

St Mary's  *Parish news*

Patronal Edition 2017



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

From the Vicar

Welcome to this Patronal Festival edition of the Parish News.



Hunting through some old sermons a few days ago, I found the following text, which I preached at on 15 August at St Peter's Cathedral in Adelaide, back in 2003. It's always interesting to look back at things one wrote in previous years, and fourteen years seems quite a while! Interestingly, I find that my views on our great Feast Day haven't changed too much in the intervening years. I thought, then, that it might stand re-

printing here – an extended reflection on the feast of Mary, Mother of the Lord.

- *Fr Craig D'Alton*

Holy Mary, Mother of God . . .

Of course there are also a lot of other names for Mary, and as with most things, the most over the top come from the writings of the Fathers. Here are a few examples:

Adam's deliverance
Bride unbridled
Unfailing treasure-house of life
Aqueduct of grace
Neck of the Mystical Body
Court of the Eternal King
Dove of simplicity
Earth unsown

God's Eden
Earth untouched and virginal
Fleece of the heavenly rain (I've no idea what THAT one means)
Paradise of the second Adam
Loom of the Incarnation
God's olive tree
Incorruptible wood of the Ark
Nature's recreation
Nature's restoration
Paradise fenced against the Serpent
Sceptre of Orthodoxy
Undug well of remission's waters
Unploughed field of heaven's bread
Unwatered vineyard of immortality's wine
And my personal favourite: Market Place for the salutary exchange

The Blessed Virgin Mary has always held an odd place in Anglican tradition. Until the mid-1990s, the 15th of August was not even listed in the standard Australian Anglican lectionary as a Marian feast. It was thus something of a sign of "party line" if your parish chose to make an observation; even more was your level of "advancedness" in religion indicated by what you called it. In my current Melbourne parish it was formerly observed very simply with a said Eucharist on the day, as "Mary, Mother of the Lord", in some more East-leaning circles it could be called "The Dormition (falling asleep) of the BVM". In yet others, more Western in style, we went the whole hog and called it The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. How well I remember the competition there used to be in the choir at St Peter's Eastern Hill to cant the psalm of that day, which

had as its antiphon: “The Queen stands at your right hand, arrayed in gold.” Somehow one of the altos always got the job – but then the real competition became who would get to stand at the right hand of that alto!

My own youthful devotion to Mary was very much coloured by the more extreme Anglo-Catholic Western-rite form of things. In my parish we had a cell of Our Lady of Walsingham, of which I became an enthusiastic 16 year old member. Our Lady’s statue was much venerated, in a chapel dedicated in her honour and that of the Angels. As an earnest young man I never quite understood what all the fuss was about when people objected to the Hail Mary, or the Angelus, or sundry Marian devotions. I was never a huge fan of carrying her about in procession, but just about anything else seemed worthwhile, and something to be encouraged.

In subsequent years, as my views moderated and my theology became more nuanced and academic, I found myself becoming one of those who objected to almost any even moderately extreme form of Marian devotion. I was never what you’d call an iconoclast, but I was certainly not at all happy with the Popish dogmas on the Assumption and the Immaculate Conception. I let my membership of the cell of Our Lady lapse, and at some point I even ceased the lighting of candles at Marian shrines, or any other shrine for that matter. It all seemed to me to be a dangerous deflecting of attention from where our prayers and devotion ought really to belong: to Jesus.

And yet as I become more comfortable both with my faith and my priesthood, I find that I am becoming nostalgic – even for some of the Marian excesses of my youth. When on Thursday night I went to solemn mass for the vigil of the Assumption in my parish in Melbourne there was a congregation of 70, lustily singing that most Anglo-Catholic of hymns, “Ye who own the faith of Jesus”, which ends with a triple Hail Mary at the end of each verse. There was even a *son et lumiere* in place of the sermon. The choir sang Rachmaninov, and the slide-show ended with a six foot high image of Our Lady of Walsingham being rear-projected onto a screen rigged up behind the altar. The effect was electric, and I thought it was all marvellous. Completely different to the old-style high masses of my youth, but absolutely camp and over the top! I was home, both literally and metaphorically, and I loved it. The grace of God seemed to be there, and the devotion, channelled through Mary’s feast, was definitely God-centred, definitely community-building, and definitely good fun!

In the 12th century Meister Eckhart wrote “What good is it to me if this eternal birth of the divine Son takes place unceasingly but does not take place within myself? And what good is it to me if Mary is full of grace and if I am not also full of grace? What good is it to me for the Creator to give birth to the Son if I do not also give birth to him in my time and my culture? This, then, is the fullness of time: When the Son of God is begotten in us.”

Why am I now so comfortable again with what once made me squirm? Because I can see in Mary an example which is worth following: one full of grace, one with whom the

Lord abides, one whose soul magnifies the Lord, and whose spirit rejoices in God, one through whom God worked great things. Australian culture in the early twenty-first century is crying out for signs of grace at work, signs of rejoicing, signs of a religion which overflows with the excess of love both for God and for neighbour. When at the end of John's Gospel Jesus places Mary in the care of the Beloved disciple, and that disciple is made Mary's son, so we are – all of us beloved disciples – called into that relationship with the Mother of God whose greatest work is praise. As the birth of Christ is constant, so the relationship of love and care is constant, and the response of praise ought too to be constant.

It doesn't really matter what we call that praise – Mass, Eucharist, Holy Communion, the Lord's Supper, even Mattins or Evensong. God forbid, it might even take place outside the church! No, it doesn't really matter whether we observe this particular feast on its particular day or the following Sunday, or whether we call it the Assumption, the Dormition, or simple the Feast of Mary. None of that matters, it is all external. It doesn't even matter if Mary is the Star of the Sea, the Mystic Rose, or even the Market Place for the salutary exchange.

What DOES matter is that our devotion reflects hers; that we have occasions to recall the love with which she enabled the birth of the saviour, and the love which her Son and his disciples had for her. That we become ourselves the vessels of grace, that we ourselves give birth to Jesus in our time and culture.

Mary may thus be seen as a topos for the Church. As Christians we are called to be the vessels of grace and to reflect that grace in our lives. We are also, as Paul reminds us, all adopted as heirs of Christ. In this Mary, whether assumed bodily into heaven or simply taken up from death to new life, is but a forerunner of that to which we are called: the glory of God, seated in heaven, arrayed in gold.

Yes, it's over the top, but so is the love of God which made Mary mother of the Christ.

Occasional Series: Churches dedicated to our Lady

Marienkapelle, Wurzburg *By Christine Storey*

At the beginning of June this year, Elsdon and I set off to Europe, each to attend a conference, and also to enjoy a much anticipated holiday together. My conference was held in the charming, historical Bavarian city of Wurzburg, an ancient city founded during the bronze age, with the building of a refuge castle on a hill overlooking the River Main, which the modern town of Wurzburg now straddles. Christianity came to Wurzburg in 686 with the arrival of Irish missionaries including St Kilian, the patron saint of the City and of its Cathedral.

Today this city has re-emerged out of the ashes of WW2, when on the 16th March 1945, 90% of the city was destroyed in 17 minutes by 225 British Lancaster Bombers. Why? There was no major armament production in this area, but it was a major traffic hub. The rationale of the Allies was also to "break the peoples' spirit". At the time,

Wurzburg also had 40 hospitals, many of which serviced a much wider region. Five thousand people lost their lives as a result of these air strikes, and the relative destruction of this medieval city was greater than that of Dresden. But the spirit of the local people remained unbroken, as over the next 20 years the people worked together to restore their beloved city, with much of this work in the early days being performed by women, as most of the men had either been killed as soldiers or were in prisoner of war camps.

Today it remains a relatively small city of 130,000 people, yet it is still an important commercial and administrative “hub”, with a major University, founded in 1402 and one of the oldest in Germany, and the Conservatorium of Music, which, founded in 1797, is the oldest in Germany. It is also a popular tourist destination for Germans and international travellers alike, who enjoy the charming city squares and picturesque historic buildings.



Amongst these buildings stands the Marienkappelle (St Mary's Chapel, a Catholic Church), a finely proportioned, imposing gothic structure with a fascinating history. It was originally built between 1377 – 1441 on the site of a synagogue, and, although the reason for building a chapel dedicated to Mary on this site is unclear, it is believed that it was built to atone for Christian treatment of Jews, either for directly murdering local

Jews, or for tolerating Jewish deicide (Christians who blamed ALL Jews for ALL time for Jesus death; it took

until the 2nd Vatican Council in 1962 for Pope Paul VI to repudiate this belief). It has never been a parish church. A knightly order (Furspanger) claimed the chapel in 1393 and it later was claimed as a Municipal Chapel for the City of Wurzburg. The Chapel was badly damaged during WW2 and was faithfully restored to its original from 1948 – 1961, finally being reconsecrated in 1962. Exploring this Chapel within central Wurzburg, I was profoundly moved by the shared suffering over centuries, the faithful resilience, and the power of forgiveness, symbolised by this Chapel, which aptly houses fine statues of Adam and Eve, and for me invoking Jesus' words, "Let those who have no sin cast the first stone" (John 8: 7). In the city square that day, people from far and near wandered happily in warm sunshine, a pageant of peaceful humanity, engendering in me a real sense of hope in our deeply troubled and divided world.

Stories and News from around the Parish

Indigenous Art at St Mary's

At St Mary's we are fortunate to be the custodians of two major art works by indigenous artists, both the gift of Dr Terry Cutler. Here is a little more information on each of them:

In the church porch:

"A journey into the Unknown" (2010) by Patrick Butcher



Patrick Butcher was born in 1977 in Lockhart River, a community located 800km north of Cairns on the east coast of the Cape York Peninsular. Lockhart River was established in 1924 when people from five traditional territories in the area were forced in to an Anglican Mission. Despite a tumultuous history, the people of Lockhart River are proud that throughout it all the community has maintained connection with their ngaachi (place/land/country) as well as traditional law, culture and customs. Patrick has worked with various artistic mediums, including but not limited to Batik, lino-printing and pottery. Lockhart River artists are well known for their bright and vivid use of colour, and Patrick's application of paint has an immediacy that gives his work a Pollock-like effect. There is also a lovely fluidity to his work that makes viewing his art such a pleasurable experience. Patrick has exhibited extensively throughout Australia and his art has been acquired by a number of State Galleries. In his spare time, Patrick likes to go spear fishing for stingrays and fish amongst the rocks offshore. Patrick explains that he usually likes to make his own spear and have a "yarn" with the elders about bush tucker. This picture is a representation of what he sees when diving into the water.

In the baptistry:

Warlu Jukurrpa – Fire Dreaming (2005) by Paddy Japaljarri Sims.



Japaljarri has depicted Warlu (Fire) Dreaming from Panma, country he belongs to west of Nyrripi. The concentric circle in the centre depicts the mulju (soakage) at Panma. Japaljarri and Jungarrayi men are hunting for Liwirringki (burrowing skinks) by burning them out of their holes. They are hunting at night, the white circles depict the stars by the light of which the ancestors are hunting. The radiating lines show the way in which the Jukurrpa spreads out across the landscape

and the fires lit by Japaljarri and Jungarrayi.

Interestingly, the focus of the work is a cross-shaped representation of country, and the image of fire, when situated alongside the Pascal Candle is deeply appropriate to the space. The image is also very striking. There is no suggestion that this is an explicitly Christian representational artwork. Rather, it is meant to further the existing dialogue between indigenous and settler cultures and artistic representation that is first encountered in the church porch, by illustrating how indigenous understandings of country may speak creatively to Christian understandings of the Spirit at work in Creation and through the waters and fire of Baptism.

That "C" word.
By Terry Cutler

Cancer is one of those few words whose power and impact does not diminish with familiarity. Mrs Bloggs down the road has just died of cancer. Mr Bloggs is having chemotherapy.

Every day when I turn up at my local clinic in Footscray for treatment – I call it my daily blitz - I look at all the people sitting around the waiting room and most of them are just so sad. For far too many of them the light in their eyes seems to have died away. They sit there, resigned and sad. I look for signs of anger and fight-back – but little of this is evident. They just need lots of hugs.

Out of the blue I was diagnosed with lung cancer at the end of May this year. To comment that this is a bit of a life changing experience is a little bit of an understatement.

Some people might find this bizarre or just rather totally odd but it has been, and is still becoming, an amazing experience for me.

The reaction I least anticipated is that this has become an energising and, dare I say, almost positive experience. That is a bit patronising to those who suffer badly, because my cancer has been diagnosed when it is relatively contained and therefore very amenable to treatment.

My first reaction was simply to say to myself that this is not going to beat me – there are too many projects I haven't finished yet. Then, as you start to be absorbed within the medical system, you begin to see and experience our amazing health system from the inside. The dedication, empathy and sheer goodness of the people in in our health system is something wonderful to experience. This, in itself, builds your courage.

After the initial adjustment to the news, one starts to think about one's priorities. OK, I know this sounds really trite, but it really does focus the mind. Who are the people with whom you really want to spend as much time as possible, what are the projects in the in-tray that really matter to you, how do you get the best you can out of every single day?

Compared to so many others, I have little to complain about. The only side effect of my treatment so far is that it leaves me very, very tired. It is the first time in my life when a doctor or anyone else has said to me that it is OK to have a nap whenever you feel like it! So I do, without feeling at all guilty.

There is only one downside, and that is when you openly say to someone that you have been diagnosed with cancer. How do you expect people to react? How do you hope they will react? I feel chastened because, before this, I probably would have been as inept as anyone else. I don't want sympathy, heaven forbid. I just want to talk about all the exciting things I still plan to do, and the great lesson it is to value every day and what it holds as a blessing and wonderful gift.

As I said to my doctor the other day, this is actually making me a better and nicer person!

Christopher Willcock and the Setting of the Proper
By Bev Phillips

At St Mary's over the past 30 or so years, we have always tried to mark the seasons, or occasions by the particular music for the day. One of those markers has been which setting of the Proper we have chosen. In recent times the major part of the liturgical calendar (Sundays after Pentecost), we have been alternating use between the Philip Matthias and the Christopher Willcock 'Camberwell Mass'. I am delighted to say that at the beginning of July, following a meeting between Craig, Christopher and myself, a St Mary's setting has been commissioned. Christopher is in Oxford for the next 6 months during which time he will work on the commission as discussed.

In June members of St Mary's choir joined with choristers from St Francis and RSCM members to celebrate the life and music contribution that Christopher has made to the church in this his 70th year. It was a wonderful Mass where

the walls of St Patricks cathedral not only echoed to the rich colours and vibrancy of Christopher's music, but also the spiritual nuances and prayerful recollection that is so present in his compositions. I will conclude this note by quoting a recent article by Sr Deirdre Browne IBVM, written for the RSCM Vic Newsletter:

So much more could and should be said about Christopher Willcock. Without a doubt this prolific, internationally renowned composer, a humble and generous priest, is serving the church and the times with passion, conviction and love through his music. 'What's in a name' I ask myself? Christopher, the Christ bearer? Legend has it that Chrisophorus is the name given to a hero who carried a child to safety through raging flood waters. In the doing he exclaimed: *You were so heavy, it was as if I carried the world across the river!* To which the child replied: *You didn't carry the world, but the maker of it.*

In many ways Chris, composer of and for the times, bears us across the river to the other side, with music that beckons us 'towards an unknown region', to quote Walt Whitman, and to a place of depth and beauty. What a blessing for us is Christopher Willcock SJ!

A short history of Scrap booking.

By Kerry Dehring

You may have heard me refer to myself as the "Mad Scrap booker" and you may be wondering what does she mean? What is Scrap booking and how did it get this name? There is a perception that scrapbooking is just putting your

photos into albums and I thought that as well until I came across the “Scrapbook” blog (scrapbook.com) and found out there is a long history of scrap booking.

Scrap books became part of society in the 1400’s during the time that the printing press was invented. Once the printing press became widely used in the community and books became more available for the average person. Libraries became a place that people would go to find out information and while they were in the library they would write in a book information that would help them in their work, family and home life. They were called commonplace books and were a compendium of scraps of information to refer to later.



When bibles became printed for the general population families would record the birth and death of family members in spare pages at the back of their bible. Families would then purchase particular large bibles that had these extra pages and would

refer to them as “The Family Bible” and it was also referred to as a Scrapbook bible. Then as time went on and the camera was invented families could purchase bibles with photo pockets in

the back to keep the family photos as well as family information.

Also around this time, in conjunction with these collections of commonplace books and Family bibles, people were known to also create diaries of their life in which they included diagrams, pictures, snippets of information and artwork to illustrate what was happening in their life and the family around them.

I remember as I was growing up keeping all my birthday cards and sticking them into lightly bound books so that I could look at them from time to time. I also remember my boys getting "Footy cards" and putting them into a special album to hold these cards in pocket pages so they could show them easily to their friends and share them or swap them.

Well this is the same principle I use in my scrap book albums. They are the story of my family over many years. They are more than photo albums as they do not just include photos but stories of what happened at that time, tickets to shows, airline tickets, tidbits of information gained at that event, school reports, graduation certificates, photos of banners won at grand finals. I have found with my albums that they tell my family story without me having to be there to tell it.

I found when I was younger I was really interested in my family history but it was a bit adhoc as you had to make sure you asked the right questions to the right person to get the information you were after about your family. I know that if my family have a question about what happened when they were young all we need to remember is vaguely the year it happened and we trundle across to where the albums are stored and look at that year. We

generally find the information required and also have a good laugh at what else happened during that year.

My greatest memory of the joy of my family albums was when we had 2 boys from Korea stay at our house for 3 weeks. Their English was not very good and to explain our way of life was not easy as it was so different to theirs. One day during this time we were discussing what they would see at Philip Island and I remembered that the year before we had gone as a family to Philip Island and I had photos of the weekend. I found the album that referred to Philip



Island and showed it to the boys. They were able to read what I had written about the event and were also able to get a really good idea of what was on Philip Island from the photographs. While they stayed with us they would look at the albums regularly and got a very good understanding of what our life was like. They also did not need someone to be with them to try and explain as the English used in the album was pretty basic.

I love the creation and skills learned in the making of my "Scrapbook" albums. Over the years I have done

calligraphy, watercolour painting, artwork on canvas, blending colours using pencils, paper crafts and special homemade cards all because of my passion for scrap booking.

Hopefully now you have an idea as to why I refer to myself as the “Mad Scrap booker”.

St Mary's Travels

By the Waters of Jericho

By Tom Shearer

The bus trip from East Jerusalem to Jericho is not far – about 40 kilometres – yet takes one and a half hours, requiring passing through two army checkpoints (Area A is that part of Israel fully controlled by Palestine, and where Israelis are forbidden to enter), and a change of bus in downtown Ramallah, an engaging, lively and chaotic Palestinian city.

I had two objectives around Jericho – to visit the Mount of Temptation, and later to see the place where Christ was baptised. After Ramallah, Jericho is serene and orderly, and a little dusty the pancakes and honey on the north side of the main square are recommended. The walk to the cliffs passes the Tree of Zacchaeus, many car yards, derelict irrigation fields and digs of the ancient city, and on an early winter morning, is highly enjoyable. The Mountain provides spectacular views across the Jordanian plains to the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. An Orthodox monk kindly takes a small donation and I saw the solemn St George's Monastery carved within the rocks of the hill face.



For the forty kilometre return trip to the Jordan River, engagement of a taxi driver was easy, and agreement of terms was achieved with

semitic facility. The driver stops at a shop for cigarettes and dates; he stops to ask for directions (he is middle aged, and has not visited this place), and across the bleak plain of the western valley we soon arrive.



There are three Israeli checkpoints to negotiate, simplified by Australian passport. We chatter – life is not so bad, usually - and we arrive at the river, about eight metres wide, with little except a series of wooden

platforms for intending baptismal candidates and a café on the Israeli side, and three fine new hotels across the river. Two young Israeli soldiers smoke in the sunshine – opposite, six Royal Jordanian Army soldiers enjoy the day.

The river is low, and marked with yellow buoys to designate the (Israeli specified) border.

I took some notes, and discussed with the driver the significance of the Christian practice of baptism and the importance of this place.

We agreed on an alternative return bus method to Jerusalem, and the driver finds a bus stop. The bus is direct, and passes the Way, and the Church, of the Good Samaritan. There are good views across the forlorn low hills of Samaria to the Jordan with here and there Bedouin shacks, shepherds and sheep. The Way also passes some new West Bank settlements fortified with imposing new stone walls and four metre electrified fences.

Arriving back at East Jerusalem, there was what I have come to understand as a commonplace event – questioning of a single Arab man by a brace of youthful soldiers, followed by pushing and jostling, followed by an arrest.

Understanding and clemency flow distantly in the ancient river.

A Church for People who Think

Prophets and Wisdom Teachers in the Hebrew Bible *By Geoff Jenkins*

The church, and perhaps even our St Mary's, is inclined to view the Old Testament through a narrow prism. There are several reasons why this might happen. One is that the lectionary sometimes deprives us of the opportunity to hear a broad variety of texts read in church, but there is also a disinclination to preach on Old Testament readings.

For example, about one third of the Old Testament comprises "wisdom literature", but of this large corpus we read almost nothing in church. Perhaps this material is

antiquated (actually its not!) but what seems more to be the case is that our restricted view of the Old Testament precludes us from embracing this aspect of the Old Testament. On another occasion I might try to argue that we need this wisdom literature to understand Jesus' teaching.

An intriguing reference to the three-fold canon is Jer 18:18 (compare Ezekiel 7:26), where the opponents of Jeremiah say:

Come on, let us concoct a plot against Jeremiah, for the Law will not perish for lack of priests, nor advice for lack of wise men, nor the word for lack of prophets.

Come on, let us slander him and pay no attention to anything he says.

Note that the three functionaries of Israelite religion of Jeremiah's time each produce one third of the canon, and that "advice" (better perhaps "counsel" or ethics if you prefer) of the wise men is a full member of the group. By the way, there is more than enough evidence for wise women in Hebrew Scripture allowing us to expand the gender reference here. Perhaps our failure to embrace the third of Hebrew Scripture where women could most readily thrive is no accident, but I digress.

Perhaps our church does better with another third of the Old Testament, the so-called prophetic books? But here it is not so much that we do not read them as how we read them. I am reminded of Shakespeare, whom some of us ignore, some quote for our intention, not his, still others but few spend their lives wrestling with one play in all its profundity.

And again the lectionary is our enemy. The same old proof texts pop up, and we get little opportunity to see beyond the familiarity of repetition and forced analogy. There is a whole important question hidden here in the way the New Testament itself refers to the Old, on which more at some other time, along with a discussion of the scope of the canon which is also relevant here.

The book of Amos the prophet from the Eighth Century provides an example of the richness of theological reflection waiting for any prepared to wrestle with more than the one verse customarily quoted. To illustrate, I reproduce part of the discussion of Amos 4 that some of us engaged in when A Church for People who Think read Amos last year.

Listen to this saying, you cows of Bashan living on the hill of Samaria, exploiting the weak and ill-treating the poor, saying to your husbands, 'Bring us something to drink!'

Amos threatens the wealthy women of Samaria, who live in fine houses on the hill. What is their offence? They oppress the poor, but by saying to their husbands "Let's have a party".

In a day and age where advantage comes so often at the indirect expense of someone we never meet, globally and locally, this is a stark call to action. We tend to cocoon ourselves from the realities of this fundamental truth that Amos so beautifully crafts. The well-being of the whole depends on how well we share. This is Thomas Piketty calling to us from biblical text, an ethic for our moment in time with profound implications for the CO2 budget as much as negative gearing of the baby boomers and the

housing market. Not to mention shopping for a \$4 t-shirt in K-Mart. We may never ourselves meet those affected or negotiate their contracts ourselves, but Amos reminds us that ignoring their reality will deeply damage our lifestyle in the end.

And by the way, for Amos the prophet, the end is not some apocalyptic moment far off, it is the contemporary circumstance crashing in on the lives of those enjoying the benefits of the Eighth Century BCE's globalisation boom. The idea that the Hebrew Bible prophets spend their day predicting a distant future is quite antithetic to their beliefs and interests!

The book of Amos has much to encourage our thinking and action in the direction of a genuine biblical ethic. We should read him more and misrepresent his message less by our narrow focus on the accidental allusions to the church in his text.

Dr Jenkins is presenting the October Series of Church for People who Think - "Introduction to Hellenic Judaism, with reference to Paul".

A Church for People who Think

Sundays @ 11.30am

Following the post-service morning tea each Sunday, St Mary's now offers a weekly education programme. All are welcome.

On the first Sunday of each month:

Congregational lunch at 12.15pm, sometimes with a pre-lunch talk

On other Sundays of each month:

Lecture/study groups from c.11.30am-12.15pm

Programme for August – December 2017

13, 20, 27 August – Christianity in action (Various speakers)

10, 17, 24 September – The Christian contemplative tradition (Philip Bewley)

8, 15, 22, 29 October – Introduction to Hellenic Judaism, with reference to Paul (Geoff Jenkins)

12, 19, 26 November – Introduction to Mark's Gospel (Dorothy Lee)

10, 17 December – Great Advent hymns (Craig D'Alton & Beverley Phillips)

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Regular Office Hours: Monday 9.30am-3.30pm

Wednesday 9.30am-3.30pm

Thursday 9.30am-3.30pm

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

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

MISSION AND VISION STATEMENT

St Mary's Anglican Church, North Melbourne is an inner-city Christian community that strives to be faithful, inclusive and sacramental.

God inspires us to worship in daily celebration; to be caring, thoughtful and inviting.

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

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

