

AVE

Advent Christmas 2022



*Leopoldine Mimovich, Madonna and Child
(photo supplied Father Jan)*

Ave is available for download via the St Mary's Parish Website:

<https://www.stmarys.org.au/wp/wp-content/uploads/2022/12/2022-Ave-Advent-Edition-Final.pdf>

Cover Picture

This Ave edition's cover is by Australian artist Leopoldine Mimovich OAM (1920–2019). Born in the Austrian Tyrol, as a young woman she studied wood-carving in Halstatt and wood-sculpture in Vienna. Marrying an alien prisoner-of-war held in a village near hers, she lost her citizenship. A new life in post-war Australia began in migrant camps, including Royal Park; they later settled productively in suburban Melbourne. Her exquisite free-flowing wood-carving and statuary, much of it with a religious inspiration, is found in many parks, churches, and public buildings around Australia.

In the European tradition, the Madonna and child are still very white. Mimovich nevertheless shows us universality by joyful connection with the background flora and fauna of her adopted and loved Australia. This image was featured on the Australian 65¢ postage stamp in December 2020, exactly a year after Poldi's death on Christmas day at the age of ninety-nine.

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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.

Berceuse (year zero)

David Keuneman

**Do you remember an Inn,
Maria?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And that wise apothegm told in Old Bethlehem
That each of us counts and that each should be counted?
So that mule brought you here, with your young muleteer
To whom you're espoused. And he found you this stable,
Which was all he was able to find for your baby, and maybe
A cow, and a donkey, and sheep with their shepherds,
And kings who might visit**

**Do you remember the Inn,
Maria?
Do you remember the Inn?
Where your carpenter hubby had found you that cubby?
He had scarcely a penny – and couldn't pay many –
But the stable was there and open to share with the
Lowling of cattle, the tittle and tattle of shepherds who rattle
The door to come in.
And the Hip! Hip! Hoorah of the Kings from afar
Who have followed their Star to that door, now ajar,
Bringing gifts from their coffer each monarch can proffer and offer
In Glad Adoration.**

**The din they are making; the moving, the shaking;
The baby awaking;
But No Cry is he Making. There's Peace.
Do you remember that Inn,
Maria?
Do you remember that Inn?**



A Berceuse is a musical and poetical form. It is a Cradle-song.

*In this case allusion is made, in a gentle way, to the rhythmic bustle of the well-known Tarantella of Hilaire Belloc – reproduced on the next page.
In this particular stable the unpromising start may bring, in the end, less turmoil.*

Hilaire Belloc (1870 – 1953) was a poet, critic, Catholic activist, Member of Parliament, and author in England. His Tarantella, written in 1929, was a birthday present to a Miranda whom he had met some decades earlier, their both being at that time younger persons visiting the Pyrenees.

The Tarantella is a folk dance, often wild or obsessive in its repetitive rhythmic groups of three beats.

It has been variously associated either with Bacchanalian abandon or with the toxic body-jerking effect of a venomous spider-bite from a Tarantula.

What we read below here is the first part of Belloc's poem Tarantella.

Tarantella (1929)

Hilaire Belloc

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of a clapper to the spin
Out and in --
And the Ting, Tong, Tang, of the Guitar.
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?



A Poem of Creation

Robert Gribben

Earlier this year, Mother Dorothy preached in the season of Creation. To my surprise and pleasure, she asked if I would read a poem of Gerard Manley Hopkins' as the conclusion of her sermon. It is a poem I love, but it is a very great challenge to read out loud, especially if people don't have the text in front of them. I was deeply tempted to give an introduction or explanation before reading it, but that would have ruined its effect as Dorothy's doxology. But now I think it's time you saw the text (which is in the public domain) and I can add some comments.

God's Grandeur

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge & shares man's smell: the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast & with ah! bright wings.

First, a word about the poet. Born in 1844 to a comfortable Anglican family in London, his parents and eight siblings moved out to leafy Hampstead Heath in 1852. He began writing

poetry at school and continued at Oxford. There, the later Poet Laureate Robert Bridges was his best friend, and he also took counsel of one John Henry Newman. Hopkins became a Roman Catholic and in 1868 entered the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits. He briefly believed this vocation meant he should give up writing poetry.’ ‘God’s Grandeur’ was one of eleven sonnets composed in a very fruitful period 1875-77. In 1884 he was appointed to teach in the new Catholic University college in Ireland where his poems reflect his pervading sense of despondency, but late in the piece he gave us ‘That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and the Comfort of the Resurrection’ (one poem!), which surely signaled his recovery. He died in 1889, just weeks short of his 45th birthday.

In *God’s Grandeur* he places God’s beauty and fecundity in creation alongside humankind’s extraordinary ability pollute it, desecrate it, in industrial society.

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed.

The key is the verb ‘charged’, as in lightning, perhaps as in static electricity (shaken foil?). The ‘oil crushed’ is of olives. ‘This energy increases in fruitfulness’. But these are my guesses. This is pure G. M. Hopkins. One simile is ‘scientific’, the other ‘organic’ and both belong to nature. ‘Crushed’, where it is exactly placed by line and rhythm by Hopkins’ choice of syllable patterns, announces a turning point. If these are God’s gifts in creation,

Why do men then now not reckon his rod?

The best suggestion I found was ‘How is it that humans fail to heed (‘reck’) their divine authority (‘rod’). It also takes some discipline to get ‘then not now’ in line. But now to his indictment:

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge & shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

The despairing repetitions of ‘trod’ is heard at a time when men and women were working repetitively at machines hour after hour, day after day, already displaced from their livelihoods close to the earth as old agriculture was replaced by new industry. And the accusation against ‘trade’ which smears, blears (and ‘wears’, not by rhyme) so that we *smell* of it and leave our smudge. All of this is encapsulated in the so-simple picture of our feet, which feel nothing through the leather barrier of shoes. ‘Tread lightly on the earth’ our aboriginal elders tell us.

We move from the sonnet's octet to its sestet for an affirmation and a change of mood with the gentle reminder,

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

to the most difficult line of all (at least *to read*):

And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs –
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast & with ah! bright wings.

The image is sunset and sunrise, perhaps over a city whose lights are seen across water. The 'black West' is by contrast with the 'deepest freshness' which Nature eternally offers to heal and renew in its cycle, every morning, the contrast interrupted by an 'Oh!'. And despite the 'last lights' having gone, the fresh morning 'springs' from the dawning east. On the other side of night, over the 'bent World', is the everlasting mercy of the Creator, no distant manufacturer but, like the Holy Spirit, like a mother hen on her nest of potentialities, new birth. Another gasp. 'ah!' adds a final flying, upwardly-directed image, to 'bright wings', ending the 'things/springs/wings' rhyming sequence. (The '&' is a Hopkins idiosyncrasy; I think he intends 'and' to be said.) In the last two lines, note the alliteration: a swarm of 'b's.

In T. S. Eliot's phrase, 'these are only hints and guesses' – and you will have your own. How much biblical, spiritual, pastoral, earthly and heavenly thought is combined in this paeon of praise?!

Space and Time

Michael Noble

Let's go and see him. Let's go back through the seemingly immense distance, let's climb down the tower of nearly two thousand Christmases between us and him. There are still warm embers of last Christmas beneath the ashes of the months and we still recall the tablecloth gaily laid out, the places occupied by the others at dinner and all the various dishes, the gay presents bought in a hurry during Advent when the whole city seems like a mad liner that may haul up its anchor at any moment. On these occasions people turn into ants trying to drag into their anthill as much stuff as they can, and on Christmas eve they wall themselves up in their nests and block every cranny so that happiness won't escape.

Let's go down, down, back to the earliest Christmases of our childhood which are iridescent in our memories like a gentle obsession, when [in Italy] men with reed-pipes and bagpipes came down from the mountains to bewitch our young hearts. In those days our hearts were charged with a secret madness which lasted until the Christmas tree was dismantled, and only then the gold-dust fell from our eyes.

But Bethlehem is still a long way away: a forest of centuries stands between our births and his. Lucky shepherds, you only needed to cross a hillside, perhaps a torrent-bed, a quarter-of-an-hour's walk or so. Whereas we need to leap over history, a fortified wall of enormous thickness which your birth-cry can't penetrate, nor the chorus of spirits, to us who are born so late. All we have left – we who are excluded – are nostalgic paintings by Correggio and Fra Bartolommeo. Or else we have to be rebellious poets and take our head between our hands and break down the pitiless bastion by blows of the skull.

I'm going to see him. The journey lasts nearly two thousand years; I'm joining up as a volunteer in that dead story, in those ashes of ages, solely to meet him. I take on the flesh of as many bodies as necessary to have the body of one of those shepherds, his ears hot from the fire, the wind of Galilee in his hair, the creaking of the steppe beneath his feet, the breadth of his back in the narrow space of the stable, that tumultuous now within the walls of his heart inundated by mystery.

Santucci, Luigi, extract from Wrestling with Christ, translated from the Italian by Bernard Wall. 1972, COLLINS, London



Memories of Country Family Christmases

Winsome Roberts

The first of December. Hurrah - Christmas was coming!

On a farm you live close to the rhythms of life. The days are defined by sunrise and sunset. The weather by the seasons. The raising of livestock and growing of crops witness the cycle of life and death. And the years are governed by daily routines. Moments of mystery, beauty and wonder, certainly, but much of daily life - especially in Mallee country - is silent, isolated, routine and unexceptionally ordinary.

There were birthdays, it is true. But these were low-key affairs. A birthday cake and modest gift, often something useful.

In glorious contrast, stood the annual cycle of festivals: Easter in Autumn; Show Day in Spring; and best of all, in Summer, Christmas!!

Aah the return of those summery, sunny and dusty days, bush flies abuzz. Along the flat open plains, under vast domed skies the echoed hum of harvesters and rumble of trucks carting wheat to the silos. Long days of toil and anxiety but at days' end, relaxation. In the long twilight, as shadows lengthened, adults revived themselves sipping sundowners on the verandah while we children free-wheeled and high-jinxed on the lawn to the flick-flick of the sprinkler. In the air, the imminence of the Christmas season.

At school: the crescendo of end of year entertainments, school reports, allocation of next year's class and the coveted book list.

At home: a flurry of preparations. The Argonauts radio session abandoned for piano practice of carols. Homework replaced with Christmas projects inspired by crafts and recipes pictured in the Australian Women's Weekly and the English Woman and Home.

My domain was Christmas decorations. The centrepiece was the Christmas Tree of course. Grown in a pot, it was brought from the garden to the lounge room. The boxes of tinsel and multicoloured baubles were retrieved from storage and festooned the tree's branches. A star graced the very top but the terra cotta pot remained bared, awaiting the parcels to be placed underneath.

One year, I decided a creche should also be installed in the lounge room. An assortment of dolls and soft toys were dressed for the occasion (using old tea towels) and grouped in theatrical tableau under the grand piano on a carpet of straw from the hayshed. The centrepiece was a cradled baby doll Jesus with a makeshift angel hovering above. And a star.

Another year, I compiled a Book About Christmas. Inspired by school projects, it consisted of copied entries from the encyclopedia on things such as: the legend of St Nicholas and the origin of the Christmas Tree as well as Christmas poems and Christmas carols, found from an assortment of other books and music sheets. Each of its pages were decorated with sketches or cut outs of Christmas motifs gleaned from magazines and old Christmas Cards. The cover featured a glorious full-page cut-out of a painting of the Nativity. It was summarily appreciated by a wider audience but remained largely unread. Like many projects, the fun was in the doing.

Trips to town took on extra importance for provisions and mail. The car journey itself was entirely predictable. Down the home road, past the dam, over the cattle grid; out to the main gravel road - golden crops waving either side, blue skies shimmering in the heat - through the salt river flat, over the railway crossing, and thence on to the Highway, where speed picked up and the jolting and dust ceased.

Soon, the township. First stop, the Co-op. to pick up the boxes of groceries that had been ordered over the phone. Then, the newsagent for papers and magazines. Hurrah. Occasionally a detour to the Elders dealership to pick up some spare part of machinery. Along the way, passing chit chat with locals: "How're the crops going?" "Think you'll be finished by Christmas?" "Aren't the flies bad, this year ?!" Finally, best of all, the stop off at the Post Office Letterbox for letters, cards and aerograms and at the Counter, brown papered parcels. Oh, the joy anticipating their opening and unwrapping.

Once home, it was all about waiting. Groceries were stored in the pantry. Parcels were placed, still wrapped, around the base of the Christmas tree, in an intriguing pile. Family rules were that they could be squeezed, shook and weighed but they were not to be opened until Christmas Day.

Mail was bundled on the kitchen table for a ceremonial opening, when all next assembled. Then, one by one, the envelopes were opened, the message read aloud - followed by the card or letter being passed around for comment on the news or sentiments contained. The stamps were torn off envelopes to be added to collections and the cards stacked in a pile to be re-read and admired. It was the pictures I really liked. Especially the most exotic and festive. Ones with glittering Christmas trees, fancy snow scenes or gilded stars. I thought the ones of Australian bush scenes very boring and unimaginative. The cards I most admired I'd retrieve late January to paste on brown-papered school books.

There were, of course, our own Christmas mail-outs. Boxes of Christmas cards, stamps and a (home-made) address book were assembled. Aah, the glory of those Christmas card scenes.... the snowmen, the holly and the ivy, the vintage carollers in those quaint English villages. The important choice of which card should be sent to whom. Mother did the writing and addressing, I licked the envelopes and stuck on the stamps.

Special Christmas shopping expeditions were organised too. For me, this required a reckoning with pocket money accrued from chores. I kept this in a box that once stored soaps gifted to my mother. I had turned it into a money box by using a pair of scissors to cut out a slot in which I inserted weekly earnings. It still smelled wonderful and there was a satisfying jingle of coins when you shook it. At Christmas time, the contents were shaken out, counted and transferred to a purse. My grandfather took us children to the local Co-op. for present buying. My earliest gifts, as I remember, were a small China basket bedecked with flower posy and bird (for Mother) and life-like fish salt and pepper shakers (for Father).

Christmas food preparation was thorough-going and ritualised. Food was always plentiful and good. Fresh milk, butter, cream; cracked wheat porridge; home-made jams, preserves and orchard fruit. But Christmas feasting was extra special. The ham was cooked and studded with cloves. Silver coins boiled for adding to the home-made plum sago pudding. The Making of The Christmas Cake was ceremonial too: cherries, sultanas, currants and nuts; eggs, flour, butter and brandy mixed together with final stirs accompanied by silent Christmas wishes. Once baked, its marzipan covering was veneered with a layer of Royal Icing finally festooned with piped rosettes topped by silver cachous. Gift sets of glazed fruits, nuts and nut-crackers were stored in the pantry alongside home-made provender, ready for Christmas Day Feasting.

The passage of each December day of preparation was marked by the eager opening of the flaps of the Advent calendar and this built to a crescendo of anticipation for the opening of that final, largest flap, which heralded Christmas Eve.

Ah, Christmas Eve! Pillow cases were brought out for us children and hung on bedroom door knobs. Dinner proceeded as usual but was followed by everyone circling around the piano to sing Christmas carols, while I haltingly thrummed out the tune. Afterwards, the first slice of Christmas cake was cut and left for Father Christmas on a nest of tables in the lounge room, accompanied by a small glass of Sherry. We children then went to bed while our parents stayed up listening to Handel's Messiah on the record player.

In bed, it was usually hard to sleep. There was the heat, which even a fan blowing couldn't quite dispel, as well as swirling thoughts of the day to come. What was in those parcels under the Tree? What would be left in that pillow case? The grandfather clock ticked on with its sonorous hourly chimes and eventually I would doze off never quite making it to midnight, nor the arrival of Father Christmas.

Christmas Day started with a rush to the pillow case, which hid the one and only present that could be opened straight away. Sometimes there was disappointment: like the year I found a teddy bear, when what I really wanted was a koala bear like the kind I had seen at my cousins' or the year I found a sewing box (how I hated sewing!). But often there was delight: a snow dome rated highly; aged nine, a camera; and the following year, memorably, a small transistor radio - to pack for my first year at boarding school.

The pillow-case opening was followed by a bee-line rush to my brother's and parents'

bedroom to share news of Father Christmas's bounty. After a quick breakfast, all set off to do chores: mother preparing the vegetables for the roast and making sure the frozen turkey was properly defrosted; father off round the sheep checking the water supply. My job was to feed the chooks with the kitchen scraps, change their water bowl and collect the eggs. My brother's was milking the cow, feeding the dogs and unchaining them.

Chores done, this was one of the very few days of the year that meant a full day of leisure and relaxation. It started with phone calls to family and friends in the study, and then we four gathered for morning tea in the lounge room. Hot tea was accompanied by Christmas cake and shortbread. We children sipped lemonade as a special treat in glasses with clinking ice cubes. Christmas carols sang out on the gramophone. Then, Present Opening. We children took turns to take one parcel at a time from under the tree to the recipient on the gift tag. Then, one by one, the gifts were opened, everyone watching the unwrapping with accompanying oohs and aahs. The gifts were predictable: tins of sweets or biscuits (to be eaten over the summer holiday and the tin later used for lunch boxes or storing other home-made goodies); socks; gift sets of soap and talcum powder; handkerchiefs; and note paper. Books. Once, oh joy, a writing set and another time a diary that had its own little lock.

As the Tree's booty was stripped, each of us had a pile of gifts by our chair, one of wrappings and another of gift tags. The wrappings were carefully folded and placed in the pantry for recycling and the gift tags kept by each for the purpose of correctly identifying the giver for later Thank You notes and letters.

On, then, to Preparing Christmas Lunch. Mother, with her apron on, tended the basting of the roast, the making of the gravy, the boiling of the pudding, perspiration beading her forehead - the heat of the day made hotter by the hours of cooking. Father started on carving the turkey and getting drinks a-ready.

My job was to set the table in the dining room with the best dinner set, best crystal glasses and best linen serviettes. Place mats and coasters added over the lace tablecloth; the centrepiece, fresh roses from the garden. The final touch, and best of all, Christmas Crackers taken from their box and placed on each plate - a rainbow of coloured crepe and decoupage figures.

By 1pm all were seated. Lunch could begin. After Grace, glasses of sparkling Burgundy and of lemonade were lifted to toast absent loved ones. Next: the pulling and opening of the Christmas crackers - novelty trinkets tumbling out alongside paper hats and jokes. Once the paper crowns were ensconced on heads and jokes shared, the feasting began. Laden plates from the kitchen were brought in and the gravy boat ceremoniously passed around to sauce the turkey, roast vegetables and clove-studded ham. After a pause: the Christmas Pudding! Presented aflame with burning brandy, it was sliced and each plate topped with ice-cream, cream and brandy sauce; hidden in each serving, coveted silver coins.

At meals end, everyone retreated for an afternoon nap. Afterwards, the joy of languorous

pursuits. Perhaps starting on a book; playing a card game, re-reading letters, ambling around the garden and so forth. Later on, after chores, dinner would be served - cold meats and a salad of sliced lettuce and tomato with a lemon cream sauce. Lemonade and shandies for treats. Ice-cream and fruit salad for afters.

At twilight, as the day cooled, we gathered as usual on the verandah, sipping iced drinks, looking out over the garden to the paddocks bare but golden in the dusty sunlight, shadows lengthening over the lawn, the birds twittering along the eaves.

Gradually the stars would come out, conversation would drift and dwindle interspersed by the bark of distant dogs echoing along the night air, the thrum of the frogs from the dam and occasionally, the high-pitched drone of all too close mozzie. The dizzy perfume of the honeysuckle. The silvered moon shadows.

Eventually night time torpor would presage sleep. The everyday world was returning. The magical Sugar Plum fantasy of Christmas was fading. Soon enough we would wake to the North wind tossing the leaves and the dust blowing across the grey paddocks, the grass in the yard, quite brown.

Nonetheless the sense of abundance and blessing of a family Christmas, the sense of reverence for the miracle of Christmas itself, would continue to leaven the seeming ordinariness of everyday life. Sacred in memory, the very Spirit of Christmas would prompt gratitude, inspire new quests and fortify faith to deal with whatever lay ahead.

Winsome

November 2022



Musings on “Messiah”

Christine Storey

For most of my childhood, Christmas Day was the same wonderful day year after year. The day started around 6am when my father (yes this is absolutely correct!) excitedly leapt out of bed to wake us four children so we could open our presents before we went to 8am church. After church we would be joined for a buffet breakfast by another family who had no relatives in Melbourne, and this would be when the 78’s would start to be loaded on to our record player, and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting Handel’s Messiah would play until we sat down to Christmas lunch. My father, with his powerful bass baritone voice would sing along to the rousing choruses, that he and my mother had sung together at Sunday School Anniversaries and in other massed choirs in their younger years.

As I was writing this, I had a more careful look at my mother's well used and rather battered edition of "Messiah". Inside the fly leaf was an Order of Service from a Community Christmas Service held at the Woodville Town Hall (in Adelaide) on Sunday 20th December 1942. The Service began with the National Anthem, followed by a Christmas Message and communal singing of "O Come All Ye Faithful", then followed a performance of "Messiah" with piano accompaniment. The Service concluded with The Benediction. My mother had clearly sung in the 250 strong chorus at this event as in the Order of Service the page numbers were written against the listed choruses which they sang. Despite having acclaimed soloists, given the solemnity of the times (in the middle of World War 2) the audience was instructed to refrain from applause.

It is likely that my father also sang in the choir with her, however the reason for my uncertainty, is that just 8 days later, on my mother's 20th birthday, he telephoned her to say that he had received his overseas posting with the RAAF. Although my father was unable to tell my mother where he had been posted, he told her that "he would give her love to Lloyd" an old family friend already stationed with the RAAF in the UK. They were also expecting their first child. This was not one of the happiest birthdays for my mother, as she realised that my father would be on the other side of the world when their first baby was born!

Returning to family Christmas Days in the late 1950's and 1960's, as children we were pretty unimpressed by this music and were somewhat bemused that it meant so much to our father, but he was totally undeterred by our teasing and disparaging remarks. In retrospect, I really admire my parents' patience with us children, as they realised how could we possibly understand what their personal associations with "Messiah" were. With the last record of Messiah played, Christmas lunch would follow with our parents and four children sitting around our dining room table. My mother's Christmas fare was always delicious, accompanied by much laughter and chatter.

In 1977 Elsdon, my father and I auditioned for the chorus of "Messiah" to sing under George Logie Smith's baton with the Astra Choir, for his farewell concert with the Astra Choir, just before Christmas that year. It proved to be one of life's highlights for me! After all the years of being so disrespectful about this transcending oratorio, George Logie-Smith's interpretation returning to the drama and agility of Handel's times, and his insistence on clear and sensitive diction, I was able to start to appreciate the power and the wonder of this greatly loved and enduring oratorio. The music critic of the day John Sinclair described George Logie-Smith's conducting, with regard to his choices of tempi and dynamics, as very expressive and intelligently directed.

Lastly, to reflect on how "Messiah" came to be - the libretto of Messiah was written by a devout Anglican Charles Jennens, who was also a great admirer and patron of Handel. Jennens wrote the libretto to acclaim the "Mystery of Godliness". to convey the wonder, glory and awe of "Messiah" and His spiritual connection with his people. Contemporaneous

musicologist Watkins Shaw described “Messiah” as “a meditation of our Lord as Messiah (meaning the Anointed One in Hebrew”, and in the Christian context as the saviour of mankind) in Christian thought and belief”. Such an approach to the libretto of an oratorio was quite at variance with other Handel Oratorio’s which were essentially biblical accounts following the form and structure of Italian Opera (“opera seria”) at the time. Messiah was first performed in Dublin 1742, and has been performed in part or as a whole on innumerable occasions, world over, for 280 years.

Clearly this oratorio has endured, raising the question, why? This Christmas, we once again celebrate the birth of our Messiah, and His gift of love for us all - the best “good news story” of all time! But what is the essence of this story? “Messiah” opens with the tenor recitative “Comfort ye”. A little later comes the chorus “For unto us a child is born.... He shall be called wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.” Another chorus “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill towards men”. Then the opening of Part 2 begins with the chorus “Behold the lamb of God, that takes away the sin of the world” followed by the contralto aria “He was rejected, a man of sorrows acquainted with grief,” followed by the chorus “Surely He has born our grief and carried our sorrows.” The very much loved and uplifting Hallelujah chorus concludes Part 2. Part 3 concludes with the chorus “Worthy is the lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour and glory, and blessing. Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.”

Handel’s extraordinary score reflects the spirit and emotion of these words, and whether performed by internationally acclaimed musicians or by those in the humblest parish church, this work takes us on a transcending journey of comfort, peace and hope, as generation by generation faces a broken world, which continues to “despise and reject” the “Messiah”.



A homily preached for the Patronal Festival at St Mary’s North Melbourne

Sunday, the 14th of August, 2022

by Fr Luke Hopkins

+ In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

In Lewis Carroll’s novel ‘Through the Looking Glass’, the heroine Alice encounters the White Queen in a wood. During their conversation, after Alice says that she is seven and a half, the Queen replies that she is one hundred and one years old, five months and day. `I

can't believe that!' says Alice. 'Can't you?' the Queen replies in a pitying tone. 'Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes.' Alice laughs. 'There's no use trying,' she says: 'one CAN'T believe impossible things.' 'I daresay you haven't had much practice,' answers the Queen. 'When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast'.

There are Christians today who take a similar view of the virgin birth and the figure of Saint Mary. To them, the idea of the virgin birth is a relic of bygone days when people were simpler, superstitious and apparently found it easier to believe in impossible things. We can handle many of the other ideas that our spiritual ancestors did, but for some the virgin birth stretches credulity too far.

The trouble starts when we take this one line in the creed or this idea of a virgin birth in isolation. The theologian Ben Myers compares it to finding a bicycle chain if had never seen a bike.¹ Anyone would likely struggle to make sense of this strange object. To understand it, Myers writes, one has to see it in its proper context. It's the much the same, Myers believes, with the virgin birth. If we take it in isolation, we might conclude that it's just a spectacular miracle or even a logical absurdity. And it becomes a matter of either blind acceptance or sheer effort to believe it – as if saying that Christian faith is the same as trying to believe six impossible things before breakfast.

To understand who Mary is and to understand the virgin birth we need to grasp how it fits into the whole story of Scripture – a story in which miraculous births play a starring role.

If we were to turn to the book of Genesis, we hear of the stories of Abraham and Sarah, the stories that begin God's plan of salvation for the whole world which starts with a single family. Divine messengers tell Abraham and Sarah in their advanced old age that they are going to conceive and have a child. Not only that, they are told it will be the start of a enormous family beyond count like the stars in the night sky. Sarah laughs at the promise. Later, when Sarah indeed does give birth, the child is named 'Laughter' (which is the meaning behind 'Isaac'). Sarah can hardly believe her own body: and yet its true. She has given birth to what was promised.

The next great turning point in Israel's story is the arrival of Moses. Although Moses conception and birth are not miraculous, his infancy marked by a miraculous escape from danger. He is snatched away from the murderous hand of Pharaoh and adopted by an Egyptian princess who then appoints Moses' real biological mother as his nursemaid. The whole story portrays an amazing providential design by which Moses is spared. All this is

¹ I am very much indebted to Dr Ben Myers for much of the information in this sermon and highly recommend his excellent little book *The Apostles' Creed: A Guide to the Ancient Catechism* (2018) for further reading.

meant to anticipate the great miracle to come when God delivers the people of Israel from slavery.

When Israel has come to the promised land, before the establishment of the monarchy, God raised up particular leaders (called judges) to guide the people. One of the greatest of these judges is Samson and his story begins with another miraculous birth. Samson's mother is barren, but she is visited by an angel who tells her that she will give birth to one who will triumph over their tribal enemies.

After the age of the judges, comes the time of the prophets and kings. That era begins with the miraculous birth of Samuel whose mother Hannah is also barren and her life made a living hell because of it. In answer to her prayer, Hannah becomes miraculously pregnant and her child Samuel becomes the prophet who anoints the first kings of Israel. With Samuel, a line of Hebrew prophets comes into being.

That is how it goes in the Old Testament: at the great turning points of history, we find a woman, often unable to conceive by normal means, who becomes pregnant, and an infant child brought into the world by the powerful promise of God. Israel's story is a story of miraculous births, amazing promises and wonderful women.

Later in their history, the people of Israel were taken from the promised land and led away into captivity in Babylon. It was the darkest hour of their history. Out of the depths of their despair, the promise of God was heard again through the prophet Isaiah. The prophet compared the coming deliverance to the joy of a miraculous pregnancy.

Throughout their history, God's overarching plan is to bring blessing to all the nations through the descendants of Abraham. If ever the Hebrew women ceased to bear children, the promise would have failed: the whole world would be lost. Pregnancy and childbirth are the very real means by which God's promise makes its way through the crooked course of human history. Every newborn child is a reminder of the promise. Every male child was circumcised – a potent reminder that their bodies were not merely their own but were playing a role in a bigger story.

Against all this backdrop it is perhaps no longer a surprise to find that Israel's deliverer, the Messiah, enters the world by means of a miraculous birth. In Luke's gospel, we don't even meet Mary before we've met Elizabeth – another barren woman, who like Samson's mother, receives a promise that the child she is now going to give birth to is going to play a vital role in the salvation of the world.

After Elizabeth becomes pregnant, we meet her cousin Mary. An angel tells her that she too will miraculously conceive and that her child will be the fulfillment of all God's promises to Israel. The remarkable teenager responds with simple trust and humility. She says let it be. Let it be. The joy of her Magnificat is the same joy that made Sarah laugh after she gives birth to Isaac. It is same joy that wiped away Hannah's tears when she gave birth to

Samuel. Israel's joy is the joy of God's promises continuously fulfilled. The joy of salvation all summed up in the startling experience of the birth of a miraculous child.

The confession that Jesus Christ is born of a virgin isn't just a bit of theological eccentricity. It's not a random miracle story. It isn't the inclusion of a pagan origin story or bit of mythologising hero worship. It's a reminder that our faith has deep roots in Israel's story and scriptures. The coming of a Saviour wasn't just a whole new thing. It was the culmination of the whole great story of God's loving faithfulness to the people of Israel. When we confess in the Creed that Jesus is 'born of the virgin Mary', we see him (and her) silhouetted against the backdrop of God's promises to Abraham, the exodus from Egypt, the rule of judges, the coming of prophets and kings, and the promised deliverance from exile.

God's presence filled the Temple in Jerusalem when it was consecrated and then later left the Temple before the city was destroyed by the Babylonians and the people taken away into exile. It is God's own self, which filled the temple, that fills Mary. She becomes like a new Ark of the Covenant. Like a new Temple. We rightly call her *Theotokos* – Mother of God – for that is who she gives birth to. She shows that the meaning of history is not power and empire, but promise and trust. The secret of history is revealed when a young woman, insignificant in the eyes of the world, responds in joy to God's promise and bears that promise into the world in her own body. And that was only the beginning.

Today in the life of the Church we celebrate the Virgin Mary, a teenager who was asked to bear God into the world. Mary is the first witness to the Incarnation. She is a model of faith – God being born within us and opening up new worlds of possibility. For those looking for an example of what is to be Christian – she is there. For those looking for someone to pray for them – she is there. For those looking for a mother to care for them – she is there.

She, who we can indeed say is most blessed of all women, points us to her son and says "Let it be."

Let it be. Those words of Mary, taken into a Beatles song. If you find yourself tired, if you find yourself alone, if you feel like giving up, if you feel weighed down by grief or guilt, if you need a prayer or just someone to be there, Mother Mary comes to us. Her simple words remind us to trust in God's promise and to look to her Son, who is our Light and our Salvation. Mary points us to her son and says "Let it be."

+ In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Saint Francis' Day 2022

Andrea O'Donoghue

St Francis' Day is a very special event in St Mary's Calendar, when even more very well-behaved animals than usual grace our pews.

Thanks to Andrea O'Donoghue for contributing these lovely photos of the Blessing of the Pets (some of them, anyway).







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Letter to Benetas Anglican Aged Care

Heather Harper

To whom it may concern

I am a member of St Mary's Anglican Church North Melbourne. For the last ten years I have lived in an Aged Care Facility (ACF), close to but not within the community I spent my adult life in. My nursing "home" is now on the market. The idea of change is often threatening for elderly folk. After weeks of thought and prayer, I have reached some conclusions that I wish to share with Benetas. I will never achieve the knowledge or experience you people have in Aged Care, but believe good ideas can lead to big things, given the right opportunity.

A few simple background facts:

1. Every suburb needs Aged Care options.
2. Nth Melbourne has none, despite the considerable population growth and high number of Public Housing units for elderly folk in the suburb.
3. St Mary's is unusual, few of the congregation are locals. its ministry is not well known in the local community.
- 4 There are a number of buildings on its site besides the beautiful Church, all well maintained and efficiently used.
5. The exception to this is a large empty building originally providing accommodation for GFS members moving to the city.

Considering the above facts, it is easy to conclude that St Mary's would be an excellent site for an ACF, to be built. A refit or complete rebuild of this unused building in a very prominent position next to the church and owned by the dioceses. Is a perfect position, no outlay for the site and adjacent to the best neighbor possible for elderly residents, the Church kindergarten. Construction of this facility would be much welcomed in North Melbourne. St Mary's would develop a significant outreach role in addition to its well-known expertise in preaching and music. Many local residents would find employment in this caring community.

I need to add that this idea and this letter are solely my work. The concept was shared with half a dozen parishioners who approved of the suggestion but feared the enormity of it.

I would really like a chance to speak to the appropriate person at Benetas to gain a deeper understanding of how these things could work.

Sincerely,

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Scratching at the Door

Duncan Reid

For the past thirty plus years I've kept a dream diary. My attention to it has been admittedly sporadic, but recently I've had occasion to re-read it from the start, and I've been both surprised and disturbed by the themes that have repeated themselves over the years. If dreams are 'God's forgotten language' as the American Episcopalian priest John Sanford suggests in the subtitle to his book,² then the good Lord seems to have been telling me some things for a very long time and I haven't been listening at all well: God's angels, as Leonard Cohen puts it, have been 'panting/ and scratching at the door to come in'.³ I'm not about to tell you my dreams, but I do urge you to listen to yours.

Sanford's interest lies clearly in the significance of dreams within the Jewish and Christian biblical traditions. His book borrows from the psychological work of C.G. Jung (1875 – 1961), whose earliest writing on dreams appeared in 1916, both building on and reacting against Freud's (1856 – 1939) 1899 foray into the interpretation of dreams. Sanford's primary interest, however, is not psychology but theology: not only what dreams might say about our inner selves, but what they might be saying about ourselves in relation to God. Sanford is also concerned to lead us into a deeper and more nuanced reading of some of the biblical texts. As well as the importance given to dreams in the stories of both the biblical Josephs, for example, and of Daniel and others, Sanford also notes the dreamlike quality of a great many biblical passages: the Adam and Eve story, the experiences of some of the prophets, the transfiguration, the conversion of Paul, and the whole book of Revelation. In doing so he underlines the close relationship between dreams and visions – their difference lying largely in the degree to which wakeful consciousness is involved. Both are to be received as messages from God, and we ignore them at our peril. The trouble is that we don't always remember our dreams, unless we make the effort to write them down, or record them in some other way, as soon as possible after waking to what counts as 'normal' consciousness.

An earlier writer who shares Sanford's primary concern with the spiritual aspects of dreams is the Russian Orthodox priest Pavel Florensky (1882 – 1937). Although a contemporary, he makes no reference to Jung in his 1922 book *Iconostasis*.⁴ And though he almost certainly knew of Freud, Florensky feels no need to react against him: he simply ignores Freud. Florensky was also a physicist, and his chapter on dreams makes veiled allusions to Einstein's at the time relatively new theory of relativity.

Some of what Florensky has to say is best encapsulated in his own words:

² <https://genius.com/Leonard-cohen-amen-lyrics> (accessed 24.10.2022)

³ John A. Sanford, *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language* (New York: Harper Collins, 1968)

⁴ Pavel Florensky, *Iconostasis*, transl. D. Sheehan and O. Andrejev (Crestwood: St Vladimir's, 1996).

A dreamer passes into another system, another dimension, another measure wherein time is understood and experienced in ways completely unlike the ways of time in the visible world.... (p. 34).

Time, the dreamer's time, compared to time in the visible world, runs at infinite speed... (it is) the time that turns inside out, the time that flows backward ... from future to past, from effects to causes (p. 35).

Florensky illustrates this point with a number of examples. In one, the extended series of events in a dream culminates in a pistol shot (he designates this point in time as Ω), at which moment the dreamer wakes up, and realises she has been wakened by someone slamming a door somewhere else in the house (and this point can be called X). Have the events in the dream, experienced in an extended dream narrative, caused the door to be slammed? Hardly, and yet this point X was the real, matter of fact, cause of the end of the dream: 'Taken together, we can see that Ω and X almost perfectly coincide in such a way that the dreamed-content and the wakened cause are one and the same. This coincidence is usually so exact,' he continues, 'that we never even wonder about the relation of X and Ω ' (p. 36). Further:

A dream is unquestionably a complete truth, a self-enclosed coherence, in which the *denouement* is predetermined from the very start in such a way that we may say that the end determined both the beginning and everything that occurs between the beginning and the end (pp. 38).

Florensky goes on from this to argue that 'dreams are images that separate the visible world from the invisible - and at the same time join them' (p. 42):

A dream is therefore pure meaning wrapped in the thinnest membrane of materiality.... The common limit of both the sequence of earthly states and the sequence of heavenly states, the boundary where the final determinations of earth meet the increasing densifications of heaven (p. 43).

I find myself wondering at this point if C.S. Lewis had read this passage before writing *The Great Divorce* with its picture of heaven as something far more substantial than anything on earth, or Hannah Kent before she wrote *The Good People* with its evocative description of the eve of All Saints' in 19th century Killarney, when the visible and the invisible are separated by the thinnest of membranes (pp. 48ff). Although Florensky has no patience with 'the triviality of scariness' (p. 53) that can be drummed up by such associations (and I wonder how he'd feel about our commercialised *faux* scariness around Hallow E'en), he also counsels against the risks of investigating our dreams unprepared or unguided.

Florensky's book, like Sanford's, is directed to what we might call the spirituality of dreams. Unlike Sanford's book, however, Florensky's reflections on dreams are also directed to

another purpose: a theological aesthetics, or if you like, a theology of things perceptible (from *aisthanomai*, to perceive with the physical senses). It is here that dream theory serves as Florensky's spring-board into aesthetics: 'art is thus materialized dream, separated from the ordinary consciousness of waking life' (p. 44). And we could continue with him along this track – another time maybe.

Our typical Aussie cynicism about anything we see as wishful thinking is misleadingly encapsulated in the popular retort 'in yer dree-ams!' The implication is that dreams are both trivial and disconnected from reality. Nothing could be further from the truth – at the very least our dreams can tell us what we need to hear from the depths of our inner life. But more than that, they may just be the voices of the angels, scratching at the door to come in.



Mikhail Nesterov's 1917 painting The Philosophers, showing Florensky (in white cassock) and Sergius Bulgakov

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Dr Terry A. Cutler *April 16, 1948-July 3, 2020*

A passionate contributor publicly and privately

Ewan Ogilvy

In September 2020, *The Age* published a wonderful tribute from Terry Cutler's former colleagues Mark Burry, Terry Healy and Tom Spurling, from the Swinburne University of Technology. This tribute began with the following reflection:

Terrence Austin Cutler made contributions to Australian public policy across extraordinarily wide areas – the arts, telecommunications, science and innovation and design. He was particularly interested in the connections between all these areas of thought.

In this brief reflection, it is appropriate to draw heavily upon the thoughts of people who knew Terry well, and Terry's own published work. For space reasons, the following extracts highlight just some of Terry's extraordinary contributions to society.

Mark Burry and colleagues gave particular attention to Terry's contribution to the CSIRO, one of Australia's most important research organisations. In Mark's words:

Terry was appointed to the board of CSIRO in July 2002 and served until June 2012. He was deputy chairman from 2009 to 2012. Terry revelled in his role as chairman of the CSIRO board commercial committee (BCC) from November 2005 to June 2012. The role combined his interests in public policy, good business practice and solid corporate governance. His term as chairman of the BCC also coincided with CSIRO's biggest involvement in international patent litigation: the Wi-Fi case.

Terry enjoyed being locked in battle over many years with the biggest technology companies in the world, with legal proceedings running concurrently in several jurisdictions in the US, Japan, Germany and Australia. At the same time, he was a deeply caring person, always watching over and supporting the lawyers and other staff who were managing the complexities of high stakes, multi-jurisdictional litigation. CSIRO's success in the litigation owed much to his close attention, perceptive comments and personal warmth.

In Terry's own reflections upon Barack Obama's "Change Agenda" [an action agenda developed by the team in waiting] Terry highlights key elements of effective public policy:

Three features of this agenda are especially noteworthy. First, this is an holistic, coherent whole of government framework where actions in one area reinforce aspirations in another.

Second, this is a forward-looking agenda, where the crisis responses to recession are pitched within a longer term view of the need to "build a 21st century economy" and to invest in jobs, skills and industries which can rebuild America's global leadership. There

is a strong "we can walk and chew gum" flavour to the whole package. An example is Obama's already announced move to use the regulatory lever of fleet emission standards as one means to drive change - and competitiveness - in the auto industry as well as promoting cleaner energy. The mission to make the US a leader on climate change is thus linked to plans to create millions of "new green jobs" and to "jumpstart job creation". In the context of the worldwide concern about rising unemployment, Obama's agenda goes beyond simply preserving jobs to focus on new and sustainable jobs.

Third, the action agenda constitutes a strong national innovation agenda. Having chaired last year's innovation review in Australia I'd homed in on what whitehouse.gov says about Obama's innovation agenda.

Although much of Terry's work focussed upon his contributions to public policy [through his active membership of key government advisory committees], Terry's colleagues from Swinburne have also highlighted his significant contribution to the cultural life of Australia:

His passion and commitment to the arts extended to music, cinema, performing arts, design, and architecture, with many outstanding contributions at board level. Among his principal commitments can be listed his presidency of the Australian Centre for the Moving Image from 2002 to 2005, chair of the Australia Council from 2001-2002, having previously chaired its new media arts board. Prior to these engagements he had served as a director of Cinemedia, Film Victoria, Opera Australia, the Council of the Victorian College of the Arts, the Melbourne-based contemporary dance company Chunky Move and the Library Board of Victoria. In his words, the arts "provide a safe place for personal and collective exploration, speculation and questioning as well as, of course, their role in affirming human values and holding up a mirror for us to better understand who and what we are, or might become".

Terry's important contributions to our parish community should not go unnoticed. I became aware of Terry's interest in First Nations art works when he donated a significant painting to the parish. I also understand that vestry members were able, on occasions, to meet in Terry's meticulously renovated heritage terrace in Leveson Street, North Melbourne.

Given that the parish has been the recipient of a generous bequest from Terry's estate, it is my hope that the Parish will be able to celebrate Terry's extraordinary contributions to Australian society in ways that reflect the breadth of his concerns. Those concerns included major contributions to the arts, science, media and innovation. Perhaps an edited collection of his writing, a special concert [or oration] in addition to works of a more physical nature should be discussed with his former colleagues and family.

Ewan Ogilvy – November 2022

Sources

- Dr Terrence Cutler [29 Jan 2009] "Obama's innovation agenda", *Business Spectator*

- Dr Terrence Cutler [c. 2020] Personal Profile – Dr Terry Cutler, Principal.- Cutler and Company [company website <https://cutlerco.com.au/>]
- Mark Burry, Terry Healy and Tom Spurling, of Swinburne University of Technology [4 Sept. 2020] “A passionate contributor publicly and privately.- **Dr Terry A. Cutler** April 16, 1948-July 3, 2020” [Tribute first published online by *The Age*, and subsequently republished by the CSIRO [Terry Cutler \[1948-2020\] – CSIROpedia](#)]

Michael Golding adds:

The Editor has asked me to add something about the generous bequest to which Ewan refers and about the other donations that Terry made during his lifetime.

Terry left St Mary’s half of his residuary estate (about \$900,000) “to be used for the restoration and maintenance of the Church”. It was Terry’s hope that these funds could be used to build the tower envisaged when the Church was first designed but the bequest fell well short of what was needed. The Parish is therefore working with Terry’s family to initiate a series of projects to honour Terry and, as the Will stipulates, his grandmother, Ruby Grace Cox. Subject to all necessary approvals being obtained, these are likely to include a stained glass window and some landscaping in addition to the replacement of the roof above the organ and some painting and repair work.

During his life, in addition to his regular giving, Terry also donated five timber pews and two fine oil paintings: “Into the Unknown” by Patrick Butcher (hung in the narthex) and “Warlu Jukurrpa - Fire Dreaming 2005” by Paddy Sims (hung in the Baptistry). As Ewan also mentions, Terry made his home available for a Vestry Planning Day and provided first class catering at his own expense. I am sure that Terry was also responsible for other generous gifts and acts of kindness which have not been listed.



Leveson Street, North Melbourne – Cutler & Company

The Real Salamanca Place

Father Jan Joustra

Over the last few months, I have had the great privilege of going on Long Service Leave, which was a great time of reflection and refreshment for me. The highlight of this trip was most certainly visiting the ancient university city of Salamanca in Spain. I was unaware of just how beautiful this city is and of how ancient and important the University is.

Like many of the English universities, Salamanca began as a church institution, that is, as a school attached to the cathedral in 1130. In 1218 King Alphonso IX of Leon gave the University its charter and it has operated since that time. In Spain, Salamanca is often referred to as the golden city because of its beautiful golden sandstone construction. This sandstone is soft enough to be carved into the most intricate patterns and sculptures and holding these designs for centuries because of the dry climate of the area.

We travelled there by bus from Lisbon in Portugal, a seven hour trip and, after a short stop in Cuidad Rodrigo, another beautiful town, arrived in Salamanca in the evening. Salamanca is now quite a sprawling city, with much of the university spread in surrounding districts as it is now too vast to be contained in the old city. Nevertheless, much of the old city is full of university buildings still used for that purpose and for the ancient ceremonies of the institution.

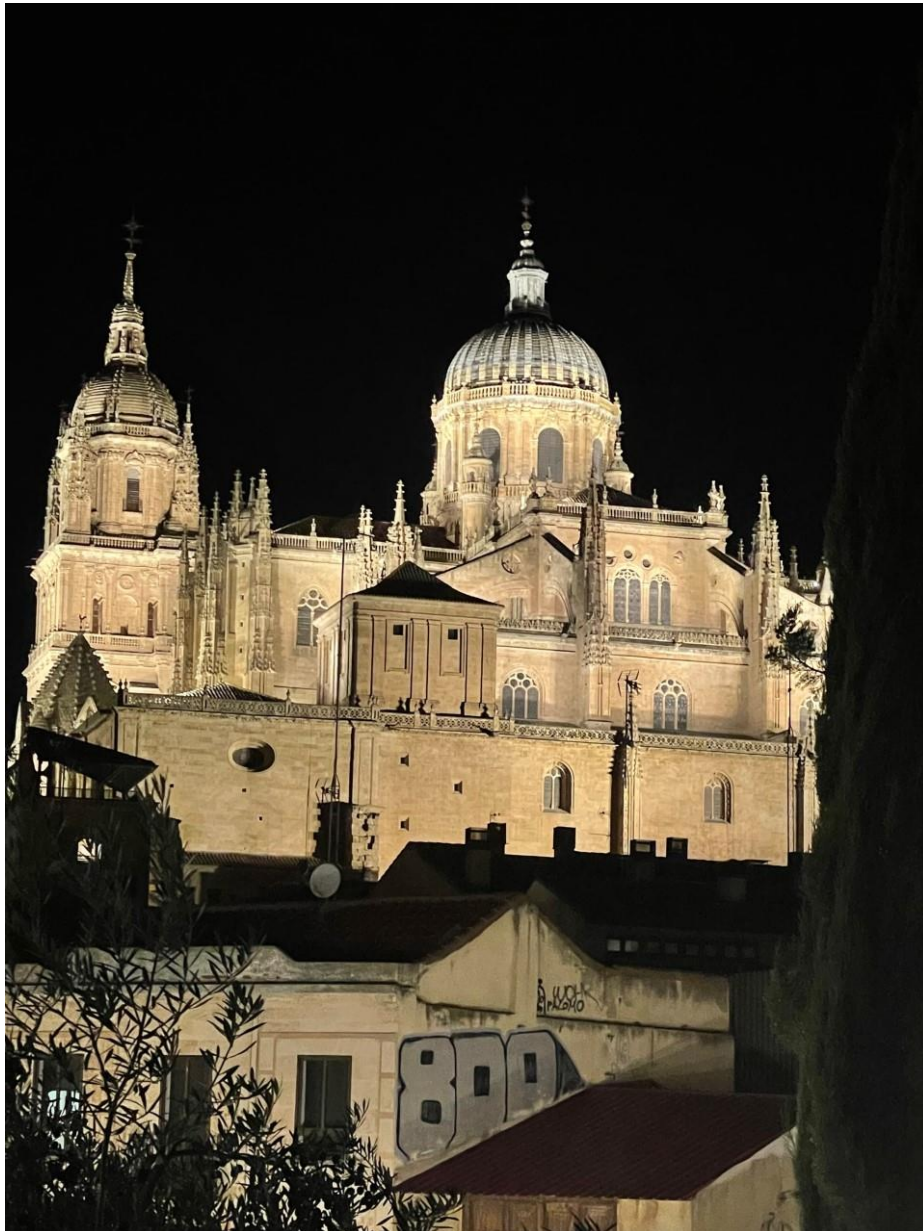
By the time we arrived in Salamanca it was dark, but as we approached it was possible to sense just how special the old city was. As soon as we arrived, I went to my room in an old Dominican Monastery now used as a Paradore, and opened the heavy wooden shutters, I had a sharp intake of breath because there before me was the magnificent cathedral illuminated and perching on top of the nearby hill. It was as if I were in a fairy tale.

As soon as I could, I went out to explore and I wasn't for a moment disappointed. By the time I made it up the hill the streets were emptying of shoppers and restaurant goers and I had it nearly all to myself. After about 30 minutes of walking around in pure delight and taking lots of photos, I came to the central square. I was totally unaware of its existence or its beauty until I walked in and gasped. There was a complete city square of the most beautiful elegant terraces that I had ever seen. The Circus in Bath, which I had seen only three weeks before, was gorgeous, but Plaza Major in Salamanca was ten times as good. Four stories high, with exquisite central buildings on each side looking somewhat like Versailles, I had never seen anything as beautiful.

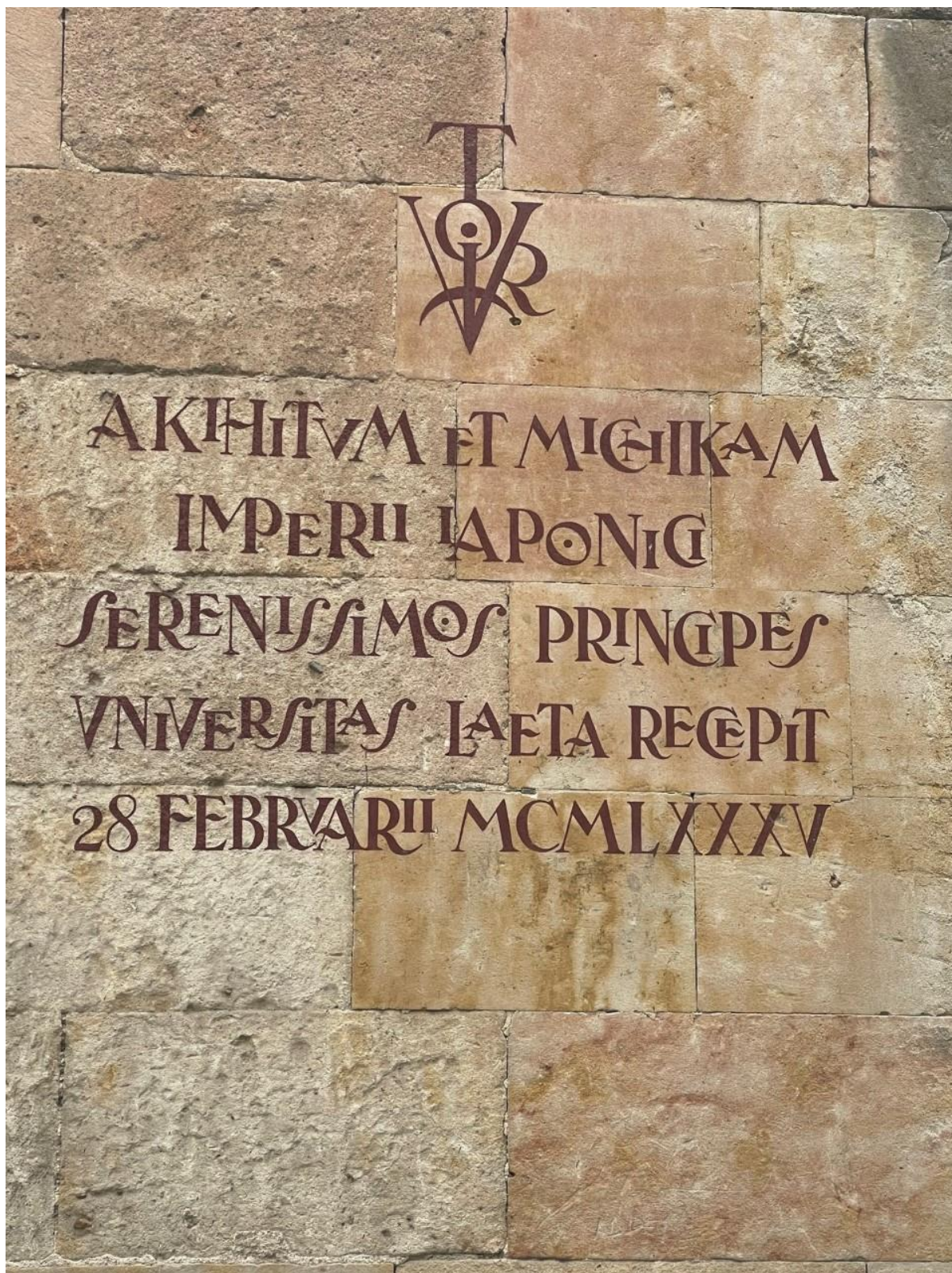
The next day we were given a walking tour of the city, which was full of facts and strong opinions, but this didn't compare in any way with the magic that was Salamanca by night. In

the daylight it became apparent that many of the stone buildings were covered in ancient graffiti. Our tour guide explained that they were painted on behalf of graduates over many centuries. To complete a degree, it was also necessary to fight and kill a bull. The honours of the new graduate were painted on the city walls in the bull's blood. New graduates no longer celebrated in this way but the practice continues in part to commemorate the visits of foreign dignitaries, such as the Emperor of Japan.

I look forward to visiting this wonderful place again in the near future.







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Disability and Inclusion

Josie Snowdon

St Mary's Parish, like others, responds to questions relating to disability and inclusion. One parishioner Josephine Snowdon, writes:

“As you know I have always been strong in the area of inclusion and would like to be active and helpful in discussions in this area as part of the Mission Action Plan.

I am of the belief we need to make the adjustments to our physical environment to allow people with disability not be excluded, and some funds to this needed to be earmarked.”

Josie has several suggestions for things which could be done around the parish premises. It is sure that other parishioners will see needs too, and these can be brought to the notice of Parish Council.

In a wider vein, Josie notes that she has an article entitled – *Making Spiritual Sense of Disability: Exploring the Spiritual and Relational Significance of “Felt-Sense” for Adults and Children with “Diffabilities”* which is published in the HSCC Health and Social Care Chaplaincy journal *Equinox* in its 2016 edition [HSCC 4.2 (2016) 225-236]

This copyright journal is accessible online at the site

<https://journal.equinoxpub.com/HSCC/>

The abstract for Josie's article reads:

Abstract: An earlier version of this article was presented at the Spiritual Care Australia National Conference held in Melbourne in 2016. The article explores the spiritual and relational significance of “felt sense” for children with special needs or “diffabilities” (Dubbeld 2015) in the context of Christian worship. “Diffabilities” is short for different abilities. There are three key areas used in this reflective article: (i) work by the Australian researcher, Hyde (2008) on the “felt sense” with regard to Christian understanding of spirituality and children; (ii) a neurophysiological perspective, the science of sensory integration in relationship to sensory processing difficulties (Kranowitz 1998) in children with “diffabilities”; (iii) and spirituality or the “multifaceted living of faith” (Schnieders 2003) in Christian worship for children with “diffabilities” whose experience and processing of sensory stimuli is significantly different to that of other children.

Keywords: Children; diffabilities; disability; religion; sensory processing; special needs; spirituality; worship.

Nikolaus, a proselyte from Antioch

Geoff Jenkins

At ancient Aphrodisias in Asia Minor, in the west of modern Turkey, were found a large number of inscriptions in Greek and Latin. In fact these inscriptions have been known for centuries, and in one sense were not strictly speaking 'found', for they were originally carved into the beautiful white stone quarried locally and the building stones were reused again and again. Fragments of original inscriptions can be seen on any standing wall in the city.

Archaeological excavation has been undertaken in recent decades, and many new inscriptions have come to light. There is a splendid online publication commencing in 2007: <https://insaph.kcl.ac.uk/insaph/iaph2007/>

Among the many rather magnificent inscriptions from Aphrodisias is a splendid one in Greek which on both of its inscribed faces makes explicit reference to Godfearers and proselytes. There seems to be no way to avoid the conclusion that a local Jewish community established the institution which the inscription commemorates.

This is a roundabout way of raising the issue that the inscription is not connected directly with a synagogue building, as one might perhaps expect. Consider the Theodotus inscription from Jerusalem. There is no doubt that synagogue buildings are there dedicated, whereas our Aphrodisias inscription, also in Greek, is dealing with something else.

Let's examine it, in translation and by excerpt, because it is quite long, to see what we might learn from it regarding Jewish life in Aphrodisias in the Third Century, which seems to be its likely date.

God, help, for the bowl [...] the below listed (members) of the decany of the learned (men), the also all-blessing, towards the relief of misfortune for the multitude, set up the monument with their own (funds).

Jael, the president, with the son Hilarianos Samuel head of the decany, a proselyte, Iose, son of Iesseos, Benjamin, psalm-singer?

Ioses, a proselyte, Emmonios, a god-fearer, Joseph, son of Eusebios, a proselyte Samuel, the old man from Perge. And as many (as are) Godfearers: Zenon, councillor,....Gorgonios, bronze-smith, Hortasios, stone-cutter? Adolios, mince-meat maker, Prokopios, banker, Stratonikos, fuller,

The building or institution commemorated by this inscription is referred to by the Latin word *patella*, which basically means "bowl", though it may also refer to various objects, such as for example the kneecap, which are shaped like a bowl. A large number of individuals are mentioned by name and in some cases also by occupation.

Note for example Adolios, "mince-meat maker". I find myself returning to this phrase often, for it sounds incongruous in a Jewish inscription. As we know from our own day, it is hard to be sure what meat has gone into a sausage. Surely the Jewish community of Aphrodisias would have been unsure about Adolios, whose name by the way seems to mean "Not-tricky"! But of course this text need not imply that Jews of Aphrodisias bought their meat from Adolios. Rather, Adolios was engaged with the community as a supporter of the enterprise. The inscription mentions two lists in fact, first the *decany*, or group of ten elders (as we might say), and a second list of Godfearers. It is striking, though surely not unexpected, that Godfearers are distinguished throughout from proselytes, and that members of the *decany* may be Jews, proselytes or Godfearers, but that the list of Godfearers contains no demonstrably Jewish names.

In a number of respects the names are intriguing. One may distinguish Jewish names by the absence of case endings, just as is the case for most names occurring in the Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible. Some of the names here are in fact names known from the Hebrew Bible, such as Jael, Benjamin, Joseph and Samuel.

One case of special interest is Hilarianos-Samuel, apparently an example of a double name, one Greek and the other Semitic, rather like Saul/Paul, but perhaps more like John Mark, since he is referred to here by both names. This usage perhaps reflects his strong engagement with the community, so much so that though a proselyte he is head of the *decany*, clearly a position of honour inferior only to the president.

Also of special interest is the reference to Samuel, the old man from Perge, known from his place of origin as distinct from his occupation. But we should also note that for whatever reason these names seem to be exclusively male. This is striking when one considers Luke's interest in Acts in (Roman) women as Godfearers.

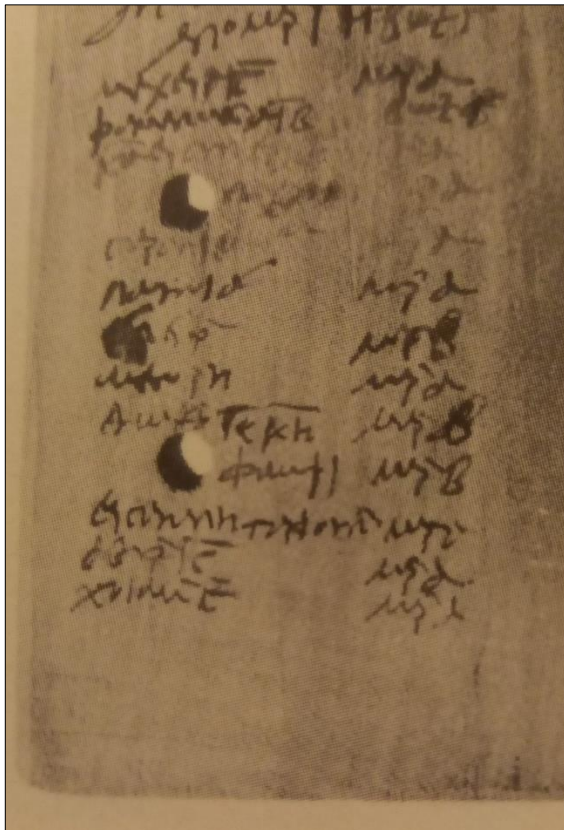
What is going on here? It is not immediately apparent what a *patella* is. The best guess seems to be that this is a reference to some sort of soup-kitchen, a place to eat for members of the community who are down on their luck and unable to provide for themselves and their families. In fact this seems to be the exact import of the words "towards the relief of misfortune for the multitude".

Both words "misfortune" (not indolence!) and "multitude" (not just the Jewish community but, it seems, the whole city) seem to reflect the creation of a very well resourced charitable institution. But if so, we need to observe that the soup-kitchen is not in itself a public institution in which Jews are involved. Rather it is a demonstrably Jewish establishment in

which many Gentiles are deeply engaged, not as donors but as adherents, as Godfearers or proselytes. The initiative is fundamentally Jewish, and yet many Gentiles are involved intrinsically by virtue of their status as Godfearers.

There is a chance that what was happening in fourth century Aphrodisias was without precedent, but that seems unlikely. As so often the accidental preservation and discovery of such a text as the Aphrodisias inscription almost certainly turns a spotlight on an extensive phenomenon about which we happen to have otherwise rarely if ever heard.

To illustrate this point I refer to two Christian examples of what seems very likely to be a similar phenomenon. The first is the Farm Account Book from Kellis (dated ca. 360CE) where the steward of the estate records regular donations in cash and kind to the church "for the agape". These donations seem to be contributions to the maintenance of a social welfare enterprise conducted by the church. Strikingly, a well-known New Testament word for love, agape, is used to refer to this activity. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that we have to do here with a theologically engendered "ministry" of a village congregation 800 kms from Cairo.





But Acts 6 is really the end of the rainbow for my argument. Luke tells us that there was a daily service which provided for the needs at least of widows. Actually while the dispute Luke mentions seems to have been specifically about widows, there is no particular reason to assume from his text that the daily service was only to widows. Rather, whatever had gone awry here impacted, as one might expect, especially on the widows.

Perhaps the most obscure aspect of Acts 6 is *whose* widows are referred to by "their widows", the Hebrews or the Hellenists. I prefer to think that the Hellenistic widows are meant, for a reason I will discuss shortly, but in any case who were these Hebrews and Hellenists?

We jump too readily to the conclusion that there were Aramaic-speaking (or even Hebrew-speaking) and Greek-speaking Jews of Jerusalem. I prefer to regard them as indigenous Jerusalem Jews ("the old families", whose parents were born in the city), and newcomers from the Jewish diaspora. If this is correct, the widows most in need would have been the Hellenistic widows, whose support mechanisms would naturally have been less established.

In any case, Luke distinguishes between these two disputing groups and the apostles, who clearly were having some trouble keeping control over the rapidly expanding church. In the light of Aphrodisias, where does the daily service come from? Perhaps the names of the deacons appointed to administer the community (the meaning of the phrase "to wait on tables") help us here, and especially the reference to Nikolaus, said by Luke to be a proselyte from Antioch.

This language will remind us very much of what we read in our inscription. It is likely I think that Nikolaus was a member of a Jerusalem synagogue, and that those synagogues operated soup-kitchens, and that Nikolaus was involved. This would imply that the daily service came into the church from the synagogue, though in fact we should probably at this stage in the life of the church not think of the new community as completely distinct from the synagogues at all.



Conversation about the Uluru Statement from the Heart

St Mary's North Melbourne stands on land that was given by the British Crown although it had never been ceded to the Crown by the indigenous owners.

Before next year's referendum on the Voice of First Nations people in Parliament, we need to think about it very carefully because it is important that we understand the Uluru Statement from the Heart and the 200+ years of suffering and disempowerment behind it.

National Party have already announced that their opposition. In contrast, the Diocese of South Queensland (including Philip, their archbishop, and Peter Catt, the dean of St John's, Brisbane) have already publicly declared their support.

Reproduced here with his permission is Fr Glenn Loughrey's December 2022 McKinney Lecture, Voice, Text, Truth: Unpacking the Statement from the Heart.

McKinney Lecture 2022 – Unpacking the Statement from the Heart

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2 Dec Posted on [2022-12-02](#) Author [Glenn Loughrey 0](#)

Introduction

I acknowledge the continuing custodians of all the lands on which we gather, right across this country. I acknowledge their elders, who have been wonderful guides and support, and who lead us in to many new insights. I acknowledge our elders who have cared for, who continue to care for, and will always care for, what is spiritual, physical, and valuable in the spaces we live in.

My task tonight is to unpack and reflect upon the *Statement from the Heart*[\[1\]](#) (from here referred to as ‘the Statement’, or ‘the Voice’)

In what follows I will explore three matters: what the *Statement from the Heart* is, what it is not, and how it works. The creative dynamic of the *Statement from the Heart* is that it is a justice or heart-healing tool. It is restorative justice writ large, involving the elements that make up the process leading to a resolution of the past and a creative response to the future by enacting justice in the present.

What the *Statement from the Heart* is

- **It is about justice**

The Statement invites everyone living on this land to join us to create a just country on a political, corporate, and personal level. We are asked to work together to unpack what has happened, why it happened, who did it, why they did it, and what we need to do to put right the wrong committed against the First Peoples of this land.

It is not a moving forward to bring everybody together as one, as politicians are keen to say. The Statement is about putting right the wrongs committed in the past and which continue today, albeit in a far more sophisticated manner. Justice is the act of a mature people who, unsettled by the past, takes the steps necessary to creatively resolve what can be resolved, and embark on a future without repeating the past’s mistakes.

- **It is about personal justice**

We are invited as First People’s people to spend time on this process for ourselves so we can stand and remain. This is a process of understanding who we are, how we think and respond to what has influenced and continues to influence our remaining, and the trauma accompanying that. We are invited via this process to de-link[\[2\]](#) from the colonial overlays telling us that we are less than, and to re-exist the ancient wisdom within our country, within our bodies, to become more than enough for the situation we find ourselves in.

Non-indigenous people are included if they accept the invitation. By undertaking this process as individuals and communities they will begin to understand how the trauma that haunts them across the generations was seen as appropriate actions by people within their own ancestral lines. As they struggle within themselves for the meaning of, and reconciliation with, their own inherited past, they will begin to understand how, why, and what they think about their place in this land, and their relationship with those who were here before.

- **It is about *constitutional sovereignty* [3]**

The purpose of the Voice is to insert into the Constitution the sovereignty of First People's people, bringing together for the first time in the history of the country recognition that we have a voice and have the right to speak about our interests and the things that affect our mother, this country.

Sovereignty in a First People's sense is about autonomy over internal matters. It is inward-facing. It directly relates to country as both a legal and spiritual concept. It remains despite the overlay of colonial claims of sovereignty. Having this recognised inside the colonial constitution will restore our right to remain.[4]

Sovereignty is place defined by the relationship one has with country, 'our mother'. Sovereignty is not what we decide we hold over place, and the others we share it with, it is what that place offers as compelling evidence that we belong to each other.

Sovereignty can never be ceded. We cannot give it away or have it taken from us. It was, is, and always will be. It can be shared, and it is this that a Voice in the Constitution will enact, allowing us to work out a shared process of sovereignty reflective of the place, the country (-ies) we now share.

- **It is about healing trauma**

Here is a pathway to healing the trauma our people live with that leads to the kind of social issues prominent in the news media and which we always try to deal with using processes that work in non-First People's spaces. Walter Mignolo[5] suggests:

Dispossession is, first and above all, dehumanising and psychologically degrading. People disposed are both physically and psychologically wounded. The colonial wound is more than physical, or it is both physical and psychological. Healing colonial wounds therefore requires not only legal justice but the self-gnoseological[6] and aesthetic reconstitution[7] of the wounded people. *Colonial healing cannot be enacted by the state.*[8]

Healing occurs if we commit ourselves to working creatively by delinking from the slavery of coloniality and beginning to re-exist what was here BCP (Before Cook and Phillip). The Statement is a creative process pointing to a healing/healed future beginning in the now, not necessarily by fixing the past, but by confronting it in ways empowering faith, hope and perseverance.

Healing is fulfilled when, in the enacting of the Makarrata, a line is drawn under the hurt, shame and guilt remaining in both bodies engaged in this process. At this point we encounter the truth that healing is a laying down of spears, allowing both to move into a new relationship.

- **It is about people**

Lost in the constitutional and legal arguments about the Statement are those who designed it and for whom it was designed – the people of this land. The Statement was not just about the First Peoples but for those who came second, and those who continue to come. Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders suffered the trauma of dispossession, including shame and deficit through being unable to honour the sovereignty and traditions of their home spaces.

Similar factors apply to those who are not First Peoples. Some are directly connected to the dispossession, others have come later and benefited from it, and some have experienced dispossession in their own native lands and family histories.

The Statement is a process to allowing all to work together in such a way that they can live alongside each other custodially (with respect, responsibility, and reciprocity), and agree to work towards wholeness, healing, and justice for all. It is not about reconciliation, nation building, and celebration of culture. These will, and should only, follow, not lead.

What the Statement is not

- **It is not about reconciliation**

The Statement has nothing to do with the style of reconciliation we have adopted in this country. Reconciliation in its Australian guise is the process of assimilating First People's people into Australian culture, rather than the provision of justice.[\[9\]](#)

The *Statement from the Heart* is a process that leads to reconciliation as truth-telling following on from voice (recognition) and treaty (conciliation). This will and must lead to reparation (makarrata) and not to the reassuring feeling that First People's people have benefited from the goodwill of a government-driven process as offered by the Reconciliation process.

Whatever we do within this model of reconciliation as assimilation is superficial. The recruiting of First Peoples into the dominant society which sees us acting, performing, and achieving within mainstream parameters, is not reconciliation but the second assimilation era in this country.[\[10\]](#)

- **It is not about nation building**

One of the clever things Australian Governments did was to perceive that Australia needs First People's culture to be whole. First People's culture, not people, is the missing link to nationhood.

While we applaud First People's culture and those First People's people deemed as eminent representatives of that culture, we constantly point to the deficit concepts evident in First People's quality of life and their lack of agency over their lives. People are still seen as requiring the protection of the colonial culture, even though our people have been in this space for some 65,000 years.

It is about assimilation into a nation-building process so that governments, corporations, and institutions can say; "We're doing really well on this because we have a First Peoples person running our reconciliation process, or we have eleven First Peoples people in parliament." That is about nation building, or black cladding[\[11\]](#), or whatever we wish to call it.

- **It is not about the oldest living culture**

We hear this statement, or a variation of it, from politicians and community leaders on a regular basis. Noel Pearson in his 2022 Boyer lecture stated that Australia does not like Aboriginal people. I would add they only like “the oldest living culture”.

First People’s people are both from and are formed by culture. Culture does not remain static. It changes and transforms itself and those who live by it. First People’s people are not powerless slaves to this process but are active players in the transformation of country and traditions.

It is not about “the oldest living culture” but about the contemporary culture creating people who remain. As 82% [\[12\]](#) of First People’s people live in suburban and urban or regional environments, this means that we are daily making adaptations of traditions and practices and developing new forms of such traditions and practices in a myriad of creative and life-giving ways – new art practices in all forms of the arts, new business adaptations of traditional life practices, new ways of engaging in and delivering education and more.

How the Statement works

- **The elements of the process**

Voice, treaty, truth and Makaarrata.

- **Voice?**

If you’re not heard, you’re not seen. If you’re not seen, you don’t exist in the eyes of others, and you begin not to exist in the eyes of yourself. You begin to gather up shame. I am wrong, and I shouldn’t be here.

Voice allows us to speak so that we are heard. By enshrining the Voice in the constitution, fellow Australians, especially those in power, are required to hear us. They cannot choose whom to listen to and whom not to listen to. They must listen to the Voice.

For us, non-Indigenous people continue to make the decisions about who is heard and who has the right to be heard. Embedding the Voice of First People in the Constitution takes away the right of non-indigenous people to only listen to the voices they choose. The Voice will be representative of all our people and therefore each of us will have a voice and be heard.

Enshrining the Voice in the Constitution is constitutional recognition of the sovereign voice of First People on matters pertaining to us. We’ll allow you to do the things that are necessary to govern the country, but we will want a voice on those things that directly affect us. [\[13\]](#)

- **Treaty**

Treaty is the next step in the restorative justice process. Without an agreement (treaty) to engage respectfully and honestly with each other, the process stops.

Once you recognise that somebody else is here in the space that you saw as your own, you have a choice. You can choose to annihilate them and get them out of that space, so you have it all to yourself, or you can choose to come together with them and agree you will work out how to move this project forward together.

Treaty is conciliation. There has never been a time in Australian history when we have been together as one. We've jumped right from the invasion, extermination and assimilation to reconciliation, and have never come together as one. Treaty is that point of conciliation, of coming together and saying, 'we are both here'. We are not compelled to like each other, but we are compelled to find the way to move forward custodially.

- **Truth-telling**

If you don't have a place of conciliation, it's very difficult to tell truth. The situation here is unlike what happened in South Africa. Truth-telling occurred in the direct shadow of what occurred. In Australia, we are some 250 years from the invasion and the subsequent genocide. Therefore, we have limited truth-telling to First People's voices speaking about the bad things that have happened to us as individuals and corporately. Truth-telling in this scenario requires us to take our clothes off in public to show the scars in our delegated role of victim.

This is only one part of the story needing to be told. Truth-telling must include the other in this story standing up and telling the truth about their forebear's motivations, how they thought, and how that continues to influence their behaviour in the 21st century. You are victims in this story.

At a recent school event, an 11-year-old boy asked: 'how is it possible that one group of people could think another group of people weren't human, and therefore they had the right to kill them?' That is the key question to be explored in any truth-telling.

Makarrata[\[14\]](#)

The process that leads us justice is makarrata, the creative justice model of our communities. If somebody had misbehaved or impacted another or the community, they would work through the elements of voice, treaty, and truth, arriving at the point of settlement and reparation.

This is makarrata. People speak of makarrata in this statement from the heart dialogue with a sense of unreality. Yes, it is about getting along after a major dispute but it is not a Disney movie ending where all live happily ever after.

Makarrata is about justice: what are the appropriate consequences for the things that have happened before this, and what will need to be done to put right the thing you did wrong? Makarrata is about reparation. It's about paying for the privilege of being the dominant society in Australia. It's about how we repair, repay, relink, and re-exist our continuing ancient and modern culture, and return autonomy to our people whose ideas and philosophies are contemporary and future focussed.

In the Bible, there is an Old Testament story about Jacob at Peniel.[\[15\]](#) He's being pursued by those he has taken advantage of, sending his family and servants on ahead of him, he stays on the banks of the river. That night, he wrestles with a young man, who is an image of God. When he wakes up in the morning, he walks with a limp. His hip is dislocated.

Makarrata is walking with a limp, because one of the ways that we would do reparation in traditional communities would have involved a spearing, usually in the thigh. Rarely a superficial wound. People walked differently because of that injury. Australia will walk differently if it engages in this process.

In conclusion

The *Statement from the Heart* is a justice process, a pathway, or a Songline[16]. It is a heart-healing process that will heal both the heart of this country, and if used personally, everyone's heart. Arriving at makarrata doesn't mean we stop there as if we have done all we need to do. We must remain vigilant and avoid talking about voice as if somehow it is going to resolve all the issues to do with the original sin of Australia and the trauma it has caused on First People's people. 1967 didn't do it. The apology to the Stolen Generations hasn't done it. The Statement won't do it unless we are faithful to the process, and we are serious about learning to walk with a limp

[1] For more information on the *Statement from the Heart* visit <https://ulurustatement.org/the-statement/>.

[2] https://docs.ufpr.br/~clarissa/pdfs/DeLinking_Mignolo2007.pdf.

[3] <https://www.abc.net.au/religion/mark-brett-uluru-statement-and-two-concepts-sovereignty/14073860>.

[4] <https://www.griffithreview.com/articles/the-heart-of-seeding-first-nations-sovereignty/>.

[5] [Walter D. Mignolo](#), [Catherine E. Walsh](#), 'On Decoloniality', Duke University Press, June 2018.

[6] meaning self-knowledge.

[7] Entitled 'Decolonial Aesthetics', this collective project has been based on collaboration between academics, artists, curators, and intellectuals, who developed a framework and space within which diverse creative forms and practices would help affirm the existence of multiple and transnational identities in contestation of global imperial tendencies to homogenise and to erase differences. Decoloniality, decolonial aesthetics, and the liberation of sensing and sensibilities promote the re-creation of identities that were denied and silenced by the discourse of modernity and postmodernity and celebrate inhabiting the margins as a position of aesthetic, political, and epistemological criticism.

[8] Walter D. Mignolo, 'The Politics of Decoloniality Investigations', p. 174, Duke University Press, 2021

[9] "Australian 'First People's' Reconciliation: The Latest Phase in the Colonial Project 1" by Damien Short.

[10] http://www.workingwithindigenousaustralians.info/content/Self_Study_B1_Australia.html.

[11] **Black cladding** means that an organisation or business or person has hired or is partnering with a First Nations person, but that person has no influence and is usually left out of conversations.

Source: Glossary of First Nations terms – Creative Spirits, retrieved from

<https://www.creativespirits.info/aboriginalculture/language/glossary-of-aboriginal-australian-terms>

[12] <https://www.aihw.gov.au/reports/australias-welfare/profile-of-indigenous-australians>

[13] <https://pursuit.unimelb.edu.au/articles/the-future-of-our-cities-is-indigenous>.

[14] <https://www.ilc.unsw.edu.au/sites/ilc.unsw.edu.au/files/USFH%20What%20is%20Makarrata%20Information.pdf>

[15] Jacob at Peniel: Genesis 32,24-32

[16] <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Songline>

*A FESTIVAL OF
LESSONS AND CAROLS*



ALL WELCOME

INVITE YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY

7.00PM SUNDAY 18TH DECEMBER

Ave is available for download via the St Mary's Parish Website:
[https://www.stmarys.org.au/wp/wp-content/uploads/2022/12/2022-Ave-Advent-
Edition-Final.pdf](https://www.stmarys.org.au/wp/wp-content/uploads/2022/12/2022-Ave-Advent-Edition-Final.pdf)

Coming Events at St Marys

Christmas Services:

MIDNIGHT MASS: 11.30pm Saturday 24th December

CHRISTMAS DAY: 9.00am Sunday 25th December

EPIPHANY:

Friday 6th January at 6.00pm followed by barbeque

SUMMER READING

St Mary's January February

Book Exchange

Bring your unwanted fiction for \$10

Buy any book for \$5

or

4 for \$15

Every Sunday after church

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*

