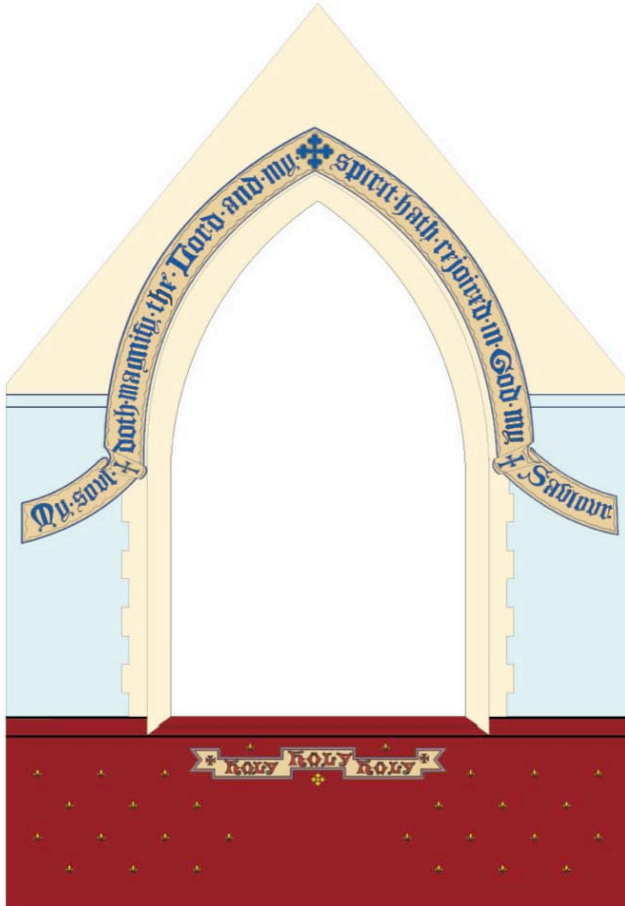




# Parish News



*The proposed decorative scheme for the East Wall of the church.  
A partial reinstatement of the Victorian decoration.*

## Advent & Christmas 2012

## From the Vicar



Christmas is a time for journeys, and if there is one thing that St Mary's people seem to enjoy more than anything else it is travel! This edition of Parish News contains many stories of journeys abroad, and a moving narrative by Heather and Graeme Harper about their own journey closer to home. The Holy Family, of course, also went on several journeys. First, they travelled to Bethlehem. Mary and Joseph, compelled to travel at a time of life when any sensible couple would stay put, found themselves in unexpected circumstances for the birth of their most

exceptional child. Shortly after, in Matthew's narrative, they are forced onto the road again, fleeing as refugees to Egypt. Here is one of many stories in Scripture that speak to us loud and clear at this time of national debate on asylum seeker policy.

If you are going on a journey over Christmas or during January, may you have an enjoyable time and return safely home. Don't forget to visit a church while you're away! And if you're in Melbourne for Christmas, do bring family and friends to encounter the joy of the holy birth at Christmas services here at St Mary's.

Every blessing,

Fr Craig.

## Why Texas?

*Graeme and Denise Archer*

Why Texas our family and friends asked? Why not we thought? San Antonio was the starting point on our Texan adventure and as the aircraft circled we were pleasantly surprised to see how green and well treed the countryside was. We had been expecting a somewhat dry and dusty landscape with cactus the main crop.

San Antonio turned out to be a delight, home to The Alamo with its bloody history in the fight for Texas independence. The remains of the heroes of the battle, Davy Crocket, William Travis and James Bowie are in the San Fernando Cathedral. Established in 1731, it's the oldest active cathedral in the United States. Further reminders of the Spanish colonial period are four Spanish Mission churches built between 1720 and 1745, all still operating and serving as local parishes. We attended the mariachi Mass at Mission San Jose (1721) a highlight for us. The band consisted of several trumpeters, guitarists and violinists all coming together as a somewhat poor man's Trini Lopez with more enthusiasm than skill. The Mass was in English with the singing in Spanish. The opening hymn was 'God Bless America', sung with great passion by the large congregation. During the Greeting of Peace everyone joined raised hands, even across the central aisle, singing and swaying to the music. It was a very emotional experience. During Communion the band members played on their way to receive the sacrament. The trumpeters, for obvious reasons, missed out.

The city had been the home of many wealthy German immigrants. Their very impressive nineteenth-century homes formed the King William District, known at the time as 'sauerkraut hill' making for a great walking tour of historic and architectural interest.

The German influence was also strong in the Texas Hill Country where we spent a number of days in Fredericksburg. This town had over 700 historically significant buildings. Some of them were known as Sunday houses - small town dwellings built by settlers who lived in distant rural areas. They were used only at weekends by families while they traded or attended church. Street signs were in German.

It was on to Fort Worth before leaving the state with a visit to the Historic Stockyards Station. A cattle drive pays homage to the importance of long horn cattle in the Texan culture. We were amazed the beasts had film star status with individual names and pictures. On the drive they obviously knew the route, which they have trod twice a day for years not needing the noisy urging of the cowboys.

### **Three Weeks in Burma**

*Malcolm Elms*

At the beginning of October this year Chris and I were fortunate enough to travel through some of Burma that is now open to tourists.

Not only is the country stunningly beautiful, the people who inhabit it are some of the most gentle, generous and charming people we have ever encountered.

We began our Burma experience flying into Yangon (Rangoon) . It is obvious that this was once a British Colonial outpost, with its rundown colonial architecture , abundant street stalls selling all manner of things, and its colourful people.

From here we took a rickety local bus four hours journey to the Golden rock, the third most important Buddhist pilgrimage site in Burma, legend has it that this golden rock is precariously perched on the hair of the Buddha. After an hour's walk to the top of the mountain where the rock is perched and an overnight stay we made our way to the town of Bago where we were to get an overnight sleeper train to Thazi. Well things didn't quite turn out that way, and that's one of those insights that is best to learn quickly about Burma. After a sleepless night on what must be the bumpiest train journeys in the world, we alighted at 4 in the morning only to discover our connecting train was not running that day due to a religious holiday. So a nearby Burmese family offered their hospitality for several hours until a local bus arrived to take us on another bumpy journey to the Inle Lakes, (2900 feet above sea level) or nearly, the bus broke

its axel about 15 mins away from our connecting boat. More drama ensued.

We did eventually arrive at the lake to take our boat an hour's journey to our floating resort. We spent several days here and everyday was a different experience. On one of these days we travelled down the lake to the remote Shan State where we had to travel with an interpreter and guide. This had to be the highlight of all of our journey. To meet these remarkable and welcoming people, to be invited into their homes, share their food and hospitality and the absolute beauty of the surrounding area, has left its mark. Truly, when the time came we did not want to leave.

From Inle Lakes we travelled to Mandalay; witnessed the daily meal distribution to thousands of monks at Mahar Gandayone Monastery, then travelled on a 'fast' boat, 9 hours down the Irrawady to the ancient city of Bagan. At its height between the 11<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries Bagan contained over 10 000 Buddhist temples, today around 2 200 still exist.

Bagan is a UNESCO world heritage site. We hired bikes and sweltered as we rode around trying to see how many temples we could reach in one day- not as many as we would of liked, but an early morning balloon ride above made up for the ones we missed. One of our highlights was a private audience with the founder and head monk in New Bagan.

So many rich memories, and now 6000+ photos to add to our album.



## Volunteering in an Elephant Foundation Thailand

*Malcolm Elms*



Before heading to Burma Chris and I spent time volunteering in an Elephant Foundation just outside of Surin in the small village of Baan Tha Klang in North Eastern Thailand.

Their hope is to improve the living condition of elephants in captivity and to provide opportunities for the elephants to get off their chains.

During our time their Mahouts fed elephants cucumbers, who knew they loved them, and also corn cobs.

We hosed out their shower enclosures and cleaned out their pens and shelters. We cut down sugar cane and walked the elephants through the forests and grasslands.

At times it was exhausting, hot and smelly but the rewards were great, and hey I got to cuddle an elephant.

Unfortunately there are many elephants in Thailand being taken around the streets of major cities begging for food, more often than not these elephants are drugged so that they can perform this task.

It is expensive for a mahout to keep an elephant, they eat about 136 kilos a day.

The Surin Project helps mahouts with sustainable economic revenue, support in growing food and skills.

While working on the project we met up with several others from around the world.

We felt the experience was richly rewarding and we are hoping to return in the next few years.

[www.surinproject.org](http://www.surinproject.org)

## **A Short Story About How Life Changes So Unexpectedly**

*Heather and Graeme Harper*

Some thirty years ago we bought an old house in North Melbourne. The effort involved in moving all our possessions and three sons just two streets up the hill was huge. A friendly removalist had told me not to worry: 'You'll need one truck for every ten years you've been married plus half a truck for each child.' He was right and finally, late on the night of the big move, with boys asleep in their "new" bedrooms, Graeme and I stood on our wonderfully wide but badly cracked veranda adorned with beautiful rusted cast iron lace and said to each other, "Thank heavens we'll never have to move again!" Mortgaged to the limit, we had a single-storied, double-fronted Victorian home with four bedrooms, which was near shops, schools, tram, church etc. A true "renovators opportunity" in an appalling state, it was to be our family home to the end.

All the work and all the money we spent on it was with this in mind. Even the final major work, building a self contained studio over the garage for a son needing more space to achieve his goals, was done in the knowledge that it could later be used by grandchildren, or let to near-by Royal Children's Hospital staff, or even be inhabited by live-in help in our old age.

We thought we were sitting pretty when Parkinson's struck.

In the years since Graeme was diagnosed, the two younger boys, Robert and Thomas, finished uni and left home and, much later, married. We'd also purchased a small easily-managed flat in Arden Street, partly as an investment but also to provide a secure place for our disabled eldest son, Mark, which was out of the family home but close enough for us to support him. Then I too was found to have Parkinson's in addition to my legal blindness. Life became progressively more difficult and outside help was required. Graeme needed first a walking frame and then a wheel chair. Managing the bathroom was the first major hurdle: none of the many suggestions for alteration or rebuilding were practical or acceptable.

It was then that our sons stepped in with an amazing solution to benefit all the family. 'We should all rotate houses,' they said. 'It's simple. You two to Mark's flat; Mark to Supported Accommodation (which by now he needed); and Rob and I and our wives will share the house rent-free in return for helping you two.' Off to the flat we went to inspect it in a new light. It's small but we could make it into a very practical and comfy home. The chief virtue was its location in the neighborhood we had lived in for forty years. Thus we kept the same phone number, same friends, church, local shops and services. Two additional bonuses were that it was on the ground floor and it faced north with a wonderful treed outlook. For the rest, it required a near complete internal redesign and build, thus giving us the opportunity to come up with a plan which met and anticipated the needs decreed by Parkinson's but also to create a cosy home rather than a hospital ward.

The flat had two bedrooms, with the doors opening straight into the living room. The kitchen was at the end of this separated by a bench. A door to the laundry opened from the kitchen and led through to the bathroom. A small north facing balcony opened from the living room and, because of the steep slope of the land, was well elevated from the shared garden area. There was one step down to the street access but half a flight down to reach the clothes lines and rubbish area.



Access was the first consideration, so there was a discussion with the Owners Corporate Manager (OCM) about having a ramp installed at the front step. Seven other flats used this step at the bottom of the stairs and there was a standard to be adhered to. Fortunately a committee member was able to design and order this for us at our expense.

A son and daughter in law, both talented interior designers, drew up plans for the unit. My only stipulation was we had to have an Aga. Once you have had one you can never do without. That caused a few words but the order was finally sent to Britain. My height, poor vision and Parkinson's were all factored in and just before Christmas a beautiful L shaped kitchen was constructed while the Aga plumber built the cooker. The kitchen with its raised bench level, black stone bench top, tiled splash back right the way round, cupboards under the sink with a pull out magic corner unit in the corner space and a set of drawers on the far side plus three over head cupboards and spice racks behind doors over the stove covered all our cooking and cleaning needs. On the wall beside the kitchen, the fridge was fitted into three floor-to-ceiling cupboards, making lots of room for every thing.

Next the laundry and bathroom were combined and rewired. Minus the partition, the area looked quite promising. A new basin was fitted into a timber bench and the toilet replaced with a more useful number complete with arms for pushing up on. A glass screen and door meant Graeme could be pushed in and out of the shower easily. With new tiles and paint, an exhaust fan, and the washing machine plumbed-in dishwasher style the effect was great. As the toilet and shower outlets were not moved the cost was reasonable. A carpenter refitted the wardrobes to create a three-door model in our room and another in the study for all the cleaning and shopping paraphernalia. So with painting, pictures, book shelves and some new smaller furniture we thought we were "done", as they say.

Things went well, the North sun shone and I made a garden on the balcony. Visitors admired our braveness in moving and the way we

had redesigned the flat. We had a cleaner and an army of carers to take Graeme shopping and on small outings. We went to plays and concerts as usual. Graeme got a motorized scooter.

As a nod to the future we put Graeme's name down for respite care but now life was generally easier.

Then the first signs of trouble appeared. Our sons started to complain that we were in a mess and things were not as clean as they should be. A second cleaner was employed and we tried hard to have everything in order when those rather critical sons were expected. Local shopping was made harder either by forgetfulness or inability to organise the load. Just about every task took an age, and achieving the day's planned chores just did not happen. I thought I was doing quite well but Graeme's care took longer and it was difficult to understand him. Whenever he spoke I had to put down what I was doing and cross the room to listen. We sank to the stage of having simple, badly cooked meals at 10.30pm.

Graeme brought these matters to a head by losing his ability to stand. This meant heroic lifts on and off the loo, into bed and so on. I failed on occasions and either one or both of us fell. This necessitated checking for strong men at home in the flats and sometimes ringing the Ambulance to come and pick him up.

Finally feeling very much a failure, I phoned our Case Manager, who, as it turned out, took the matter extremely seriously. She forbade the carers to lift him out in cars (the no lifting policy), and instructed me to ring the place where his name was down for respite, and ask for a bed, even a respite bed while we sorted out the issues. 'I promised to care for him at home', I pleaded. 'That was before you were legally blind with Parkinson's yourself', was the reply. 'I will organize an OT to do an urgent home visit and show what would be involved in home care.' Two days later she visited with a tape measure, pencil and paper. After she left we had a very strong G&T and then fell in a heap, distraught.

According to her, our bed and bedside tables had to go, to be

replaced by a hospital bed for Graeme plus a walking machine and hoist , which would take up an enormous amount of space, leaving no room in the bedroom for me. If I were then to sleep in the study, the couch and book case would need to be replaced by a new bed. We needed funding for the equipment but even then there was the 'no-lifting' problem, necessitating two carers at a time, at least twice a day. Funding would be almost impossible and carers, good reliable carers, are difficult to find, especially two together. We concluded that we simply could not bear the invasion to our privacy, and the constant worry about who would come and when to get Graeme out of bed, as well as supervising and disciplining them if needed.

So we were back to the drawing board, feeling ever so angry that we should find ourselves in this situation. The very next day Gregory Lodge (our proposed respite place) rang. They had a single room. Was that good or bad? I didn't know so I passed the matter of determining details to the Case Manager and took Graeme to hydrotherapy without telling him.

The phone was ringing on our return. Now Gregory Lodge can offer us a double room and, despite being a High Care and Dementia Facility, are prepared to take me as Low Care. What to do? With just forty-eight hours to decide we covered a lot of territory. Our younger sons were strongly in favour though many said I would be mad to go into a Nursing Home at this stage.

But we wanted to be together and I knew I was not as clever as I may look and we might never get a double room again. I put the proposition to our Vicar who told me a simple story that clearly meant "do it". We made the phone call and started planning. Graeme moved into room 54 in Magnolia at Gregory Lodge within a few days and I followed two weeks later. Yes, we worried. How could we be here at 69 and 66, leave our wonderful cat, pay the bond and Graeme's high care fees? What would we do with our rather over-capitalized flat and our treasured possessions already whittled away by our move from our home? What could we fit in one room?

It was hard, very hard. To our sons' horror we fitted a lot. A friend downsized my wardrobe for me. Necessary, but I still check to see what I've actually got before thinking about what to wear each day.

Life is very different. I had nominated Gregory Lodge because the Case Manger and my neurologist both put pressure on me to have Graeme's name down somewhere. So to keep the peace I did it, never intending to take up the offer. I don't drive so this place had to be on the 57 tram route. I knew of two North Melbourne families of some standing who were happy with the care there. It was not a lot of research but it has done us well, although I imagined I would still be travelling on the 57 to visit Graeme. I am free to come and go. I can take Graeme with me locally in his wheel chair or electric car. We are close to the Newmarket Station and have enjoyed the new experience of rail travel. The 402 bus gets us back to North Melbourne with a push along Bellair Street, and also to Lygon Street. Other travel requires a maxi taxi and we are now quite canny at getting one. Thus we can still be seen with friends at church, at the opera or MTC.

I don't suppose many couples who plan their future see their plans fulfilled exactly as they have anticipated. Lots of things work out differently, and sometimes in a good way. Here is an example from our own lives. When Robert was born, I resigned and was going to be a fantastic stay-at-home mother. Wrong. Part-time work and two days of childcare was better.

Some other changes were not so good or at best ambivalent but we muddled along, adjusting to them as they happened, the biggest devastation being Mark's behaviour and the lack of help available. Graeme's doctorate caused a lot of pressure all round although he was very disciplined about his study times. It was very sad that, having achieved his goal, his Parkinson's forced him into early retirement. I got career minded, enrolled at uni and took up a position of Assistant Director of Nursing (night duty). It worked well at first: uni was challenging; I loved working solo; and the decision-making stimulated the brain cells. I had some good years.

However as the boys got older the pressures mounted. My brother died in a tragic house fire leaving his wife and three young children with nothing but the clothes they had on. Also the combined pressures of working on the house, night duty, VCE, and Parkinson's contributed to my 'breakdown'. I was in the Melbourne Clinic for ages and Graeme kept the family going, dutifully visiting on public transport each day. How well I remember a St Mary's member coming to Richmond to collect me for 8am church. It was a long haul back and along the way the psychiatrist diagnosed my Parkinson's.

I have done my share of grumbling and, like the Psalmist, asked our Maker, 'Why me? Why us? We have plans. We have goals. Why is it all going wrong?' To be honest, on the good side, the younger boys finished school and went on to uni with only the usual hiccups although Robert's health was a concern. We managed three six week trips overseas and a near perfect sixteen weeks camping around Australia in our camper van. We have done some great things and been supported by some very special friends including some St Mary's members.

Giving up our house, the one we wanted to live in for the rest of our days, was quite traumatic. After a time we felt able to give it to the boys; then Thomas bought Robert out so the house is still in the family and we can enjoy watching him put his mark on it. Leaving the flat was equally devastating as it had been prepared so carefully to meet our needs and we did so enjoy the neighbours and the sun. How could we leave an AGA only two and a half years old? The professionals told us to sell, but after careful and prayerful consideration we have let it.

Life in this nursing home is not all bad. Tea at 5pm regularly is an improvement on half-cooked disasters at 10 or 11pm. The benefits of being given our medication on time every time are evident. But there are difficulties. The resident next door died yesterday and although we didn't know her well we had spent a lot of time with her daughter. This will happen often and we will get worse but it's a

good place to finish in. We may even get used to constantly being asked, 'Have you used your bowels today?'

Do come and visit. It is Stop 26 on the 57.

**THE ABC OF USA: An Almanac of Andrea and Peter's American Odyssey, 25.09.2012 - 27.11.2012**

*Andrea O'Donoghue*

Melbourne. New York. New England Fall Tour. Tarpon Springs, Florida.

Baltimore. Washington DC. West Palm Beach Miami. Tarpon Springs return.

San Francisco. Bus and Train Coastal Tour to Los Angeles. Melbourne.

**A The Big Apple.** We walked and walked New York City with all her lyrical appeal before the devastation of Sandy. With our NY City Passes we visited galleries, museums, the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Centre - Top of the Rock, and on a balmy autumn day cruised the East River and the Hudson.

**Breakfasts.** Unbelievable! Scones could be drenched in a white gravy disguising itself as porridge! I confess to liking maple syrup with bacon on pancakes or waffles! For some reason it goes! I loved Val's steel cut oatmeal.

**Colours!** New England in the Fall: Picture hillsides and mountains of autumn pointillism, contrasting with conifers and sundry evergreens.

**DVDs** An eclectic list. On the plane: *Fargo*. *J. Edgar*. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. *The Ice Age: Continental Drift*. In Cousin Val and Bill's home: *The Lady Killers* - a real hoot. *Lars and the Real Girl*. *Adam's Apples* et al!

**Emails** - from Home and abroad! Instant gratification.

**Francesca and Fluffy Pants.** Looking after each other and our home.

**Good hearted** relaxed attitudes: San Francisco Cable Car conductor, to agitated passenger: *We'll let you off. We don't take no prisoners!*



*Golden Gate Bridge in Fog*

PS from Peter: “I’ve thought of another one for G: Grand Rapids, North Dakota. Beaut name. Didn’t go there!”

**Healthy living**, especially with Val and her husband Bill. Beautiful meals. Learnt synchronised swimming stunts with Val – surface dive, forward and backward somersaults, diving to collect coloured rings. She taught me to coordinate breathing, arms and legs in freestyle. A wonderful teacher.

**Intense Interest** in all things Australian. Americans love our accents, loved their visit to Australia or have Australia on their bucket list.

**Jefferson Monument** and all others in Washington DC: Korea, Vietnam, Martin Luther King, Lincoln, Roosevelt. Impressive. Moving. Contemplative.

**Kith and Kin**. Thanks to our Family and Friends in Australia and America

**Loved** being a teenager with Val, while Peter enjoyed being a man with Bill!

**Marina**, who took us on a night tour of Harvard at a cracking pace! *I do night time so well!* She showed us her room, running upstairs without holding on. We ate at a cosy cellar café where she hangs out with her friends. So gratifying to see her so at home and in her element.

**New York State Museum** in Albany. A containable user friendly museum for the faint hearted gallery goer. On the ground floor – a moving tribute to the NYPD and the Fire Department on 9/11 and its

aftermath. Afterwards we released the inner child with a ride on the charming old carousel on the fourth floor, whooping and waving, enjoying an almost 360° view of the city skyline.

**Omni Hotel, LA:** Very classy food. We were touched with the Chef's surprise platters to celebrate our 22<sup>nd</sup> Wedding Anniversary – bickies, cheese, macarons, chocolate dipped strawberries and Napa Valley wine!



**Peter's Précis:** A big country. Lots of trekking around. Friendly people. The divide between rich and poor. The heightened level of security in airports.

I couldn't understand their language – especially on the PA systems.

**Queues.** Pointing to a very long queue I asked a woman behind the cash register in Vermont: *Is that the queue for the apple cider dough nuts?*

*Yes!* she replied. *But if you pay me now you'll only have to wait a minute!*

The Americans on the tour said *Oh, she thought, 'What a cute accent!'*

**Return!** So much still to see!

**Super Storm Sandy.** We experienced her periphery in Washington DC. Violent wind and rain viewed from the comfort of Washington Plaza Hotel. Looking out on Thomas Circle and seeing no people, dogs or transport. The nearby Episcopal Church salvaged layers of their beautiful copper guttering, unfortunately not before some had been looted.

**Two months.** At times too long. Like experiencing a dozen holidays without being at home in between.



**Understanding.** “Accents speak louder than words!”

I asked a Florida fisherman if he could identify a sea bird perched nearby.

He replied: *Ma'am – You got the thickest accent I ever heard and I didn't hardly understand a word you just said!*

**Valerie** and Bill. My cousin and her husband and more family members.

Our chief reason for visiting USA. Our home away from home. Thank you!

**World Trade Centre in Baltimore.** Tributes to the Marylanders who had died on 9/11. An aerial view from a floor that was low enough to identify familiar features.



*Elephant seals basking on beach, San Louis Obispo Coast California*

**X The Unknown Quantity.** America is everything we expected and a whole lot more that we didn't expect. I didn't expect to feel so safe and at home in New York City – an evolving city that has retained a small town community feel: apartment dwellers walking their dogs, walking their kids to school.

**Yoga** with Bill four days a week at two YMCAs

**Z pronounced Zee!** As it should be!

## On Watching the Roof Renovations

*Rhondda Fahey*

In the first week of the roof renovations, I watched the old slates being brought to the ground by a small machine called a Hytyler, which later, after the batons and insulation had been fitted, was reversed to carry the new slates up to the roof. I recalled William Golding's *The Spire*, where, in the high Middle Ages of cathedral building, teams of men used rope pulleys to haul stones up to new heights of construction. I struck up a conversation with one of the workers about whether the roofers of the first St Mary's, North Melbourne would have included men hauling up slates with pulleys.

To my surprise he thought not. He told me that when our contractor had been apprenticed it had been donkeys that pulled the ropes that moved slates up and down and how, in these donkeyless days, when the Hytyler broke down, they used a truck which went forward and reversed as it controlled the pulley moving the slates. So the first slates on our roof were probably hauled by a donkey. This, I thought, parodying the nursery rhyme, is the man that holds the donkey that pulls the ropes that raise the slates that tile the roof that covers the nave that holds the people that give the money to build the church to worship God in God's house of St Mary's, North Melbourne.

I began to think about donkeys, small beasts of immense burdens, serving people throughout the centuries. Even today on some of the Greek islands the only choice for getting around is by foot or on a donkey. Many years ago I rode a donkey myself up a steep Greek pathway, guided by a gentle Greek who offered me sprays of honeysuckle from a near-by wall. Eheu fugaces!

Luke does not mention a donkey in his narration of the journey to Bethlehem for Jesus' birth but tradition has it that Mary was carried on a donkey's back. All four Evangelists, however, relate that Jesus rode a donkey on his last journey into Jerusalem. The donkey in G. K. Chesterton's poem recalls, 'There was a shout about my ears and

palms before my feet.'

Beasts of burden bearing the Saviour of the world, bearer of our sin. As we thank God for the anniversary of the consecration of our church and for the generosity of those who made our new roof possible, and as we meet to worship God this Advent and Christmas season, we should also perhaps in our hearts spare a thought for donkeys.

### Christmas Bake-Off

Over several weeks in November a small group of St. Mary's parishioners gathered at Marion's place to make puddings and cakes for the festive season to fulfil orders for some 15 Christmas puddings and some 25 Christmas cakes of various sizes made by 20 or so members of our church congregation. An additional 18 miniature glaze fruit cakes were made off-site by Denise Archer.

Everyone worked hard, had a convivial time, and raised some \$500 or \$600 to help the church funds.



Marion, Jackie and Mary making Christmas puddings



Candy-Leigh icing a Christmas cake & the Decorated Christmas Cakes

## Second Sunday of Advent: Almost An Ordinary Sunday

Archbishop Philip was invited to preside and preach on Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> December, the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the consecration of St Mary's. Though our fingers were crossed in prayer until the very last minute and the extra work on the transept over the chapel was still to be done, the roofing contractors kept their promise that we would be back in the church for the service. They had finished the nave, the scaffolding from the street side of the church had been removed and their industrial cleaners had spent several days attacking the thick layer of dust and debris in the interior.

It was still a bit grotty. On Saturday the regular church cleaners cleaned the church as usual but it was still a bit grotty. A small army of parishioner continued the preparations. They arranged greenery, dusted and polished pews and pulpit, altars and other tables. They washed the bases of the columns. The sanctuary was prepared and candles trimmed, and a very clean church was locked until the Sunday morning.

In the night a great wind blew. Dust and leaves blew in from the roof above the unfinished transept area. After the 8 a.m. Eucharist, Fr Craig and the congregation re-dusted and vacuumed. (Thank you, Pam.) The choir practiced. There was a feeling of anticipation about being back in the church after some weeks in the hall.

Archbishop Philip and Joy arrived early and warmly greeted old and new friends as the congregation arrived. He walked around the building site with Fr Craig, admiring the new roof, the new signage, the labyrinth and the gardens. He was interested in our plans to partially reinstate the east wall.

He admired and wore our new Advent chasuble, looking resplendent in rose and purple. He preached on the special holiness of buildings consecrated to the worship of God. And after there was a morning tea with champagne in the best St Mary's tradition. Joy Freier helped with the washing up. There was a great feeling of

friendliness and respect all round.

You could say it was an ordinary St Mary's Sunday made special by the efforts of all concerned - those who served, those who lead the prayers and read, those who sang, those who continued the hospitality of the Eucharist in the morning tea, the Freiers, who joined us for the morning, and especially Fr Craig, who worked so tirelessly and optimistically throughout.

Special mention must be made of Susan Brennan's daughter, Jessie. It was her brother's birthday and she would have preferred to be at home preparing for the party. She was induced to come to church and light the Advent candle by the promise that she could wear whatever she chose. And so it happened that she lit the candle, smiling beatifically, hitching up the shoulder of a princess dress of Advent purple with a touch of pink, matching the frontal, the Archbishop's chasuble and Craig's dalmatic in liturgical splendour. An ordinary Sunday with a touch of technicolour!

PS you'll have to look on the web to see the full glory.



## Parish Connections

How long have you been at St Mary's?

What brought you to this parish?

Were other members of your family already parishioners?

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

Why did you stay?

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

## Calling all shutter-bugs

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

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



*Felix Barnard: "I looove this new sign!!!"*

# Upcoming Events

## Christmas Services 2012

**Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> December** 4pm Carols for Kids

**Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> December** 7pm Carols Service

**Monday 24<sup>th</sup> December** Christmas Eve

6pm Kids' Church

11.30pm Midnight Mass

**Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup> December** Christmas Day

9am Sung Eucharist

*ALL ARE WELCOME*

**Saturday 19 January 2013 - Off Broadway**

7pm St Mary's Musical Evening

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

Post: 430 Queensberry Street, North Melbourne VIC 3051

Phone: (03) 9328 2522 Fax: (03) 9328 2922

E-mail: [office@stmarys.org.au](mailto:office@stmarys.org.au)

Web: [www.stmarys.org.au](http://www.stmarys.org.au)

Vicar: Fr Craig D'Alton Ph: 0407 443 909

e-mail: [priest@stmarys.org.au](mailto:priest@stmarys.org.au)

The church is open during the day.

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

Evening Prayer is at 5.30pm Monday to Wednesday.

Wednesday Eucharist is celebrated 12.30pm in the Mary Chapel.

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

The Parish Office is open Tuesday 9-11.30am, Wednesday 9-11.30am & Thursday 9am-2pm

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

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Phone number:

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Email:

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Address:

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