical theme or story, moves to story and prayer time in the church and concludes with a shared sit down

meal. I was given the privilege of leading the story time twice, one of which included the dramatisation of the Exodus from Egypt. The kids got dressed up as Israelites and Egyptian soldiers, blue sheets in the centre aisle became the sea and two adult volunteers were Moses and Pharaoh with me as narrator - Pharaoh in particular really threw himself into the part and we had great fun acting out the story together.



*The calm before the Exodus at St John the Evangelist Epping
Photo E. Murray*

It was wonderful to minister with and to these people, and I am grateful to the parish clergy, my field committee and the people of St John's for all that I have learnt and experienced in my placement.

It has been strange coming back to St Mary's on Sundays because, yes I'm back, but I haven't really been away.

Baptisms, Confirmations and Receptions into the Anglican Communion at St Mary's



*L-R: Kathleen Alleaume-Ross, James Sewell, Bishop John Bayton, David Morley, Heather Harper, Graeme Harper
Photo Fr P. Bewley*

On Sunday 23 November, Feast of Christ the King, James Sewell and David Morley were baptised and confirmed, and Kathleen Alleaume- Ross and Heather and Graeme Harper were received into the Anglican Church. Bishop John Bayton did the honours, on what was a great day. Congratulations to all!



Photos B. Phillips



Ordinations Saturday 29 November 2014



At a service at St Paul's Cathedral, 15 new priests were ordained in the Diocese of Melbourne. Our curate Emily Payne, past parishioner Sharne Rolfe and former St Mary's theological student John Raiké's wife Fiona were among them.



The day was sunny and pleasantly warm. There were lots of people in the congregation supporting these men and women as they enter this next phase of their ministry. The service had a lovely feel; the choir were on good form, the preacher was The Revd Helen Phillips, vicar of St Dunstan's Camberwell, the ordination retreat leader. The cathedral staff ensured everything ran smoothly on the day. There was a joyful feel on the cathedral steps after the service as the newly priested were congratulated by friends and family. A touching sight was Emily giving a blessing to a zen Buddhist monk friend of hers from her CPE placement.

The Revd Emily Payne celebrated the Eucharist for the first time the following day at St Mary's. Congratulations Emily!



*Three Priests: Craig D'Alton, Emily Payne and Philip Bewley
Photo Fr P. Bewley*

On the Road to Bethlehem

Rhondda Fahey

In 2008 the Victorian State Library presented an exhibition titled *The Medieval Imagination: Illuminated Manuscripts from Cambridge, Australia and New Zealand*.¹ One tiny, glowing painting from *The Book of Hours* of Albrecht of Brandenburg has as its main illustration the Annunciation, where a demure blue cloaked Mary kneels in her room, half turned towards the messenger angel, whose raised right arm points toward the Holy Spirit, a dove breaking through the aperture of heaven above. This scene is bordered on the bottom and left side by the next act in the story, the Visitation.

Mary, clutching the blue cloak around her, is at the bottom of the page. She is hastening upwards along the road from Nazareth to a 'Judean town in the hill country' -here a medieval estate, appropriately towards the top left of the picture - to visit her cousin Elizabeth, a tiny figure at the end of the road, herself pregnant with John who will be known as the Baptist (Luke 1: 39-40, 50). Mary is not alone. She is closely followed by the angel. In one hand the angel holds a very small valise, hardly a overnight bag and apparently not large enough for all that Mary might need for a three month visit.

I am entranced by this tiny illumination. First, because it hints that, having delivered the game-changing

¹ Stocks, Bronwyn & Nigel Morgan (eds), *The Medieval Imagination: Illuminated Manuscripts from Cambridge, Australia and New Zealand*, (Melbourne: Macmillan Art Publishing, 2008)

message, the angel does not abandon Mary but is committed to looking after her. Second, because of the possibilities it raises about what exactly is in the case. There is no doubt in my mind that the angel carries it for Mary or that in some mystical way it holds all that she needs for her journey - not only a nightdress and a change of undies but faith and courage and commitment. When she arrives at Elizabeth's house and is greeted as 'the mother of my Lord', she replies with that faith and courage and commitment, 'My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour.'

A third conceit provoked by this miniature of the Visitation is the hope that the angel stays with Mary and accompanies her to Bethlehem, whither she is bound in the second chapter of Luke and the next illustration of the *Book of Hours*, still wearing her blue cloak, travelling, one might expect, much more sedately to that place where 'the hopes and fears of all the years' will meet as her son, Jesus, is born: God with us.

And now in Advent we too are hastening along our own metaphoric roads to Bethlehem, accompanied perhaps by angels bringing us the good news of the royal birth. What is it that we carry with us in our small cases, so heavy with our faults and fears, so lightened by our hopes? What gifts can we pack in our valises for this special baby, this incarnate son of God?

What can I give him, small as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb.
If I were a wise man, I would do my part.
What can I give him? Give him my heart.

And so we bring our hearts, not full of empty promises and old sins, but forgiven and ablaze with faith and courage and commitment to this baby. 'We worship him; we give him thanks; we put our whole trust in him.' Like Mary we will follow him to the cross - in another illustration she stands at its foot looking much older and sadder but still in her blue cloak - and to the empty grave and the joy of Easter morning. Like her, may we always be accompanied by angels, after all just a personification of the love of God.

Farewell P. D. James

Like Dorothy Sayers, a detective fiction writer of an earlier generation, P. D. James, who died on 27th November, 2014 was Church of England to the core and devoted to the cadences of the *King James Bible* and the 1662 *Book of Common Prayer*. If titles such as *Devices and Desires* bear only small witness to this, then the occasional diary she kept in 1997/1998 and published as *Time to be in Earnest: A fragment of an autobiography* spells it out in greater detail (London: Faber & Faber, 1999). The three citations which follow should give a taste of both her Anglicanism and her verve, and encourage further reading.

17th August, 1997

Then to 11 o'clock Mass at All Saints, Margaret Street, where Prebendary Gaskill preached on death, an unusual choice of subject. He touched on the last rites. The thought that the last physical sensation of a Christian would be the touch of

holy oil on the forehead is seemly, but I wonder how often that happens in practice. Death, after all, seldom comes when invited or by appointment. We are likely to take our last breath, whether peaceful, gasping, in pain, or mercifully unconscious, in a place we wouldn't have chosen. And even if our loved ones have managed to manoeuvre their way through the traffic, and have avoided hold-ups on the motorway to arrive at the hospital in time, essentially we all die alone. They will see us but we shall not see them. The most I hope for is a sight of the sky.

4th October, 1997

I must have been about five years old when we moved from Oxford to Ludlow and I can remember long autumnal Sunday evenings (my memory is always of going to church in the fading light and coming out into darkness): my brother fast asleep against my mother, my sister dozing, and myself reading the Book of Common Prayer to relieve the boredom of sermons which were not only long but invariably above my understanding. I was fascinated by the Prayer Book - less by the liturgy than by the accompanying text. I can remember at a very early age being impressed by the rubric in the Communion Service that when in times of plague no one could be found to take communion with the sick then the priest only might do so, and I would sit there in the darkened church with a vivid imagining of crosses on doors, wailing voices and the heroic of the cloaked priest moving

silently and swiftly through the darkened streets,
bearing the sacred vessels.

26th July, 1998

I read moving but distressingly frank extracts in *The Sunday Times* from a book written by John Bayley about living with his wife Iris Murdoch now that she is suffering from Alzheimer's.....

One Christmas we were both invited to read at a service of carols and lessons held at St Martin-in-the Fields Church in aid of a book trade charity. I found myself sitting beside her in the front row, placed in order ready to mount into the high pulpit when our time came to read. Iris asked me, 'Are you a Christian?' I began my usual confused reply to this question. I said that I regarded myself as one and was a communicant member of the Church of England, although I had difficulty with some theological doctrines and could hardly claim to be a good Christian. Iris said simply, 'Oh I'm a Christian. I don't think I believe in God and I don't believe Jesus Christ was divine, but I am a Christian. I nearly became a Buddhist, but then I said to myself, "Don't be foolish, Iris! You're a member of the Church of England."' Can I really have remembered that conversation accurately?

Rest in peace, P.D. James. I hope you died surrounded by family and friends and with a view of the sky.

Making Contact with St Mary's

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<http://humanecatholic.blogspot.com>
The vicar's day off is Friday
Curate: The Revd Emily Payne 0408 666 119
curate@stmarys.org.au
<http://paidiske.wordpress.com>
The curate's workdays are Thursday, Friday,
Sunday
Assoc Pr: Fr Philip Bewley 0412 584 690
Fr Don Edgar (*away on locum duties*)

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 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
Tuesday 9am-1pm & Thursday 9am-4pm

**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 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:
