

The Parish Magazine

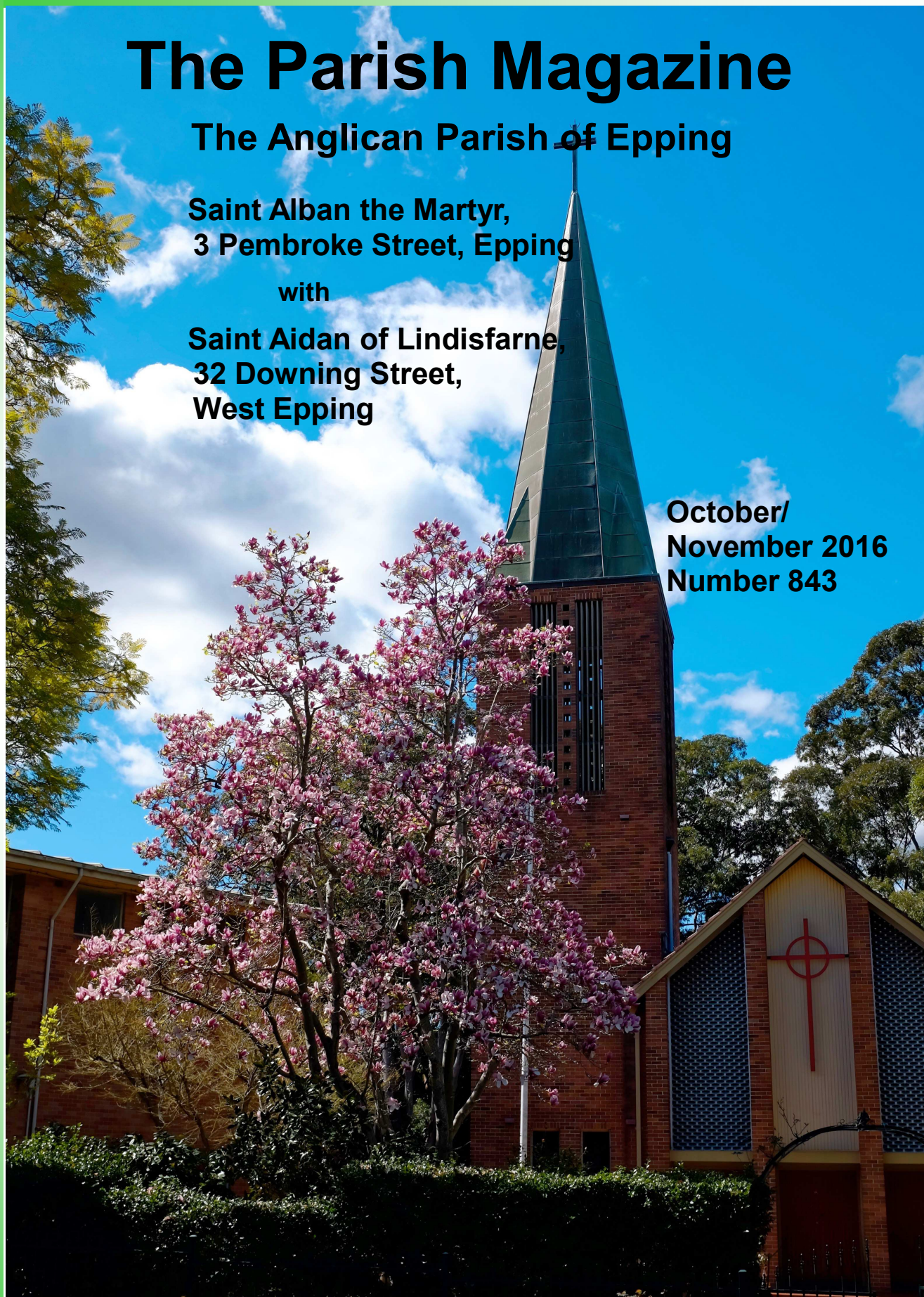
The Anglican Parish of Epping

**Saint Alban the Martyr,
3 Pembroke Street, Epping**

with

**Saint Aidan of Lindisfarne,
32 Downing Street,
West Epping**

**October/
November 2016
Number 843**



*In Covenant with the communities of The
Roman Catholic Parish of Epping and Carlingford,
The Uniting Church Parishes of Epping and West Epping, and
The Baptist Parish of Epping*

From the Editor

During a recent household clean-up, I came across the October/November 2006 edition of *The Parish Magazine*. It is interesting to reflect on what has or hasn't changed over the last 10 years, both in my own and the Parish's life. In 2006 we were also seeking a new priest to serve in the Parish as Associate Priest, a position that Father Ross was to fill. Coincidentally, the 2006 edition contained an article by myself on the call to serve at the altar, I now serve the Parish in a different way (as editor of this magazine). We continue to pray for someone to be called to serve as our Rector. It is also heartening to see many familiar names and faces in 2006, who continue to play an active part in the life of the Parish.

To contact us:

Telephone 9876 3362
Post Office Box 79, Epping NSW 1710
Email office@eppinganglicans.org.au
www.eppinganglicans.org.au

Our clergy may be contacted at any time on 9876 3362

Saint Alban's Church is open daily for private meditation. Our parish library is open during office hours. Meeting rooms, various sized halls and other facilities are available. Please contact the parish office.

Our Vision:

*To be
a
Worshipping,
Recognisably
Anglican,
Multi-racial,
All-age,
Gathered,
Christian
Community*

"a city on a hill"

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Thank you to the authors of the various articles in this magazine, contributors of photographs and our proof-readers. **The deadline for the next edition will be Friday 4 November, 2016.** Contributions may be left at the parish office, or emailed directly to Stuart Armsworth at stundeb@bigpond.net.au.

The Parish of Epping is a parish in the Anglican Church of Australia. *The Parish Magazine* records recent events in the Parish, gives details of parish activities and publishes articles which set out opinions on a range of matters the subject of discussion within the Anglican Church community. It does not necessarily reflect the opinions of Clergy, Churchwardens or Parish Council. The editor accepts contributions for *The Parish Magazine* on the understanding that all contributors agree to the publication of their name as the author of their contribution.

Our Cover: The cover artwork is a photograph of the Bell Tower and Spire of Saint Alban's, Epping, as seen in full Spring colour. Photography: John Sowden

Our Weekly Services

Weekdays at Saint Alban's

7.00am	Holy Eucharist -	Wednesday
10.30am	Healing Eucharist -	Thursday
5.00pm	Evening Prayer -	Monday to Friday

Sunday at Saint Alban's

7.00am	Said Holy Eucharist
8.00am	Holy Eucharist with Hymns
10.00am	Choral Eucharist - 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays
	Sung Eucharist - 2nd (with Alban's Angels) and 4th Sundays
6.00pm	Evening Service (Choral Evensong on 4th Sunday)



Sunday at Saint Aidan's

8.30am	Holy Eucharist with Hymns
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Baptisms, Weddings and Funerals may be arranged with the Acting Rector. Also available is the opportunity for special family services to coincide with re-unions, renewals or special anniversaries. These should be discussed with the Acting Rector.

The Parish Register

Holy Baptism

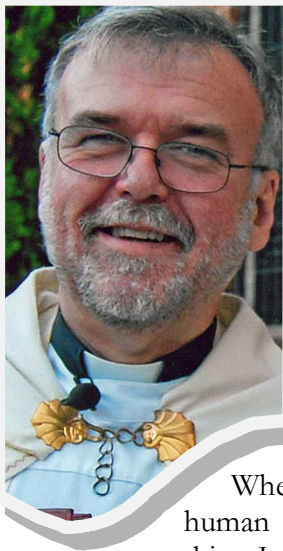
Archer Wolfgang RICHARDSON on 17 July 2016
Maddison Paige COUGHLAN on 14 August 2016 (Saint Aidan's)
Ethan William PALMER on 14 August 2016
Daniel William PALMER on 14 August 2016
Rhys Callum GRANT on 14 August 2016

The Faithful Departed

Betty Jean DEMPSTER on 26 July 2016
Phyllis Irene ROBINSON on 23 July 2016
Sheila Gertrude HALE on 2 August 2016
Ian Robert ARNOLD on 11 August 2016
Dawn NYHOLM on 14 August 2016



The Acting Rector's Letter



I am writing this shortly after our Patronal Service at Saint Aidan's. It was such a good service. The choir did its usual great job, the congregation were very generous in the morning tea they prepared and as well we were greatly blessed by the ministry of Bishop Peter Watson.

Bishop Peter reminded us again of the teaching of Jesus in a very straight forward manner. He reminded us of the power of Jesus' teaching and the profound wisdom we find there. The more I read the gospels the more I am touched by the wisdom we find there. In the passage Peter referred to, Jesus is at a meal with the Pharisees. They were watching him closely as it was a Sabbath day and they knew of Jesus' reputation for breaking the Sabbath. They placed before Jesus a man suffering from dropsy as a way of testing him to see if he would break the Sabbath in front of them.

When you think about it, it is such a petty story. Their behaviour in the face of human suffering was a disgrace. But Luke tells us something more. While they were watching Jesus, he was also watching them. He was wise enough to realise that they were betraying themselves by their behaviour as they vied amongst themselves for the best places at the table. In the end they were more concerned with their status rather than anything else that was going on. Sometimes in the gospels we are told that Jesus could read people's thoughts as if Jesus had some special power. But no special power was needed here. All Jesus needed to do was to sit back and observe their behaviour. That was enough.

If you search through the gospels there is no doubt that you will find plenty of examples of Jesus calling on people to believe in him. In that wonderful chapter from John 9 we have Jesus' encounter with the man born blind. At the end of the chapter Jesus asked him directly, "Do you believe in the Son of Man?" It seems Jesus was asking this because he considered this to be the appropriate response to all he had done. The man who had been blind barely understood the question but he responded with faith.

However, I am sure that as we go through the gospels we will find just as many calls from Jesus which are about doing rather than believing. We have the example of the teacher who asked Jesus what he must do to be saved. Jesus directed him to the two great commandments – love God and love your neighbour. The teacher asked who was his neighbour. Jesus responded with the parable of the Good Samaritan. Jesus then ended this discourse with the command, "Go and do likewise." No mention of belief here.

Of course, the best example of this is from Matthew 25. What is particularly significant about this parable is the way it is introduced. Jesus puts it into the context of the great end time event where all of history is wrapped up with the coming of the Son of Man. In Jewish doctrine this is the great climax of all time and Jesus puts himself into the centre of it. Yet what is the central issue here? It is not about belief, but about how one treated their neighbour. It is all about feeding and drinking and clothing and housing and visiting. Then Jesus adds this sobering point, "I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me." Those words should be left ringing in our ears.

Now I am not trying to drive a wedge between believing and doing. Rather, I am saying the two must go together and both of them have their place. One without the other is not good. Rather, repeatedly Jesus calls on us to do both. We should also consider that if our believing is not backed up by our doing our actions will soon betray us.

We have that amazing story from 2 Samuel 12 which comes just after King David had slept with Bathsheba and then had her husband, Uriah, killed in battle. Young Nathan, the prophet had to

confront his king with what he had done. So he told David a story about a rich man and a poor man who owned one sheep. The rich man had a visitor so he stole the poor man's sheep, slaughtered it and served it to his guest. In outrage at such behaviour David shouted out, "As surely as the Lord lives, the man who did this deserves to die." Quick as a flash Nathan replied, "You are the man!" David's actions had betrayed him. David must have thought that as king he could do as he liked. He was sadly mistaken.

I wonder how many issues the church faces today might be better handled if instead of starting from an understanding of doctrine, we began with an examination of the command to love our neighbour, if we teased out the implications of mutual respect, of treating others in the way we like to be treated, of respect for each other's human rights, of perhaps even daring to consider the implications of loving our enemies. There is nothing wrong with working out what we should believe but too often we don't put the same time and effort into considering how we should behave. Sadly, sometimes what we believe enables us to justify the very worst of behaviour. Bishop Peter took our attention back to the challenging words of Jesus. We need to return again and again to what he said to keep our discipleship on track.

Ross Weaver
Acting Rector



The Honour Board Project - William Joseph Bayley

This article is the fifth in a series of profiles written about the men whose names appear on the World War I Honour Board in Saint Alban's Church, Epping. The man profiled here began and ended World War I in Oxford Street, Epping. He responded to a later call to enlist and served Australia in World War II.

William Joseph Bayley (3 April 1889 - 19 May 1961)

William Joseph Bayley was born in Balmain, the son of Joseph and Ann Bayley. His father, Joseph, was a blacksmith. There is an old record of a Joseph Bailey (sic) living at 89 Cardwell Street in Balmain at this time.

The birth registration for him records his names as Joseph William but it seems he was always known as William, or Bill, perhaps to distinguish him from his father.

As a young teenager, William left his family and Sydney, and went to the mid-west of NSW to work as a labourer and in stables on country properties. He was "carrying the swag" in the mid-west according to his son, Noel. There is little known by the family about these years. He was still in the country working when war was declared and at some point he returned to Sydney to enlist. He was living in a boarding house in Oxford Street, Epping, and gave his next of kin as the owner of the boarding house, Mrs Lydia Gorrell.

William enlisted on 18 October 1915 at Holdsworthy. He was, in fact, 26 years and 6 months old but his enlistment form records his age as 27 years and 6 months. He was 5' 6" [165cms] tall, had fair hair and grey eyes. He recorded his religion as Church of England.

He was appointed to the 12 Reinforcements 4th Battalion and given the Service number of 4008.

After a brief initial training William Bayley left Australia on 30 December 1915. He sailed on HMAT A7 **Medic** which was owned by the Oceanic SN Co Ltd, Liverpool, and leased by the Commonwealth until 26 October 1917. The **Medic** was well known by the Australian forces as it had been a key troopship for Australia during the Boer War, some 14 years before its re-engagement in WWI.

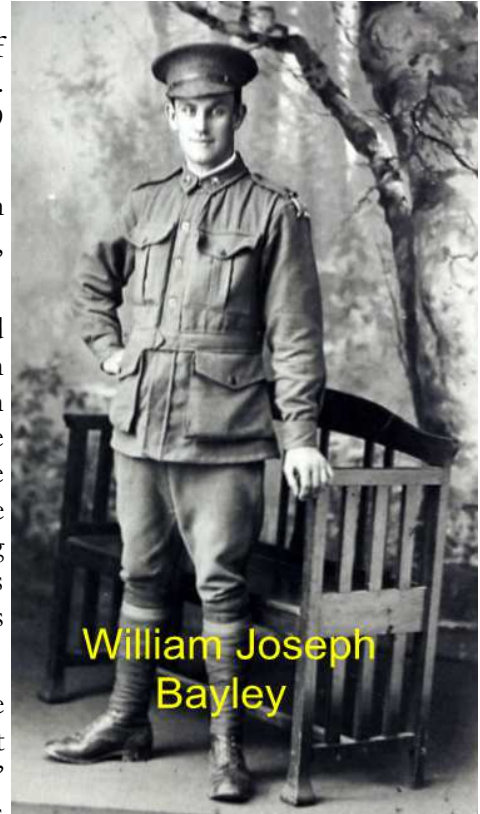


Image above: sourced from - *The Western Mail*, 20 November 2014 p25
http://alh-research.tripod.com/ships_lh.htm accessed 28 August 2016 @1020hrs

William disembarked in Egypt for further training both elementary and in field practices, before moving on to Marseilles, France, in April/May of 1916. From here troops were sent by train to the Somme Valley and in the 4 Battalion's Unit Diary we read that William was involved in the catastrophic fighting of July 1916. Pozieres was a name he mentioned to his son.

Image Right: Serapeum Camp Egypt sourced from - http://img.auctiva.com/imgdata/1/3/9/0/3/6/3/webimg/778627340_tp.jpg. Accessed 15 August 2016 @ 1535 hours



In early 1917 William was part of the pursuit of the German forces as they retreated to their prepared fortifications in the Hindenburg Line. The Allied Divisions advanced against the German forces towards Bapaume and captured the villages of Le Barque and Ligny-Thillois. On the morning of 2 March, they withstood a German attempt to retake the villages.

In this conflict, on 2 March, William Bayley received a shell wound to his neck and was evacuated a week later to one of the London General Hospitals. We can read details of these days in the War Service Unit Diary.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

E00210

Image Above: Near Le Barque, France. 28 February 1917 five unidentified Australian Pioneers making a duckboard bridge across the trenches of the 'Maze'. Sourced from <https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/E00210/> accessed 27 August 2016 @ 1615hrs

4th Battalion War Service Unit Diary 2 March 1917

Sourced from <https://www.awm.gov.au/images/collection/bundled/RCDIG1017755.pdf>. Accessed 27 August 2016 @ 1630 hrs

"Le Barque Trenches 2/3/17

C Co relieved B Co by 0515 enemy heavily shelled front line, ... 0530-0630. Raiding parties of enemy entered our lines at 0635, one party reached and bombed Co HQ taking some prisoners who were all released owing to party being heavily fired upon by C Coy reinforcements and posts assisted by 3rd Bn posts. ...

Left post under Lt VV Brown drove off enemy after inflicting heavy casualties. In other posts enemy after fighting took four prisoners wounding remainder of garrison. One LMG [light machine gun] was captured by enemy. 6 enemy taken prisoner by this Bn and about 30 enemy killed. LMG in C Coy lines taken by enemy was recaptured.

Our casualties 31 including Lt LM Lane killed, Lt CM Boileau and Lt W McKenzie wounded. Both posts of D Coy of whose garrison were made casualties immediately re-established and everything was normal by 0800."

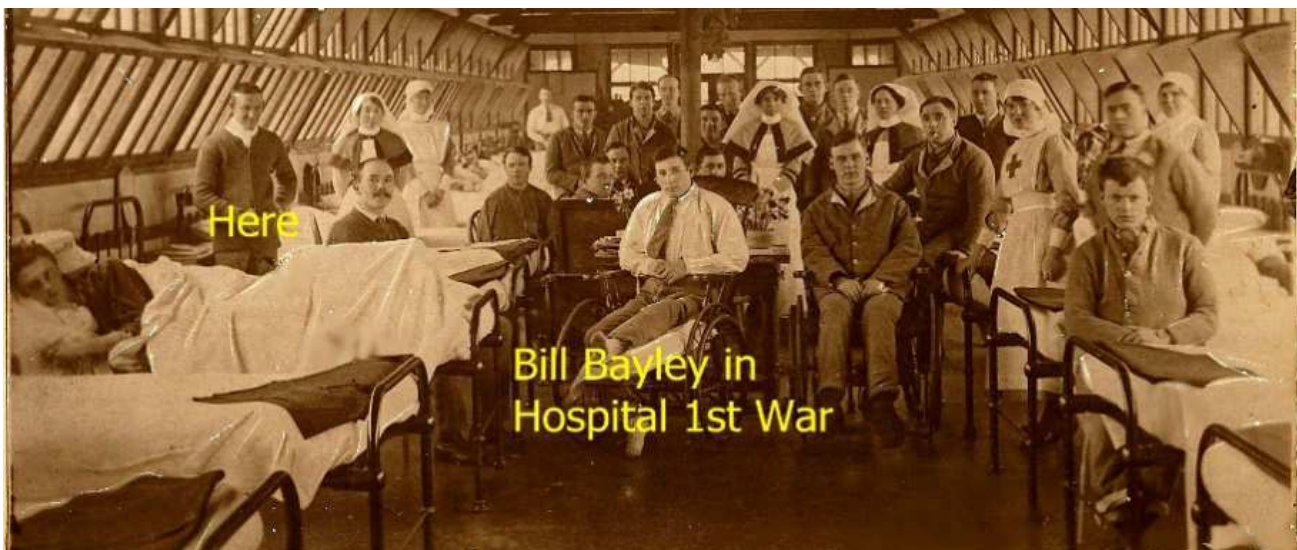
An annotation at the side says *Heavy fog came up about 05-15 and lasted until 1100.*



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

E04714

Image Above: France. March 1917. A view of the frontline trenches in the Le Barque area, near Bullecourt, following the German withdrawal from the Somme.
<https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/E04714/> Accessed 27 August 2016 @ 1800hrs



Here

Bill Bayley in
Hospital 1st War

Image Above: This undated photograph from William Bayley's son, Noel, shows William in hospital. We can see the bandaging around his neck wound.

By June William had returned to fight in France.

On 18 March 1918 William was wounded in action for a second time - this time he was gassed in the trenches. An interesting Appendix to the War Service Unit Diaries tells us the situation at the time.

The orders are clear, concise and chilling.

7
4th AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.

app. 7.
Battalion Headquarters,
17th March, 1918.

O.C. "A" Coy.
O.C. "B" Coy.
O.C. "C" Coy.
O.C. "D" Coy.

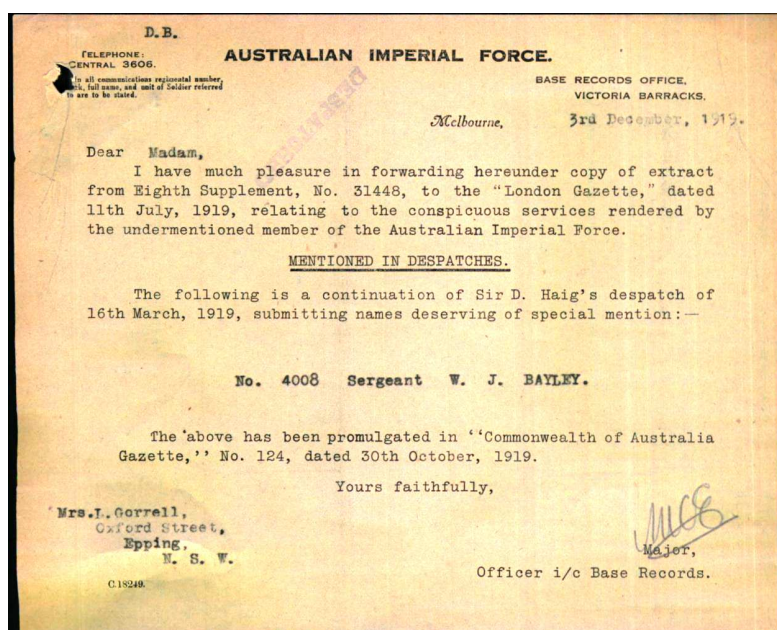
The following SPECIAL ORDERS will be issued to every SECTION-, and will be strictly adhered to when on OUTPOST duty.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. Section

- (1). This position will be held, and the Section will remain here until relieved.
- (2) The enemy cannot be allowed to interfere with this programme.
- (3) If the Section cannot remain here alive, it will remain here dead, but in any case it will remain here.
- (4) Should any man through shell shock or other cause, attempt to surrender, he will remain here dead.
- (5) Should all guns be blown out, the Section will use Mills Grenades and other novelties.
- (6) Finally the position as stated will be held.

.....
No. Section.

R. K. White
..... Lieut & Adjt.



During his years of overseas service, William was recognised for his leadership. He was promoted Lance Corporal in July 1917, Temporary Corporal in October 1917 and then Sergeant in June 1918. Soldiers could move through the ranks quite quickly during times of active service.

William was also recognised for his bravery and was mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch of 16 March 1919 as "*deserving of special mention*" "*relating to the conspicuous services rendered*".

Image: Extracted from National Archives of Australia <http://www.naa.gov.au/> Accessed 25 July 2016 @ 1600 hrs Page 24

1st Aust Inf Brigade. 1st Australian Division. Australian Corps. 6th January 1919 Date of Recommendation.

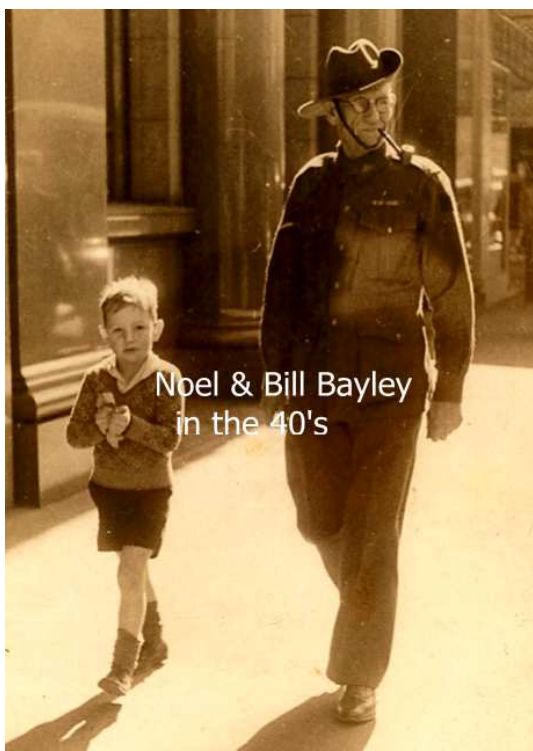
Schedule No. (To be left blank)	Unit	Regt. No.	Rank and Name	Action for which commended	Recommended by	Honour or Reward	(To be left blank)
	4th Inf Bn	4008	Sergeant William BAYLEY BAYLEY	Period 16/17 Sept 1918 to 11th Nov 1918	C.O 4th Bn	Mention in Despatches	

J. W. G. Hughes
Major-General.
Commanding 1st Australian Division.

Extracted from <https://www.awm.gov.au/images/collection/pdf/RCDIG1068499-62-.pdf>. Accessed 11 September 2016 @ 1205hrs

William commenced his return to Australia from Devonport, a district of Plymouth in the English county of Devon, on board HT 'Soudan' on 12 May 1919 and disembarked in Sydney 31 June 1919. He returned to live in Oxford Street, Epping, probably at the same boarding house as before the war. In 1924 he married Eva Murphy in Granville. They lived in Ryde where they raised their family of four children: Eva, James, Margaret (who predeceased her father) and Arthur, who was always known as Noel. Initially they lived in Benson Street, Ryde and moved to Morrison Road, Putney in 1934.

After his discharge William was employed as a general labourer. During World War II William enlisted again but did not serve overseas. By this time, he was in his fifties. He was an instructor at South Head and at one time the Sergeant in charge of a Platoon guarding the Hawkesbury River Railway Bridge. As a small boy, his son Noel remembers going to meet his father on duty at the bridge and eating Hawkesbury River oysters.



After WW II William was employed at Rozelle High School providing cleaning and general maintenance services. He worked at the school until he retired. His son Noel reports that his parents did not have an easy life but their children never wanted for material possessions or affection.

In 1959 Eva Bayley died. William died of pneumonia and complications on 19 May 1961.

Lest We Forget.

Julie Evans, Parishioner

Acknowledgements:

- 1) Noel Bayley, son of William Joseph Bayley, generously provided information and personal photographs.
- 2) National Archives of Australia <http://www.naa.gov.au/> Accessed 25 July 2016 @ 1600 hrs
- 3) Births, Deaths, Marriages NSW - Accessed 12 August 2016 @ 1500 hrs
- 4) <http://localnotes.net.au/wp-content/uploads/2013/11/Balmain-1891.pdf> Page 148 Accessed 15 August 2016 @ 1415 hrs
- 5) Australian War Memorial website <https://www.awm.gov.au/> Accessed various dates 2016 [as above in article]
- 6) Australian Imperial Force unit war diaries 1914-18 War Item Number 23/21/13 March 1916 <https://www.awm.gov.au/images/collection/bundled/RCDIG1005137.pdf> Page 21 Accessed 27 August 2016 @ 1520hrs
- 7) Mention in Despatches Awarded, and promulgated, 'London Gazette' No. 31448 (11 July 1919); 'Commonwealth Gazette' No. 124 (30 October 1919). Recommendation date: 6 January 1919 <https://www.aif.adfa.edu.au/showPerson?pid=16981> Accessed 15 August 2016 @ 1645hrs
- 8) <https://www.awm.gov.au/images/collection/pdf/RCDIG1068499--62-.pdf> Accessed 11 September 2016 @ 1205hrs
- 9) <http://recordsearch.naa.gov.au/SearchNRRetrieve/Interface/ViewImage.aspx?B=3059444> Accessed 11 September @ 1420hrs.

Saint Alban's World War I Honour Board Project

Plans are well underway for the Commemoration Service at Saint Alban's to be held on **Remembrance Sunday, 13 November 2016 at 10.00am**. While the Service will recognise and commemorate all who have served their country in all conflicts, the focus will be on those men with a connection to our Parish who are commemorated on the WWI Honour Board in our Church. Descendants and relatives of those men have been invited to attend and some will take an active part in the Service.

Do you know anyone who might be interested in attending the Service? The Parish would welcome their presence. For further information contact Julie Evans through the Church Office.



With Father Ross on Long-Service Leave, we welcomed back Father James Butt amongst us as Locum. We are very pleased to have Father James guiding the Parish in Ross' absence.



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Rebecca Pincott

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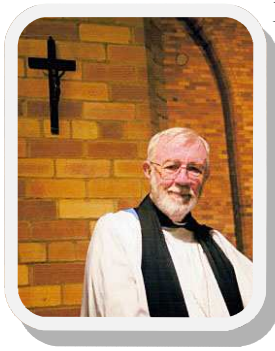
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On the Track with the Bishop of Australia



He was lame and he often walked with a stick. This year marks the 180th anniversary of William Grant Broughton's consecration as the first (and only) Bishop of Australia. The ceremony took place in Lambeth Palace chapel in London before a small gathering on a cold winter's day in February 1836.

I wonder if the new Bishop paused as he walked past the grave of another man famous, or infamous, in Australian history, who was buried there almost two hundred years ago. In the churchyard of Saint Mary's Church is the grave of Captain William Bligh, the central figure of the mutiny on the *Bounty* and of the Rum Rebellion, an armed insurrection against him in N S W. Today there is a beautiful statue of Bligh near The Rocks, but there is no statue of Bishop Broughton.

Broughton's memorial is much more lasting than any statue.

In spite of his small stature and physical disabilities Broughton was an assiduous traveller in the Australian bush. In the year 1845 alone he reported that he had travelled nearly 5,000 kilometres, often on horseback, over muddy or non-existent roads and tracks, and sometimes camping under the stars. All over the colony there are churches large and small that he founded or dedicated. The Journals of visitation that he kept, describing his visits to some of the remote parts of the Colony, as well as to larger towns, make fascinating reading.

The Year 1788

It was appropriate that the first Anglican bishop in Australia should be born in London in 1788, the year the First Fleet arrived. Broughton was educated at Cambridge. While there a fellow student played a practical joke on him that caused him to fall heavily down a staircase and made him lame for life. But it did not curb his energy or his passion for the Gospel and for evangelism.

While serving as a country priest in Hampshire, Broughton befriended the Duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, who had his country home only a mile away. The "Great Duke" as he was known, astonished Broughton by nominating him to be Archdeacon of New South Wales in 1828.

Broughton's early work in the Colony marked him out for further promotion. A few years later he was back in London pressing for greater home support for the Church in Australia. The need for more dedicated clergy was desperate.

While there he encountered the work of men like Newman, Keble and Pusey. They had inspired a movement for Church reform which was called the Oxford Movement or "Tractarianism", after the tracts they wrote. It was the forerunner of the whole Anglo-Catholic revival which has transformed the liturgy and theology of the world-wide Anglican Communion. The Sunday worship of a church such as Saint Alban's or Saint James' King Street, or Christ Church Saint Laurence, has been inspired by that great movement. The rise of Anglican Religious Orders is all part of it.

The Oxford Movement

Broughton saw that the teaching of the Oxford Movement would give the Church a new vision, being much more than just a department of the state or the government. He arrived back in Sydney in June of 1836, with his wife Sarah and daughters, and was enthroned as Bishop in Saint James' by Samuel Marsden. The celebration of his arrival was muted because the Rector of the Parish, the Reverend Richard Hill, had just dropped dead in the vestry a few days before.

1836 was a significant year for the Colony. In that year the government, led by the Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, whose statue is outside the Mitchell Library, had introduced State Aid for the main Christian denominations. Broughton had mixed feeling about this because it weakened the claim of the Church of England to be the Established Church, but he accepted the aid.

That same year the newspapers barely mentioned the arrival of a ship called *The Beagle* on a voyage around the world. On board was a young naturalist named Charles Darwin. He hired horses and rode to Bathurst. More than 20 years later Darwin's work, together with that of Alfred Russell Wal-

lace, transformed our understanding of human origins through the doctrine of evolution. Broughton did not live to see this transformation, but I do not think it would have shaken his faith in God as our loving Creator. He encouraged scientifically minded clergy, like Reverend W B Clark.

The Demands of his Work

The new Bishop threw himself into the demands of his work, the supply and training of priests, the building of churches and a cathedral in Sydney, the founding of schools and such public issues as the ending of the transportation of convicts, and land settlement, and the creation of new dioceses such as Newcastle, and Melbourne, and Tasmania, with their own bishops.

Over the years I have gathered many references to the travels of the Bishop. The diaries, letters and memoirs of the period give us vivid snapshots of him as others saw him. Let us take the track with him to Bathurst about the year 1832 when he was an archdeacon. He would probably have travelled by coach as the road to Bathurst was relatively well formed. Annabella Boswell had been born at "The Yarrows" in 1826. Many years later she wrote a famous Journal which has been published.

She was only six years old when Broughton visited her home to the west of Bathurst and held an open-air service. She later wrote in her Journal that she could never forget the occasion. He spoke on the tenth chapter of Acts, Saint Peter's vision of the sheet let down from heaven. Annabella recorded that she could never afterwards hear those words without remembering that occasion.

Evangelical and Practical

A Scottish traveller, John Hood, of Stoneridge, Berwickshire, visited Australia in 1843 and stayed at the Inn on the Bathurst Road, the "Green Man at the Green Swamp", managed by my great, great grandfather, Lachlan McKay. He did not meet Bishop Broughton then but heard tales of his apostolic travels in the bush. Later, back in Sydney, Hood was in the congregation at Saint Philip's Church, to hear the Bishop preach. He wrote that the Bishop was an impressive sight in full canonicals, and his sermon was evangelical and practical.

(After the death of Bishop Broughton a number of his sermons were published in a book in 1857 and these are a valuable source for his theology.)

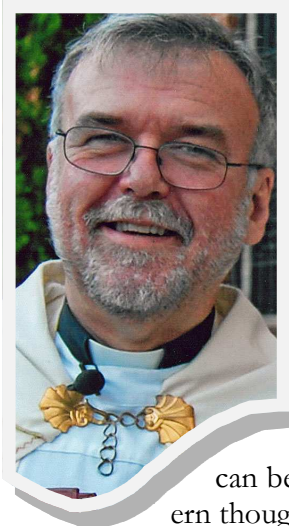
About the same time a leading Sydney merchant, the Scotsman Alexander Brodie Spark of Tempe, Cooks River, also heard the Bishop preach. Broughton spoke on the theme that the love of money is the root of all evil. Spark wrote in his journal that he found it inapplicable to himself, perhaps because he had just been declared bankrupt!

Bishop Broughton wrote several accounts of his travels in various parts of the Colony, published by the S P G. These are now very rare. The best short account of his life is the article in the Australian Dictionary of Biography by my old teacher the late Professor Ken Cable. It is available online. The full biography by Dr George Shaw was published in 1978.

In a future edition I will write in more detail of some of Bishop Broughton's travels and adventures.

Robert Willson
Honorary Priest at Saint Paul's Manuka,
Diocese of Canberra and Goulburn

The Bible - Fact or Fiction?



You may have heard of recent reports that Ken Ham, an Australian, has built Noah's Ark in the United States. In the past Ken built the Creation Museum in Kentucky. Ken believes that every word of Genesis is scientific fact and that the world was created in 4004BC. He argues that during the flood, which he believes was world-wide, the fossil record we know today was laid down. However, that record was created in less than twelve months. Ken's aim is to reconcile what we learn from science with what we learn from the Bible so the argument is that if both are true how can they fit together?

So how do we respond to this argument? It is obvious that science as we know it today is a very recent phenomenon. The way we do science and the way we do history is very new. What we mean by a fact is a modern concept. Scientists prefer to work with theories and investigating whether they can be substantiated or not. The first problem Ken has is that he is trying to use modern thought forms to understand material that is over 3000 years old. I would be very suspicious of a Bible text that could comprehend modern scientific research. From a historian's perspective that makes no sense.

The way language is used changes from culture to culture and from time to time. I had to learn this lesson in PNG with the word "beautiful". Where I was living was truly beautiful. The Papuans I lived with agreed with me. But what did we really mean. By beauty I meant the amazing variety of colours that were in the trees, the grasses, the various lakes and the wonderful skies we enjoyed specially at sunset. But the Papuans meant something very different. They paid no regard to colour. I wonder if this was because they were so used to it. Rather, for them, beauty was all about the light and how it played on the waters and through the branches of the trees. What they were looking at was very different to what I saw. What was beautiful for them was so different from what was beautiful for me.

So great difference can occur in language over something as simple as just one word. As a result the problems only get much larger when we come to a body of literature. As we look at the book of Genesis what are we reading? Can we call it a scientific document where every word is fact or is it something else? Why is it that there are many similarities between the stories in Genesis and ancient Babylonian texts that are at least a thousand years older than our Bible? The choice seems to be a decision between historical fact or myth. So what are the implications if we decide Genesis is myth. Some might argue that if Genesis is myth then we can ignore it, we can dismiss it. Others will want to argue that the Bible is the word of God, and God cannot lie, therefore, Genesis must be true in every word, both scientifically and historically.

But are these our only options? Is this normally how we treat texts? Surely, from an historian's point of view, considering the age of the material one would expect Genesis to be influenced by myth. It is dealing with the questions of where did people come from, what are their origins and why are they there? In order to communicate to the people of their day surely this would be done in the style of literature that made most sense to the people of their day. Is it necessarily impossible for God to communicate through the use of myth? Is it impossible for it to be both myth and inspired scripture? Why should those two ideas be mutually exclusive?

I would have thought the more fundamental question would be to look at Genesis and ask what is this book trying to tell me? It begins with a profound theological statement that there is just one God who rules over all, and that the gods of Babylon are in fact no gods at all. That alone, is a radical statement for its day. Yet the book also deals with the profound question of evil. If all we see around us comes from God why is it that the world is in such a mess, that hatred just grows and grows and any attempt to find peace just gets harder and harder. We gain some hope from the story of Abraham in that God is prepared to work with him in the establishment of a

new humanity, a project that had actually failed with Noah. But gloom quickly sets in because the family of Abraham are so quickly torn apart by internal rivalries and divisions.

By the time we get to chapter 37, things are looking grim. And then it gets much worse. This chapter starts to tell a classic revenge story. This story form is repeated over and over in Hollywood. It begins with an innocent character, the hero of the story. But this character meets injustice after injustice. As the story develops there grows in the reader an overwhelming desire for revenge. But what is more frightening is that it stirs up in what are usually very peaceful people a yearning desire to commit the most unspeakable acts in the name of justice. These stories usually end like the final scene of Hamlet, blood everywhere, death everywhere. It is very grim.

But is this the story of Genesis? In chapter 37 we meet Joseph, with his coat of many colours - Joseph the dreamer. Yet his brothers plot to kill him. In the end he is sold into slavery. He is then falsely accused by Potiphar's wife and he ends up in gaol. By his own ability he ends up second in command in Egypt. Then the famines come and Joseph's brothers come to him begging for help though they don't recognise him. He gives them the grain but includes a cup so that later he can accuse them of stealing. For anyone familiar with the revenge story they can see what will happen next - blood will flow. But no, these brothers are caught and dragged before Joseph. The accusations are made. But instead of bloodshed there are tears of forgiveness, there is reconciliation, there is restoration. Joseph gives that great statement - "you meant it for evil but God meant it for good". The story of Joseph is just one answer to the problem of evil. It leaves us with the strong message that there is an alternative to revenge, and hatred and killing. Genesis begins our Bible by putting the matter of redemption firmly on the agenda and that story looks forward to its fulfilment in Christ.

Poor Ken Ham, he has spent millions building Noah's Ark, but I think he has missed the point of the story. Let's make sure we are not distracted by foolish arguments and not miss this valuable lesson.

Ross Weaver
Acting Rector

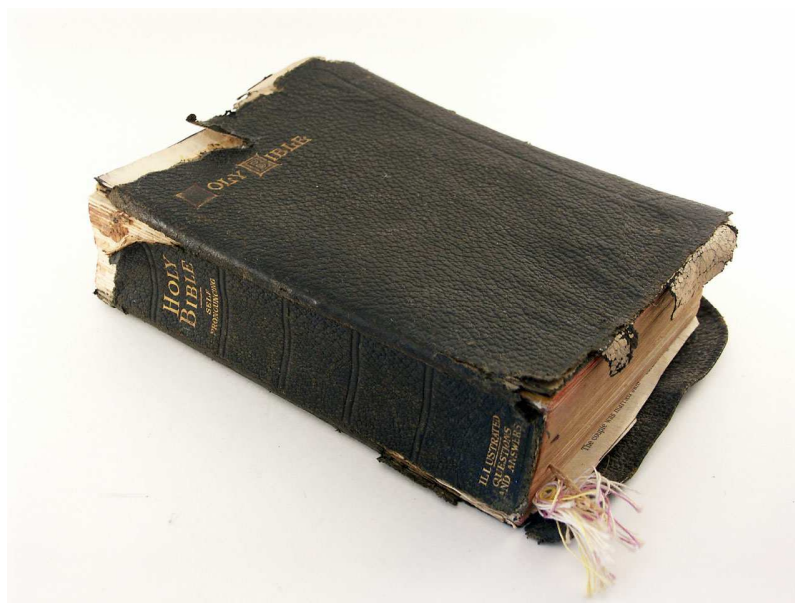


Image: sourced from <http://roguepreacher.com/wp-content/uploads/2010/09/bible.jpg> on 23 September 2016 @1517 hrs

Reflections on the Lindt Cafe Siege



Monday December 15 2014 was a momentous day, the day of the Lindt Cafe siege in Martin Place, Sydney. Little did I know, as I listened to the radio reports from mid morning when it all started, that I would be caught up in it myself. I just thought, “those poor 18 hostages” as I sent a prayer for mercy and protection on its way.

Months before, in my role as a mental health chaplain at Macquarie Hospital, I had participated in, along with other chaplains and clinicians, the disaster and emergency support team training (DEST) provided by the NSW Health Department. This training equipped us to provide mental health support, if required, to emergency situations such as natural disasters (a team had previously been deployed to the 2011 Brisbane floods). But neither trainers nor trainees ever suspected being called into a terrorist emergency.

But there I was. Having listened to the radio in my office most of the day and in the car travelling home, the news was that of a stand-off. I arrived home at about 5pm and made a cup of tea, then at 5:20pm the director of the Mental Health Drug & Alcohol unit of the North Sydney Local Health District called and said something like, “Peter you’ve no doubt heard about the Lindt Cafe siege in Sydney. We’ve been called upon to deploy a mental health team to go in. Are you interested and available?”. I thought, “Well all I’m doing is sipping my tea, so I guess I’m available and I’d like to help out if I can, so I said “yes”, not realising the gravity of my response nor the ordeal it would unleash. There were further messages and calls to get the right authorisations and directions, but to cut it short, I drove my car back to the hospital, collected some taxi vouchers from the duty nurse and caught a taxi to as close to the scene as possible (the taxi’s billing machine didn’t work so that was the beginning of a litany of mishaps). The taxi driver dropped me off as close as he could to Martin Place but there were barricades, police vehicles, cameras, cables, sound gear, journalists, dogs but, surprisingly, no frenzy. It was as if there was a lull in the storm. I had to get to the meeting point where I would join the other three team members, none of whom I had met, but I did have their phone numbers so we were in contact. However, they had already moved behind the barricades to the designated rendezvous point. That was not so easy for me. I had brought my hospital ID and the authorising emails were on my phone. This should have been enough authorisation to get me through the barricades and, if it wasn’t, a simple phone call would put any wary police officer in touch with the head honcho. The first couple of young police officers looked completely bewildered as to what to do with me so they sent me around to the Hyde Park end to try there and I made way around the back of Sydney Hospital. At the other end of town, the scene was duplicated with media, police, ambulance though, remarkably, no crowd of onlookers. Perhaps they had been ushered away. I approached a senior looking police officer and explained myself to him. He immediately phoned his superiors and said I had clearance but someone would come down and physically escort me in. But I waited for an hour. Meanwhile, I was on the phone to my team mates who are already located in the building that housed the nervously waiting families and relatives and the team had already begun their work of comforting and talking with people. Ironically they were just around the corner from my location, less than 200 meters away. After an eternity and in frustration, one of them came and got me, cleared it with the officer and introduced me to the other team members. From the time I arrived at the scene to the moment I joined the team was 2 hours and it was most frustrating.

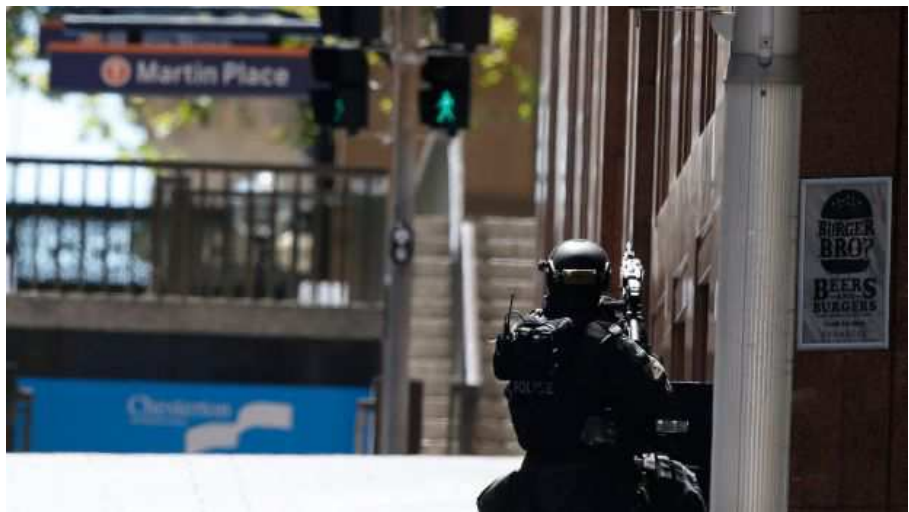
Once inside I was quickly briefed and found one lady to talk to. She was the aunt of one of the hostages and happy to tell me what was happening. But, by this time and because of my delayed arrival, most of the talking had been done already so, after an hour or so we regathered as a team

and consoled each other. The mood in the room was sombre and, in a weird sort of way, reflected the scene outside. There was no panic or commotion, no chaotic frenzy. I guess that, because it was now about 12 hours since the siege had begun, people had settled down into a stunned numbness, but still edgy, jumping onto any morsel of news they could get. You could sense the tension in the room and it was hard not to share their fear which must have been something like watching a tsunami rush towards you as you stood there frozen, waiting for the inevitable.

Around midnight, there were a lot less people. I don't know where they went but we found ourselves in a corner with nothing much more to do. The team leader, after consulting with us, decided to call headquarters and ask if we could be stood down and go home but still be on call. The answer was negative but we were allowed to make our way to a nearby hotel in order to get some rest before we were needed again. No one knew how long this was going to go on for.

We checked in and made our way to our own rooms. I had enough time to shower, put on my PJs, and, as I jumped into bed, I decided to switch on the TV for any update. Breaking news: police have stormed the cafe, guns blazing. I thought, "I'm not going to bed, there'll be a call any moment". Sure enough, not thirty seconds later the phone rang, "*Get your gear, we're going back*".

The gear we had was not only our personal stuff (you're meant to take enough on these deployments to see you through a couple of days), but the mental health kit bag which contained all sorts of ID and useful emergency goodies - except tissues, we forgot tissues! (they'll be there next time). We had virtually no news to go on and quickly we scrambled past security, flashed our IDs and made our way to the Leagues Club in Philip Street. As we approached I could see tactical police guarding the entrance and I remember feeling daunted at their ferocious appearance. Three or four of them had German Shepherds leashed and the police themselves wore helmets with the visors closed, so one couldn't see their faces. I thought "they're going to stop us and interrogate us at gunpoint!", but no, we walked straight in.

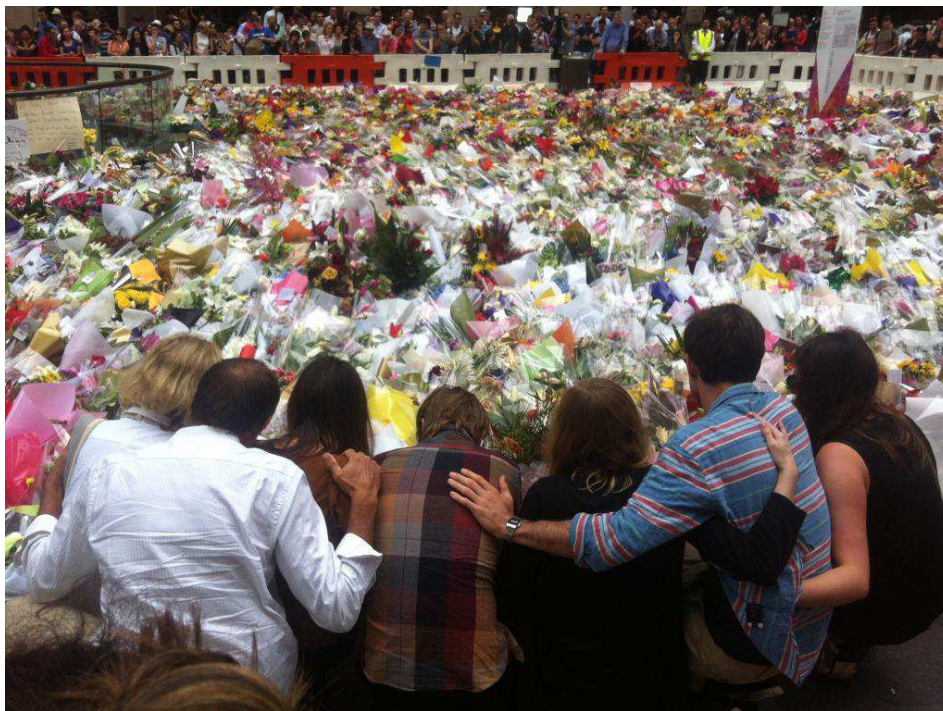


Once inside we were ushered into a cafeteria area and the scene couldn't be more

different to the nervous stillness previously described. It was pandemonium. There were people everywhere and that little cafeteria was crammed with police, suits, ambulance personnel, a couple of chaplains in uniform (one police and the other ambulance) and other important looking people. There were some people who were hysterical, sobbing deliriously, and there was a cacophonous noise. I didn't really know what was going on and who a lot of these people were. At first I thought, "Oh no, something bad has happened and these are the families who are beside themselves having learned some bad news". I looked over to my right to see a younger woman in great distress and being comforted by the ambulance chaplain. She looked like she was going to totally lose it. But I didn't know who she was.

After about a minute, a police sergeant (I think), in uniform, quite calmly walked up to me and said "*Hi, are you with the mental health team?*", and after I confirmed that I was he said, introducing a

Reflections on the Lindt Café Siege Continued



young well-dressed man with a “Lindt Café” label on his shirt, “this is N (name withheld), *he’d like to talk with someone*”. It was only then that it hit me, “he’s a hostage! these are the hostages! They’ve come straight from the Café and been given to us!” Actually they had probably received a mandatory medical check before they were handed over to us, but there they were. “What do I do?” I thought. Thank God it was at that moment

the training began to kick in. I asked N would he like to find a place to sit with me and I spied a table with two spare seats near the wall and there we sat. N asked me “*where’s Tori? (the Café manager who, unbeknown to us at this stage, was already dead), I can’t see Tori...where is he?*”. Bewildered, I said I had no information on Tori or any of the hostages for that matter. N had a mobile phone on him and said to me “*I haven’t rung my dad yet...he doesn’t know....I need to ring my dad*”. I rose from my seat because my first hunch was to give him some privacy and space but then I thought better of it and took my seat next to him again. I knew I needed to stay with him. I sat there in stunned silence as N contacted his father, burst into tears interspersed with assurances, “*I’m ok, I’m ok*”, as well as a lot of expletives and anger. I put my hand on his shoulder as he sobbed and raged and, when he finished his conversation with his father, he turned to me saying nothing. I said nothing as well for a moment. We just stared at the floor with the chaos swirling around us. After a while, probably not even a minute, I broke the silence gingerly with “*N, the sergeant said you wanted to talk. What would you like to say?*”. That was all I honestly said and then he started to describe in detail the horrible events of the day. He talked about how he and some of the other male hostages spoke briefly and secretly about would they be able to overpower Monis. But Monis had earlier threatened the hostages with a bomb contained in his backpack and this made the men think twice. Should it be true and it exploded there would be disastrous consequences. He went on to say how Monis had targeted one hostage all day, at one stage holding a gun to her head and blurting out “*bang!*” as if to replicate the discharge sound of the firearm. N also recounted how he and some other hostages saw their window of opportunity to escape via a back entrance that had been left unlocked and how, as they ran for their lives, they could hear shots being fired behind them. I spent nearly two hours with N listening to his hair-raising account and giving what comfort I could to him. It was important for him to vent.

I could see that the numbers in the room were thinning. It must have been around 5:30am and some of the other hostages were asked by the police to remove all clothing (for evidence) and they were issued jumpsuits to wear out of the building. I understood the families were waiting for them, anxiously, up near Saint James’ Church and it was a tactical challenge to get them there without exposure to the media mob. Some police officers came to collect N, so we shook hands and gave each other a brief hug before I said “*You’ll be OK N*”. They were my last words to him.

The team was officially stood down at around 6:30am and we quickly debriefed ourselves before packing up the gear and heading off. We were approached by a camera crew and journalist but just said “*No comment*” and quickly moved on. I remember, once I got back to my car, driving home and listening to the radio news. That was the first I heard there had been fatalities. My heart sank.

*Reverend Peter A. Frith
Macquarie Hospital (Mental Health)*

Remembering the victims of the Lindt Cafe siege

15 December 2014



Image above: sourced from https://www.nsw.gov.au/sites/default/files/styles/frontpage_slideshow_image/public/miscellaneous/remembering-the-victims-of-the-lindt-cafe-siege.jpg?itok=3XiA4ZWM on 23 September 2016 @ 1417 hrs

Image on page 19 :sourced from <http://www.smh.com.au/content/dam/images/1/2/7/h/h/u/image.related.articleLeadwide.620x349.127ofg.png/1418813574929.jpg> on 23 September 2016 @1424hrs

Image on page 20 sourced from http://www.sbs.com.au/news/sites/sbs.com.au.news/files/20141217001077396513-original_1.jpg on 23 September 2016 @1432 hrs

Called to Serve



This article originally appeared in the October/November 2006 edition of *The Parish Magazine* No.784

On Sunday 25 June 2006, three new servers were inducted into the Server's Guild. They are now part of a rich history of serving in the sanctuary in this Parish and an even richer history in the church as a whole. Some say that this history can be traced back to Samuel who served Eli, or Elisha who served Elijah. In both Old Testament and New Testament times, people have assisted in formal worship. It doesn't really matter when "serving" started. The important fact is that people across the ages have served at the altar. It is a rich heritage in which many have played their part (including my own small part).

I was first asked to be a server in 1975. To be honest I wasn't exactly sure what I was being asked to do. Being young and shy, I was too scared to ask. So I declined. A year or two later I was asked again.

This time I was a bit older and wiser and I willingly accepted. So began my almost 30-year service that has covered 3 parishes in 2 dioceses.

The term 'server' implies that someone is served. For a server this is enacted in a number of ways. Firstly, we are in service to God, assisting in God's Sacraments. Secondly, we are in service to the clergy in their Sacramental duties. Thirdly, we are in service to the parish by assisting in the formal worship activities of the people. Ultimately, these are all inherently linked to Christ's call to us to be servants to God's kingdom. We follow his example, obediently serving God, authentically serving the body of Christ and compassionately serving the community.

We are not actors performing a role. Serving is part of our being. We are not reciting lines or following stage directions. We are living and breathing our calling to serve. We do not cease being a server when we walk "off stage". Our service continues in the Sanctuary, in the Vestry, in our homes, in all that we do. We do not wear costumes to show our importance. Our robes are meant to 'depersonalize' us. When I put my alb on before a service I am no longer 'Stuart' rather I am just a 'server'. The robes take the focus away from me as an individual and merely reflect my function.

Clergy, servers, lay assistants, choir and congregation are all equal partners in our formal worship. We are not putting on a show. There is no audience, no applause, no theatre critics and no reviews. We are participants together. I have served at services with hundreds of participants and at services with only two participants. In some ways, some of these services with only two or three participants have been the most special to me.

Preparation is an important factor in being a server. This can be physical preparation. That is preparing the Sanctuary, vessels, candles etc. Or it can be more metaphysical. Preparing my mind through prayer and reflection before the formal service so that I can become immersed in the richness of our liturgy.

We have a number of proscribed ways of doing things - when to do this, when to do that. These are listed in our Server's Manual. Our manual also states that "in all things there should be dignity, care and reverence". Strangely enough this constancy does not make our services stolid and staid, rather it means that there are less distractions allowing the rich and dynamic atmosphere we experience during our services to develop.

We are all called to serve in some way, some of us in many ways. What does being a server mean to me? It has become part of me that is present in everything that I do - spiritually, professionally

and socially. I am ever thankful for the privilege of serving in this Parish. I am appreciative of all who share these duties with me - clergy, lay assistants and fellow servers.

I am often reminded of the words we use in the Maundy Thursday service, although I know the interpretation of “serve” is slightly different - *“As you have been served, go now and serve”*.

Will I still be serving at the altar in another 30 years? I don’t know. I do know that I will continue to serve my God in some way as he chooses to direct me.

Lighter side of serving

Like all situations that involve humans, serving can offer up funny situations, mistakes, bloopers (of course we refer to the bloopers as “liturgical variations”). Here are some that I have done/seen:

1. whilst processing in a Christmas service, one of the acolytes brought her candle a little too close to her hair. The “product” in her hair caught alight and the priest in the procession behind her had to pat the flames out before there was too much damage. Luckily, the incense overpowered the smell of burning hair! (Note: the server in question was not injured but appeared the next day with a shorter, trendier hair style).
2. There are quite a few times when coals have fallen out of the thurible and have had to be kicked along in the procession until they could be pushed off the carpet. The procession becomes a weird dance with kicking and stomping, twisting and turning - all to stop the carpet catching on fire.
3. On a similar theme, I have seen the bowl of the thurible break away from the chains and fly across the Sanctuary. Sort of a liturgical hammer throw (which I am sure is one of the events in the “God Olympics”).
4. In one case, the processional cross was not clicked to the wall properly and fell to the floor with a thundering crash that was enough to wake those dozing in the back pews.

Stuart Armsworth
Master Server and Editor



On 2 October 2016 Doug and Judy Carruthers (pictured above) celebrated their 50th anniversary as parishioners of Saint Alban's

Parish Directory

Associate Priest (Acting Rector) The Reverend Ross Weaver

BA, Dip Ed, BTh (Hons), BSocSc (Hons) MCouns

Locum The Reverend James Butt

Honorary Priests

The Reverend Dr Philip Blake Dip Th, Dip RE, Dip PS, BA, MA, PhD

The Reverend Jane Chapman BA, MBA, Cert IPP, Dip AngOrd

The Reverend Valerie Tibbey ThDip

The Reverend Paul Weaver BA, BD, ThL, AMusA

Honorary Deacon

The Reverend Christopher Keast

Licensed

Lay Readers

Ken Bock (Diocesan), Ian Burrows, John Noller, Ruth Shatford (Diocesan)

Lay Assistants

Godfrey Abel, Sue Armitage, Stuart Armsworth, Max Boyley, Noel Christie-David, Margaret and Robin Cummins, Linda Deall, Graeme Durie, , Jill Gumbley, Anne Lawson, Tony Malin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Richard Moon, Jane Noller, Margaret Pearson, Lachlan Roots, Peggy Sanders (Senior Liturgical Assistant), John Sowden, David Tait, Amanda and Kim Turner, Ian Walker, Sarah Weaver

Servers

Stuart Armsworth (Master Server), Ross Beattie, Ian Burrows, Margaret Byron, Shane Christie-David, Phoebe Codling, Linda Deall, Bastian Dunn, Graeme Durie, Judi Martin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Emma Noller, Jane and John Noller (Master Server), Sarah Noller, James Simpson, John Sowden, Susanna Sowden, Christopher Tait, Penelope Thompson, Prudence Thompson

Parish Administrator Denise Pigot

Telephone 9876 3362, or by email - office@eppinganglicans.org.au

Honorary Parish

Treasurer

Noel Christie-David

Parish Councillors

Glyn Evans, Michael Gumbley, Christopher Keast, Malcolm Lawn, Sarah Noller, Penelope Thompson, Sarah Weaver

Parish Nominators

Robin Cummins, Peter Deall, Graeme Durie, Peggy Sanders, Ruth Shatford

Synod

Representatives

Anne Price, Graeme Watts

The Churchwardens

Saint Alban's

David Tait - Rector's Warden

Graeme Durie - People's Warden

Ruth Shatford - People's Warden

Saint Aidan's

Ken Bock - Rector's Warden

Margaret Cummins - People's Warden

Richard Ryan - People's Warden

Choir Director

Kent Maddock Jnr

Assistant Choir

Director

Anne Price

Organist

Neil Cameron

Assistant Organists

Lynn Bock, Stanley Gilling, Tony Malin, Richard Simpson, Bruce Wilson

Caretaker

Oscar Sichez

Editor

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