

St Mary's  Parish news

Patronal Festival 2014



Icon of Jesus Christ and the children

From the Vicar



Dear Friends of St Mary's,
In this Patronal Festival season it is a good time for us to consider anew our identity as a community of faith. The Parish Council (the new name for Vestry) is engaged in a series of discussions on the question of "ethos". We have been saying for some years that we need to grow in numbers – but how big is good? What are the essentials of the St Mary's style of church that

must be preserved? What are peripheral things that we can, perhaps even should, change? What risks are worth taking? What risks would be foolish to take?

As the Parish Council works through these sorts of issues the wider parish community will also be invited to contribute to what must be an evolving conversation. One thing is for sure, nothing too dramatic is going to happen terribly quickly. This is the church after all ☺.

Blessings,
Fr Craig

UPCOMING EVENTS

Sunday 26 October:

Ballarat Cathedral Choir joining St Mary's for 10am Sung Eucharist

Sunday 2 November:

10am All Saints with Commemoration of All Souls.
Performance of Rutter's Requiem by Ballarat Cathedral Choir and St Mary's Choir at Ballarat Cathedral, 5pm
Put the date in your diary! Further details to follow.

An update on children's ministry

The Revd Emily Payne

I have now been in the parish, and looking after children's ministry, for six months (where did the time go?) In consultation with the vicar, and parents in the parish, I have identified the priorities of children's ministry in this parish as being teaching (of the Bible as well as liturgy, tradition and spirituality), and formation of these young people as Christians; that their experience here should be one which helps them engage with the living God, and with the community of faith, in ways which lead to changed lives and an ethic of service within the community. There is also a concern for equipping leaders in their roles and – most importantly – equipping parents so that this formational experience extends beyond an hour or so on Sundays and is able to be a regular part of the fabric of the children's lives.

To that end, here is where things currently stand with the various aspects of ministry with children in the parish.

Sunday Mornings

The Sunday morning programme has continued with children going out of the service after the gospel reading for their own teaching time, and returning around the offertory hymn. It works reasonably well to introduce the younger children to basic Christian stories, ideas and practices.

Kids' Church

Kids' Church on Sunday at 3pm once a month had been done here in recent years. By the time I arrived, it was cancelled due to lack of attendance more often than it ran. As long as those who did attend were also part of the usual Sunday morning congregation, running kids' church seemed to add little value to the worshipping life of the parish. As such, it has not continued, although thought is being given to occasional special services or events (for example, around St. Francis' day and closer to Christmas).

Teens

Despite broad agreement that it is important to have something distinct for the small group of young people in or approaching their teens, attempts to find an appropriate time for that to happen have not progressed well. Some conversation with neighboring parishes in the deanery is exploring the possibility of a collaborative youth group.

It is also possible that we could take our teens to larger youth events, (for example, a diocesan youth service is planned at the Cathedral for later in the year, and early next year there is a visit from the brothers at Taizé with large youth services planned, and so forth). These would be one-off events but might help to build a sense of community and connections more broadly than the parish.

The Kindergarten

The kindergarten is an autonomous, secular entity which is cautious about the extent to which the church

might be involved in its day to day life. The teachers have encouraged me to visit each day that I'm in the parish, to chat to children and parents and build relationships. This contact has resulted in some significant pastoral conversations and, although gentle and low-key, is a valuable way of building connections with the community.

Once a term St. Mary's provides a morning tea for the kindergarten parents, as much to encourage them to get to know and talk to one another as to us. This is easy to do and much valued by the kindergarten community, so worth continuing.

Other Matters



The kids' space at the back of the church is in the process of being somewhat revamped, both to be more inviting and comfortable, and also to give children more scope to engage with worship and related themes. Cushions and creative materials have been welcome additions to the space. A large icon of Christ blessing the children has arrived from

America, has been blessed and hung in that corner, to make it clear that this space is not one to which children are relegated, but one in which they are welcomed.

More thought needs to be given to storage of the materials there, but that will be dealt with in due course.

As we move forward and seek to nurture the faith of these young people, a good question to ask of every aspect of the parish's life is, "Are the children part of this, and if not, how can they be included?"

Four Wonderful Weeks In Europe

Marion & John Poynter

We've returned refreshed, though somewhat jet-lagged, from a wonderful four-week holiday in Europe. Flying by China Southern Airways via Guangzhou (old Canton) we landed early one morning in Amsterdam where we spent three nights at the excellent centrally located Hotel Dikker an Thijs Fenice. Our bedroom window overlooked the Prinsingracht Canal, and we could watch the people walking, cycling (in vast numbers) or tram-ing to their various destinations. On our first day we hopped on a ferry and toured the city for an hour or two, then had a rest and some dinner, after which dropped in to a small movie-house nearby to see a recently restored version in German of the cult movie about Lola Montez, the 19th century dancer. Unfortunately, overcome by tiredness, we did not see it all!

We loved Amsterdam. Walking everywhere we visited the spectacular newly-recuperated Rijksmuseum and the Amsterdam Hermitage Museum with its fascinating

exhibition Expedition Silk Road, lent for the museum's 10th anniversary by the St. Petersburg Hermitage, of which it is a branch. I was particularly interested to visit the Van Loon Museum, one of Amsterdam's many grand canal houses now open to the public. Privately owned and beautifully furnished, it dated from 1671. From the street one would not realize that hidden behind it was a memorable formal garden and an impressive coach house. We walked to the Hortus Botanicus, believed to be one of the oldest botanical gardens in Europe, and lunched in its orangerie.



View of the garden behind a canal house in Amsterdam's Van Loon Museum.

One evening during our stay in Amsterdam a huge crowd gathered in the streets to drink and watch a final match of the World Cup soccer on television screens in bars and cafes. There was a big police presence in anticipation of bad behaviour. This fortunately did not eventuate, for there was happy rejoicing when Netherlands beat Brazil (though they possibly moved on elsewhere to celebrate!)

We then took a train to Paris where we spent two nights, mainly to lunch with an elderly aunt, before proceeding to Strasbourg to join a six-day tour of the French/German Alsace-Lorraine region on board a splendid new barge called the 'Madeleine'. In the congenial company of twenty alumni of Oxford and Cambridge, including our good German friends Thomas and Silvia Boecking, we travelled slowly down two canals, passing through a series of lochs, stopping off to visit interesting Medieval towns with colourful houses adorned with their splendid window boxes, and historic public buildings. In the fertile and beautiful countryside we saw hops and barley and grapes growing and tasted their beer and wine.



An image of the famous Isenheim Altarpiece in Colmar, Alsace.

From early times farmers have lived in clusters of villages and gone out daily to tend their fields, as they still do today. In many spots we came across the sight of storks perched in high places on large nests. Visiting museums and churches, including the fine pink sandstone Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame in

Strasbourg, we also saw such treasures as Chagall's huge stained glass window illustrating "peace" in a deconsecrated Franciscan chapel in Sarrebourg, and the haunting and vibrant early 16th century Isenheim altarpiece in Colmar.

The tour was enriched by the evening talks given by an Oxford Medievalist Dr. Rowena Archer who was particularly interested in the (surprisingly liberal) rights of noblewomen in medieval times.



Boarding the barge 'Madeleine'- at dusk in Alsace Lorraine.

We very much enjoyed the meals on board which included many regional specialties, accompanied by interesting wines and cocktails made from local fruits. John was dubbed 'The Bard of the Barge' when it was discovered that he had written a book of poetry, and some of his poems were read out!

Following the barge trip we hired a car with Thomas and Silvia and drove down to Munstertal in the southern Black Forest of Germany to spend four

delightful relaxing days at a wonderful country hotel called Spielweg overlooking mountains and forests. Beautifully run by a family, it was a big white shuttered building with amazing window boxes of the brightest and best red geraniums I have ever seen. What was the secret? On enquiry we learned that they are continually kept trimmed, watered once or twice daily, and fed nutrients every two weeks. Mine certainly don't get this special attention! While there we went for long walks, attended a nearby Goat Festival, and called in to see a Bee Museum—one of the biggest in the world.

Then, on to England for two weeks by air from Basel. For our first week we were based in the town of Charlbury, staying with our cousin Helen at her pretty house in Sheep Street. While there we twice went into nearby Oxford —visited the Ashmolean Museum, Rhodes House, the glorious Botanic Gardens, and John's old college Magdalen where the midsummer perennial border was in full flower. Wandering into the college chapel we chanced upon the choir, in glorious voice, practicing the Faure Requiem.

One day we drove to see Hidecote in the Cotswolds: one of England's truly great gardens. In the early twentieth century it was laid out over some thirteen acres, into hedged 'garden rooms' in Arts and Crafts style.

Over the week-end we drove to Shropshire on the way calling in to see another delightful Arts and Crafts house and garden—Wightwick Manor— near Woverhampton. It too included 'rooms' in its design.

We stopped to view the museums at the Ironbridge Gorge in Shropshire's beautiful Severn Valley at Telford. A UNESCO World Heritage site occupying some 5.5 acres-squared, this former great iron-making centre (where iron was first smelted with coke) is a symbol of the Industrial Revolution in the 18th century.

However, the main reason for visiting Shropshire was to see a garden that I had read about in a book by an English historian and author, Katherine Swift. In the magical book *The Morville Hours* (2008) she describes the 11/2 -acre garden she has made over the last twenty years in the grounds of the Dower House attached to Morville Hall, a National Trust Elizabethan mansion near Bridgnorth. Before the Norman Conquest Morville was one of the most important places in Shropshire. Heritage properties abound in the area. We visited the 11th century Anglo-Saxon chapel of St. Michael's near a 12th century moated Elizabethan brick manor called Upton Cressett Hall. The church near Morville Hall, St. Gregory's, built in 1118, was originally attached to a priory; it still operates as a parish church.

We wandered around the enchanting Dower House garden created by Katherine Swift. As in other gardens we had seen, the main formal area was divided into 'garden rooms'. Here large yew hedges enclose areas which each echo a different era in the history of Morville Hall over the ages.



The Canal Garden at Morville House, Shropshire

Included is a Cloister Garden, a Knot Garden, a Canal Garden, a Victorian Rose Border and an Edwardian Fruit and Vegetable Garden, and also a maze. We were served cream tea (what we know as a Devonshire tea) by Katherine and her daughter of scones she had made herself, accompanied by home-made jam from her own damsons and greengages. We talked with this quiet but most impressive woman and she signed my copy of her book.

Here is the recipe for her particularly delicious scones:

500 gr. Plain flour
2 teaspoons cream of bicarbonate of soda
4 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 teaspoons sugar
4 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
a scant 1/4 litre milk

Sift the flour with the bi-carb soda and cream of tartar. Add the sugar and cut in the margarine. Add milk carefully. Gather the mixture on to a floured pastry board and roughly pat into shape. Cut into

thick rounds with a pastry-cutter, and brush the tops with milk. Arrange on a greased baking tray and bake at 220 deg. C. for about ten minutes, until beginning to colour.

Allow to cool. Cut in half horizontally and spread with clotted cream, then add a dollop of home-made jam.

Our last stop was London where we spent a week which passed very quickly as we caught up with friends, dined out, attended concerts (including an excellent harpsichord concert at Wigmore Hall by Mahan Esfahani with Fiona and John Blanch), went shopping down Portobello Road, and to the British Library, as well as seeing some wonderful exhibitions. Making Colour at the National Gallery was a fascinating history of colour in art. At the National Portrait Gallery we saw an exhibition of Virginia Woolf: Art, Life and Vision. British Folk Art at the Tate Britain was the first survey of this type of "art". I was intrigued by the unusual show at the Tate Modern of Matisse's fascinating Cut-Out pictures which he completed when his sight was failing at the end of his life. We enjoyed a ferry ride down the Thames between the two Tates. So much culture!

It was a shock to return to the cold of Melbourne after a month of almost perfect weather on the other side of the world.

How St Mary's got a new organ: Excerpt from Fr Jim Brady's Homily for the John Foster Commemoration Eucharist at St Mary's North Melbourne 19 May 2014

Inside St Mary's Church at that time [*in the late 70s*] there were many examples of what John regarded as Hills Hoist culture – the products of short cuts, meanness and intrusion of the worst aspects of domestic taste. Stained glass Windows repaired with bathroom glass, flowers used only at Christmas and Easter, and arranged in odd glass containers, while the traditional brass vases were tucked away unpolished in dark cupboards.

Worst of all was the organ, still imposing in its 1880 casing, but reduced inside by the loss of 300 or so pipes, and what was left rearranged to play only simple hymn accompaniments.

We were pleased, Ann and I, that from now on we would have John as an ally in raising the standard - I moving slowly, not wanting to cause offence to anyone; John being cooperative but less patient.

And the administration. In those days, to make things easier for supposedly incompetent people in struggling inner suburban parishes, the strategy was to pool resources by forming local mergers so that St Mary's was part of a four centre team parish. Centralised finances were administered through a Team Parish Property and Finance Committee whose approval had to be obtained for the purchase of so much as a broom handle. I dreaded the end of Morning Prayer on the

days following Property and Finance meetings. John would invariably approach and ask, "Are they going to buy us a new organ?". "'Fraid not John." "You did tell them they had to." "I'll bring it up, John", I would say weakly, "when the time seems right."

What I never told him was that at one meeting the Director, after giving us a talk on the lack of funds, the need for tightening of belts and the policy of minimum maintenance for the older buildings had illustrated the last point by saying, "For example we could never contemplate the replacement of the St Mary's organ." If I had told John that, he would probably have said it was just the opportunity to tell them it was exactly what we had in mind!"

In our morning conversations John and I were agreed that the best chance for a replacement of the organ would be for St Mary's to have an organist who aspired to become a full time professional church musician. Such a person would want to replace the organ, start a choir and develop a musical tradition for the Church.

Despite the fact that things were starting to look up in the parish and the Team parish was no more, that aspiration still seemed very remote, but an opportunity came when David Agg returned from overseas. John, who had been renting one of the church cottages in Chetwynd Street, offered to move out so that it could be offered to David and Judith as part of an arrangement to acquire David's services as organist with a brief to search for a replacement organ. The vestry committed itself to supporting the project, some members, I

suspected, reluctantly while comforting themselves with the thought that it would never become a reality anyway. But they were wrong. Within a year a choir was up and singing; and in two years the organ was being installed, John having contributed almost a quarter of the required sum by giving the proceeds from the sale of his Justin O'Brien painting of the Baptism of the Lord.

I have taken time to recount the story of the organ - first, because it was John's most substantial material contribution to St Mary's; second, it happened before most of those here tonight were involved in the parish, and third, it had such a transforming effect on our worship and parish life generally. The Hills Hoist period was over. From now on things would be done properly and with taste. There would be no need to hide makeshift arrangements behind talk of keeping things simple.

O Tempora, O Mores: A Tale from the Mid-Twentieth Century

Tony Heath

He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.

Proverbs 13:14

You will remember Tony's earlier piece about Reed's School, the boarding school for the sons of service men, which he attended after his father was killed. This time he writes about discipline at the school. Most of us will surely be glad that times have changed. (ed.)

Modern children and young adults cannot understand how and why the children of the 1950s and before took corporal punishment for granted and did not see it as a problem or morally damaging.

At the boarding school I went to, discipline was strict but we considered it to be fair and accepted it as part of school life. We were never punished without a just reason - we knew why. Depending on the seriousness of the offence, we got lines (hundreds), detention (hours on Sunday), or the cane.

We had assembly or chapel on alternate mornings, then lessons from Monday until Saturday lunchtime. After chapel and assembly we had to pass the head master's office. Outside his door were two queues, the one on the right waiting to see the head master, that on the left, sometimes longer, waiting to be caned. He had quite a selection of different widths and lengths. Some hurt more than others. But the cane was only used for bad behaviour and breaking rules, never for getting class work wrong.

If you played up too much in class, the master would say, 'Go to the head master!' He would ask the reason you were sent, then give you the cane. He often said, 'This hurts me as much as it hurts you as it means we have not got through to you.' Some boys got the cane more than others; some were regulars. The caning could be two, three, four, five or six strikes. Everyone had heard the story of one boy who put padding in his trousers. When he bent over the shape of the padding

gave him away. He got a double dose - on his underpants!

In those days to have been expelled could ruin your future life. In my time only one boy was expelled. But two junior boys were given the choice between expulsion for theft - the shop keeper had called the school rather than the police - or a public double six. In front of the whole school and the masters, they got six strikes each with two canes taped together. They did not flinch.

On the other hand there was little bullying. The head master used to say, 'anyone who hurts others can expect to be hurt'. We never reported each other but the monitors, prefects and masters knew what went on. Also we admitted to any misbehaviour that could bring about a class punishment.

I was reasonably well-behaved and only got the cane a few times, mostly only two strikes. Apart from the problem of sitting in class, I don't think it did me any harm or altered my outlook on life for the worse.

Travels in the Highlands (and other places)- some culinary adventures

Greg Reinhardt

In April and May I spent two weeks with my friends Nigel Wright (former Vicar of St Agnes, Glenhuntly) and his partner, Stephen Murby, in France and Scotland. It would be true to say that a strong focus of

the time together was things culinary- Nigel is a very good cook- and we all have an interest in food.

Ten days in the south-west of France in the village of Brens on the River Tarn (about 80km NE of Toulouse) and just across from the medieval town of Gaillac which has a weekly market (Friday) and a farmers' market on Sunday. Those familiar with rural life in France will know that the market is the centre piece of that life as is a preoccupation with food. There are huge vans which travel from town to town specialising in a range of products- cheese, fish, olives, rustic bread (not just baguettes), Poultry, particularly duck in the SW of France. The *fromagier* (the cheese merchant) is a sight to behold- there are more cheeses than we would see anywhere in Australia. Charles de Gaulle is alleged to have said "How do you govern a country with 246 different kinds of cheese". One *fromagier* was horrified when I said that (as was the case at the time) we could not buy Roquefort in Australia because of a Government prohibition on unpasteurised cheese. His typically Gallic solution was "to change the Government!) Nothing stands between the French and food! I should add that the *fromagier* would be happy to let a prospective purchaser try every cheese before purchase.

Tasked with the purchase of a rabbit in the Gaillac market, Nigel inspected almost every beast looking for one without a head ("We don't need the head", says Nigel) until I informed him that the French would only ever sell an entire rabbit (or chicken, or duck). The good French housewife wastes nothing! Nigel turned the

head into a delicious soup! The liver and kidneys were also put to good use. What we couldn't source, which was great disappointment, was tripe. *Les tripes* in France seem to be pre-prepared which leaves no room for all the wonderful recipes which we wanted to try, such as the *tripes du sud-ouest*. I should add that, apart from duck, the products of the SW include *cassoulet* and *demi cuit* (half cooked) *foie gras*- totally politically incorrect and an occasion for an extra cholesterol tablet!

We visited Albi, with its magnificent Cathedral, Cordes-sur-Ciel and Toulouse as well as absorbing local life.

To Edinburgh and a revisit to the Castle and St Giles, the principal seat of the Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) (at least there were two candle sticks!) where Jenny Geddes threw a stool at the Dean of the Cathedral in 1637 to protest the introduction of the Book of Common Prayer by Charles I and Archbishop Laud saying (translated) "*Devil cause you colic in your stomach, false thief: dare you say the Mass in my ear?*". I wonder what she would think of the two candlesticks!

To Inverness which is a lovely city in the western Highlands with beautiful Jacobean revival architecture. The Battle of Culloden was fought in April 1746 in a field on the outskirts of Inverness between the Jacobite forces under Charles Edward Stewart, the young Pretender and the Hanoverian forces under the Duke of Cumberland. The Hanoverians were successful. Interestingly, the referendum on Scottish independence to be held in September brings to the fore the lingering resentment between the Scots (particularly the

Highlanders) and the English despite the union of the Crowns in 1603 and the Act of Union of 1707. There is a visceral hatred of Westminster even amongst the most intelligent Scots.

My great-great grandmother, Christina McPhee, came from Inverness or nearby, at Sunart on the Loch, in 1852, and was married at the Free Presbyterian Church in Geelong in 1853. She could neither read nor write as her marriage certificate shows. She and her family almost certainly migrated to Victoria as a result of the Clearances, in this case, the second phase Clearances which were brought about by a failure of the potato crop as in Ireland. The clearances are blamed on the local lairds who sought to remove the local farmers from the small holdings which they had farmed for centuries on a subsistence basis. The principal target of Highland ire was the Duchess of Sutherland and her factor, Patrick Sellar, blamed for burning the crofts of those who refused to move. That said, there are two sides to the story. This does not prevent modern Highlanders retaining their outrage. The Clearances resulted in an enormous diaspora of Scots throughout the world, including Australia.

Nigel and Stephen are two hours east of Inverness on the Minch which is really part of the North Sea. It is lovely countryside; quite isolated; the home of sheep, gorse and heather. Whilst I was there the local crofter shot a migrating Norwegian goose which was promptly plucked and cleaned. Goose breast and haggis was to be on the menu. We immediately consumed the goose liver. Pigs owned by the crofter were being fattened by

my hosts in expectation of a head and trotters to be made into brawn. We ate a wonderful haunch of venison marinated in juniper berries- stunning- as well as Highland salmon. I also tasted kippers for the first time (Scottish kippers). They are an acquired taste. I'm not sure that I need to have them again!

As I write, the Glorious Twelfth- the 12th of August (the opening of the grouse season in Scotland) approaches. So I will lift a wee dram to Scotland on the 12th and think of life in Highlands-a truly marvellous experience. And, of course, I always think of France.

In the Steps of St Paul At Ephesus

Christine Storey

In June this year we visited Istanbul and took a side trip down to Ephesus. Being so familiar with the scriptures, I was eagerly anticipating visiting one of the cities in which Paul the Apostle preached. Ephesus as a city slowly depopulated during the first century AD as the harbour, which had supported their extensive trading, slowly silted up making the city finally inaccessible to trading vessels. Indeed the whole city finally silted over, preserving it as a "Pauline time capsule", which remained undiscovered by archeologists until many centuries later. I had not appreciated that at the time of Christ, Ephesus with a population of 250,000 was the capital of Roman Asia, and the second largest city of the Roman Empire after Rome. Not only was Ephesus a major centre of learning in the ancient world, boasting an extensive library (the third largest after Alexandria

and Pergamum) it was also a wealthy cosmopolitan centre of trade, due to its location on a natural harbour on the Aegean Sea, where Jews, Romans, Greeks and others lived and multitudes visited by boat, to trade and experience this glittering marble city. Paul visited Ephesus on his second journey, on his way back to Jerusalem, from Athens and Corinth in Greece. Apollos had already started preaching Jesus' teaching before Paul's arrival, leaving a small band of believers there who welcomed Paul. According to Acts 19: 1-20, Paul stayed there for 2 years preaching to the Jews and the Greeks. As our guide showed us around Ephesus I began to appreciate what a strategist Paul had been to settle there and preach.

We explored the ancient ruins for about 3 hours. Walking down streets of marble slabs that bore chariot ruts from Roman times, we saw the remains of a city with reticulated water, public baths, market places, a theatre with remarkable acoustics seating 25,000 - still largely intact today (mentioned in Acts 19:29), a hospital, temples, the previously mentioned library and terraced houses of varying sizes. The houses were occupied by people ranging from the very wealthy to what we would regard as "middle class". The grandest of these terrace houses contained a meeting hall or basilica, and was likely to have been lived in by wealthy, influential Romans known as Asiarchs. Dedicated church buildings were not allowed within the Roman Empire until the reign of Constantine in the 300's, so Paul is likely to have preached in these homes as well as at the synagogue. Ephesus clearly accommodated diverse religions at the time. The

temple of Artemis was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world and was highly revered by Ephesians and visitors alike. In fact, the story told in Acts 19: 23 – 41 essentially tells of the local silversmiths who sold silver shrines of the Temple of Artemis, and whose livelihood was threatened by Paul's teaching. They incited a riot centred on the theatre. The town clerk's sobering words broke up the crowd, but after that event Paul decided it was time for him to move on.

As we returned to our nearby hotel, our muslim guide switched gears to discussing politics in present day Turkey. He shared with us his personal pride in the current Turkish inclusive secularist state, the importance of respect for all irrespective of race, religion or gender, and his fears, shared by many of his compatriots, of intolerant Islamists seeking to transform Turkey into an Islamic state.

Those few hours in Ephesus provided us with quite an unexpected spiritual journey.

Visit from the World YWCA

On 20 July 2014, a delegation of young women from the World YWCA worshipped at St Mary's. From Zimbabwe, Honduras, Albania, Kenya, Malawi, India, Papua New Guinea, Belize, Sierra Leone, Nigeria and Benin, the YWCA members came to Melbourne for the International AIDS Conference. As orphans, carers or peer educators, many of the delegates are living with or affected by HIV. The World YWCA has pioneered work

on HIV prevention, programming and advocacy, for example, hosting the first global meeting on Women's Leadership on HIV and AIDS in Nairobi in 2007. In Nairobi, more than 1000 delegates pledged to do everything in our capacity to respond positively, proactively and practically to the unprecedented challenges presented by the global AIDS pandemic. At AIDS 2014, the World YWCA delegation were active in the youth, faith and women's zones of the conference, advocating for young women's sexual and reproductive health rights, engaging with faith leaders to end stigma and discrimination and ensuring young women are meaningfully included in the global HIV response.



The World YWCA has a presence in 22,000 communities across more than 100 countries and is one of the world's oldest and largest women's organisations. It works in partnership and solidarity with the World Council of Churches, the Ecumenical Advocacy Alliance, many development organisations

and the global women's movement towards its vision: a fully inclusive world where justice, peace, health, human dignity, freedom and care for the environment are promoted and sustained by women's leadership. Susan Brennan, who wrote this article, is a parishioner at St Mary's and a former President of the World YWCA and a current member of the World YWCA Board.

Soldier of the Cross

On Saturday 24 May, wearing full armour, our Theological Student Mitch Porter abseiled down St James' Building in the city to raise awareness and funds for Anglicare's foster children. Congratulations, Mitch, for raising over \$2500!



Making Contact with St Mary's

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The curate's workdays are Thursday, Friday,
Sunday
Assoc Pr: Fr Don Edgar (*away on locum duties*)
Fr Philip Bewley (*away on locum duties*)

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
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:
