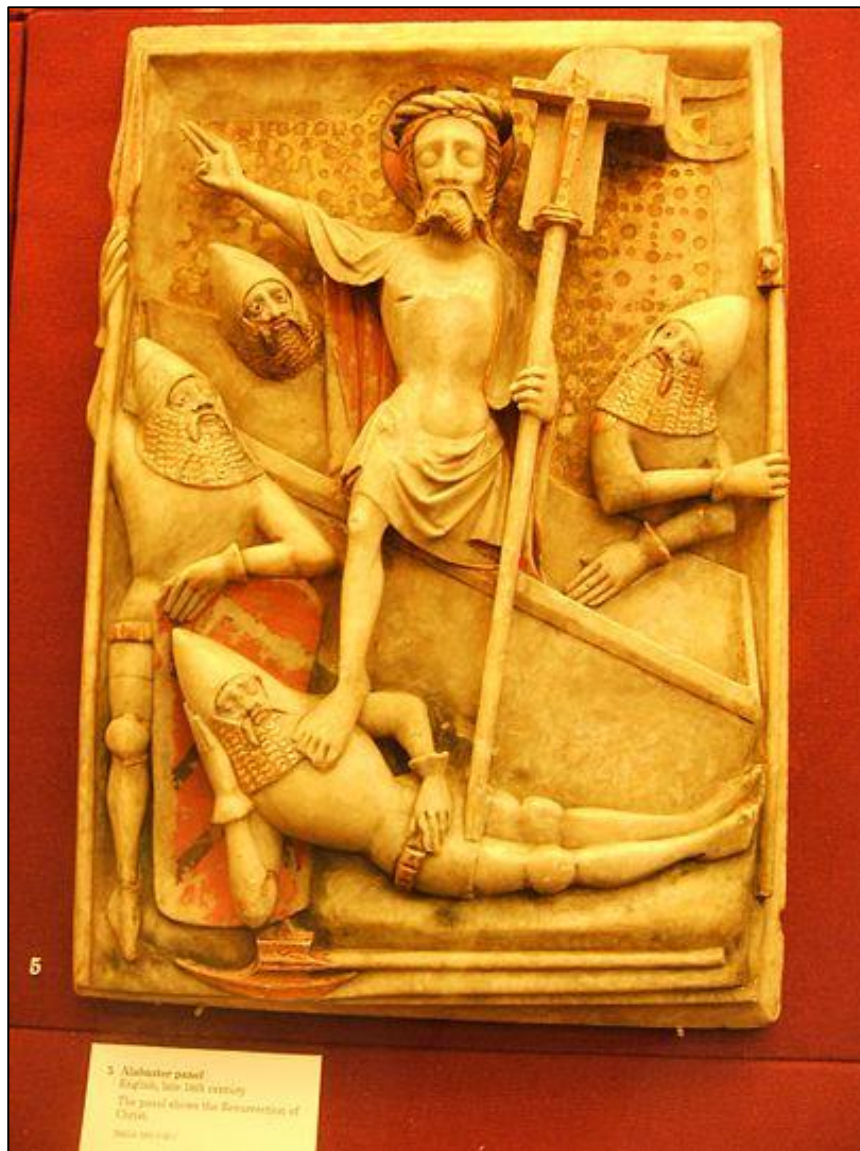


St Mary's



Easter

2022



5 Alabaster panel
English, late 10th century
The panel shows the Resurrection of Christ.
© The British Museum

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
File:Londres.Altorrelieve_22ResurrecciC3B3n22s.XIValabastro.JPG](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Londres.Altorrelieve_22ResurrecciC3B3n22s.XIValabastro.JPG)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

We meet on the traditional lands of the Wurundjeri people of the great Kulin nation. We acknowledge their leaders past present and emerging and offer them our respects.

Disclaimer: The opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors. They do not purport to reflect the opinions or views of the parish of St Marys, the Anglican Church, or its members.

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SEASONAL MATTERS

Making the Simnel Cake!



Simnel Cake 2022

I made my first Simnel cake by default. “Who is going to make the Simnel Cake this year?” Everyone else was quicker to take two steps back and I thought “How hard can it be?”. Well...

According to the parish cookbook, “Originally this cake was baked for Mothering Sunday, in the days when many girls went into service and Mothering Sunday was the one day in the year they were allowed home”. The designation, “simnel” is thought to refer to the finely ground flour (Latin simila) used for baking breads of distinction and known from documents as early as the 11th century. A later tradition refers to a culinary difference over baking techniques between Simon and Nell but as this dispute starts to head down the path of domestic violence let’s hope it was just a myth! It was in Victorian Times that the cake also came to be associated with Easter Sunday but at St Mary’s we keep to the older tradition of honouring motherhood with a special cake for our morning tea of refreshment.

So, all those years ago I remembered the principle “if you can read then you can

cook” (Princess Grace of Monaco), and consulted that great parochial standby The English Women’s Weekly. Sure enough there was an entire Easter Day menu which included a Simnel cake covered with marzipan and beautifully decorated with the traditional marzipan balls to represent the 11 faithful apostles. I studied the recipe and assembled the ingredients. I painstakingly measured out the currants, sultanas and raisins, chopped glace cherries, zested citrus, sifted flour and spices, beat eggs and sugar, and rolled out the marzipan. Double lined the baking tin and preheated the oven. Half the mixture was added and the all-important marzipan round was placed carefully over the first layer with the remaining mixture placed on top. Into the oven for some with an estimated baking time of 90 plus minutes allowing me plenty of time to create marzipan balls and fashion and dye purple flowers for decoration. I learnt how to make a marzipan rope to add to the edge and found a purple ribbon to cover the side of the cake.

The final stage of the process was to glaze the top of the decorated cake with beaten egg yolk and “lightly toast” the surface. This is where things got ugly! We seldom used the grill of our decrepit cooker and this was not the time to test it! What emerged was a melted dripping mess and what followed was tears and bad language! Luckily, I had some extra almond paste available and enough marzipan for apostles and another rope but that was all. In desperation I went into the garden and found enough late rose buds to replace the purple marzipan flowers and a new tradition was begun. Needless to say, I have NEVER attempted that final step again.

I have made many simnel cakes since and even branched out with simnel muffins for the 8.00 am congregation and as I am generally baking after a long Saturday at work there are usually dramas but the rest of the family now know to go elsewhere on that night. This year I had the fun of baking together with Harriet so anything that went wrong was a source of mirth rather than despair. I have never been really happy with the texture of my cake so this year we sought out a new recipe and would like to credit BBC Food and the Hairy Bikers with Simnel cake 2022. Everyone should try and make a simnel cake and if you can bake together with someone you love I can promise you an entertaining evening and a delicious outcome.

Anne Sunderland

My Mother Mary (or should that be Pat?)



I have had many Marys in my life and as I went to Catholic schools this is no surprise. It is of course my second name as it naturally goes with Margaret in Irish Catholic circles. The Mary I would like to tell you about is my mother.

Mary Margaret Patricia Roughan (pronounced "rowan" in the good old Irish way), was born in Charters Towers in Queensland in 1930. Her parents were both first generation Australians born of Irish immigrants, one family from County Kerry and the other from County Cork. I assume they ended up in the Towers because of the 1890's gold rush. She was the eldest of four.

Mum's childhood was one of poverty but resilience and she and her two sisters and one brother seem to have survived it quite well. Her mother, Eileen, was a hard-working housewife and her father, Mick, worked on the old steam trains that went from Townsville to Mt Isa and was fond of a drink. None of the children were called by their given names as Mum was always Pat, her sister Noraleen (who always complains that Mum had three first names but she only one as her parents had used up all their ideas by then), is known as Betty, their brother William was called Frank (his second name was Francis) and the youngest, Eileen, is still referred to as Babe. They all went to the town's Catholic primary school, St Columba's, and then on to high school at Mt. Carmel for boys and St Mary's for the girls. My mother was the first and only one in her family to

complete Senior (Queensland's year twelve) thanks to the state government's scheme for trainee teachers where the students were indentured for two years after year ten and then went on to teacher's college in Brisbane to complete their training. In Brisbane she lived with one of her many aunts and it was there she met my father Ted Otago, literally the boy next door. She had to give up teaching when she married as was the rule then, so she only taught for about a year. Dad was a policeman.

She was one of the first lay teachers in Brisbane Catholic primary schools having gone back to teaching in about 1960, when I was seven and my youngest sister was one. The nuns at the local school were starting to feel the pinch of declining vocations and convinced Mum to go back to the classroom for the magnificent salary of £1 a week. She actually taught me and one of my cousins in grade four and was referred to as Mrs Otago by my cousin at school and Aunty Pat when outside school. I always called her Mum wherever we were. Pat had a very long and very much appreciated career in the Catholic system. She worked until she had to retire and taught several generations of children at Southport on the Gold Coast. The family joke is that she knew every Sister of Mercy in Queensland. When she died, there were many tributes from former pupils saying she was the best teacher they ever had. We have funded a good citizenship award in her memory at the school.

One of the outstanding things about my otherwise ordinary mother was her fierce determination to make education an important feature of the lives of firstly her own children and also other people's children. Thanks to our parents' influence, all four of the children ended up in tertiary education, my brother was a diplomat and my next sister a Ph.D. and head of a university department while I became a teacher and my youngest sister a public servant. She encouraged all her students to do the best they could and to be tolerant and thoughtful of others.

Another outstanding thing about my mother was her devotion to the Virgin Mary. I assume it started with her Catholic upbringing, Children of Mary and all that, or perhaps she was influenced by her mother and aunts but all her long life, she maintained her prayers to Mary, especially the Rosary, in good and bad times, accepting whatever came her way with the quiet dignity displayed by many in her generation but not wavering in her devotion. She was quiet, shy and anxious outside her public persona but her belief in God helped her to deal with all the

troubles life produces. Even when she was bedridden in a nursing home for a couple of years before she died, her pocket biography on the door to her room included the fact that she still prayed to Mary for consolation and solace. It was at the home that she was referred to as Mary for probably the first time in her life other than on official documents. Of course her usual carers knew her as Pat but asking any of the casual staff about Pat often elicited a blank response as their paperwork said her name was Mary.

I give thanks for my mother every day.

Margaret Noble



Glenalmond College, Scotland

As I write, I'm looking out across the edge of green playing fields, over the tree lined River Almond, towards the Grampians in the north, which take one further up into the Scottish Highlands. I'm at Glenalmond College, about halfway between Crieff and Perth, in Scotland. My son, a housemaster and teacher here, and his wife, a teacher, live here with their two little children.

Right now, at the end of March, it's early springtime: sunny days, cool nights, daffodils en-masse everywhere you look; trees with leaves and blossoms budding.



Lent Term has just finished, and soon the family will travel up to their own home north of Inverness, returning here at Easter. Before joining them there, I'll be doing some of my own wandering around Scotland, digging a little further into my strong Scottish family history.

Given the abundance of Anglican Schools in Melbourne, and in England, a little history of Scotland's only Scottish Episcopal Church's independent secondary school is worth the read.

The College was founded in 1843, by the renowned politician (later Prime Minister) W.E. Gladstone and his father, as a theological college for the Scottish Episcopal Church and (in 1847) also as a school to bring up young men in the Episcopal faith. It was originally known as the Scottish Episcopal College of the

Holy and Undivided Trinity or Trinity College, Glenalmond. The training of clergy moved to Edinburgh in 1875.

Set in 300 acres of parkland on the banks of the River Almond in Central Perth & Kinross, 15 km west northwest of Perth, the site -



on land given by Lord Justice Clerk George Patton of Cairnies (1803-69) - was chosen by its founders to be “distant from sinful influences”. I’m not sure these days whether teenagers can be completely shielded from sin anywhere, but the school is certainly miles away from habitation. There’s no ducking out to the local to be had here, but one could disappear to the river for a bit of unauthorised fishing!

The first Warden (Headmaster) was Charles Wordsworth (1806 - 92), nephew of the poet. The College’s large chapel was added in 1851 at the Warden’s own expense, and is modelled on that of Merton College, Oxford. The chapel includes a WW1 memorial by well-known Gothic Revival architect Sir Ninian Comper, a former pupil. The altar is on the eastern end, and the Eucharist is celebrated east facing.

In 1983, the name was changed to Glenalmond College, and in 1990 it became coeducational, as a boarding and day school for about 300 pupils aged between 12 and 18 from the UK and across the world. By no means a large school, it ranks highly in academic and sports success. Students seem to be winning all sorts of national and international competitions in snow sport events, and awards in music and art. Of course, being Scotland and with such extensive grounds, the school has its own 9 hole golf course! However, even though the facilities and



opportunities abound, unlike many well-endowed Anglican schools in Australia and elsewhere in the UK, Glenalmond is not hugely wealthy.

I could quite settle down here happily, but have been warned that such a long stretch of sunny days is not usual, and that I will soon enough experience the cold and rainy weather for which Scotland is renowned. Perhaps then I will more fully understand



why my Reverend Presbyterian great-grandfather migrated to Australia with his little family, with its sickly older son (who lived into his 80s in temperate Sydney). Despite my love of Scotland, and the Highlands with which I have become familiar (up to now in the Summer), I will be returning home a couple of weeks after Easter.

Mother Robyn

HOLY WEEK

The Stations of the Cross

The Stations of the Cross are a distillation of the journey of Jesus on the day of his death, as he trudges the Via Crucis (Road of the Cross). Beginning with his condemnation, the Stations (stopping places) occur as he carries the cross to his place of execution.

The Good Friday events are formalised for pilgrims who move along the Via Dolorosa (Way of Sorrow) from Jerusalem to Calvary. Since mediaeval times fourteen particular stations are recognised, ending in the crucifixion, death, and the laying in the tomb.

This sequence of fourteen stations has been depicted by artists over the centuries, appearing for the most part in collections of paintings or sculptures in churches around the world.

1. *Jesus is condemned to death*
2. *Jesus takes up his Cross*
3. *Jesus falls for the first time*
4. *Jesus meets his Mother*
5. *Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry the Cross*
6. *Veronica wipes the face of Jesus*
7. *Jesus falls for the second time*
8. *Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem*
9. *Jesus falls for the third time*
10. *Jesus is stripped of his garments ("Division of Robes")*
11. *Jesus is nailed to the Cross*
12. *Jesus dies on the Cross*
13. *Jesus is taken down from the Cross*
14. *Jesus is laid in the tomb*

{ 6. the image of the face of Jesus is believed
to have remained on Veronica's cloth }

The following acrostic words travel the journey.

VIA DOLOROSA

1. **T**ake him from here to a place of execution,
 reluctant Pilate said,
2. **H**e is to carry his own burden
 to the mount of skulls.
3. **E**arly in the journey I stumble,
 only then to rise again.
4. **C**an this be?
 I see the maid who bore me in this fleshly form?
5. **R**espite from a stranger – Simon
 wants to share with me the pain.
6. **U**nder a gentle wipe from Veronique,
 my imprint on her life and cloth, still
7. **C**annot give to me the force to stride –
 another Fall.
8. **I**n Jerusalem the women weep,
 I give to them the strength to face what is to come.
9. **F**alling once again,
 before the final climb.
10. **I**n unclothed nakedness,
 exposed to human view,
11. **X**marks the spots
 where nails will pierce through.
12. **I**n breath exhausted then,
 the earthly tie remov'd.
13. **O**ver, it is over;
 truly said I – it was finished.
14. **N**ow –
 what is soon to come will cause astonishment

David Keuneman

To kneel, to sit, to stand, perchance to leap

My mother, born and bred in Scotland and brought up in the Church of Scotland of which her father (my grandfather) was an Elder, used to recite an unecumenical ditty, involving an exchange of views of Episcopal and Presbyterian worship:

Pisky, pisky, down you bend,
On your knees and up again!

*Presby, presby, dinna bend,
Sit you doon on Man's chief end!*

There are local variations, but all in reasonably good humour. The serious part of the joke is the quotation from the *Shorter Catechism* of the *Westminster Confession of Faith* where, to the question, ‘*What is the chief end of man?*’ the reply is: ‘*Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever*’. Which is one of the most beautiful things in the Reformed tradition. It led me to ponder whether Anglicans still bow (or bend), kneel and stand, as they once did, and when Presbyterians could sit down. Mediaeval churches often had a bench along the walls of the nave, but a congregation stood and moved to where they could see or hear; pews probably arrived from mid-13th century in imitation of monastic stalls. The European Reformation probably required seating for all, in the light of the recovered preaching, but even where there were pews, early Anglicans were bidden to come out of them and ‘draw near in faith’ in the chancel, where they knelt on the uncarpeted floor and without the help of a rail. Scottish Presbyterians stood outside a picket fence (pre-wooden floors) in the nave, until admitted to sit on benches on either side of the long Communion Table.¹ By the mid-19th century, we all had pews of varying design and beauty.²

¹ There are intra-Anglican issues raised by the Puritans behind all this. Kneeling was appropriate for most prayers, but at communion it raised the question of the Roman Catholic ‘error’ of adoration of the sacrament – hence John Knox’s late addition of ‘the black rubric’ to the 1552 BCP denying the connection. Later, Archbishop Laud held the opposite view, as did the Reverend John Wesley, who refused to serve communion to people sitting (though modestly so received when offered in his old and frail age).

² Which probably dates the ditty.

The *Book of Common Prayer* (1662) has careful rubrics about posture. Psalm 95:6 bids us ‘kneel before the Lord our maker’; Jesus thus prayed at Gethsemane. Equally, standing followed the Jewish custom of prayer (Neh.8:5 – the whole assembly stood to hear the Book of the Law) and Jesus assumes his followers will also stand (Mk 11: 25). The Early Church valued both postures for their distinctive meanings and mood.

I noticed some confusion on last Ash Wednesday when our priest knelt for prayer (on our behalf); we stood (following a sudden decision in the front pew) and the next rubric said, ‘*All standing*’. Oops – and it was not a sin worth confessing. This is because under the influence of the modern ecumenical-liturgical movement, standing has been readopted as the standard – the default – posture, unless otherwise indicated. Catholics now *stand* when they hear ‘Let us pray’; Anglicans are still learning not to fall to the floor – but *are* learning. The Uniting Church removed all the kneelers, as St Mary’s seems to have.

We are sufficiently along this year’s Great Ninety Days to observe the deeper reasons behind all this. Kneeling is an entirely natural posture to model adoration and also penitence and petition. Much in the Lenten forty days liturgies inspires this sense of the awesome holiness of our God. But come dusk on Maundy Thursday, as Lent ends and the Triduum (‘three holy days’) begins, we begin the fifty days of Easter, the Paschal season. We commence, as it were, a new era, a new time, a new place – where kneeling is no longer appropriate. The ancient postures continued in the infant Church, born in Judaism, but as it moved away from Palestine and lost the link with its Jewish roots, this variety was illogical and confusing. The Church clarified its doctrine and its practice followed.

Until the Council of Nicaea (325 AD), kneeling was usual at the Sunday eucharist and through the Fifty Days because it indeed related to basic Christian penitence. Some of the early Christian fathers were concerned that this did not match the ‘time’. I will cite one for them all (the great Cappadocian Father, Basil of Caesarea):

... we say our prayers standing on the first day of the week, but everybody does not know why: since we are resurrected with Christ and obliged to aspire to the higher realities, we not only remind ourselves, by standing during prayer, of the grace that was given to us on this day of resurrection,

but also that the first day of the week seems to be somehow the image of the eternity to come.

He goes on to apply the same claim to all fifty days following ‘the Pascha’. The Council of Nicaea passed Canon 20, ‘Seeing that certain people kneel on Sunday and during the days of Pentecost³, so that there might be the same practice in all the communities, it has been decided by the holy council that prayers should be addressed to the Lord standing up’.

Unfortunately, just as the Early Church got it all sorted out, the Middle Ages arrived, where people suffered death from plague and war and were hagridden by devils, and they became almost permanently penitential again. Let this be a warning to us all. The mediaeval church profited from the trade in remedies for sin, including indulgences; Dante memorably rewrote the doctrines of hell, purgatory and paradise and we continue to use the imagery, no matter how far removed from the Gospel it is. The puritan period in England did not improve things, and their successors, the Evangelicals, still tend to begin from sin. And so to this 21st century and its predecessor, where more work has been done on biblical studies, on evangelization, on sacramental theology and on the shape and content of liturgy than since the Reformation – and based on better sources.

Are we ready to take Lent seriously, to measure our lives not by the bloodiness of the Cross but by its love for ‘the whole world’ (including us!)? Can we spend forty days acknowledging the shadows of our human life while, at the same time, believing the resurrection to eternal life, just below our quietened alleluias? The French have a saying, ‘*Reculer pour mieux sauter*’, ‘step back in order to jump further’. That’s why we kneel at times, and leap in the air at others, why every moment of our lives is lived as a Lent and an Easter.⁴

Robert Gribben

³ Pentecost concludes the fifty days, so perhaps St Basil meant all the days preceding it.

⁴ I have not considered the other two liturgical postures of sitting and prostrating. The only person required to sit in church was the bishop, as ‘presider’ (the word means ‘the one who sits before’); the presider today, while a member of the people of God, adopts a posture to indicate his/her role in relation to or as an example for, the people (the actual *celebrants* of all liturgies). Jesus (and rabbis) sat to preach. Prostration is limited to particular rites, like ordination, in some churches; or as the Spirit moves!

A Trinity College Chapel Saint and the two Easters of Northumbria

A Ramble

I was born in England's northernmost county, Northumberland, and my schooldays were filled with stories of what we locals proudly call "The Golden Age of Northumbria". Janet Blackhouse, Curator of Illuminated Manuscripts at the British Library, describes it like this:

During the Golden Age of the 7th and 8th centuries a combination of political pre-eminence and religious transformation gave rise to something quite exceptional in the history of English art and culture. Its influence pervaded Europe for several centuries and continues to this day to colour our own national artistic awareness and cultural vocabulary.

No Northumbrian would dare to argue that this description is overdrawn just as no St Mary's parishioner would dare to refuse Rhondda when she requests an article for Ave, even if inspiration seems lacking. So it came about that in Trinity Chapel on the evening of the 4th Sunday in Lent I lifted up mine eyes to a place from whence came my help: I saw a stained glass window of one of my ancient kings, St Oswald of Northumbria. Perhaps something about him and the monastery he helped found on the beautiful island of Lindisfarne would do for Ave? As it's Easter, perhaps something too about his brother, King Oswiu, who, at the Synod of Whitby, had to adjudicate on whether the Celtic or Roman dates for Easter should be observed in his realm? Sounds like a bit of a ramble but why not come with me, and we'll see where we end up?

Oswald

The stained glass window in Trinity depicts Oswald on the eve of the Battle of Heavenfield (633 or 634 CE). I'll let that great ecclesiastical historian of the English people, the Venerable Bede, take up the story:

When King Oswald was about to give battle to the heathen ... he set up the sign of the holy cross ... and placed it in position, holding it upright with his own hands ... This done he summoned his army with a loud shout, crying, 'Let us all kneel together, and ask the true and living God Almighty of His mercy to protect us from the arrogant savagery of our enemies, since He knows that we fight in a just cause to save our

nation.’ The whole army did as he ordered and, advancing against the enemy at the first light of dawn, won the victory that their faith deserved.

Bede, a Northumbrian himself, leaves us in no doubt that Oswald had God on his side yet the opponents that day, whom he dismisses as “heathen” were in fact Welshmen from Gwynedd, led by their Christian king, Cadwallon ap Cadfan, a hero in the Chronicles of Wales. Bede will have none of it: “although he professed to call himself a Christian [he] was utterly barbarous in temperament and behaviour ... set upon exterminating the entire English race ... and [he] spared neither women nor innocent children”. Vitriolic claims and counterclaims are a commonplace of war then as now, and the truth can be hard to find, but that the innocent suffer we may take as a certainty.

Oswald himself had been raised a “heathen” but at the age of eleven, following the death of his royal father in battle, he had fled into exile taking refuge among the Gaels in the Kingdom of Dál Riata, where he converted to Christianity. Extending from the northern tip of Ireland to the west coast of what we now call Scotland Dál Riata included the island of Iona, whose monastery had been founded by Irish monks in the previous century. It was at Iona that Oswald had been baptised and to Iona he turned for help after his victory at Heavensfield. Could they spare a holy brother to help convert the people of Northumbria, whose crown he had just regained?

In time they sent St Aidan, Apostle of Northumbria, who travelled on foot across the countryside, preaching and baptising with great success and founding a series of monasteries on land donated by the Northumbrian aristocracy. Bede tells us that “many Irishmen arrived day by day ... and proclaimed the word of God with great devotion in all the provinces under Oswald’s rule.” He adds that initially Aidan spoke no English and St Oswald, who had learnt to speak Gaelic during his years of exile, would accompany him to translate. Given the obvious support of Northumbria’s king and nobles the success of Aidan’s mission is perhaps not so surprising.

Bede has his favourites and Oswald is one of them: “Oswald was always wonderfully humble, kindly, and generous to the poor and strangers”, but after a reign of only nine years he fell at the Battle of Maserfelth to another “heathen” tribe, the Mercians, Anglo-Saxons from the English Midlands. Many miracles were associated with Oswald after his death including a rather touching story of

a horse being saved from great distress by rolling on the ground at the place where the king had died. Its owner passed on the news to the family of a paralysed girl who took her to the spot and she was herself cured. Bede does not doubt that these miracles made evident “Oswald’s great devotion and faith in God.”

Lindisfarne

The pre-eminent Northumbrian monastery was that founded by St Aidan at the request of St Oswald on the island of Lindisfarne off the northern coast of Northumberland. It became renowned for the charity and piety of its monks with some nine saints being associated with it before the Viking devastation of 793 CE. Its scriptorium was famous throughout Europe and its greatest cultural achievement is the illuminated manuscript known as the Lindisfarne Gospels, created in 698 CE and sumptuously decorated in a mix of Italian, Irish and Anglo-Saxon styles by one Eadfrith, the first English artist whose name we know. In the late 10th century a priest named Aldred added to the original Latin an interlinear translation into the Northumbrian dialect, the earliest translation of the Gospels into English.

Following is a photo of the stained glass window of St Oswald in Trinity College Chapel



Next, 1. a view of the ruined Benedictine Priory of Lindisfarne, with the castle in the distance and the Church of St Mary shown in shadow on the Priory wall. 2 Fishing boat and castle



Oswiu and Easter

In time Oswald's brother, Oswiu, succeeded him as King of Northumbria and married a Kentish princess, Eanflaed. She too was a Christian, but in a different tradition, her family having been evangelised by the mission of St Augustine of Canterbury, sent to the English by Pope Gregory the Great in 597 CE.

Over time differences in practice and doctrine had arisen between the Irish or Celtic Church on the one hand and the Roman Church on the other and, as sadly tends to be the way, more focus was attached to the differences than to the many things they held in common. Even to refer to them as separate “Churches” is to some extent misleading. The Pope directed the affairs of the Roman Church yet the Celtic Church too would have acknowledged him as a Patriarch while having a rather different view of the scope of his authority. For that matter even within the Roman Church there are many Medieval examples of the Pope’s directions being thwarted, ignored or honoured in the breach. Even so, the dispute that arose between the two Churches for the allegiance of Northumbria was, among other things, a power struggle. The Celtic Church lacked the established hierarchy of bishops and archbishops beloved of and appointed by Rome.

A further difference concerned the tonsure of monks. Celtic monks shaved the front of their heads from ear to ear. The Roman practice was to shave the crown leaving a ring of hair. I pause to observe that with hair like mine the Roman practice is simply not an option. Levity aside, and however strange it might seem to us now, the matter was seen as one of significance.

Perhaps the major point of contention was that the two churches had different means of calculating the date of Easter. There was a particular difficulty in King Oswiu’s court where he would be celebrating Easter one Sunday while his wife still had a week to go. One might imagine, fancifully, Oswiu and his cohort whooping it up and stuffing themselves with chocolate eggs while Eanflaed and her entourage were still dolefully on Lenten rations.

In modern day Melbourne we seem to rub along well enough despite the differing dates for Easter of the Western and Orthodox Churches but anyone who reads Bede can have no doubt that this was seen as a point of the first importance: he goes on about it incessantly. Much as he loves the Irish saints of Northumbria he will have a dig at them every few pages for lacking the plain common sense to accept that they’d got the date of Easter wrong.

Things came to head at the Synod of Whitby (664 CE) where King Oswui heard arguments from both sides: Colman, Abbot of Lindisfarne for the Celtic Church and Wilfrid, a Lindisfarne-raised but Rome-trained member of the Northumbrian aristocracy, for Rome. Oswiu opted for Rome and thereafter the Church in

Northumbria was united under the banner of Roman orthodoxy. Colman and a group of his monks left for Iona. In a shrewd move Rome replaced him with another Irish monk, although one from the south of Ireland where the Roman calculation of Easter was accepted.

It seems likely that Oswiu decided as he did to strengthen his ties with other Christian kings in the south of what is now England and indeed in Europe more generally. He had to wait a week longer for his Easter eggs but you can't have everything.

Concluding reflection

Oswald stands proudly in the window of Trinity Chapel, a Christian king conquering in the shadow of the cross even though his opponent was Christian too. Oswiu's decision at Whitby has had an extraordinary afterlife in the battlefield of Anglican identity with this faction or the other claiming he got it right or wrong according to taste either rejoicing in Roman ascendancy or bewailing the loss of ancient Celtic spirituality. What of Lindisfarne? Today it is a beautiful, picture postcard of a place, with its 16th century castle set high on a crag dominating the skyline, its ruined Benedictine abbey, its 12th century church of St Mary, its rolling green fields and its picturesque fishing boats, but there is not a single artefact of the Golden Age, the Gospels themselves being in the British Museum. Yet it would be wrong to say that nothing remains. The Scottish broadcaster Magnus Magnusson detected an "afterglow" of the Golden Age, "an aura, an ambience, of remembered grace." A trainee solicitor who once worked for me (she is now an Anglican priest) put it well I think when she told me that for her, when she is on Lindisfarne, breathing is like praying. I give thanks and praise for the lives of the ancient saints of Northumbria.

Sources:

Bede, Ecclesiastical History of the English People

Jane Hawkes, The Golden Age of Northumbria

Arthur G Holder: Whitby and all that: the search for Anglican origins

Images of the Lindisfarne Gospels on the British Library website:

<http://www.bl.uk/turning-the-pages/>

Michael Golding

CONSERVATION MATTERS

Visiting Tiritiri Matangi

Tiritiri Matangi is a small island with a beautiful name and an inspiring story. It lies in the Hauraki Gulf north of Auckland, about 3km from the coast and a pleasant hour-long ferry ride from the city.

The name means, “tossed by the wind”, and Māori mythology considers it to be the float of an ancestral fishing net. These evocative meanings reflect the island’s compact size and shape, and its open position in near-coastal waters. Perhaps they also reflect something of its history as a place for fishing, a life-sustaining place with a purposeful life of its own.

Early settlement for fishing and kumara cultivation, and then for sheep farming, led to progressive clearing of the original native forest and its replacement with grassland. Photos from the 1950s show a bare, barren-looking place, with small strips of remnant habitat along the sheltered and less accessible gullies. You would have to have been a hardy sheep to live through winter in this open, wind-tossed place!

In 1971, the farming lease expired and the island was returned to crown management for conservation purposes but natural recovery was slow, hindered by weeds, introduced rats and compacted soil from years of grazing.

In the 1980s a new plan was developed and a partnership formed between the government (national parks) and a private volunteer group (the Supporters of Tiritiri Matangi Inc) to actively restore the indigenous vegetation, with the ultimate aim of establishing a long-term sanctuary for indigenous plants and animals.

This combination of volunteer effort and government support was to prove very effective as years of consistent effort gathered seed, removed weeds, planted native trees and shrubs, reintroduced native animals and eradicated feral species. As more and more indigenous habitat was restored a virtuous cycle was created and a self-sustaining ecosystem established.

Margaret and I visited in 2019 and what we found was a densely-covered, green place. Volunteer guides led visitor groups along the various tracks, providing intimate insights into the flora, fauna and history of the island, informed by their long association with it. We were introduced to many New Zealand birds, including several that are rare and very difficult to find on the New Zealand mainland. It was great to make their acquaintance, especially perhaps the North Island Robin, which is not shy and will happily come to check what you're doing on its patch, hoping perhaps that you will disturb a bit of earth and reveal a tasty meal.

(North Island Robin: photo by Drew Heath edited by Tony Wills, CC BY-SA 3.0)



These rare indigenous species have been reintroduced as insurance populations on Tiritiri Matangi because feral animals - stoats, rats and possums - have been instrumental in native species extinction and near-extinction throughout the North and South Islands. Smaller islands like Tiritiri Matangi act as sanctuaries, with strict protocols applied to prevent feral incursion. The work has been so successful that descendants can now be 'exported' to start or enhance populations in other locations.

In Australia, where small native mammal extinction and loss to cats and foxes is a critical problem, similar 'islands' are being established via fenced enclosures (or exclosures). In this way bandicoots, bilbies, numbats, bettongs and many other native species can be reintroduced to areas from which they had previously been wiped out. Privately-supported conservation organisations are instrumental in this work, often working in partnership with governments, indigenous groups or commercial enterprise.

I find Tiritiri Matangi's story of restoration and renewal very encouraging. That we can restore what has been lost is no small thing and that we will need to do more of it is almost certain. It wasn't achieved easily but thousands of people supported the vision and made it happen. A hopeful, perhaps an Easter kind of

thing, and the results are very good.

(More on this story can be found at: <https://www.tiritirimatangi.org.nz/>)

Michael Noble



CHURCH MATTERS

Out and About @ St Mary's:

Talking about Death and Dying

As we celebrate Easter, we are very much focussed on Jesus dying on the cross, and His death and resurrection. We recognise that in so doing, Jesus overcame death for us all, for all time.

Consequently it may be assumed that Christians above all should feel comfortable and confident about facing death. It might also be assumed that medical practitioners caring for people with conditions with a reduced life expectancy, would likewise feel comfortable and confident to discuss death and dying with their patients and their families. Yet as the years have passed for me both as a lifelong Anglican and as a medical practitioner for over 40 years, my personal observations have been that Faith Leaders and Doctors, people to whom we may look to for professional guidance and support, are often equally awkward discussing this topic. Furthermore to me the subject of death and dying also seemed to be essentially a taboo subject amongst the wider community as a whole. This Good Friday we heard again Jesus' heart-rending words on the cross "My God, my God, why have you abandoned me", summing up the fear, profound loneliness and sense of total devastation at the time of death, challenging Faith Leaders and Healthcare workers alike to understand the need for what we all hope for at the end of our lives, that we will feel loved, cared for and be provided comfort during our final days.

All these thoughts started crystalising for me several years ago at St Mary's when one of our frail elderly parishioners was admitted to hospital with a serious acute

illness and an impaired conscious state. Hurried discussions were had with busy junior medical staff about decisions that needed to be made urgently. Should they be admitted to Intensive Care? Should they be resuscitated if they have a cardiac arrest? What were the appropriate answers to these questions for this particular faithful person who had lived a long and fulfilling life? Where was the peace and the comfort in the setting of a busy ICU ward, especially given their advanced age and frailty meant that it was highly unlikely that they would ever survive to be discharged from ICU.

Then an opportunity arose to actually make a difference! At the end of 2020, the University of Melbourne Medical School was revising their 4 year post graduate medical course, commencing in 2022. As part of the MD course revisions, the Department of Medical Education was calling for expressions of interest (EOI) in developing “Discovery Options” which were intended to be elective subjects that the students could choose according to their specific interests. I thought that this was an inspirational opportunity to help our medical students be better informed about death and dying, so that they could actually feel more confident and comfortable discussing end of life issues with patients and their families. I also thought that it would be helpful to invite the Trinity Theological School, University of Divinity to contribute to the development of this new subject, given that theological students were likely to have similar struggles understanding and dealing with death, dying and profound grief. So a small group of us got together and developed our EOI which was finally accepted by the Department of Medical Education for further subject development, with the rightly firm advice that our approach had to be multicultural and multifaith based, and also inclusive of our First Nations Peoples, reflective of modern multicultural Australia. After several months of “brain storming” we established the most remarkable and diverse subject development group, with our own Reverend Professor Mark Lindsay playing an invaluable role within this group, alongside an anthropologist, a geriatrician, a palliative care physician, an academic healthcare communicator, a general practitioner and an educational designer. Over 12 months or so we developed our subject called “Death and Dying: *lifting the lid*”, covering a range of topics from the definition of death, “brain death”/organ donation, how to talk about dying honestly and compassionately, self-care when involved in difficult deaths, the role of funeral directors, funerals, burials to name just some of the specific areas covered. As course developers, our hope was that the resources that we had developed for this subject (which is delivered totally on-line) would

provide an enduring educational experience for our students, to make them more compassionate and effective doctors in the future. However, we were all also rather uncertain about after all the work we had put in together on this subject, whether any of the first year medical students would recognise this as a valuable subject for them to chose. To our relief, a month or so ago the Department of Medical Education advised us that almost fifty students had chosen this subject, giving reasons including their own personal concerns about how they will be able to deal with death and dying as future doctors, and others who were really interested in learning more about multicultural and faith aspects to rituals surrounding death and dying.

Personally I have found this to be such an incredibly uplifting and rewarding experience, (albeit involving a lot of work!) and it has been a personal affirmation that *“God truly moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform!”*

*A/Professor Christine Rodda
Western Clinical School
University of Melbourne*



Wandering in the Wilderness Searching for the Garden of Eden

This is a collection of reflections around what I believe is one of the biggest problems that faces the Anglican Church. I’m not presenting this as a particular argument but as ramblings around the theme of gardens and church and how they connect.

The story of the Garden of Eden is an ages old myth that speaks so clearly of the human condition. Adam and Eve lived in paradise in a perfect relationship with each other and with God. They were content to wander around the beautiful garden God created with no clothes just taking everything which God gave to them.

The story continues, as we all know: they ran foul of God's will for them, in consequence of which they were expelled from the garden, never to return.

Well, as I'm sure you all know, I am a gardener. One of the greatest passions in my life is to spend time in the garden. In the garden I do my theological reflection, I meditate, I let out my frustrations, and I communicate with God. What I try to do as a gardener is create my own Garden of Eden. Every culture in the world has its own paradise garden.

Before I returned to Melbourne in, I worked in the much ignored New Zealand city of Hamilton. The great pride of Hamilton, apart from its cathedral of which I was dean, is the brilliant Hamilton Gardens rated amongst the best 20 botanic gardens in the world. At the heart of the gardens is a collection of paradise gardens from all over the world.



Tranquility and peace are at the centre of the Japanese garden.



Learning and culture at the centre of Chinese Scholars garden.



The English Garden is full of colour and diversity but there is a structured freedom within it.



The Indian garden is highly structured.



The Italian garden is food focused.



The Maori garden is surrounded by a stockade.

What would our garden look like?

A few months ago I was in my garden reflecting that I am perhaps becoming more and more unusual as I try to grow an English cottage garden. If I look around me in Melbourne so many of the traditional gardens are being cleared, literally. Then a very large hole is dug and a house only feet away from each of its borders is built. If any garden is included it is put in by landscape gardeners, low maintenance and highly structured. The house owners need to do little if any work in the garden. Jim's mowing, or a similar enterprise comes along each week to cut the lawn, if any room was left for one, and to blow away any leaves that might fall.

Now this reflection is not about gardening, it is about church.

I cannot help but reflect that perhaps I am doing in church the same as I am doing in my garden, building a paradise garden. But is it the right one?

I love English country gardens, just as I love good traditional liturgy, gothic architecture, evensong. But is Australia, a country with severe water restrictions

and a much harsher climate than England, a place to try to grow a traditional English garden? The painful answer, I think, is probably not.

Is that not exactly what we in the liberal-catholic arm of the Anglican Church are guilty of doing?

We love to fill our ecclesiastical garden with the flowers of the Anglican tradition, Stanford settings for Evensong, Byrd mass settings, Watts vestments, Wesley Hymns, BCP services, tea and biscuits after the service, afternoon teas at the Vicarage.

Is this going to be the garden of the future? Is this what appeals to people today?

What should we plant in our own garden? My garden is still English cottage style because I am self-indulgent, but slowly but surely new things are creeping in, Australian native plants, and other plants that do not really belong in an English garden.

We cannot afford to be self-indulgent when it comes to our parish. So, what should be in our ecclesiastical garden? Or is the mere thought of a garden/church just out dated. Well, COVID has taught us a few things and amongst them is that a lot more people now enjoy gardening and another is that people value community.

However, when we think about it, gardens are artificial. Australia existed for thousands of years before anyone created this type of garden. And, when white people arrived, they supplanted anything indigenous culture produced and put in an English, a European vision of garden. Since that time lots of other styles of gardens have grown. But do we actually need to even have a garden. Is this about ownership? Is this about control? Are we worried that we will just end up with a weed patch?

It is interesting that people are very happy to visit and look at my garden but very few go and create their own paradise.

We use an attraction model to get people to come to Church, they love to attend every now and again, but rarely do visitors become members. They are garden

voyeurs, people happy to look and perhaps even make a return visit. They might even come back each year or even twice a year, but they do not take ownership of the garden.

Attraction is a slow way of growing a parish and dependent upon the parish putting on a good show and being able to keep the show on the road year after year. It is a bit like Agatha Christies' *Mouse Trap*, attracting people year after year even with a changing cast. The show must go on. This is also an exhausting way of being parish. We must also ask if this is nourishing for our people and be life giving for our clergy.

As much as we might like traditional church, what is its future, five or ten years from now? I sometimes worry that I am I going to be the parish priest of the last traditional parish in Melbourne? Yes, there will always trad. parishes, but how many? What is the future church going to look like? I heard one Vicar say, "My church has four million in the bank so we can keep going and do not need to change." The threat we feel is that we are going overtaken by the evangelical wing, the Hillsong style of mega church.

So we need to look carefully what our community wants and needs.

If we accept that we are lost in the wilderness looking for the Garden of Eden, and you may say I am wrong but, if we accept it, what should we do? How do we cope? How do we overcome this problem?

Imagine just for a moment we are on the first fleet that landed in Australia in 1788. What do we do? Many who first arrived felt lost in the wilderness.

Recently there was a great programme on the ABC based on Kate Grenville's novel, *The Secret River*. The story is about a couple who landed in the early days of the colony and how they coped. The wife spent her time enduring the hardship, building a life and garden that looked as English as possible. Her wish was to prosper so that they could go back to England at the earliest possible time. The husband on the other hand looked around to see how they could build a new future in this strange land. He was able to see the beauty where she could only see hostility and threat.

This is also in our inherited tradition. North Melbourne and many other suburbs in Melbourne were built on an English town plan where the church was built to look exactly the same as those back in England and on the Main Street of the village.

This model is still in our psyche. It is the English country garden transplanted to Australia.

So how do we survive in the wilderness of Melbourne?

1. We can continue to maintain our English country garden for as long as possible.
2. We can do a Bear Grylls and live on bugs and fungus and enjoy being in the wild until you can work out how to get out, be rescued.
3. We can learn from those who have lived here for centuries.
4. We can discover a new way of living in this wilderness, not considering it as being hostile, but see the beauty in it and adapt it so that we become part of it and not lament about what used to be.
5. I suppose that we can also wait until somebody comes along to rescue us with another new programme, a new movement that will revitalise our parish.

This then raises other important questions:

1. Do we have the same culture as the community living around us?
2. A related question then is a central one to the Christian Faith, “Who is my neighbour”?

Jesus was asked that very question by one of the scribes in Luke's gospel. It is interesting that he did not directly answer the question but told a story, that of the Good Samaritan.

What is pertinent in this story for us is that both the priest and the Levite went past the wounded man. They were both fulfilling their religious obligation, they thought they were doing the right thing, just as we are in our parishes as we try to preserve what we think is our sacred heritage. We must be careful that in doing so we are ignoring the wounded man on the side of the road. The punchline in the story comes at the end after Jesus commends the Samaritan, an unlikely character for doing the right thing.

Jesus says to his hearers, 'Go and do likewise'.

The message is clear in this context, we must not be focused on our own internals the perfection of our liturgy, etc. but we must first and foremost engage with our community to see where it hurts and where the wounded are. I am not saying that we should not strive for excellence in areas of liturgy and music, but our first and foremost demand is to care for the needs of God's people. Once we are fully engaged with our community and we are relevant to our community we will begin to grow.

Father Jan Joustra



Justin Martyr: 'Of the Hebrew Prophets'

We have a small text-reading group called textualiter loosely associated with the Parish. The past while we have been reading selected portions of two intriguing texts, one the Book of Jubilees from the second century BCE, the other the (First) Apology of Justin Martyr from the second century CE.

We might discuss Jubilees in a future AVE, but for now we are thinking about Justin, who supplies such intriguing grist to our mill. We don't know much about second century Christianity, so we cannot be sure how representative or typical Justin's thought might have been. Probably we should allow something for his focus on defending the faith (apology), which likely means that he prefers to present a "small target Christianity" and goes out of his way not to expose internal debates. But representative or not, Justin is quite intriguing!

For today our interest is in Justin's Chapter XXXI, entitled by the editor "Of the Hebrew prophets". As so often the editor has sold us short here. True the chapter is about the Hebrew prophets, and we shall shortly discuss to what extent Justin does justice to them. But essentially the chapter is about where the Greek version (LXX) of the Hebrew Bible (HB = OT) comes from. But along the way he implies that the prophets are the only part of the HB to which we need, or perhaps should, give our attention.

Anyone familiar with the famous Letter of Aristeas, a Hellenistic Jewish text from c.II BCE, will see its influence in Justin very clearly. Justin spins the Letter with great skill, diminishing many of the emphases and intentions of Aristeas. We could list some here:

* It is universally agreed that the Letter is talking about the origins of the Greek Pentateuch, the Law of Moses, the Torah, the first five books of the HB, Genesis to Deuteronomy. Justin cuts across this emphasis rather dramatically, focussing on the prophets. And we might almost say, "defocussing" on the Law.

* Key role-players for Aristeas are the Alexandrian Librarian (named Demetrius of Phalerum) and the High Priest in Jerusalem (named Eleazar). The translators are also priests. Not so Justin. For him the key players are all royalty, the Ptolemaic king (unnamed) and, of all people since he is quite anachronistic here, King Herod. According to Justin the Israelite kings of the time preserved the prophetic books collected by the prophets and their secretaries.

None of this aspect interests Aristeas. He takes the Hebrew books as a given, whereas Justin traces their authenticity back to their authorship and a deliberative process of official publication and preservation. He needs this emphasis because his whole argument depends on the rather accidental wording of some Greek phrase or other. If his hermeneutic is to operate, he needs a LXX the very words of which are anything but accidental.

There is one aspect of this comparison worth noting here where Justin does not diverge from Aristae's. Both note that the biblical books sent to Egypt were unintelligible because they were written in Hebrew. Both authors then allow that a subsequent request for skilled translators was made, and that the eventual translation was produced in Egypt. For Aristae's this translation is miraculous, more so than for Justin. But for us the extreme tendentiousness of this construction is obvious, or should be, for it requires us to believe that there were in Jerusalem numerous priests possessing the skills to translate from Hebrew into Greek, but that it never once occurred to them to do so until they were invited to Alexandria to perform the task.

This aspect is a nonsense. For another time we will reserve the task of discussing the importance of the obvious, that Greek translations of Hebrew texts were being actively produced--sometimes at the moment of publication--in Jerusalem already in chi BCE. So too Aramaic and I think Latin versions, but for another day, because it is the Christian take on HB that interests us here.

Justin revisits this theme in Chapter LXVII, where we encounter a splendid picture of weekly Christian worship. "...the memoirs of the apostles or the writings of the prophets are read..." Surely this represents a diminished canon of both HB and New Testament. The memoirs are probably the gospels, at least two of them it seems, and the reference to the prophets is that to which we have already become accustomed from Chapter XXXI.

For Justin then, the HB is of value because it predicts the events of the incarnation before they happen. This miraculous anticipation welds the testaments into a unity of God's purpose. But it is important to observe that this is far from the only way that Christians thought about the HB, and perhaps not the only way that we should. Let me illustrate from the New Testament itself.

Two gospels (Matthew and John) preserve early versions of this hermeneutic of fulfilment. They reflect those earliest attempts to understand Jesus by falling back on the Greek Bible. In 19:24 is apposite: "This was to fulfil the scripture, "They parted my garments ..."

Also, Matt 21:4: "This took place to fulfil what was spoken by the prophet ..." But this is not at all the only way the HB was read at the time. In fact it does not seem to be the way Paul read it. He seems to be devoted to the Pentateuch, and to resile from quoting snatches of Greek prophetic scripture out of context.

But we might want to allow for the synagogue setting of Paul's preaching. Likely as not some of his argument, perhaps especially in the Epistle to the Romans, reflects his argumentation during synagogue visits. In those contexts, the sermon would naturally have been on the Pentateuch, where Paul was quite at home. Even so he might have rather looked down his theological nose at the arbitrariness of some of the exegesis his colleagues pursued.

A classic case of this way of reading the HB is found in Acts 8:32-33. "And the eunuch said to Philip: 'About whom, pray, does the prophet say this, about himself

or about someone else?" Such a modern ring this question has! But what follows is rather striking. ". beginning with this scripture Philip told the eunuch about the good news of Jesus". A more expansive interpretation going far beyond the terms of the eunuch's question is implied. I don't think there were just the two extremes in the church, say John as illustrated in Chap 19 and Paul in Romans, one reading the prophets (and psalms) for suitable allusions and the other reading the Pentateuch for theological reasoning.

Narratives of Peter in Acts illustrate this point. In Acts 2, Peter multiplies quotes long passages (not a few words out of context) to explain the events of the moment and their theological significance. For Peter the birth of the church is, we might say, a scriptural moment.

We have no space to reflect on it now, but this Petrine hermeneutic looks suspiciously like what we see in the interpretations of the Prophets from Qumran. That too for another day.

I leave quite a few questions arising here to hang in the air, and conclude with a comment on the contemporary. Modern synagogue worship continues to be (or has it become?) focused on the Pentateuch. The Torah scroll is read in Hebrew in sequence end to end and around again. The end of one cycle and beginning of another is celebrated with dancing and singing. Whenever I participate in this service, I get a powerful sense that we might be missing something, although as you would guess I'm not a strong proponent of liturgical dance. I contrast this with our focus on Isaiah and the Gospels, very much in line with Justin. And I wonder whether more Pentateuch and Petrine hermeneutics should inspire us.

All of which might be neither here nor there, were it not for the fact that we are living through--if we get through it!-- a time of climate crisis, which absolutely demands of us some fresh hermeneutics.

Geoffrey Jenkins

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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*

