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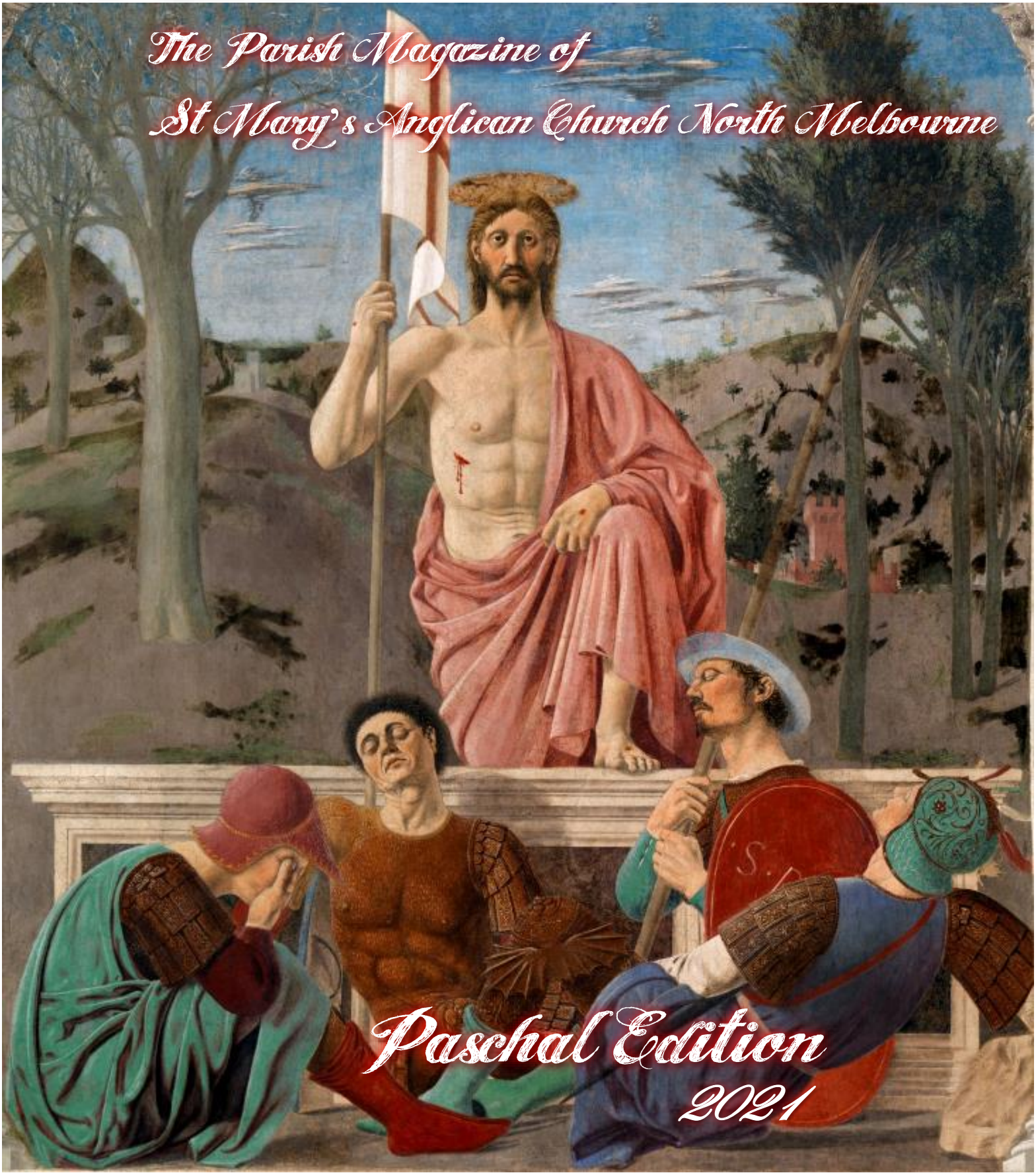
The Parish Magazine of
St Mary's Anglican Church North Melbourne



Paschal Edition
2021

Piero della Francesca: The Resurrection of Jesus Christ.
Fresco painting, 1463, Palazzo della Residenza, Sansepolcro, Tuscany, Italy.

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Maundy Thursday

What's in a Name?

Christine Storey

This question was raised over family lunch on Good Friday this year, as the three of us life-long Anglicans surprised ourselves that we hadn't ever thought what the word "Maundy" actually meant! A quick look on the internet and later confirmed with reference to the "Oxford English Reference Dictionary" revealed to us that "Maundy" came from the Latin word *mandatum* meaning command, and from which other English words such as mandatory and mandate are derived. Maundy Thursday memorialises Jesus' washing of the disciples' feet at the Last Supper and His instructions to them, "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another, even as I have loved you. By this all will know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another." (John 13: 34,35). Maundy Thursday in fact celebrates the crux of Easter, love one for another. These words also echo those from Jesus as found in Matthew's Gospel, when asked which is the great commandment in the law, Jesus' reply was "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it, you shall love your neighbour as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets". (Matthew 22: 37 – 40).

Maundy Thursday seems to have become an "optional extra" in many parishes, and the focus is all on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, yet Good Friday doesn't really make sense without Maundy Thursday, which commemorates Jesus' great love for us symbolised in the washing of the disciples' feet, a love for which Jesus paid the ultimate price with His cruel death on a cross. As we celebrate Easter and our risen Lord, we are also reminded of the enduring conflict between God's love, the law, power and greed - the politics of humanity. May we have the courage to obey Jesus' final command to love one another, as He loves us, above all else, and to love and stand up for justice for all God's people who are suffering as the result of loveless political viewpoints in our own community and beyond.

Jews and Christians at Easter

Robert Gribben

The eve of Palm/Passion Sunday this year coincided with the first day of *Pesach*, the Jewish Passover.[1] It does this, occasionally, and they were at least close at the very beginning. The Gospels set us a problem as to which date meets the competing criteria between the synoptics (Mt, Mk, Lk), and John. Part of the problem is on which 'eve' was the Last Supper held? A Sabbath, a special Sabbath or Passover (not necessarily on a Sabbath)? This has led me to thinking about the many things Christians share with their parent faith of Judaism.

We recall that, in the Jewish counting of time, a 'day' begins at sunset. The Romans taught us that it began at midnight. So, the general western custom is to begin Easter on Saturday night, when Pascha begins, at some convenient hour between sunset and midnight (a *via media*?). In any case, the Paschal season (from *Pasch*, the Greek word for Passover) begins with the proclamation of the resurrection, and lasts fifty days, ending on another Jewish feast, Pentecost. The Council Fathers at Nicaea, in addition to the creed, gave us the rule that there should be no kneeling or prostration in those days, and indeed, no penitential rite at all – resurrection joy overwhelming all else. Perhaps we could insert a thin wedge between the Christian celebration and everything that happens with confectionary and rabbits, if we dropped the name 'Easter', named for a germanic goddess of dawn, Eostre, and adopt the shared 'Pasch'. Eostre is an irrelevant northern hemispheric, pagan invader (and the source of rabbits laying eggs).

But back to Jewish gifts to Christian liturgy.

The first level of Jewish religious practice is the table in a family home. Every Friday evening, at the beginning of the Sabbath day, the family sits down, and in beautiful and simple rituals, which are in the hands of the mother (and begin with the

[1] The reason the two feasts move around the calendar is that they are based on a lunar cycle. Differences between Christian churches of East and West account for the gap between Christian Easters (Orthodox Easter this year is 2 May). The West stays close to the Passover date, the East waits for the next Full Moon after Passover is ended.

cooking), she 'kindles a light', a candle, and asks a blessing. Each blessing which follows begins the same way, 'Blessed are you, Lord God, Ruler of the Universe', the Giver of the food and drink, a set of words you will recognize from the recent Anglican eucharistic liturgies.

The great annual home ritual is the Passover meal, the *seder*. The Grace (one might say) is extended through the whole meal, with a series of symbolic foods displayed, explained and tasted. It's all set out in a text called the *Haggadah* (the Telling) and involves the whole family. It focusses on the telling of the Exodus story, and ends looking forward to 'Next year in Jerusalem!' It is summed up in the word we usually translate as 'Remembrance' or 'Memorial', but it is by no means only about past history.

Bread is blessed, broken and shared; four cups[2] are blessed, raised, and sipped. That sense that our faith story is rooted in *past* history, is remembered in the *present*, has a power for us even now, and gives us hope for the *future*, is another Jewish gift for Christians. Passover language appears also in the response, 'Lamb of God', remembering the sacrifice on the eve of the escape from Egypt which is Judaism's primal story. The Church claims it as a history on which we build – our own exodus from death to life with Jesus. St Paul writes 'Christ our Passover has been sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast' (1 Cor.5:2-8).

The second level of Jewish worship is in the synagogue. A synagogue is less a 'church' than a 'school', for the study of the Scriptures. The scroll of the Torah is brought out of its keeping-place, the 'Ark', and someone is chosen to carry it, over their shoulder, and dance it through the congregation, who touch it with their prayer-shawl as it passes. The privilege of the *bar-* or *bat-mitzvah* ceremony (akin to our confirmation) is being 'called to the Torah' where the 13-year-olds chant their carefully prepared 'portion' and, in Reformed Judaism, expound it. At that moment they become adult Jews, part of the community. It is a profoundly moving moment. The synagogue service is a 'Service of the Word', and we have based the first part of a Christian eucharist on it. Notice the 'hierarchy' of readings: the Writings, then the Prophets, then the Torah, imitated by ours: First Testament, Epistle, Gospel. Lectionaries for readings on each feast day is another borrowing.

[2] Luke shows signs of knowing there might have been more than one (Lk 22:17, 20).

And the third location of the Jewish worship was the Temple, which was built to house the Ark of the Covenant, in which the Ten Commandments were stored, symbols of the presence of living God who had given them. It was also a place where animals and birds were sacrificed. Witnesses have recorded the solemnity of the ceremonies, the beauty of the vestments, and the silent efficiency of the process, though not the smell! This magnificent building lasted until just after Jesus's lifetime; the Roman Tenth Legion destroyed it around 70 CE. Its destruction and rebuilding became a symbol for us too, of the Crucified and Risen Christ, in whom we now meet God. There are many other connections – the 7-day calendar, the place of the Hebrew Scriptures in our own (though rearranged), the hours of daylight, as in the crucifixion narratives – the third, the sixth and the ninth. Words like Hallelujah, Hosanna, Amen.

These are legacies of the Parent Faith. Some we have misused – the expression 'the Jews' in John's Gospel in particular, almost always negatively, allowed anti-Semitism to become part of Christian thinking. Hitler used this to shame and silence the Church's opposition in the Holocaust. At St Mary's we edited John's Passion on Good Friday as a respectful removal of that cause of offence. But much that we have continued and adapted has been received and shared as common ground in solemn acknowledgement of the One God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We will find we will know ourselves better if we know more about each other.

An Easter tale

Michael Noble

She said she saw him in the light:
and stayed to listen for a while.
His words are like gentle thunderclaps in her heart:
they almost take her breath away.

She followed him further for a time:
helping out along the way.
His words are like welcome raindrops to thirsty earth:
bringing life to doubtful dust.

They followed him to Jerusalem,
the ancient centre of their hope:
but they lost him there,
amid deafened hearts and empty clamour.
His words had dealt him death:
and only his body is left to speak.

She said she saw him by the tomb:
standing, waiting there in early morning's light.
Grief-blind her words, wrung from loving lost-love depth.
His voice recalls her to herself
and so - restored - cup full and overflowing:
she goes her way to tell the others.

Fra Angelico - Noli me tangere (painting circa 1437-1446, Museum of San Marco, Florence, Italy).

On Having a Favourite Gospel

Geoff Jenkins

Most of us have our favourite gospel. For some of us it's according to John, for others it's according to Luke. Most often it will be the gospel that contains our favourite parable or healing narrative, or preferred version of the passion. Most of the time we will remain quite unsure from which gospel a given saying of Jesus derives, or which version of a given narrative is from which gospel. In fact our favourite gospel is probably in reality for most of us a pastiche of all four.

None of this really matters, but it remains intriguing how we come to have three such similar texts as according to Matthew, according to Mark and according to Luke. And for that matter why we don't have other gospels if they existed at the time that the New Testament collection of books was being brought together.

Not that our lectionary encourages us to choose between the gospels, nor to prefer one gospel over another. Rather we read each synoptic gospel (Matthew, Mark and Luke) in a three-year cycle, with John interspersed. This has the benefit that we are encouraged to hear the entire text of each gospel read in order on Sundays throughout the year. In this way we get a feeling for the entirety and integrity of each work, a very proper discipline. So if the gospels as extended narratives inform our faith, this gives them a chance to do so, rather than an odd verse here and there and an odd story we particularly like.

Nevertheless, it might seem on reflection strange that four gospels are preserved for us to hear read in church at all, and especially when there is so much overlap between them. Perhaps we might expect John and one other, being quite distinct, but why three others? It is natural for us to think that the earliest church has simply preserved whatever gospels were known. Modern scholarship often perpetuates this idea-- I almost called it a myth--with a number of assumptions:

- All three synoptic gospels were written after sixty but close to the time and influenced by the fall of Jerusalem in 70CE.
- The key motivation for writing gospels was that, as the generation of the apostles gradually passed away, the need was felt to preserve the teaching of Jesus in writing for later generations, and Each gospel would have been owned and promoted by a particular early Christian community which had inspired its writing, and whose particular theological needs that gospel was intended serve.

A good place to start thinking about the relationship between the synoptic gospels would be Luke 1:1-4. Here the writer, almost universally regarded as the author also of Acts, and by the way remarkably the only traditional gospel author about whom we can be at all sure of knowing anything, tells us what he is doing when he writes his gospel. This is right at the beginning, and so is his apology or explanation for publishing a gospel, as well as a dedication to Theophilus, his literary patron.

Why does Luke write a gospel? Put simply, it is because many others have written gospels (or tried to; is the expression "undertaken" slightly pejorative?) Apparently he knows of at least two other attempts at gospel writing, and he implies that he brings a historian's mindset to the task. This will be what he means by an "ordered account" which probably means "in chronological order".

Given the degree of overlap between Mark and Luke, it seems impossible to believe otherwise than that Luke has Mark in mind as he begins his gospel. Some scholars, with good reason, think that he also has the gospel of Matthew in mind, and that both these gospels were among his sources. Other scholars think that Matthew and Luke shared a source in common (called Q) which has survived only in those gospels' shared use of it. But since Luke follows Mark's order closely, it is possible that he thinks of Matthew as more in need of reordering than Mark. It is certainly true that Luke does much more to revise Mark than just tinker with his order, and in fact Luke follows Mark's order closely.

One point to make about Luke is that it seems clearly not to have been intended as one gospel among many, or say one among three. Rather, Luke intends his gospel as a successor to previous attempts to write the story of Jesus. It is surely intended to be widely read as the definitive story of Jesus, with the rougher edges of his predecessors' works ground off and a refocus for the sixties CE completed.

If this is how Luke thought about his work and if he used both Matthew and Mark as sources, then in two crucial respects events did not turn out as he had hoped or expected. In the first place Mark ended up in the collection that has come down to us, though it is somewhat redundant from a purely historical point of view. This by the way was the view of the third and fourth century church, which tended to write about Matthew and Luke, closely matched, and to disparage and ignore Mark as a rather unimportant attempt at abbreviation of Matthew. This was for example the view of Augustine. It is perhaps a little difficult to imagine someone whose philosophical and theological genius was so sophisticated misreading the literary character of Mark to such an extent, but those many for us important Markan texts weren't so important to him, it seems. Mark as it were had no redeeming features.

Despite Luke, perhaps the gospels should be thought of now by us as complementing each other, so that put together they present a fuller picture of the life and teaching, the death and resurrection of Jesus. This view is attractive but problematic, because almost all of Mark is found in either Matthew or Luke, and very often in both, and in Mark's order. This has led scholars to the view that Matthew and Luke are not supplementing and augmenting Mark but rewriting him. This is especially the impression from the clear fact that both Matthew and Luke borrow wording directly and verbally from Mark's Greek, as well as generally preserving his order.

We can reconstruct a picture of gospel transmission and use in the first and second centuries. Matthew is the dominant gospel. In fact for many if not most early Christians Matthew is *the* gospel. This is clear from the fact that wherever a gospel is quoted and

we can tell from which gospel it comes, the quote comes indeed from Matthew. This relates to the order in which the gospels are preserved, where Matthew is almost always first of four.

But we need to be careful here. It is very likely that the technology needed to present more than one gospel in a single (two-, three- or four-gospel) book was not available much before 200CE. Likely as not, the gospels circulated more or less independently and separately during the first two centuries of the church, and were only later brought together. If a congregation could afford a full gospel (and not just a lectionary with extracts, in that case usually from both/all three and John), then most often they would have owned a gospel of Matthew in one codex.

As we have seen, Matthew was close to Mark because the author of the former made extensive use of the wording and narrative framework of the latter. But then almost immediately as Matthew and Luke settled into their semi-independent transmission histories, the influence was reversed. Because Matthew was the dominant text, and best known to scribes, and probably widely acknowledged as the pre-eminent gospel, its wording began to reflect back on Mark (and Luke). So we find lots of additions in Mark which clearly derive from Matthew, where scribes copying one have allowed the text of the other to influence what they write. Sometimes when Matthew and Mark agree in text we are hard pressed to be sure whether Matthew has borrowed Mark's wording or whether Mark's wording has been borrowed in the textual phase from Matthew. Conversely, Matthew is remarkably textually static when compared with Mark and Luke.

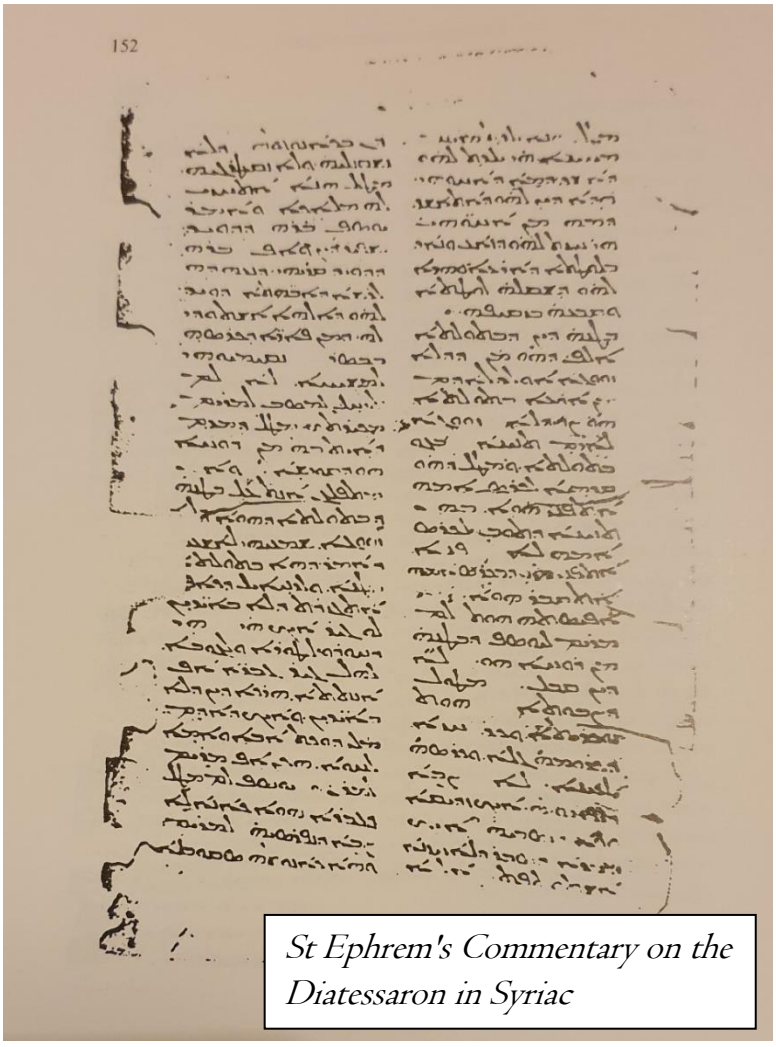
There are two other very important aspects of gospel tradition which deserve our attention as we move into the second century. The first is the translations of the gospels from Greek into other languages. Though there are very many languages into which the gospels (and the rest of both the Old and New Testaments) were translated (such as Ethiopic, Armenian, Georgian, Coptic), we are thinking here especially of Latin and Syriac. Both these versions seem to have been completed in the second century, and both existed is a provisional form which was replaced by a thorough-going revision in the later fourth century.

Actually there may be a complication to this simple though widely accepted chronology (though some scholars prefer a third century date). This is the possibility that (parts of) some of the gospels actually began life not in Greek but in some other language. In our present day very few scholars if any give credence to the ancient view that Mark was originally written in Latin. Meanwhile, it is widely held that Jesus taught in Aramaic and that his teaching was preserved in Aramaic texts, which may be the foundation of parts at least of Matthew.

In any case, it seems likely and would be intriguing that the gospels were translated as separate books into Latin and into Syriac, to judge from the differences we see between the books. But what is especially intriguing is that the process we described earlier where the Greek gospels influence each other textually also plays out in Syriac and Latin. The

complexity of the problems this causes is enchanting. Is a given reading of the (earliest) Syriac Mark a reflection of the (early) Greek from which it was first translated, or was it borrowed from a Syriac (or Greek!) Matthew? Here we occasionally encounter what are sometimes called textual relics, where the text that was borrowed came from an earlier form of Matthew in Syriac than the one preserved to our own day. Not surprisingly, given the complexity of this textual problem, there are few studies of it and few scholarly resources available yet to study it. Computers will help in time!

The second striking development was the major enterprise to merge the four (some say five) gospels into a single narrative, given the Greek name 'Diatessaron'. Our best guess is that this was done by merging the Syriac translations, though perhaps also the Latin translations were subjected to the same or similar treatment. In about 500, the infamous Rabbula of Edessa declared the so-called combined gospels heretical, and they were burned to virtual extermination. Not a single manuscript is known to survive, though we do have a copy of parts of the commentary of St Ephrem on the Diatessaron in the original Syriac and a complete translation of this commentary into Armenian. It is however very difficult to reconstruct the text from a commentary, and especially if the original wording is rather obscured by translation.



St Ephrem's Commentary on the Diatessaron in Syriac

The Diatessaron does come down to us in fairly recognisable form in translations into Arabic and Old Persian. They differ in wording, content and order, so both translations need to be used together, but still there is no reason to presume that all of the peculiarities of the original sources survive in them. They tell us that the original Diatessaron was an attempt really not so much to harmonize as to merge the text of the four gospels. We think that the original work was undertaken by a bilingual Greek and Syriac Eastern Christian named Tatian, or at least that he brought it to Rome at the end of the second century. From what we can now tell, the Diatessaron was based on earlier versions of the gospels in Syriac than the earliest ones we now know.

How did Matthew become the dominant gospel, when it wasn't the first, though all were in Greek? Perhaps people preferred its presentation of the life of Jesus. Perhaps its

Jewish affinities were admired, though by the second century if not earlier most Christians were not Jewish. Perhaps, and this explanation I prefer, of the three synoptic gospels it was the one officially published, rather than individually (privately) authored, and that perhaps by (a branch of) the Jerusalem church.

We complete our musings with a note on Jerome. He tells us that there was a copy of the gospel to the Hebrews in the library at Ceasarea, and that he used it there. We don't doubt this, for both he and Origen (who founded the library) quote from it, though we do doubt that it ever got into Latin (or did Jerome subsequently suppress the translation of it that he says he made?). Either way, by Jerome's time the gospels were four, and their order was well established with Matthew leading and dominating.

So there seems to have been a certain fragility in the separate gospels, despite which four have come down to us. They were unstable, as we might say, and tended to collapse into a single narrative. They exist in a highly creative tension, standing cheek-by-jowl for us to engage with each one in its own right as an accredited version of the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Of all the diversities of scripture, this one above all we should celebrate. One gospel may resonate more with us than another, from time to time and from age to age, but the conclusion seems clear: the life and teaching, death and resurrection of Jesus could not be contained in just one, but deserves to be told over and over in scripture and, inspired by multifarious accounts, in our own lives as we reflect on each gospel and write our own.

Justice and a Fair Go for Refugees

Audrey Statham

A group from St Mary's together with Anglicans from other Melbourne parishes were among the crowd of around 3000 people who gathered outside the State Library on Palm Sunday 28 March 2021 for the Walk for Justice for Refugees. Described as the largest refugee rights rally since Victoria's COVID-19 lockdown ended, the public event was organised by the Refugee Advocacy Network (RAN) and received endorsement from a range of civil society groups, St Paul's Cathedral and the Melbourne Diocese Social Responsibilities Committee.

The Melbourne Walk was one of many Palm Sunday rallies and vigils that took place across the country in major cities, towns and regional areas. Outdoor public events were held in Canberra, Sydney, Brisbane, Darwin, Adelaide, Cairns, Fremantle, Wollongong, Bairnsdale, Ballarat, Warrnambool, Armidale, the Blue Mountains, Toowoomba, and Townsville with online and indoor events held in Perth and Newcastle. Around 2000 people attended the march in Sydney and similar numbers took part in the Canberra rally.

It was by no means clear, however, when the Melbourne organisers first met at the start of 2021 to plan the Palm Sunday event whether the traditional format of the Walk for Justice could take place or whether there would even be an appetite or desire on the part of the public to attend. Last year, the Walk was cancelled a fortnight out from Palm Sunday due to the restrictions implemented in response to the COVID-19 pandemic, and in February this year Melbourne went into a 5-day lockdown which led to the cancellation of public events, the special session of the Melbourne Synod that had been scheduled for 12 February being among the events cancelled. Despite these discouraging signs, the decision was taken to register the Melbourne Walk in its traditional format with the Victorian State Government in line with guidelines specified for different tiers of public gatherings, and the organisers submitted a 28-page COVIDSafe event plan for assessment by the Victorian public health team.

That this was the right decision was borne out on Palm Sunday when diverse sections of the community including faith groups, unions, refugee advocates, refugee groups, families and school groups took to the streets of Melbourne CBD to protest the injustices perpetrated upon refugees and people seeking asylum under the refugee policies of successive Australian governments.

A group of between 25 to 30 Anglicans met in the sunshine at the top of the lawn in front of Victoria State Library, following prayers on the steps of St Paul's, to hear speeches by Julian Burnside, Sr Brigid Arthur, 'Moz' Mostafa Azimbitar, Atena Kashani and Faith Communities Council of Victoria representatives. Our Melbourne Anglican contingent comprised of around 15 St Mary's parishioners, members of congregations from Holy Trinity Balaclava and Elwood, St Jude's Parkville, and the Mornington Peninsula along with representatives from the Melbourne Anglican Social Responsibilities Committee and Ethos: Evangelical Alliance Centre for Christianity & Society.

The speakers spoke powerfully to the four main themes of this year's Walk for Justice rallies and events, calling for the release of the close to 100 medevac and other refugees who continue to be held in detention facilities in Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, Darwin and Adelaide, the provision of basic income support for people while their refugee status is being assessed, an end to offshore processing, and for the current temporary protection visa regime to be abolished and permanent protection to be given to refugees on temporary visas.

At the conclusion of the speeches, the march commenced to the Park Hotel in Lincoln Square, Carlton where 11 medevac refugees were being held in hotel detention. As we walked through the city up Swanston Street via Lygon Street, we waved palms from St Paul's, carried the Diocesan banner with the symbol of the dove and the words, 'Anglicans Walking Together Justice for Refugees' and there was an air almost of pageantry as cars tooted their horns and chants sprang up to 'Free the Refugees'. At the end of the march, the grim reality of the oppression of refugees that is taking place in our country was brought starkly home to us as we passed the Park Hotel on which the word 'prison' had been written, and by the voice of Dan Khan, a medevac refugee whose moving speech to the crowd by mobile phone from inside the Park Hotel closed the event.

From one perspective, the 2021 Palm Sunday Walk for Justice can be counted as a success – a bright spot of hope heralding the lifting of COVID gloom – bringing together as it did, in the face of adverse circumstances, so many people from different walks of life, faiths and no religious affiliation, and uniting these diverse groups around the call for an end to the suffering being inflicted by our government on people who came here seeking refuge. However, at the time of writing, medevac refugees are still being held in Park Hotel and Places of Alternative Detention around the country, 137 people are still being detained in PNG and 127 in Nauru (in February, the federal government extended its contract with Queensland firm Canstruct to run offshore processing on Nauru for a further six months until June 30, at a cost of $221 million), and 100,000 people seeking protection including 16,000 children continue to be excluded from Centrelink payments and are only kept from homelessness and destitution by support from overstretched charities and refugee advocacy groups to meet such basic needs as accommodation and food. If the true measure of success is that there should no longer be a need for the Palm Sunday rallies for refugees and asylum seekers, then from this perspective the Walk for Justice missed the mark.

Our current situation of apparent stasis due to the lack of progress and unresponsiveness of our elected political leaders to our calls not only for justice for refugees, but also for action on climate change, justice for Australia's First Nations, for respect for women and for lessening the gap between the haves and have nots, can lead to a sense of hopelessness and even despair. While there is no easy way through this impasse, instead of focussing on 'success or failure', perhaps we might more fruitfully see the task before us – as a people who live from the abundance of the resurrected life of Christ – as being framed by the question of whether we acted to help or turned away from those suffering the most in our society: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways, says the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isaiah 55: 8-9).


FAIR GO
FOR REFUGEES

My Late Career

Chips Sowerwine

I had a longstanding interest in heritage. In Paris in the early 1970s, preparing my PhD thesis, I joined a neighbourhood committee defending the local covered market, the Marché St-Germain, built under Napoleon in 1808 (Napoleon was keen on modernising food distribution). When I was there, it was an open, bustling confusion of stalls where locals came for their fresh foodstuffs. A friendly deli owner introduced me to Moutarde de Meaux, the first seeded mustard, then unknown in the Anglo world.

Marché St Germain (Photo DGLA Architecture, 2016)

This led to my involvement in the campaign to save Les Halles, the great 19th-C Paris market.

Les Halles before demolition in the 1970s. Photograph: INA/via Getty Images

Looking back, this seems to have prefigured my involvement in Melbourne heritage matters. After all, the Queen Vic Market has been for six years a major issue I've faced. Sadly, my Paris experience doesn't give cause for optimism. Les Halles were demolished and replaced by a huge Metro station—the most unpopular station in Paris—and a huge shopping centre, which never worked, despite more fixes than Docklands. The

Marché St-Germain was tarted up and is now a glassed in boutique market where you book wine tastings and fashion parades, a result that bears some resemblance to Melbourne City Council's plans for the Queen Vic Market, though the Marché Saint Germain doesn't boast the food courts and fast-food stalls that are essential to Council's vision of the QVM. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I arrived in Melbourne to take up a lectureship in French history on 25 January 1974. I was enchanted by Melbourne's then intact Victorian streetscapes. It was still, as Lord Asa Briggs put it in his classic *Victorian Cities* (1963: 277), one of the world's greatest and most intact Victorian cities. 'Seldom', he added, 'can domestic architecture have produced such a rich variety of "imposing" styles' as in Melbourne' (p. 289).

Many staff of the History School were moving to Fitzroy. I found Melbourne's inner suburbs reminiscent of Greenwich Village, the area of Manhattan most characterised by 19th-Century terrace housing. I spent a lot of time at my uncle's house there, a typical three-storey terrace from the 1830s. I felt at home in Fitzroy, where we bought a house later that year (they were cheap as chips then!).

I joined the National Trust and became active in local struggles to preserve these neighbourhoods. I was a volunteer for the study that led to the creation of the South Fitzroy heritage precinct, Victoria's first, in 1978. But my day job was French history until I retired. In 2013, two things opened the way to my late career in heritage. First, I joined a group of neighbours fighting a seven-storey development in the South Fitzroy heritage precinct composed largely of single- and double-storey pre-1914 dwellings. We went to VCAT. When I spoke for the group, opposing the development on the grounds that it involved demolishing an Edwardian cottage, the VCAT member (aka magistrate) replied, 'you have so many Edwardian cottages, what's one more or less?' Second, I joined the Council of the Royal Historical Society of Victoria.

The RHSV is both the peak body for 340 local historical societies across Victoria and the historical society for Melbourne. At the start, I was just doing odd jobs. Then I became Editor of the RHSV's bulletin, which opened the way to my late career.

During 2015, we were receiving letters from members about threats to heritage, in the regions, in the suburbs and in the CBD. On 28 July 2015, the City of Melbourne approved Robert Doyle's proposed 'renewal' of the Queen Vic Market (which had been announced in 2013, but we hadn't paid enough attention!). On 15 and 16 October 2016, developers demolished the Corkman Hotel and, at almost the same time, the RHSV was asked to respond to the proposed revision of the Heritage Act 1995. All this led us to form the Heritage Committee, which I have chaired since its formation. It involves a town planner, a former Heritage Council member, two other historians, a librarian and a representative of the National Trust Australia (Victoria), with which we work closely.

The committee's first task was to make a submission on the proposed revision of the Heritage Act. A few minor points were altered in the final version and we were on the

map as a stakeholder in heritage issues. It was the Corkman case, however, that put us on a steep learning curve and laid bare the paradoxes of post-Kennett planning and heritage.

The Corkman was subject to a local Heritage Overlay, but it was also subject to a 'Design and Development Overlay' (DDO), under which the state encouraged a 40 metre tower (12 stories) set back 6 metres from a 24 metre (7-8 stories) street wall. That was why the developers won: a court case would have exposed the state's contradictory policies.

This is not uncommon. The Department of Planning puts DDOs on areas to encourage higher density housing without regard to Heritage Overlays, leaving it to Councils and VCAT to arbitrate. And Heritage Overlays are not at the top of the pecking order. Developers sometimes get VCAT to grant demolitions despite Heritage Overlays just by citing state government policy to house more people. So this has been an ongoing problem. On Queens Parade, North Fitzroy, for example, we fought a proposed DDO allowing for 8-storey development over existing heritage shops, leaving just the façades, deprived of rear access to the remaining shopfronts. In that case, we were part of a successful community uprising, but on Swan Street Richmond and other heritage shopping strips we have been unsuccessful and planning laws encouraging such development of heritage shops have been promulgated despite our objections.

Looking at our annual report for 2020, I see that we intervened in 24 disputes, ranging from big issues like threats to the Royal Exhibition Buildings Carlton Gardens World Heritage Site (still ongoing) to fighting to save historic brickworks in Brunswick or trying to prevent the development of garish tourist apartments in the shape of wine barrels on Mt Buninyong near Ballarat, a case where we are supporting one of our local historical societies.

The Queen Vic Market has proved another hardy perennial. In 2015, we joined the Friends of the QVM in opposing the Doyle plan. We made strong submissions to Heritage Victoria and they refused a permit to dismantle the sheds and build three-storeys of elaborate facilities underground. After Doyle's sudden departure, we thought that Sally Capp would use the People's Panel to bury the Doyle proposal. We joined traders and community voices on the Panel, demanding renovation that supported the market's traditional mode of operation. But Doyle's plan proved to be a zombie stalking the CBD. The Council pressed on, determined to modernise the market and increase 'value add' (aka fast food) in order to increase rental income. They came up with a new plan for 'modernisation' that Heritage Victoria accepted despite our opposition. Council's Future Melbourne Committee (aka planning committee), functioning as the 'responsible planning authority', will consider Council's plan at a meeting Tuesday, 13th April. I will be speaking against.

We certainly don't win all the time, but we've weighed in on a number of issues and sometimes we think we've made a difference. It's a satisfying late career, trying to preserve some of the qualities of the City that adopted me. I didn't see it coming but I've embraced it.

'The stories a nation tells itself matter': how will the COVID generation remember 2020?

Katie Holmes

Published in The Conversation 2 February 2021. The longer unedited version 'Generation Covid: Crafting history and collective memory' was published in Griffith Review 71: Remaking the Balance and can be accessed here: https://www.griffithreview.com/articles/generation-covid/

The speed with which the COVID-19 virus infected the world and the dramatic nature of its fallout is without parallel. Individually and collectively we have struggled to understand and process it. Early on in the pandemic, journalists looked to historians to help make sense of what was happening and to read from the past the possible impacts of this moment on the future. Experts on past pandemics tried to shed light on how we might recover, and on the prospective local and global consequences of this COVID-19 catastrophe.

Historians find remnants of the past in libraries and archives, in objects, monuments and buildings, in fields and forests, in music and art and images, in memories and stories. This is where we find the roads not taken, the possibilities foreclosed, the thinking that shapes a culture, the choices made that, sometimes through the slow accretion of time and action and sometimes suddenly and dramatically, change outcomes and "make history".

The sense that a generation carries a distinct identity is forged by sharing the "experience of profound and destabilising events". Those events have their greatest impact if people experience them young, typically in their late teens and early 20s.

Generational consciousness is shaped by the sharing of those dramatic events, their subsequent remembering and the recognition, often by older generations, of the distinctiveness of a generational experience or mode of self-representation.

What might the past offer us at this moment, and how will future generations reflect on this year? How will this present become the future's past?

The COVID generation

The generation currently in their late teens and early 20s — the COVID generation — already had cause to be worried about their future.

In 2018 and 2019, hundreds of thousands of them had filled city streets to call for action on climate change and for an end to our dependence on fossil fuels.

In 2020, those young people found themselves stuck at home with remote learning, their rites of passage cancelled, their plans upended, their casual labour no longer required, their collective protests in city streets ruled illegal, their sense of agency curtailed by a microscopic virus with its origins in the ecological breakdown they fear.

Many joined the long unemployment queues snaking outside Centrelink offices.

While they are in the age bracket least likely to suffer serious health effects from the coronavirus, they are the generation most likely to struggle to find employment in the post-pandemic world, and the ones who, along with their younger siblings, will be carrying the debt burden of the government's relief measures for the longest.

The fragility of their future is suddenly even more immediately apparent. Not since their great-grandparents were young has an Australian generation lived with such uncertainty, such a profound sense that the future is out of its control.

Collective memory

"Collective memory" is a term historians use to refer to the ways the public "remembers" an event or a period of time. It is the version that gets publicly told, endorsed and reworked through films and history books, commemorative activities, monuments and school curricula.

The further back in time an event occurred, the more abstracted the collective memory of it becomes.

Think Anzac, now one of our most carefully curated memories. In the immediate post-World War I period, understandings of what the war had meant for the nation were highly contested. Defeat at Gallipoli, 60,000 lives lost (the highest death rate among the Allied forces), a divided and grieving home-front community and an economy in shreds were not obvious raw materials from which to build a narrative about heroic manhood and the founding of the nation.

Historians played a key role in creating that narrative. C.E.W. Bean crafted it carefully, selecting the stories that would best illustrate the history he wanted to tell, and then campaigning for a monument and museum that would house and celebrate that story — the Australian War Memorial.

Anzac provided a healing narrative that gave solace to grieving families and the nation alike. It helped make sense of unimaginable loss.

For the COVID generation, the return of overwhelming uncertainty cuts deeply in a cohort for whom anxiety and depression were already being described as a pandemic and in a context where mental health was a growing source of national disquiet. They might remember that feeling in their future — or it might not be mere memory.

In 50 years' time, living with anxiety and uncertainty may be a normal part of the human experience, a consequence of the disruption and havoc of environmental degradation.

Which stories will the COVID generation remember from 2020 — 20, 30, 50 years from now?

An X-ray of inequality

They might remember their mothers. One of the fault lines of the pandemic has been gender. More jobs have been lost in female-dominated sectors than in male-dominated ones. Gender inequality is being further entrenched. While men's participation in childcare has increased slightly with working-from-home arrangements, women have continued to carry the major load, as well as the bulk of the housework. The juggle of working while home-schooling their children has taken its toll on women.

The COVID generation might also remember living in families where precarity and uncertainty were daily realities. The pandemic has functioned as an X-ray of inequality, revealing the cracks in our social fabric.

Will the image of Melbourne's public housing towers — in which, as the Victorian premier admitted, some of the state's most vulnerable communities lived — locked down and encircled by police, or the anxious face of a young child gazing from an upper-floor window, become part of the city's collective memory?

Let them remember, too, alongside all the failures of our systems that have been exposed by the pandemic, the many examples of community strength and collective endeavour. For more than eight months, five million Victorians sacrificed personal freedoms to protect those most vulnerable to the virus.

Many thousands also acted with generosity and selflessness to support and care for those in need. Australians around the country made similar sacrifices.

The stories we tell ourselves matter

Historians know the stories a nation tells itself matter; collective memory can suppress competing versions of the past, while individual and family stories might hold conflicting memories. Our work has been crucial in shaping and dismantling, telling and retelling the narratives through which we have come to think of ourselves as a nation.

We have colluded in the silences of colonial dispossession, the erasure of women's voices and the celebration of environmental-wreckage-as-progress, as much as we have, "in alliances with communities of action", found voices that have challenged the racist and sexist hierarchies on which such histories were founded.

It's important to note, however, that many of those stories have not been framed as "national", but rather as histories of specific groups of people. Their essence has not been abstracted to a national stage and inflected with the power to carry us forward as Australians in periods of existential crisis.

It is time to bring these marginalised group stories into the national story so we all learn from them as a nation: understand their morals and enact their lessons.

Such an embrace would provide the opportunity for a more honest reckoning with our past — including Indigenous histories — a more authentic reflection of our collective present and richer traditions from which to draw as we face an uncertain future.

The survivors from generations who lived through the Great Depression or World War II, many of them subsequently Australia's postwar migrants, are among the COVID casualties from our aged-care facilities. They are the generation that helped create our contemporary world.

Daily obituaries in The Age told their stories, their experiences of mass unemployment, war, widespread rationing, poverty and few social services, and presented illuminating stories of hardship, endurance and the importance of community.

But beyond the COVID-19 case count, the exposure of an economic system contingent on precarity and inequality, and the incriminating tally of aged-care deaths, what memories might linger and take shape in the generations who live to look back on this watershed year?

An obituary to neoliberalism

It is far too early to predict where this particular historical tide will settle and how this moment of crisis will be recalled. We are still living this story, still captured by the drama of its unfolding, navigating our way along a shoreline none of us has walked before.

If 2020 does prove to be a rupture in our previous trajectory, that contingency will entirely depend on what happens next, be that further pandemics and climate catastrophes or a radical rewind of our carbon emissions and a restructuring of our economy.

Either way, the memories we take forward from this time will be a mix of stories. They will be drawn from individuals and families and gradually coalesce into a broader cultural narrative, one in turn shaped by more powerful forces seeking to draw national significance and meaning from the disaster.

The COVID generation will bring their own distinct memories to shape the national story.

The national stories we tell at this time are crucial. We need stories of adaptation and survival, of resilience and sacrifice, of rebuilding lives shattered by world events, of campaigning for justice, of hope and possibilities.

Too many obituaries have already been written as a result of this pandemic. But I hope for one more. I hope for an obituary to neoliberalism. When the COVID generation remember 2020 and the time that came just after, may they remember the power of community action, collective responsibility and the strength of our diverse body politic.

May they remember the way the passion for change that they carried onto the streets in 2018 and 2019 gradually infected us all, countering the poison of complacency and the power of the fossil-fuel industry alike.

May they recall a government that, as in the postwar period, invested heavily in employment schemes, in the welfare state, in social housing and higher education; a government willing to make the connections between the droughts, fires and floods that have ravaged our land in the past three years and the pandemic that has ruptured our world, and to act in response — belatedly but definitively — to protect the future.

And may they celebrate and commemorate a community whose vision, sharpened by these unprecedented times, determined that the history they made and bequeathed would be infused with the values of care, stewardship and justice.

Time with Trinity: The Trinity Chapel Choir North American Tour 2020

Michael Golding

For most of us now overseas travel is nothing more than a memory or, at best, a remote prospect. Quite a distant memory at that as the impact of the COVID-19 pandemic prevented it for most of 2020. So Lindy and I feel very lucky to have been able to spend some weeks of January and February last year in the company of the choir of Trinity College Chapel, Melbourne during its tour of North America, visiting Episcopalian churches and university chapels from San Francisco to Boston.

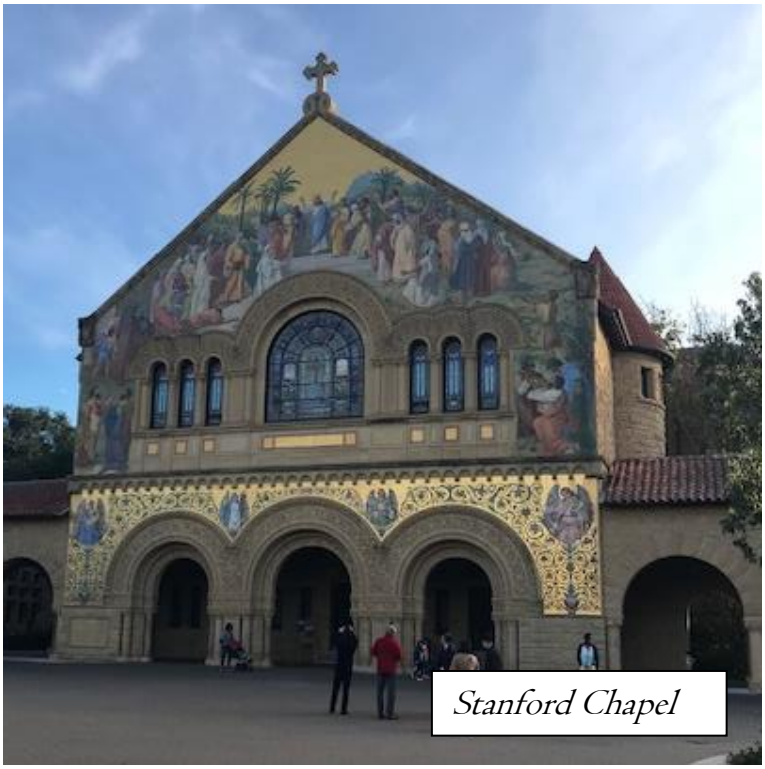
There are many reasons for wanting to hear the Trinity Chapel Choir but we had one in particular: our daughter, Eleanor, was singing. On tour she was with her fellow choristers but we had a chance to chat with her after concerts and services and, of course, most gloriously, we were able to hear her perform as part of a magnificent choir under the inspiring direction of Christopher Watson, Trinity's Director of Music.

The tour began with three events on the west coast in the Bay Area: concerts at Stanford Memorial Church (the chapel of Stanford University) and St Mark's Berkley, and an evensong at the Grace Cathedral, San Francisco. The choir then moved on to a concert at Trinity College Chapel, Toronto but we took a different route, catching up again for a concert at Harvard Memorial Church and an evensong at Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston. On then to New York with evensongs at St Thomas, Fifth Avenue and the Cathedral of St John the Divine and a concert at the Episcopalian Church of the Transfiguration. Princeton came next with a concert at Trinity Church, a stone's throw from Einstein's home, and an evensong at Princeton Chapel. One night in Philadelphia was crowned by an evensong at St Mark's Church, Locust Street, with its splendid polychrome figures depicting Christ in Majesty above its main entrance and then on to Washington, where a performance at the Australian Embassy was squeezed between a concert at the Dahlgren Chapel of Georgetown University and another, a triumphant finale, at the Church of the Epiphany.

The repertoire was varied and what follows is not exhaustive. Stanford in C, the always stirring Howells *Te Deum* and Responses by Anthony Piccolo (American, born 1946) were the back bone of the evensongs. There were psalm settings by Richard Lloyd (British, born 1933) and Sir Ivor Atkins, a Marian antiphon by Tomás Luis de Victoria and anthems by William Harris and William Byrd among others. Despite having declared independence in 1776 our American hosts were kind enough to let the choir sing Byrd's *O Lord make thy servant Elizabeth our Queen* although, as is the practice in the Episcopalian Church, the evensong Responses were amended so that we prayed that God save "the State", rather than that Queen's namesake, Elizabeth II.

The concert music was a mix of the sacred and the secular from many different periods, including some pieces commissioned specially for the tour (settings of four American folk songs by Frank Ferko, American, born 1950). The program was carefully designed to honour the traditions of English church music, the Australian heritage of the choir and the American music of the place. From Great Britain we had Tallis's *Why Fum'th in Fig*ht, Vaughan Williams' *Mass in G* and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. From Australia there were Ross Edwards' (Australian, born 1943) *Mass of the Dreaming* and some folk song arrangements by Percy Grainger. From America, as well as the Ferko, we had Eric Whitacre's (American born 1970) *Sainte Chapelle* and a new setting of *O Vos Omnes* by Daniel Knaggs (American, born 1983) paired with, and composed as a modern response to, a 16th century setting of the same verses by Jacquet of Mantua.

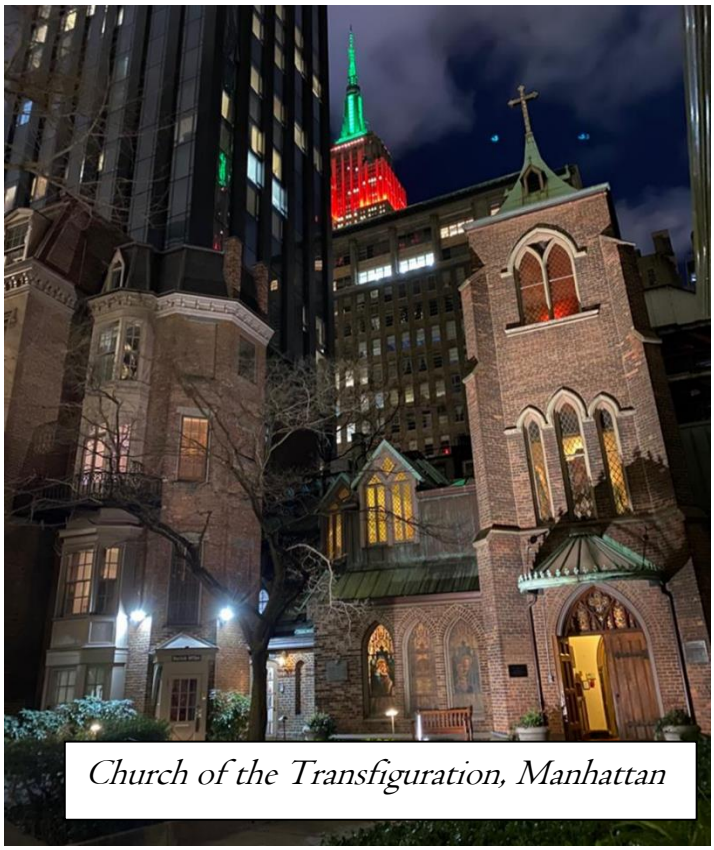
I have happy memories of all the venues we visited and all the music we heard but space would hardly permit me to do them all justice so a few anecdotes will have to suffice.



Stanford Chapel

Stanford Chapel, built on a grand scale in the American Renaissance period, with its mash up of Romanesque and Byzantine styles, lavishly decorated with gleaming mosaics, hosted the first concert to an audience of a thousand people, most of whom rose in standing ovation when the music ended. Perhaps it was their reaction, or my relief that the choir's brilliance had been recognised with such enthusiasm, or the outstanding quality of this first, much-rehearsed performance, but that evening abides with me. I can still see the smiles of delight (and relief) on the faces of the choristers and feel the warm appreciation of the audience. We were off to a great start.

On a smaller scale, but no less impressive, was the "Little Church Around the Corner", the Church of the Transfiguration, Manhattan, a neo-Gothic gem that I saw only in darkness, set against a backdrop of skyscrapers including the Empire State Building, lit up in red for the evening. The audience was smaller but just as enthusiastic. Several composers of the contemporary pieces had travelled to New York to hear their work performed. A buzz went round the church when this was announced and they were each warmly applauded as they stood to identify themselves. To see the composers applaud the choir and the choir respond in kind was a special moment. Afterwards the choristers seemed thrilled to be able to talk to the composers and the composers seemed no less pleased.



Church of the Transfiguration, Manhattan

As we were about to leave and the doors were closing I told the Rector that I had admired the church but I was surprised that I hadn't found the Transfiguration depicted. To the possible disappointment of the wardens (who may have wanted to go home, although they hid it well), the doors were flung open again and we were shown two such depictions, which I'd overlooked, and given an enthusiastic commentary on each. We then walked 20 blocks uptown to our hotel although maybe floated would have been nearer the mark.

The tour ended with a concert at the Church of the Epiphany, Washington DC, an historic Gothic Revival church about ten minutes' walk from the White House. Billed as a *Concert for Valentine's Day*, Trinity was joined by a local choir, the District Chorale. It would be fair to say that at the end of a long tour fatigue was beginning to set in and news of an additional rehearsal for the combined choirs, seemed to me to be greeted with stoicism rather than overwhelming enthusiasm. Yet those of us who had come to listen were delighted to be invited to attend the rehearsal too. It certainly paid off. The choirs sang together and separately, with the audience showing their appreciation by demanding an encore. We were given *Only in Sleep* by Ēriks Ešenvalds (Latvia, born 1977), a setting of a Sara Teasdale poem about a remembered dream of childhood. It was sung by Trinity alone as the District Chorale looked on in visible, generous and delighted admiration. It's a song that makes quite some demands on the soprano soloist all of which were met in a wonderful finale to a wonderful tour.

There was plenty of time for a little tourism between concerts. For example while based in San Francisco we went to Yosemite and Alcatraz, visited some locations for the film *Vertigo* and spent a happy hour in an old arcade game museum on the Pier. One machine promised to predict my future career, from which I learned that I am to be a fish peddler. Another offered to answer any question I might pose and so I asked it whether my English soccer team would ever win the Premiership. I was greeted with a grinning skull shaking its head at me. I am not superstitious but I fear that there are sound reasons why he may be right. Elsewhere we enjoyed Independence walks in Boston and Philadelphia, theatre and opera in New York and a visit to Concord, MA to see the *Little Women* house and Walden Pond. We also visited the White House museum in Washington and considered ourselves fortunate not to run into the then President.

These are all things anyone might do if they were in the area but we were also grateful to be able to visit places that we might not have chosen to explore but for the tour, namely, the campuses of some of the major American universities such as Stanford, Harvard and Princeton. One thing that struck me was how staggeringly well-endowed these institutions must be. In Princeton we visited an immensely impressive art gallery only to be told it was considered inadequate and was about to be thoroughly renovated and expanded. Compare that to Australian funding models, heavily dependent on Government support, which, given the Federal Government's current attitude, is woefully lacking.

Sometimes trips of this kind are different in memory and experience. I can't help looking back through the lens of what we know now of the COVID 19 pandemic. As we set off I don't recall having thought much about it at all. It was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Then I noticed a woman on an aeroplane using sanitizing wipes to clean down her seat and wondered what on earth she was doing. Just over a year later a week does not go by without my wiping down a seat (or a pew) myself.

Awareness grew slowly as the tour progressed although I can't pretend I was at all concerned. As we caught a bus to Washington Dulles Airport for our trip home a "comedian" among our fellow passengers announced that we should give him some space because he'd just arrived from Wuhan. There was a ripple of nervous laughter but no great fear. Had we tried to leave Australia a few weeks later we might not have been able to do so, or we may not have been able to get back.

Within a few months many of the places we visited would be stricken by the pandemic with appalling loss of life. The sister-in-law of a great friend of mine lost her life in New York State to a virus with COVID-like symptoms, causing unimaginable grief. As I type it is the Saturday before Easter and a set text for the Responsory is one sung so beautifully by the Trinity Choir on this tour. Derived from Lamentations 1:12 it seems apt:

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte

Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus

Attendite, universi populi, et videte dolorem meum

Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus

O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see:

If there be any sorrow like to my sorrow

Attend, all ye people, and see my sorrow:

If there be any sorrow like to my sorrow

So, if it was good to have been on the tour, over a year later it seems good just to be alive, to be able to enjoy the company of friends and family and to go to church this evening to celebrate the holiest day of the Christian year. May the souls of the departed rest in peace and rise in glory. Onward to Easter.

Trinity College Chapel Choral Evensong is at 5.00 pm on Sundays during University semester.

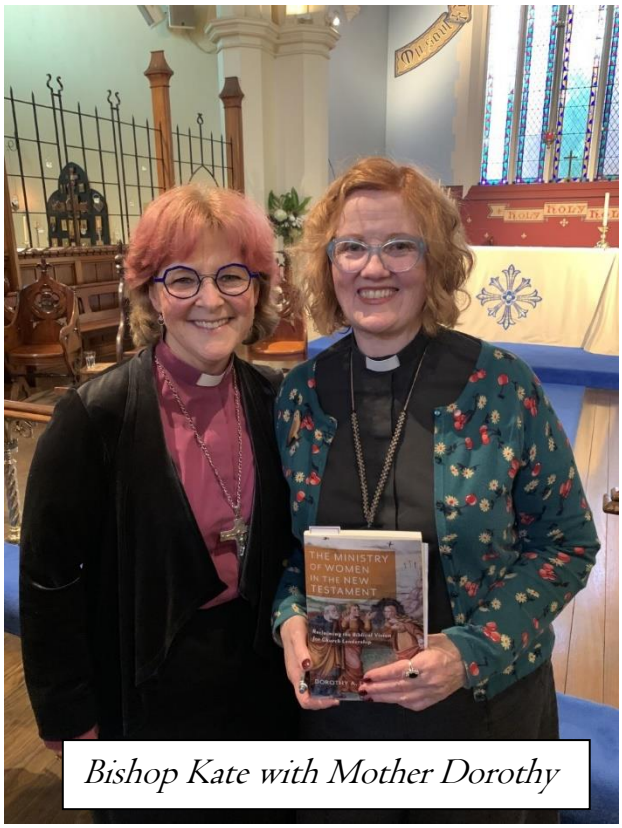
Selections of the choir's music are available on Soundcloud:
https://soundcloud.com/trinitymelbournechapelchoir

Much of the tour repertoire is available on the choir's latest CD Walking on Waves.

Book Launch at St Mary's

Mthr Dorothy Lee

Saturday 10th April was a lovely, fresh autumnal day for the launch of my book on women's leadership in the Church. It was particularly appropriate to have it at St Mary's, and the church itself was beautifully set up: a book stand from St Peter's Bookroom presided over by Carol O'Connor in the baptistery, food and drink on the side aisle, a small table for me to sign books off to one side, and the lectern for the formal proceedings on the steps of sanctuary.



Bishop Kate with Mother Dorothy

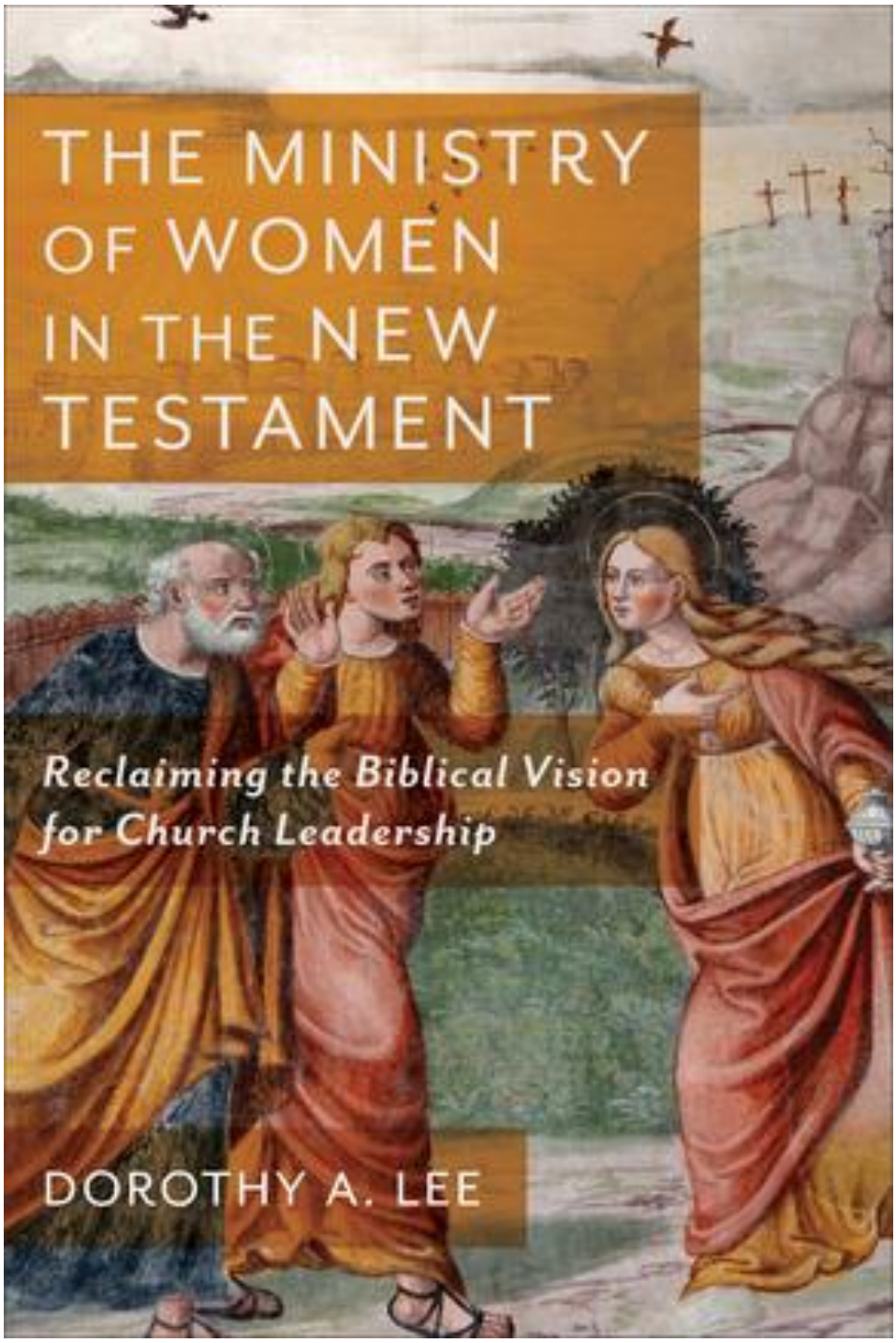
The event demonstrated women's leadership throughout. It was chaired by our own Bishop Genieve, and the book was launched by Bishop Kate. This arrangement corresponded to the book's dedication to three female leaders in our church: Bishop Barbara Darling (d. 2015), Archbishop Kay Goldsworthy AO, and Dr Muriel Porter OAM. Fr Jan welcomed us, as did Assoc Prof Bob Derrenbacker from Trinity College Theological School, since it was a joint St Mary's—Trinity event. We were particularly delighted that Archbishop Philip and Mrs Joy Freier joined us for the occasion.

There was a large crowd present, with clergy from several denominations, congregants, faculty members, academic colleagues, family and friends. The launch was also live-streamed so others outside Melbourne could be present. The atmosphere was celebratory and made me very proud to be a member of St Mary's and to be engaged in ministry there. I want to thank everyone who helped make it a wonderful occasion: Fr Jan, the hospitality team, and the Wardens and others who helped, including my ten year old granddaughter who assisted gleefully with the book store.

The book itself surveys the New Testament material on women, beginning with the Gospels and moving on to Acts, the Epistles and the Book of Revelation. It argues that women were close and exemplary disciples of Jesus and that, as a consequence, they played significant leadership roles in the early church. Using the recent work of a number of female scholars across the denominational spectrum, the book argues that the difficult passages which seem to promote women's subordination need to be read in their context and also read anew: they may not mean what we've always assumed!

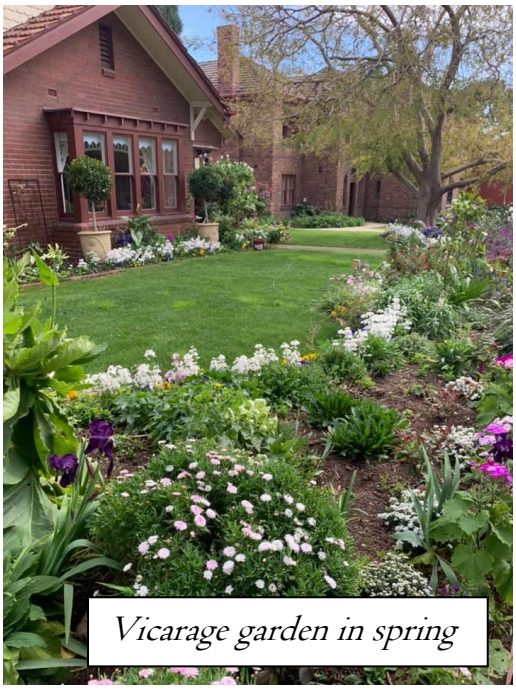
The second, and shorter, part of the book looks at women in the early church, showing that there are real signs of their influence and leadership. It also considers the theological issues around women's leadership, concluding that there is no obstacle to their full engagement in the Church's ministry: whether at the altar or in the pulpit, whether in leading or serving, whether in witness or martyrdom.

More details can be found on the website of Baker Academic. The book itself can be purchased by St Peter's Bookroom.



The Vicar on Gardening

Fr Jan Joustra



Vicarage garden in spring

I began growing flowers at about the age of 8. Every week I would get sixpence pocket money from my parents and I would run down to the dry cleaning shop a few doors down from the grocery shop my mother ran, and buy as many seedlings as I could from the wooden trays outside that shop. The plants would come all wrapped up in damp newspaper fastened with a rubber band. I loved snap dragons the most because of their beautiful faces and I always took pleasure in making their mouths open and shut.

That was the beginning of an obsession that has lasted all my life and will continue until the day I die.

I am definitely a gardener, as opposed to a plants- person. I love to see the whole unity of a garden, rather than just growing one type of plant to perfection. Because of this, my favourite gardens are the English style perennial borders with lots of mixed foliage and flowers of every colour.

I am a bit of a colour junkie in the garden, though I do try to harmonise my colour palate. At times I have grown blue and white gardens (even though in truth they are most purple and white). I have had a white garden, but have too much trouble sticking to a rigid colour scheme.

After my initial start in gardening, I did try to specialise in particular plant types. For many years in my teens I had a self constructed green house in which I grew cacti, mostly from seed. But then orchids took my fancy and I started growing them. For several years while in my late teens I worked for a Dutch family in their huge nursery. They were the first in Tasmania to start conveyor belt planting. So during the holidays I would help with potting thousands of camellias, azaleas and other plants. However, in the weekends they employed me in the front of house selling plants and giving advice to people on what to grow where and diagnosing problems with their begonias and African violets (yes, at one time I had every window sill in the house full of African violets as well).

In my early twenties, I decided, after watching The Good Life, that I should dig up the backyard and plant vegetables. My mother and I worked on this together, laying all the brick paths out, and digging lots of manure and compost into the black basalt Hobart soil. In fact, the old carpenters Gothic house in which I grew up and been the house of a market gardener, so we had a good start.

This turned out to be one of the biggest mistakes of my life.

My father, who had never been interested in gardening started watching us and asked if he could plant some beans. We readily agreed. Well this then became the gardening obsession of his life, growing mountains of green beans every year, that my mother would blanch and put into freezer bags and we would eat at nearly every meal. He didn't grow tomatoes, they were too acid for him, he grew green beans!

The next thing I knew, my father decided the backyard was not big enough for his green beans, so my parents sold our lovely old family home, and moved 30 minutes drive out of town to Howden where they bought a seaside cottage with an acre of garden and orchard. Of course my father was only interested in growing beans and so my mother and I had to look after everything else.

Autumn flowers

To be continued in a future edition of the Parish News.

A Chance Encounter on Paddington Station

John Poynter

In October 1974, on the last stages of an eventful journey to North America and Europe, I took a morning train from Oxford to London. I was unusually encumbered with a bulky object, a new bass viol (viola da gamba), and was surprised to notice, in the next compartment, two small elderly men—'gnome-like' I described them—each with an identifiable viol case. When we all descended at Paddington Station I introduced myself, and thus met Marco Pallis, a truly remarkable person.

In the 1960s I had become interested in the revival of so-called Early Music, acquiring a tenor viol in 1969 and abandoning my failed attempts to wrest tolerable sounds from a viola. One of my London tasks was to explore sources of suitable 'early' instruments for Melbourne's Faculty of Music, and when Marco identified himself and his friend Richard Nicholson as members of the English Consort of Viols, and offered me lessons, I readily agreed. Over the next few days I had several excellent if demanding sessions in Marco's simple and spacious apartment in Kensington. When I offered to pay, he refused to charge me; fate, he quietly announced, had brought us together on Paddington Station and his lessons were a contribution to the development of viol playing in Australia.

That contribution was (alas) infinitesimal, but as we corresponded over the years he gave me much help and advice on musical matters. When in London I would visit him, and hear the Consort in concert or rehearsal.

Marco had been born in Liverpool in 1895 to wealthy Greek parents, and schooled at Harrow and Liverpool University. In 1919 he met Arnold Dolmetsch, pioneer of Early Music in Britain, who introduced him to the viol. In return Marco financed and helped organise the Dolmetsch manufacture of early instruments, and founded the English Consort of Viols in the 1930s. War interrupted the work, and after it the revived Consort twice toured the United States and issued more records, while Marco also taught and was honoured by the Royal Academy of Music. While teaching and writing he also composed, his many works including songs, choral works and an unfinished opera as well as music for viols.

In the 1930s the Early Music movement had caught the attention of Percy Grainger. A photograph of the Consort hangs in his Museum, and a letter states that he intended to buy a set of viols from Dolmetsch. Instead he acquired only one, and that not a true viol but a converted viola d'amore. In 1976 I bought at a Sotheby's auction a Dolmetsch treble (No 13, 1929), with, in the case, hand-written instructions how to tune it, signed by Marco Pallis. When I showed it to Marco, he told me where to buy better strings.

Later I decided this was the instrument Grainger should have acquired, and it is now the museum.

Marco also introduced me to important viol makers, first Adolph Konig of Brienz, Switzerland, and later Konig's brilliant student, Dietrich Kessler of Wardour Street, London, whose research into early viol construction brought a revolution in modern practice. Konig made me a treble and a tenor, Kessler a bass. He later sold me the beautiful tenor he had originally made for his father.

There was much more to Marco than the musician. After Harrow he had taken a degree in entomology at Liverpool University, and visited British Guiana in search of insects, before undertaking ambulance work on the Greek side in the Balkan was of 1912-1913. In 1914, after a spell assisting the local Salvation Army, he became a British army interpreter in Serbia, service interrupted by illness. Recovered, he enlisted in the Grenadier Guards in 1916, serving in the trenches in France as a machine-gunner until shot in the knee at Cambrai. Doctors warned that he might never walk again; he proved them wrong by taking up mountaineering, a passion indulged in several continents over two decades, with some notable ascents. Another new passion was metaphysics, studies extending into the 'traditionalist' school of comparative religion. Reading and writing in several languages, his many correspondents included the American monk Thomas Merton, whom he later visited.

Music, mountaineering and metaphysics came together in the 1930s, when Pallis and Nicholson carried viols over the Himalayas, and became deeply immersed in the religions of the region. Climbing, and Marco's conversion to Tibetan Buddhism, are both chronicled in *Peaks and Lamas*, a large but lively book first published in 1939. *The Way and the Mountain*, and *The Buddhist Spectrum: Contributions to the Christian-Buddhist Dialogue*, later brought together many of his shorter writings.

When war again interrupted studies, Marco returned to Britain; by now a conscientious objector, he volunteered for duty as a Liverpool police officer. Halcyon years in India and Tibet followed the peace. Returning to London in 1951, he resumed musical activities, while assisting Tibetans in exile after the Chinese conquest, working to support the Buddhist Society, and publishing works in both English and Tibetan.

Small in stature, but strong in mind, body and will, Marco remained modest in manner and spirit. A scholar by instinct, he read to explore and wrote to explain a very wide range of ideas and beliefs, but never claimed personal originality. He is remembered as a great if demanding teacher.

Marco's apparent simplicity was disarming. When I called to see him in 1979—for the last time, as it happened—the usual modest afternoon tea was prepared. He asked me whether I had need of a good viol bow, he having one to spare. It would cost me £50, but there was no hurry to pay. Pleasantly surprised when I offered him cash from my wallet, he quietly suggested to Nicholson that he go down and buy some strawberries for our tea. We enjoyed the strawberries. I still have the bow.

Marco died in 1989, aged ninety-four. Three years later, in 1992, the Dalai Lama, made even more famous by a recently awarded Nobel Peace Prize, visited Australia to give a series of public lectures. One was delivered in Melbourne University's Wilson Hall. Before entering the hall, the distinguished guest was introduced to a row of senior University officers, presented to him by name but strictly instructed not to delay his progress by conversation. I could not resist disobeying, remarking as he reached me that I had known a friend of his, Marco Pallis. 'Ah', he said, with that distinctive smile, 'Dear Marco. I sometimes felt that he thought I was not a good enough Buddhist'.

I always knew I was never a good enough violist. But he never told me so.

Horsing around in the miasmal mist and mud

David Keuneman

One of the potential casualties of the year 2020 of Corona virus has been our sense of togetherness. This was a particular danger for a group like the parishioners of St Mary's who thrive upon lively discussion with each other, whether light-hearted or serious. Gone for instance were, for quite some time, our morning teas after church, even once the in-person church services had resumed. Gone were our various study group assemblies. We owe a great debt of gratitude to **Geoff** for very quickly stepping in as coordinator of on-line substitutes for these para-ecclesiastical activities.

Scheduling them at a suitable short distance after the end of mid-morning church service, he organised the Zoom meetings which took place without fail as a substitute for our after-church gatherings; these zooms have continued until very recently. The get-togethers offered, to those who wished it, an opportunity to chat, to follow Geoff's suggested conversation directions, to bring up important issues and just simply to feel that we were still part of the group. Thank you Geoffrey.

Some participants at these meetings were fairly regular fixtures. Others came and went. A face which joined in occasionally was one which had not before been seen in the church itself. This was Augustine the Hippo. By and large when he appeared on the zoom screen he would temporarily take the place of one of the two parishioners with whom he cohabits, usually when they themselves had to be away from the camera for a shorter or a longer time.

Augustine the Hippo is a strong silent type, and so has not given away much about himself. The nearest he has come to participation in any church ritual was on St Francis's Day last year, when parishioners could invite their companion animals – fleshly and otherwise – to be on-screen at morning tea, in order to join the blessed collective. Several dogs and cats appeared that day; our Augustine also joined in on that occasion. During at least a couple of other zoom meetings he has kept a seat warm for someone, always as an attentive observer.

Augustine

It may now be the moment for just a little bit more to become known about him. Our Augustine came into being in the early 1970s in Nuremberg, an exceedingly learned city and

one of the most important toy-making centres of Germany. There, he was adopted at an early age and then he emigrated to Australia where he became a companion of two young children who themselves came into this world not many years afterwards. Now, many decades later, he has again been entrusted back into the care of their father, with whom Augustine originally travelled to the antipodes.

Augustine as he appeared on Zoom.

We all know that, being a hippopotamus, he is a river-horse (Hippos=Horse, Potamos=River). Naturally, for one of German origins, he values the active life. Despite his contours, a hippopotamus can trot, canter, and even for short distances gallop like a horse at surprising speed. And although not a strong swimmer, the hippo is very much at home in the water as long as he is just within his depth, where he can propel himself along the bottom of the river whilst keeping his nose just above the surface.

In addition to his outdoor activities, and in keeping with his Germanic seriousness and studiousness, Augustine has developed a cerebral hobby, that of researching poetry - in particular poetry referring to his own kind.

He should therefore like here to share with you one particular piece by T.S. Eliot. As we know, Eliot, whilst being a famed American poet of the twentieth century, moved to live in the UK where he felt more at home with the polite, reserved, erudite, but slightly acerbic manners. He adopted Anglican ways, of a High style.

This following poem was however written in 1917, before Eliot's transatlantic displacement and before his settling into the Anglican Church; it was published in Eliot's first major collection, Poems, in 1920. Eliot cheekily wags a warning finger at a church, slightly too comfortable in its well-bred, well-fed, fog-bound ways. Augustine is pleased to note that it is the Hippo, despite his apparent bulk, and despite his seemingly coarse manners, who is welcomed by the saints and martyrs to be washed clean and to ascend into their company, whilst the Church risks being left to blunder on below.

The Hippopotamus

T.S. Eliot (1888–1965). Poems. 1920.

Similiter et omnes revereantur Diaconos, ut mandatum Jesu Christi; et Episcopum, ut Jesum Christum, existentem filium Patris; Presbyteros autem, ut concilium Dei et conjunctionem Apostolorum. Sine his Ecclesia non vocatur; de quibus suadeo vos sic habeo. S. Ignatii ad Trallianos.

And when this epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans.

THE BROAD-BACKED hippopotamus
Rests on his belly in the mud;
Although he seems so firm to us
He is merely flesh and blood.

Flesh and blood is weak and frail,
Susceptible to nervous shock;
While the True Church can never fail
For it is based upon a rock.

The hippo's feeble steps may err
In compassing material ends,
While the True Church need never stir
To gather in its dividends.

The 'potamus can never reach
The mango on the mango-tree;
But fruits of pomegranate and peach
Refresh the Church from over sea.

At mating time the hippo's voice
Betrays inflexions hoarse and odd,
But every week we hear rejoice
The Church, at being one with God.

The hippopotamus's day
Is passed in sleep; at night he hunts;
God works in a mysterious way—
The Church can sleep and feed at once.

I saw the 'potamus take wing
Ascending from the damp savannas,
And quiring angels round him sing
The praise of God, in loud hosannas.

Blood of the Lamb shall wash him clean
And him shall heavenly arms enfold,
Among the saints he shall be seen
Performing on a harp of gold.

He shall be washed as white as snow,
By all the martyr'd virgins kist,
While the True Church remains below
Wrapt in the old miasmal mist.

Notes

1. Below is an attempt, *by Augustine the Hippo (A the H),* at translation from the Latin of Eliot's quoting of St Ignatius of Antioch.
2. Ignatius was writing in the first century AD to the Traillianos, the people of the Turkish city of Trailles.
3. A the H acknowledges help in the production of this translation out of the Latin, firstly from a member of his own immediate adoptive family, and secondly, and especially, from one other St Mary's parishioner.
4. We note also of course the erudition of A the H himself; however his primary languages, apart from English, are German and Greek, but not Latin.)

Similarly, all must revere the Deacons, commissioned by Jesus Christ, and the Bishop, as Jesus Christ, being the son of the Father; and the Presbyters as a Council of God joined with the Apostles. Without these it cannot be called a church; I am sure you agree on this. S.Ignatius to the people of Trailles.

5. The second epigraph comes from Colossians 4.16, where Paul urges the churches in Laodicea to read his address *aloud in public*.

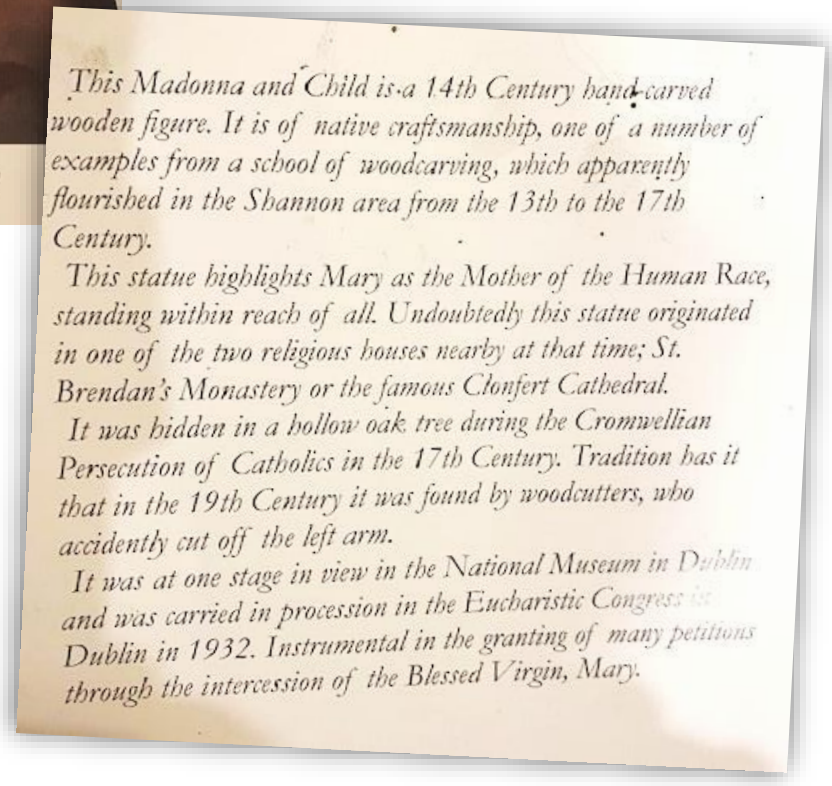
Commentary

Augustine the Hippo does take some issue with Eliot, mainly on questions of behavioural biology.

As far as the theology goes, he does allow that, as usual, there is room for a large variety of interpretations.

Card from Clanfert

Clanfert is a small village in east County Galway. Throughout May (Mary's month), in non-COVID times it becomes the centre of pilgrimage to Our Lady. Marion received this postcard of the Madonna and Child from a friend who was touring Ireland. Mary has lost an arm, and the Baby's head has been repaired, but notice how lovingly the Baby is playing with her hair.


This Madonna and Child is a 14th Century hand carved wooden figure. It is of native craftsmanship, one of a number of examples from a school of woodcarving, which apparently flourished in the Shannon area from the 13th to the 17th Century.

This statue highlights Mary as the Mother of the Human Race, standing within reach of all. Undoubtedly this statue originated in one of the two religious houses nearby at that time; St. Brendan's Monastery or the famous Clonfert Cathedral.

It was hidden in a hollow oak tree during the Cromwellian Persecution of Catholics in the 17th Century. Tradition has it that in the 19th Century it was found by woodcutters, who accidently cut off the left arm.

It was at one stage in view in the National Museum in Dublin and was carried in procession in the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin in 1932. Instrumental in the granting of many petitions through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, Mary.

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KOOYOORA
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The Anglican Diocese is 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.

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