

St Mary's Parish news

Easter tide Edition 2020 in the time of the COVID-19 lockdown



Temporary shrine on the corner of Queensberry and Howard Streets by Fr Jan. At a time when churches are necessarily closed, the shrine reassures passers-by that they are being prayed for as well as offering a place where they themselves can pray.

From the Vicar

Dear friends,

We are living through the most trying times most of us have ever experienced. Not since WWII has the world been in so much turmoil. For most of us of the Baby Boomer and subsequent generations this is the first real experience of such a major calamity. We have been lucky enough to



have lived through the most extended period of peace and prosperity the world has ever known. Let us pray that this will not all just end but rather that this may be the start of something better for the world.

At St Mary's we are trying our best to stay in touch with people through streaming our services, through phone calls, messages, emails and other means. I hope that this newsletter finds you all well and coping as best you can with this situation. Each day in

my prayers I remember you all and I look forward to being able to join with you around the Lord's table once more.

While the church is closed we are using this opportunity to get some necessary renovating done. Today, Sam and I stripped out the Vestry and over the next week or so will be building new cupboards and making the Vestry a more usable space. I'm working on other cleaning and polishing projects as well. I hope by the time you are all allowed to return the church will be at its best.



God bless,
Fr Jan

Easter Thoughts

MIZPAH

by Christine Storey

“The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another”

This Easter with self-isolation due to the COVID-19 restrictions, many people living in one or two person households have felt very alone without the traditional holiday time with extended family and close friends. During the St Mary’s Good Friday service Reverend Professor Mark Lindsay gave a most thought provoking homily, speaking about how alone Jesus must have felt on the cross on that first Good Friday, forsaken by close friends and family, save for the three, including His mother, standing at the foot of the cross. Jesus even shouts out to his Father in anguish, “why have you abandoned me?”.

Many have voiced that the physical separation (“social distancing”) from loved ones during the COVID-19 restrictions is the hardest to bear of all the sudden and major disruptions to all of our lives is the result of the COVID-19 restrictions. I was reminded of the word “MIZPAH”, a Hebrew word from Genesis 31: 49, meaning “*watchtower*”, a symbol of the words “*The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.*” This word MIZPAH has been traditionally written on Jewish jewellery exchanged between loved ones over centuries, but the practice also became more widely popular in Victorian England during the period 1850’s through to the 1880’s, particularly when beloved family members migrated to far flung colonial outposts. Such was the case with our family MIZPAH brooch as shown. It



was given to my maternal great, great grandmother by her mother, when she left England with her husband as an 18 year old bride in the 1870’s, on the perilous sea journey (it was always said that this was around the Cape of Good Hope, even though the Suez Canal opened in 1869) to Adelaide, South Australia. Mother and daughter did not ever see one another again. The brooch was passed down through the generations and my mother gave it to me when I married Elsdon and left two weeks later

to start our married life in Oxford. With air travel, my mother was able to visit us several months later in Oxford, and we returned to Melbourne and our extended family two years later. When our Rosie married two years ago, I passed the brooch on to her, and she had it pinned on her wedding bouquet on the day.

The word MIZPAH has been of great personal comfort over the years through periods of significant separations, and particularly at this time. We are blessed with so many family and dear friends, both here and overseas, yet currently we are unable to be with any of them in person, and there is uncertainty about when we will ever see our overseas friends again. Yet, this Easter, as with every Easter, we are still able to celebrate Jesus' triumph over death; He remains with us always, and nothing can separate us from God's love that we share. *MIZPAH*

DOM in the bush at Karborr Barre, Durdidwarrah by Beverley Phillips

At the recommendation of Bp Andrew St John in 1982, I made an appointment with Fr Jim Brady with the intention of becoming a temporary member of the community at St Mary's North Melbourne. I expected to celebrate one Easter in the Parish. Now some years later, there are only 2 occasions I have not been involved in some way or other with the liturgies over the Triduum.

The first occasion was as a result of being quite suddenly hospitalised for major surgery and so was a personal experience in comparison to our communal journey these past few weeks. The common factor to both has been the experience of missing singing the music from the Passion to Resurrection. While there has been a plethora of choirs on line – some with the most extraordinary technology, that is not the same as being together as a choir, as a congregation, in rehearsal, in the liturgy with all its colour, smell, sound and touch. So I am deeply indebted to Sr Helen CSC for a little stations of the cross booklet she shared back in the early 1980's, which had her sketches from her retreat in Alice Springs. They awakened in me a sense and way of connecting with the natural environment, as a consistent recall to God's presence in all. I am aware of the extraordinary privilege of



my surrounds at such a time of enforced community isolation. So here is a public confession. I have followed our liturgies: I have tried to make some contributions, thanks to the wonderful patience and assistance of Sam. I have missed the music making, the sensory over load of Holy week. I have found it hard to want to learn things or practice. But, I have deeply appreciated being brought back to the simple, quiet, slow and unstressed time of these past weeks. I note that this ‘slower measured pace’ is now a subject of discussion on-line. Perhaps it is one we need to ponder on also as a community? Meanwhile, I am

beginning to look at the music library again and beginning to think about what we will sing – together- when we return as a community.

A memorable Easter by Robert Gribben

All my life I have been sustained by associations with monasteries. In recent years, I have been spending a silent week at Bose, an ecumenical community of men and women in the foothills of the Italian Alps. Like all



The guest houses and dining rooms

good pilgrimage places, it is a serious bother to get there. If you begin in Milan, two hours of trains followed by another two of buses will get you to the tiny village of Magnano. You now have only another two kilometres to walk, but the reward is the sight of a group of white-painted buildings nestling in a fold of the

mountainside. Bose was once a village, and many of its stone houses survive; it was left deserted after the Second World War, and in 1965, a young economics tutor, inspired by the ecumenical decree of Vatican II, settled in a house and lived as a hermit for three years. Enzo Bianchi had held a weekly Bible study for students in his rooms at the university of Turin. Among the regulars were women and two ordinands of the French Reformed Church. Several of these joined him in 1968, forming a new monastic community (the parallel with Taizé is notable.) The local bishop was alarmed at two Protestants being part of this, but he was overruled by the Cardinal archbishop of Turin who has allowed non-Catholics to receive communion, and a Reformed eucharist to be celebrated from time to time. The community now has some eighty brothers and sisters (in roughly equal numbers). There are five priests, a Reformed pastor, and an Orthodox among them. Their mean age is 40. The remarkable singing and musical accompaniments are directed by a Reformed brother. The Community is sustained by what the members earn, through an icon school, many publications, pottery and other religious art, bakery, honey, food and wine, and running retreats and conferences. Carpentry skills are evident in the buildings, not least the beautiful basilica which is the location for the Community's worship.

As in many such places, the day begins early: at 5.30 for breakfast, 6.00 for Morning Prayer, 12.30 for Midday Prayer followed by lunch, 18.30 for



Inside the basilica - the monastic seats, men on the left, women on the right.

evening prayer followed by supper, and the Great Silence ends the day at 8 pm. Weekends bring many visitors; the Community does not wish to take people from their home congregations; so, the weekly community eucharist is on Thursdays. I went there in Holy Week 2016 for my third visit, arriving on Wednesday from Modena. Guests are

never anonymous; you are welcomed warmly, taken to your room, and told which of the several small dining rooms you will go to for lunch and supper. I won't describe the liturgies of Holy Thursday and Good Friday; they are like those of the universal church with monastic gifts. I understand some Italian, but there were plenty who could translate, and I can read the liturgies and hymns easily. Italian is a beautiful language for prayer (and opera). It turned out, as I left, that I was the only English-speaking guest! You are allocated to an 8-seat dining room, six guests, a brother and a sister, who say grace, serve the meal (and all clean up). Meals are taken in silence, with a guided conversation allowed for a while at the end (that is, it's not just chatter).

Holy Saturday was full of prayers, the three offices, and the vigil at 21.30. I was newly coping with my balance problem and a walking stick. When I got to the amphitheatre where the New Fire was about to be lit, my friend Br Marco said, 'Robert, the ground is uneven and the walk with the Candle too dangerous for you', and he led me back to the dark basilica. I sat for a while feeling abandoned, until the silence and the emptiness took hold. I could hear '*La luce di Cristo*' chanted in the distance, and the procession moved off. I went to the open door and watched the crowd with its candles weave its way through the village, singing as they went.

Anticipating their arrival was almost as good as being with them! I wrote in my diary, 'The church seemed to fill in an instant, and as the light came up, we could see that the crucifix was now suspended high in the apse, the ambo bore an icon of three angels at the dark door of the sepulchre, in gold and red, and was surrounded by Spring blossoms. The vigil was largely as we know it from St Mary's, only sung almost entirely - with a trained choir of some 70 voices on hand, this could be done.'



The icon of the Sepulchre.

And more: 'At the reading of the first OT passage, the Creation Story, we were all seated, but when we finally got to the creation of human beings, we all stood for those verses, and then sat again for the rest. It produced a strange sense of solidarity, and of responsibility.' 'At the Gloria,

all the bells rang at once (they are mounted at window level just outside the church), Orthodox style, an incredible crash of sound (no English change-ringing here), urging the congregation to sing loudly and lustily.’

I had shared a book with a young girl whose family was packed around me. She noticed every omission or alteration, and asked me why, a bigger problem than I first thought because Spanish was her first language, and she from Colombia, an adopted (refugee) daughter. At the Greeting, a cacophony of languages burst forth, no-one understanding anyone or caring, an out-of-time Pentecostal moment, tears flowing, as we cried, *Cristo e risorto! Alleluia! e Buona Pasqua a te.*

Here is their 2020 Easter prayer:

God our Father,
with the resurrection of Jesus your Son,
you destined creation for transfiguration
in new heavens and new earth,
look upon mankind suffering
in the hour of the pandemic,
and pour forth your Spirit
of compassion and mercy,
so that all may find hope and work together
in charity and solidarity,
awaiting to be together in You in eternal life.

Brothers and sisters of Bose

Occasional Series –Seasonal Poems and Prayers

COVID-19 Prayer

by Philip Archbishop of Melbourne

Lord Jesus Christ, healer and friend,
come and care for all of us
through the danger and uncertainty
of the coronavirus epidemic.

To people who are sick, bring healing.
To people who are displaced, isolated,
or cut off from family, friends or work,
bring comfort and companionship.

Work with medical staff as they care for the sick,
and protect them from harm.
Give skill and fruitful research to scientists
as they search for treatments, prevention and a cure.

To public health authorities, give wisdom
to decide the best ways to manage
both this crisis and our anxieties.

When communities are fearful,
give a calm spirit,
and kindness to neighbours and strangers.

Through this testing time,
and through all the risks we face together,
teach us once again how we can love one another
as you have loved us.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

A Coming Alleluia April 2020 Corona
by Erica Takacs

They say there will be no Easter this year.

No hats.

No hunts.

No hymning.

No lilies to fill a bright room
with a fanfare of pollen.

No garden, no angel,
no victory.

They say that our journey
born in sackcloth and ashes
will lead us at last
to nowhere.

And so we sit worried
that the tomb, this year,
will be found, for once,
still full.

That Mary and the others
will leave with their spices
and come back home with nothing.
That this year the women will finally end their work –
anoint and then
leave empty.

Ssh. Be still.
Do you not hear her?
Clucking close by like an old mother hen,
brooding and sighing and
stretching her wings?

Fear not, she says,
for I did it before –
in the silence

in the dark
in a closed and locked room
in a world that had known
only death.

Did I not once prove
once for all
that there is nothing you can do,
no decision you can make
(for good or for ill)
that can stop
me
rising?

<https://earthandaltarmag.com/posts/a-coming-alleluia>

***And a Good Friday Was Had by All
by Bruce Dawe***

You men there, keep those women back and God Almighty he laid down on
the crossed timber and old Silenus my offsider looked at me as if to say nice
work for soldiers, your mind's not your own once you sign that dotted line
Ave Caesar
and all that malarkey Imperator Rex
well this Nazarene didn't make it any easier
really-not like the ones
who kick up a fuss so you can
do your block and take it out on them
Silenus held the spikes steady and I let fly
with the sledge-hammer, not looking
on the downswing trying hard not to hear
over the women's wailing the bones give way
the iron shocking the dumb wood.

Orders is orders, I said after it was over
nothing personal you understand -we had a
drill-sergeant once thought he was God but he wasn't
a patch on you

then we hauled on the ropes
and he rose in the hot air
like a diver just leaving the springboard, arms spread
so it seemed
over the whole damned creation
over the big men who must have had it in for him
and the curious ones who'll watch anything if it's free
with only the usual women caring anywhere
and a blind man in tears.

<https://lentproject.wordpress.com/resources/poetry/and-a-good-friday-was-had-by-all/>

You
by Andrea Sherko

You are the light that banishes gloom,
that overcomes darkness,
that conquers our fears

You are the life that animates all,
that joins every creature,
one to the other

You are the hope that lessens our burden,
that gives us a reason
to try to keep trying

You are the good that we see all around us,
in people who care
for others above self

You are the kindness that seeks no reward,
that helps the stranger:
friend or foe

You are the love that binds us together,
that is, was and will be
the purpose of life

You are the joy that raises our spirits
beyond man-made bounds,
beyond earthly limits

You are our Saviour,
our Lord and Redeemer.
If not for You,
all would be darkness.
Because of You,
all can be made right.

You are
all things
to all creation. Amen.

The incarnation
by David Bryson

Is
Levis puckered at the waist
where curvature once held sway,
or lycra-clad gluteus maximus
grand imposters for a day.

Or
a life-line on a daughter's palm,
uncanny replica of my own,
or mottling on a forearm
resembling my father's tone.

Old friend, body-blood, since birth
solaced by the God-made-man
and lifted Host above the earth,
now struggling to understand -

for His posture at thirty
was purposeful, erect,
and scanning the Sea of Galilee
His view un-stippled by cataract.

Perhaps only the dusty path to Jerusalem
(foreshadowing dread)
unsteadied His youthful tread,
making my own way less foreign.

Locked Down Clergy

by Kathryn Fleming, Rachel Humphrey and Mary Hawes

I am the very model of the locked-down clergy Anglican,
I minister creatively despite the public worship ban.
My Facebook live of Morning Prayer includes the proper Antiphon
And then I read the comments and I click on “like” for everyone.

Although my flock is scattered, I connect with them remotely now,
And dogs and cats in chorus add their mews and purrs and loud bow-wow’s
I offer worship from my study, which is very pastoral
(I may have picked the corner most impressively scholistical...)

I answer angry emails on the nature of the Eucharist,
With passionate parishioners insisting that it can’t be missed
But virtual consecration is a thing my Bishop has dismissed –
If two or three can’t gather, can you even say Christ’s in the midst?

Our Deanery and PCC and APCM still proceed,
As pioneer, on meeting platforms, I can take a well-placed lead,
The backgrounds that we choose reflect our quite diverse theology
(Though Father Clara’s choice appears to lean more towards astrology)

And online worship with solemnity I can with ease endow
I guess it could be argued we are all a Fresh Expression now.
I have Zoom account for my monastic new community.
And when we fight. I call it “disagreeing well in unity.”

I ordered gin with ease from shops maintaining social distancing,
And browse online vestment shops at 3am is my new thing.
I anything will get us through, my daily Facebook Compline can –
I am the very model of the locked-down clergy Anglican!

A Chorister's Confession

Almighty and most merciful conductor
We have erred and strayed from thy beat like lost sheep;
We have followed too much the intonations and tempi of our own hearts
We have left unsung those notes which we ought to have sung
And we have sung those notes which we ought not to have sung
And there is no support in us.
But thou, O Conductor, have mercy upon us miserable singers;
Succour the chorally challenged,
Restore thou them that need extra notes-bashing
Spare thou them that are without pencils,
Pardon our mistakes and have faith that hereafter we will
Follow thy directions and sing together in perfect harmony.

(From the Parish Magazine of St Luke's Tunbridge Wells).
(Note from Kerry – My friend Maria attends this church and her husband
Ross was involved as a Warden before he died at 56 years old)

I think I should “temper” this with the also requested Chorister's Prayer
published by the RSCM in 1934. It is possible it may well have links back
to a Latin prayer of 1595 –96 in a form admitting a Psalmista or Cantor – or
maybe older.... Many may be well familiar with this.

Bless, O Lord, us thy servants,
who minister in thy temple.
Grant that what we sing with our lips,
we may show forth in our lives.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

St Mary's, Especially the Choir, Reacts to the Virus

During this time of COVID-19 and personal Isolation St Mary's Church Services have been videoed and put on Youtube.

Please follow the link to see our latest Youtube Service.

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCiZQMHTiPmmkRUG7iEPz86w>

Harriet is continuing with Sunday School. To access this service please go to "St Mary's Kids" on Facebook.

A Letter from New York by David Morton

Dear Friends,

I thought the parish news would be a perfect opportunity to update you on our adventures in America, which have turned out much more eventful than expected!

Jacky and I arrived safely in New York on the 18th of February, and spent our first two weeks at Leo House, a spartan but clean and very friendly Catholic guesthouse in Chelsea, while we looked for an apartment and dealt with the administrative and logistical details necessary for Jacky to start work.

We moved into a lovely (albeit tiny) studio on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, and I spent some time exploring the city and looking for work. As you're likely aware, the situation in New York has changed markedly in the past few weeks. As I write this there are more than 72,000 confirmed cases of COVID-19 in the city, and more than 2,400 people have died. In the state more generally there are at least 131,000 cases, as well as an acute shortage of medical and protective equipment. The city outside feels like it has suddenly come to a screeching halt.

Both Jacky and I have spent three weeks largely confined to our apartment. We are in a very fortunate position – Jacky has stable work that she can perform from home, we both have health insurance, and are able to get groceries and essentials delivered. While the hiring process has slowed down markedly, I have still had productive discussions with recruiters and been able to attend job interviews remotely. The Australian consulate has been helpful in terms of providing regular updates and information, and we

have been able to stay in regular contact with friends and family back home. Other than the cabin fever of being stuck in a small studio, we are in an ideal position to wait out the pandemic. Whenever I make it outside for a walk and fresh air, I am acutely aware that many around us are not so fortunate.

Despite this, there is a real sense that New York is not going to let itself be beaten by this, which is expressed in everything from the graffiti and hastily handmade signs in shop windows through to the messages coming from the city, mayor and state governor. Every evening at 7pm the sound of people applauding emergency workers echoes through the building, and the state has had 82,000 medical workers volunteer for its reserve force. I spent a day last week volunteering at a food bank on the West Side, and was in awe of the scale of the response that has been mobilised so quickly – the entire church building, hall and crypt had been given over to packing food bags, and all the available volunteer shifts have been filled through until early May.

More personally, it has been a real blessing to be able to stay so connected with everyone back in Melbourne. Online services mean we can stay connected to St Mary's more readily than we would be able to normally, as well as benefit from the explosion of online resources from others in the diocese and the church more generally. Necessity has created so many new and creative ways of connecting and communicating, many of which would not have been possible ten or fifteen years ago. Even after the pandemic ceases, many of these changes will stay with us, and I'm hopeful that this leads to many positive and productive outcomes when it comes to the way churches (and society more generally) engage online.

Stay safe, know that my thoughts and prayers are with you all, and feel free to reach out if you want to chat – it is always lovely to hear from you.

Yours Faithfully,
David Morton

Easter Sunday Choir *by Beverley Phillips*

Many may not be aware that St Mary's is a member Church of the Royal School of Church Music. In fact there is a framed, somewhat aged certificate behind the organ dating, from memory, somewhere back into the 1950s. I have also been a member of the Victorian Committee both currently, and in a past period during the last 1980s/90s. Our membership includes various resources including new choral works, new collections to celebrate particular times/events, and in our present time – online resources for choirs in 'lock-down'. This is by way of giving context to a "gathering" of our choir and Vicar around our screens to participate with choristers from around the globe in a celebratory Easter Evensong on Easter Monday morning. Well – we joined in at an appropriate time that would work for Australia and New York, rather than at the UK local time - 3am here.

RSCM UK had put together a booklet that we were able to download for £5 UK and distribute to our choirs. Then it was simply a case of joining in with the You tube. But Tim Pilbrow made it possible for us to go further and really link up. The era of Zoom has well and truly taken off and Tim already had set up an account that allowed multiple participants at one time.

Once the email about this possibility went around, there was great



enthusiasm. Although we were not able to hear each other during the singing, being able to see one another singing, to gather for that time together and then to catch up a bit was wonderful and a

great lift to the spirits.

Thanks to Tim who spent many hours trying to come up with the best possible for the day, and which I hope to build on with these coming weeks. Many of my confreres have worked to find ways of ‘being choir’ in a diaspora as we are trying to still find cohesion as a Parish. I noted that Harriet had St Mary’s Kids off the block by the first Sunday.

A little footnote to celebrate, Marina Connelly defended her thesis at Harvard in the very early morning last Saturday. We congratulate her on the extraordinary achievement of her Doctorate. Yikes, that puts the number at seven Doctors in the choir!!

Easter Reflections of an Absent Chorister ***by Andrea Sherko***

To say that Easter 2020 has been an Easter like no other is to state the obvious, and to repeat a refrain heard all through Christendom. For me, this is the first Easter since 2009 that I have not been actively involved with an Anglican Church choir at the busiest time of a chorister’s liturgical year. Beginning with Ash Wednesday, we usually have music to prepare for Evensong, Tenebrae, Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, the Vigil on Easter Saturday, and, of course, the crowning glory of Easter Day. It is a musical marathon, but a thoroughly satisfying and uplifting journey nonetheless.

This would have been my fourth Easter as a member of the St Mary’s choir. Bev always chooses all the music with great care, giving due consideration to the occasion being observed/celebrated, and the musical resources that are available on each occasion. I have found the music to be beautiful, moving, uplifting, challenging, satisfying and many combinations of these factors! Last Good Friday, we sang the well-known and much-loved *Miserere* by Allegri. It was beyond my wildest dreams that I would ever be able to take part in this musical masterpiece, and it was truly one of the highlights of my musical life (and I have been making music, in one form or another, since 1969).

The suspension of the choir, and church activities more broadly, seemed to happen quite suddenly. I naively assumed we would carry on, taking all due care of our own and each other's health. The emails advising of these suspensions felt almost like a physical blow: I felt quite stunned! They were, of course, exactly the right things to do, but that does not diminish the feelings of grief that I and many others must have experienced. I could not quite picture an Easter without choir and church, but, of course, I have never had to do so before this year.

Like all other practising Anglicans, I have been forced to find alternative ways of observing the milestones along the road to Easter. We are very fortunate to live in this age of technology: whilst I have no idea how it all works and am incapable of *facilitating* its use, I am a reasonably competent *user* of the various media (with a little help from my friends). I am enormously grateful to the brilliant people who can and do create these great resources for others to use, including live-streamed or pre-recorded services, musical resources both static and interactive, and a vast array of reading material. I have tuned in to the St Mary's services on YouTube, and have also "attended" a number of the services at St Paul's Cathedral, which have been a creative combination of live-streamed and pre-recorded contributions by many people.

The highlight of my technological participation in my Easter observances was, however, our St Mary's choir's Zoomed Evensong, which took place on Easter Monday at 10am Melbourne time. I mention the timezone because we were also able to connect with members of the choir family currently living in Adelaide and New York! It was wonderful to see everyone: the Zoom screen resembled the opening credits of *The Brady Bunch*, although we had more than nine participants! The Evensong was organised, pre-recorded and co-ordinated by the Royal School of Church Music, and included choirs from various parts of the UK and Australia. The music was wonderful, but the social interaction was even better: actually being able to *see* everyone and talk together "face to face" has done wonders for my mental and spiritual well-being. Huge thanks are due to Bev for suggesting and organising the get-together, and Tim Pilbrow for making the technology "happen": I do not know how or what he did, but it was an absolute joy to be involved in the occasion.

So, as far as has been possible, I have had a happy musical and spiritual Easter. I hope all parishioners of St Mary's have also had a happy and healthy time, and I greatly look forward to the (hopefully not too distant) day when we can all return to St Mary's and be physically together again.

Evensong by Zoom: St Mary's Choir goes International by Chips Sowerwine

At 10 am on Easter Monday, your choristers began a Zoom chat hooked up with a Choral Evensong in England the night before. Is this Guinness Book of Records territory?

This Evensong was organised by the Royal Society for Church Music. They put together a service using recordings from various choirs and churches across the UK and even from St Andrews' Cathedral Sydney. Visually, one got the impression of one service. Of course it had already happened, but we did join in from our homes and had the pleasurable illusion of singing side by side again.

Beverley got wind of the service and suggested it. Tim Pilbrow provided the technical know-how. Most current choristers joined in and got accustomed to Zoom. And three emeritus/emerita choristers joined from far-flung locations: Clare Florence from Adelaide (or was it Sydney? She gets around), Nancy Hooper from Ferntree Gully, and, the winner of the prize for coming from farthest away, David Morton from the bathroom of his New York flat.

All our hearts were lifted, though we missed the faces of our congregation as we miss all of you. We're still waiting for the Guinness people to call, but we're setting our own records and maintaining our beloved community.

Joy in a Climate of Social Distancing by *Andrea O'Donoghue*

The Plan - Sunday 22-March 2020

As my social activities have stopped being social I am going to keep a journal of all that I achieve and enjoy doing:

- Gardening: Look out Acanthus, spider plant and fish fern!
- Walking, Yoga. Meditation. Mosaics. Collage. Writing. Reading. Knitting squares.
- Keeping contact. Talking to friends and neighbours
- Doing housework! Culling. Organizing. Donating items and my time.
- Zoom meetings

I am very gregarious and although I will miss contact with my broader circle I will still enjoy my life! I am like the dear little girl in traction in the opening scenes of 24 Hours in Emergency “I’m fine. I’m going to be very fine!” (Extract from an email sent to friends.)

Progress Report - Friday 17 April 2020

I continue to do most of the items on my bulleted list above.

The new bulleted list of joys and realisations:

- Though hopeless doing daily journaling I have regularly written and communicated my activities via text, email, Zoom, iPhone and real life chats.
- I am enjoying my new life of calm. The erstwhile Andrea was a gadabout to the point of exhaustion.
- I love heavy duty gardening! Especially when the kitties in our block play and pounce as I heave out the takeover plants.
- Location! Location! Location! Our big Art Deco communal garden
- Relationship with Peter, with Family, Jan and St Mary’s folk and other friends

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. I have everything I need for a happy life.

Recipes and Other Ideas for Isolation

Cure all Chicken Soup From Margaret Noble

Many cultures each have their version of a homemade chicken soup. This version is quick and easy to prepare and is from Indira Naidoo's book "The Edible Balcony". She describes it as her go-to recipe for friends with colds but we like it anytime.

1 tblspn olive oil
1 tblspn ghee
4 cloves garlic
5 cm fresh ginger (finely diced)
1 sprig of thyme
1 bay leaf
1/2 tsp dried chilli flakes
2 carrots (diced)
2 large potatoes (diced)
1 litre chicken stock
1 cup boiling water
2 skinless chicken breast fillets (abt 300g) (diced)
Small handful flat-leaved parsley (chopped)
2 leeks or other vegetables(optional) sliced or diced
Salt and freshly ground pepper

In a large saucepan over medium heat, heat the olive oil and ghee. Add garlic, ginger, chilli, thyme, and bay leaf and cook for about 5 mins. until aromatic.

Add carrots and cook for 2 mins.

Add chicken stock and water and bring to boil, then add potatoes and simmer till nearly tender.

Add chicken pieces and simmer 2-3 mins till just cooked.

Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Roasts for one or two

From Christine Storey

Devilled Sausages:

One – two thick “Old English” sausage(s) per person

Bacon bits

Cheddar cheese

Worcestershire sauce

Tomato sauce

French Mustard

Paprika

Method: slit each sausage lengthways and drizzle 1 – 2 tsp worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce and mustard along each sausage, then add 3 – 4 small cubes of cheddar cheese and bacon bits, sprinkle with paprika. Lay on a rack on a baking tray and bake for 50 – 60 minutes at 175⁰ C (gas); serve with your favourite roast vegetables.

Baked pork chops:

1.5 – 2cm thick pork chop, sprinkle with 1-2 tsp demerara sugar, ½ tsp mustard powder, and sprinkle a little ground pepper and paprika

Place in an oven proof bowl with just under 1 cm water and bake for 50 – 60 minutes at 175⁰ C (gas); serve with your favourite roast vegetables.

Roast herb crumbed chicken breasts:

Mix breadcrumbs with dried parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme with a salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

Half chicken breast per person. Coat with either lightly beaten egg or milk, and cover with herbed bread crumb mixture. Place in an oiled baking dish and bake for 50 – 60 minutes at 175⁰ C (gas) turning once after ~ 30 minutes; garnish with a slice of lemon and a sprig of fresh parsley; serve with your favourite roast vegetables.

Jerusalem artichokes ***From Marion Poynter***

It's almost time for the St. Mary's annual Fair. But this year it's not happening.

For year's past in mid autumn I dig out the crop of Jerusalem artichokes which has ripened in my garden, and packet them up for sale on the Produce stall, along with a recipe for a delicious soup. This year I've just dug up some 7 kilos of the artichokes, but there is no Fair to sell them at!

Would anyone like to buy some to make soup? Proceeds to St. Mary's.

If you are interested you might like to contact me at 93298163 to arrange collection and payment. They are \$5 for a half Kilo bag.

Here is a good recipe for Jerusalem Artichoke soup.

Roasted Jerusalem Artichoke Soup

500 gr. Jerusalem artichokes

1 medium yellow onion, peeled and cut into small chunks

drizzle of olive oil

salt and pepper

2 cups chicken (or vegetable) stock

½ cup cream

garnish of sage or chives

Toss the vegetables in a drizzle of olive oil with a pinch of salt and pepper, the spread them on a baking pan and roast in a 190 deg. C. oven for about 20 minutes till browned. Remove the roasted vegetables and put them in a saucepan.

Add the stock to the roasted vegetables and bring them to a boil. Cover and reduce heat to a high simmer, cooking until the artichokes are easily mashed with a fork—about 5-10 minutes.

Allow mixture to cool, then puree in a blender or food processor. Return the puree to the saucepan and stir in the cream and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Re-heat the soup but do not let it boil.

Serve at once with a grind of fresh pepper and the herbal garnish of your choice.

Stories and News from Around the Parish

Can you identify this Church?

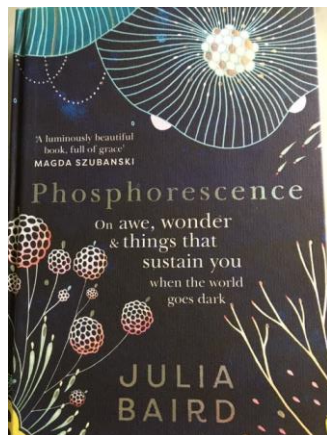
In her most recent publication, “Phosphorescence”,: On awe, wonder and things that sustain you when the world goes dark (Harper Collins, 2020), Julia Baird writes about a Sunday outing with Helen Garner:

“Let your life be your witness.

In 2017, I emailed Helen when I was in Melbourne for the writers festival to see if she would like to go to a local church. She wrote back excitedly, claiming it was like being invited to a cocktail party. She picked me up at seven sharp outside my hotel, screeching into the curb and apologising profusely: ‘I am not used to driving in the city.’

We crept into the side chapel where an early communion service was being held for a handful of people. A woman with ginger hair walked in after us with a dog in a ginger coat, soon followed by another dog who sat next to the organ, closed his eyes and ignored everyone.

There was a rainbow heart outside the church, and as it was in the heated, often brutal months before the country voted in the marriage equality plebiscite, the minister prayed fervently for those hurt by current political debates. He spoke of Christ modelling both humanity and divinity, of the fact that suffering is built into being human. Next to me a woman with a silver crutch helped a woman with a Zimmer frame onto her chair. Pegged onto the frame was a note that read “WARNING: I HAVE LOW VISION.” Afterwards we walked to a coffee shop, where we ate croissants and spoke for three hours without pause. And in between talk of words and books and loves and children and grandchildren and bloody men and the fraught nature of marriage, we spoke of religion, and having a quiet faith. I told her many church leaders and publicly attacked me because of my reporting on domestic violence in the church, and had been sidetracked by a nonsensical debate about statistics that didn’t exist. She shook her head: ‘They think of faith as an argument.’”



She fell silent for a little while, staring into air. Then she asked, ‘What is a blessing, do you think?’
“It is a reminder of the divine, and the divine in you. What do you think?” “
pp 252-3

This was the first of several occasions they visited St Mary’s together. That first time may have been one of the smallest 8 am congregations ever. Those of us who were there were either too polite or too shy to show that we recognized them. They sped off after the service. On subsequent occasions we were all more relaxed and we greeted them by name. Besides, Jenny Langmead, whose friend Linda Walter is Helen’s sister, was overjoyed to see them and drew them across to the small hall for coffee and raisin toast and we all chatted together.
St Mary’s, inclusive, prayerful and ever so slightly eccentric, I think Julia got it right.

Caracticus
by John Poynter

While clearing out stuff—a useful activity in a time of social isolation—I encountered a postcard-sized photograph of a teenager oddly dressed in cloak and sandals. Written on the back, in my own hand, 'Melbourne Town Hall 1947, Pageant for Centenary of Diocese. John Poynter as Caracticus'. Automatically I looked at my thumb, to see if the scar of battle had lasted for seventy-three years.



Memories are fleeting and fallible, but a few of mine were revived by finding an *Argus* report of June 1947 headed *Pageant will be feature of Anglican Centenary*. No social isolation then: 'The most spectacular feature' of the celebration of the centenary of Bishop Perry's consecration in June 1847 was to be a pageant, spread over three nights in the Town Hall, involving a cast of more than 700, 'mostly young folk, drawn from 40 congregations', supported by a choir of 150 voices. The subject was

to be the history of religion, in a series of brief scenes showing 'the tyranny through which the Church passed and how it has stood firm'. A special section—understandable with World War II so recently concluded—would 'explain the expansion of Christianity throughout the British Empire'. Some 700 costumes had been gathered. Mr Milton R Mitchell, later a producer of musical comedies in the Princess Theatre, was to produce this massive venture, for which bookings were 'filling rapidly'.

Anglican schools had been included among the performers, and Trinity Grammar School was allotted a very early, indeed pre-Christian, scene. Then a seventeen-year-old in my final year, I was to play the role of Caractacus, chieftain and king of early Britons, who successfully expelled Roman invaders before being betrayed into enemy custody in AD 50. Sentenced to death in Rome, he successfully sought pardon from Emperor Claudius in a remarkable speech recorded into history by Tacitus. His fame persisted in British history: J C 'the London' Bach wrote an opera about Caractacus, Elgar a cantata and William Blake drew him as allegedly seen in a personal vision. But my role was to be brief and simple, merely to defeat an invading Roman general in a sword fight, and with a few followers drive his party off the Town Hall stage.

Perhaps, when social isolation ends and the archives re-open, I can find some review of the event I dimly recall. After a single daytime rehearsal, we assembled on the first night. Our two small groups, Britons and Romans, climbed the short stairs on either side of the stage, to meet and challenge in the middle. The duel, fought very gingerly with two alarming American-Civil-War bayonets, drove the Romans back, the Britons herding them down their stairs. So far not so bad, if scarcely convincing, but unfortunately the lights went off as the triumphant Brits made to follow. Blinded, we fell down the stairs on to the Romans, and there was nothing either ancient or Christian in the expletives uttered in the dark.

The Pageant went on, and I trust improved. Backstage, I improvised a bandage around a gash on my thumb. I fear I had not earned the title penned by the Victorian poet William Stewart Ross: 'Caractacus the Briton, the bravest of the brave'.

Any accounts by surviving witnesses would be welcomed.

Rediscovering Donne's 'No Man is an Island'
by Chips Sowerwine

This text has been coming back to me as I watch the terrible events of our epoch, sadly set apart from my fellows though comforted by Fr Jan's services. I recalled the text from a choral setting my high school choir sang in the late 1950s. I thought the original text was a poem.

A little research proved once again the perils of memory on both counts. The choral setting was an arrangement of a 1950 Joan Whitney song, the text of which was clearly inspired by Donne, though it tends to a mawkishness Donne would have found repugnant. It has five verses but usually only the first two are sung:

No man is an island,
No man stands alone,
Each man's joy is joy for me,
Each man's grief is my own.

We need one another,
So I will defend,
Each man as my brother,
Each man as my friend.

The original text is not a poem; it is the penultimate paragraph of Donne's Meditation XVII. Having now discovered the whole, I think it repays reading and speaks to our tribulations today:

NUNC LENTO SONITU DICUNT, MORIERIS.

*Now this bell tolling softly for another,
says to me, Thou must die.*

PERCHANCE he for whom this bell tolls may be so ill as that he knows not it tolls for him. And perchance I may think myself so much better than I am, as that they who are about me, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for me, and I know not that. The church is catholic, universal, so are all her actions; all that she does, belongs to all. When she baptizes a child, that

action concerns me; for that child is thereby connected to that head which is my head too, and ingrafted into that body, whereof I am a member. And when she buries a man, that action concerns me; all mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated; God employs several translators; some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice; but God's hand is in every translation, and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again, for that library where every book shall lie open to one another; as therefore the bell that rings to a sermon, calls not upon the preacher only, but upon the congregation to come; so this bell calls us all: but how much more me, who am brought so near the door by this sickness.

There was a contention as far as a suit (in which, piety and dignity, religion and estimation, were mingled) which of the religious orders should ring to prayers first in the morning; and it was determined, that they should ring first that rose earliest. If we understand aright the dignity of this bell, that tolls for our evening prayer, we would be glad to make it ours, by rising early, in that application, that it might be ours as well as his, whose indeed it is. The bell doth toll for him, that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute, that that occasion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? But who takes off his eye from a comet, when that breaks out? who bends not his ear to any bell, which upon any occasion rings? But who can remove it from that bell, which is passing a piece of himself out of this world?

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

Neither can we call this a begging of misery, or a borrowing of misery, as though we were not miserable enough of ourselves, but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon us the misery of our neighbors. Truly it were an excusable covetousness if we did; for affliction is a treasure, and scarce any man hath enough of it. No man hath affliction enough, that is not

matured and ripened by it, and made fit for God by that affliction. If a man carry treasure in bullion or in a wedge of gold, and have none coined into current moneys, his treasure will not defray him as he travels. Tribulation is treasure in the nature of it, but it is not current money in the use of it, except we get nearer and nearer our home, heaven, by it. Another may be sick too, and sick to death, and this affliction may lie in his bowels, as gold in a mine, and be of no use to him; but this bell that tells me of his affliction, digs out, and applies that gold to me: if by this consideration of another's danger, I take mine own into contemplation, and so secure myself, by making my recourse to my God, who is our only security.

Source:

Donne, John 1572 – 1631 . The Works of John Donne, vol III.

Henry Alford, ed.

London: John W. Parker, 1839. 574-

5.from <http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/donne/meditation17.php>

***A Short but Highly Speculative Note on Greek and Latin in
First Century Jerusalem
by Geoff Jenkins***

We tend to imagine that the language of First Century Jerusalem was Hebrew. After all, the population of the city was almost exclusively Jewish, and Jews spoke Hebrew, right? Any Jewish members of the earliest church will also have spoken Hebrew. And for that matter, so too would Jesus have spoken Hebrew, at least some of the time.

So we were not very surprised when pre-68 CE texts from the Qumran Community in the Judaean Desert were most of them written in Hebrew. Actually this is not quite the whole story. Almost all the manuscripts from Qumran are not original compositions of the Community. There are a few which are, for example the famous Letter of the Teacher of Righteousness and the Rule of the Community, and these are composed in Hebrew, but most of the texts are Bible or related to the Bible. As it happens there are also scraps of Greek Bible at Qumran, as well as Aramaic Bible, including the magnificent Targum to Job.

What is this telling us? Well certainly there are hints that the authors of these Hebrew works were regular speakers not of Hebrew but of Aramaic. This second, closely related Semitic language has clearly left its mark on the

Hebrew that members of the Community composed. There cannot be much doubt that they read the Scriptures in Hebrew, given how assiduously they copied them, but their everyday conversation was likely to have been in Aramaic. Whether they might have spoken as well as read Greek is an open question, but it is quite clear that they did possess—and almost certainly make use of—Greek translations of the Hebrew Bible.

The Romans are referenced quite often in the Dead Sea Scrolls, though mostly just obliquely. There is no sympathy for them, not for any sympathisers with Rome in the Jewish population. However we think about the languages of Jerusalem, it would be a great surprise if speakers of Latin were members of the Community. If there were some, they have left no mark on the texts surviving.

The Qumran community was strongly priestly in its focus, but not at all aristocratic, not high-priestly if you like. In fact the powerful egalitarianism of the Community is a precise reflection of the non-aristocratic priesthood of the groups from which Qumran drew its devotees.

Let's think now about Josephus, who by the way provides us with a wonderfully detailed account of the Essenes of Qumran in Greek. He was from an aristocratic, high-priestly family, the sort who might have had servants. He wrote and clearly spoke Greek, and probably had reasonable Latin by the end of his life, which he spent in Rome. Reading Josephus constantly raises the question in what language various conversations occur. We do not often discover. On rare occasions the language matters—eg when someone privy to the conversation needs not to have understood what is being said. Or the other splendid case, where someone privy to the conversation *does* understand, though she is expected not to.

The case of Josephus speaking to the inhabitants of Jerusalem under siege is a case in point. Here we are explicitly told that he spoke to the people in Semitic—certainly Aramaic—especially because he wanted to communicate with the ordinary folk, rather than the city's leaders. We also are told that the first draft of the Jewish War in seven books was made in Aramaic, so Josephus seems to have been highly literate in both Greek and Aramaic. If the Qumran Community and Josephus are useful examples, what then of some of the characters we see in the New Testament?

We can start with a less complicated case, namely Paul. Clearly he was more than an occasional visitor to Jerusalem. He knows his way around and is involved enough in the Community's life to have access to the authorities from whom he requests license to persecute the Christians as far as

Damascus. But there is a striking though often overlooked indication that Paul's father's family lived in Jerusalem for an extended period. This is the fact that Paul's nephew also lived in Jerusalem, not as an occasional visitor but most likely as a permanent resident. The young man—we are guessing his age—overhears the plans to kill Paul and reports them to his uncle and then to the Romans.

On several occasions the narrator of Acts tells us that Paul spoke in "Hebrew". In general this expression is thought to cover Hebrew and Aramaic, and Aramaic rather than Hebrew is the preferred meaning because no one spoke Hebrew! It is difficult to imagine that anyone could live for some time in Jerusalem and not learn to speak Aramaic, though not necessarily read nor write it.

Now for Acts 12, where Maria is hosting a church meeting. It's not a prayer meeting, it's a service, called prayer. Maria I think is a Roman, and as such most likely wealthy if not aristocratic. Her husband, about whom we know precisely nothing, though we should not presume that she was a widow, would typically have been a senior Roman military man, perhaps a centurion like Cornelius about whom we heard in Acts 10. Cornelius has a family, whom Peter visits, though in that case—perhaps unusually—it is not his wife, unnamed, but himself who is the God-Fearer and invites Peter. Actually it is striking that Cornelius sends two of his household servants in a party of three, but in any case when Peter gets to Caesarea (where the Romans had their base) Cornelius himself meets Peter outside his house. This will be because he expects that Peter, a Jew, would be unwilling to enter a Gentile house, though it seems that Peter in fact does so. He proceeds to explain that he would not have done so apart from the vision. But back to Maria. As a Roman aristocrat she would likely as not have spoken Latin, and probably not much Greek and even less Aramaic. And Hebrew, none at all. Whether she could and did read, we would expect that she could read Latin and understand it perfectly. It is this insularity of Latin that it striking, and it leads to a feature of this text which was a feature also of Roman life wherever they travelled away from Rome. They like to have a bilingual slave, ideally one who could speak Greek and Latin. Rhoda is she, mentioned by name in the text. It is by the way striking that two generations—Marcus and his mother Maria, and the servant-girl are all of them named here. I think this reflects the likelihood that the author had met them, presumably when he visited Jerusalem on the research trip that he describes in Acts 21.

It is intriguing how readily we press our modern assumptions and experience upon the Biblical text. In particular, it is often assumed that this incident would have occurred on a Wednesday night, for that is of course the night that (Baptist) prayer meetings are held. And of course the gathered Christians would have been praying for Peter's release, which makes their disbelief that their prayers could have been answered so ironic. But on another view, this was a regular meeting of this group, who gather as if in the synagogue (probably how they came to be Christians in the first place, and note the verb "be gathered", commonly used of synagogues) and were "praying" as was the common way to describe Jewish worship, then and now to this day. Included would have been songs and readings and perhaps a sermon, as well as some prayers. Since Maria was the host (important to use a gender neutral term here!) there is good reason to imagine that in the service the Bible was read in Latin and the worship was conducted in Latin. So Rhoda the servant-girl plays a pivotal role here. And this is perhaps the key to understanding what is afoot. Peter seems to have been able to speak Greek, and to converse with Rhoda. She reports the fact of Peter's presence at the door to the gathered group, in Latin one imagines.

So why do they not believe that Peter could be at the gate? Perhaps it is because they expected him to still be in prison at this stage. Or dead even, for they speculate that this is his angel. Or perhaps, in my view more likely, they did not expect to see Peter at the non-Jewish house, as is rather borne out by the fact that, rather than enter, he delivers his message and then moves on. Almost quaintly, we go in Luke's narrative from knowing all the relevant details, personal names included, to knowing or preferring to tell us almost nothing about what happens next, including where Peter goes. Rhoda is such an intriguing character. If our speculation is valid, she is linguistically privileged, and has landed herself a privileged position as maid-servant to an aristocratic Roman woman. But she seems to be assertive and engaged in the action too. And she has "crossed over" to the Jewish church and heard Peter speak. I like to think that she was not only a witness to the writing of the first Gospel by Marcus, but that she contributed to the reflections upon which the Gospel is built. Nor should we exclude Maria from this activity.

We might like to contrast this situation in Maria's house with the situation at Qumran. No servants there. It is a highly egalitarian community, where all the labour is performed by the members themselves. For the most part this seems to be typically Jewish but not typical of Romans, who were as we

know heavily into slavery as a way of advancing the sophistication of their society by the use of free labour.

What might we speculate about Marcus then, the son of Maria. If he had lived for a few years in Jerusalem, he would have had good Latin, the language of his education, probably rough and ready Greek (did Rhoda teach him Greek?) and as much Aramaic as he picked up on the street. Of Hebrew he would have known very little. Likely as not his Bible comprised the books he had collected in Latin translation of the Greek, although he might also have read the Bible in Greek. When it came to engaging with the written texts of the teaching of Jesus, it is reasonable to imagine that he could have read either Greek or Aramaic versions of the collections of the sayings that circulated. It would have been natural for Marcus to write his Gospel in Greek for widest publication, but to have done so in a language which was a little rough.

Next time, we will ponder where Marcus and Maria acquired their knowledge of Judaism—somewhat second-hand as it seems to commentators on the Gospel to have been—and why they encounter us as members of the earliest Jerusalem church. That journey will take us all the way to Cyrene in North Africa, departing on the Day of Pentecost.

Occasional Series: St Mary's Travels

The Bay of Biscay in Winter

by Greg Reinhardt

I encountered the hazards of travel by ship in winter during a voyage of the Bay of a Biscay and the Northern Atlantic islands in December and January. Subsequently, we have seen more general problems with cruising but I will not dwell on that!

My ship left Tilbury shortly prior to Christmas (I had a couple of days in London either side of the cruise and found gin and tonic tea for Rhondda at Fortnum and Mason!) with the first port of call Rotterdam where I took the opportunity to take a side trip by train to Amsterdam and what now seems like the inevitable Argentinian meal. There must be an Argentinian restaurant on every corner in Amsterdam these days. I'm not sure why.

The ship was to visit ports in Spain and Portugal with side trips to Compostella and Oporto but a severe storm in the Bay of Biscay meant a sojourn in Cherbourg for two nights. In its day, as the major port for sea travel between France and North America no doubt the port had more to offer than it does today. Still, some brilliant seafood and an opportunity to experience a little French life.

On to a Agadir in southern Morocco, an unscheduled port. Probably one of the roughest sea voyages I have undertaken. Agadir certainly has little to offer in comparison with other Moroccan towns, but does have beautiful beaches and the foothills of the Atlas Mountains, plus the odd camel! It certainly lacks the interest and magic of Fez or Marrakech.

Lots of time at sea, then the Cape Verde Islands, formerly Portuguese, very poor and eminently forgettable. The Canary Islands and Madiera. I do like Madiera and Portuguese food. I had limpets for the first time, a little like mussels but much smaller, and of course the wonder vinho verde for which the Portuguese are famous. A day in Lisbon, the first time I had been into the city by ship. Wonderful. Portuguese custard tart. Gorgeous. Rhondda

has given me the name of a baker in Melbourne, Portuguese, who makes them.

I had three trips booked for this year, including Jerusalem for Easter and Jordan. It wasn't to be. Next year in Jerusalem, but I fear none of us may be travelling for a long time and particularly so on cruises.

I pray that everyone stays safe! Happy Easter!

Editor's Comments: The Fortnum's gin and tonic tea is amazing. The few remaining tea bags are very precious and rationed for those days when I need a boost. The gift is a constant in my reflections on the goodness of my friends, in which so many St Mary's people feature at this time and always. I'm not sure if the Portuguese tarts contact has survived the current crisis but you could try Mobile: 0459 732 057 or Website: www.lisboacaffe.com.au for fresh or frozen deliveries.

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.

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KOOYOORA

PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS
DIOCESE OF MELBOURNE

The Anglican Diocese in conjunction with St Mary's Anglican Church North Melbourne does not tolerate abuse, harassment or other misconduct within our communities. If any person has concerns about behavior of a church worker, past or present.

The Diocese of Melbourne is committed to doing all that is possible to ensure that abuse does not occur. All complaints of abuse are taken very seriously, and we do all we can to lessen harm. We offer respect, pastoral care and ongoing long-term support to anyone who makes a complaint. St Mary's Statement of Commitment to Child Safety is on our noticeboard and can be downloaded from our website www.stmarys.org.au.

PLEASE REPORT ABUSE CALL 1800 135 246



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*

