



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**

**The Season of Advent,
followed by
The Festival of The Nativity,
then
The Season and Feast of
The Epiphany**

**December 2015/
January 2016
Number 838**

*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

Recently we celebrated the Feast of All Saints. I know that our liturgy meant many felt the presence of saints across the ages standing with us. I feel sorry for those parishes that have separated their connection with saints of old by rebadging as “suburb” Anglican Centre. The stories of Saints and peoples gone by can be an inspiration to us in trying times, whether it is the compassion of Mother Teresa or the dream of Martin Luther King or the forgiving nature of Nelson Mandela. We need not be alone to face the problems of this world.

To contact us:

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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.

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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 8 January, 2016.** Contributions may be left at the parish office, or emailed directly to Stuart Armsworth at stundeb@bigpond.net.au.

Our Vision:

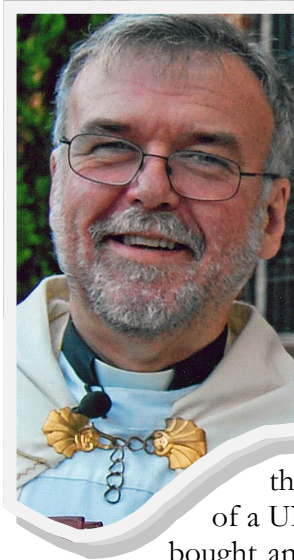
*To be
a
Worshipping,
Recognisably
Anglican,
Multi-racial,
All-age,
Gathered,
Christian
Community*

“a city on a hill”

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

The Acting Rector's Letter



It's hard to believe we are approaching the end of another year. People around me are showing amazement and perhaps some despair that we are facing another Christmas. I am sure you have heard those complaints about how early the decorations are put up in the supermarkets and those huge displays of every type of chocolate. They seem to get bigger every year and sometimes it is hard to get past them to find the real food. As a child I thought the one thing I would never complain about as an adult was the regular onset of Christmas!

But I wonder whether part of our concerns over Christmas is the tension between the importance of the season and our weariness in celebrating it. We don't need to be convinced of the significance of the birth of this baby but then we think of all the tasks that lie ahead for us. In some families just the decision of where Christmas will be celebrated requires the negotiating skills of a UN envoy. Then there are the cards that need to be sent, the gifts that need to be bought and always the eternal question of what to get for Uncle Fred. Boxing Day can seem so far away it can seem like an unattainable goal.

What I find helpful at Saint Alban's is the way we celebrate the season. We begin with Christ the King where we mark the end of the Christian year. It gives us the opportunity to stop and for just a moment look back on the year that has passed and to reflect on the highs and lows, the times of celebration and perhaps times for mourning. Then we move on to Advent Sunday. Advent is a season that many have forgotten. In times past it was observed much like Lent though without the food restrictions. It was a time to reflect on the work of God and his plans for the restoration of creation - very important stuff. Each week we light the Advent candles which act much like a countdown as we approach the climax of the season.

But this year my family have had an extra blessing with my niece giving birth to a baby boy. This has resulted in all the family coming together from different states and from overseas as we celebrate the birth of this baby. What we are doing now is just like what we will do again at Christmas, meeting together, sharing meals, all with a general sense of joy. All of this has been effortless, the sense of joy has been palpable. None of this has been an effort or a burden perhaps because we are caught up with the excitement of the moment. Our focus has been on this baby and maybe that is the key to Christmas. The heart of our celebrations is the birth of another baby boy even though it happened thousands of years ago. Yet I think Christmas can only make sense if we keep our focus on that baby. The birth of that baby speaks of a God who will go to any extremes, even giving up his own son to a creation that had given up on him, a son who takes on the flesh of his own creation, becoming one of us so we can be one with him. When you think about it, that is something worth celebrating.

Ross Weaver
Acting Rector



Image sourced from [@1509](http://media.photobucket.com/user/janet-gifford) hours on 23 November 2015

The Broken Arab Spring



Excerpt from a talk given by Derek Jones to the Men's breakfast at Saint Aidan's on 29 August 2015

It is sad indeed that the brief flowering of the Arab Spring has ended so disastrously.

From West to East the Arab nations are in varying states of upheaval, extreme strain, and in some cases, chaotic collapse.

The main reasons are Religious intolerance, social breakdown and economic collapse.

In the first case there is the bitter feud between the two main sects of Islam – Sunni and Shia. For years the smaller sect, the Sunnis, have been in the ascendancy – the rulers. They are supported by the oil rich states such as Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, the UAE, Qatar and Kuwait, all of which are Sunni ruled. However, the Shia, the larger sect, and in some countries, notably Iraq and Syria are supported by Iran, which is not Arab, but is Moslem and Shia.

All sides supply money, arms and ammunition to their adherents and no side is prepared to come to any working compromise.

Secondly, in the Arab countries, there is a very high proportion of young people under 30. The latest statistics available are as follows: - Tunisia 52%, Egypt 61%, Bahrain 54%, Libya 58%, Yemen 74%, and Syria 65%.

These young people, including many more women, are today better educated (Cairo University turns out 600,000 graduates every year) not all Egyptian of course.

However, having graduated, what do they find. There are no jobs available with little chance of the situation improving. They look at their various Governments and Public Services, and what do they see? –

- An ageing, mainly ultra conservative hierarchy that appears totally indifferent and/or uncaring about the situation.
- In many cases opposed to modern ideas and in particular, any form of Westernisation.
- They also see and experience at first hand Incompetence, Inertia, Corruption, Nepotism and perhaps worst of all, a stagnant or recessive economy. Their future looks bleak indeed.
- It is not difficult to radicalise young people under such circumstances. In Tunisia, where the Arab Spring started, it is now estimated that at least 5000 young people have gone to Syria to join ISIS.
- Thirdly, other than the oil rich nations, the economies of the other countries are heavily dependant on tourism and agriculture. Today tourism has largely collapsed and agriculture has been badly disrupted by war, lack of money and factional disputes.

Efforts to introduce democratic forms of Government into the Arab world have failed, largely because one is dealing with people who have no experience of Democracy and who are not democratically minded. They are used to, and largely accept firm autocratic government from a strong leader. Think of Russia today. It is worth noting that Russia supplies large quantities of arms and ammunition to the Assad Government in Damascus, and it has just been announced that this will be increased.

An educated elite, particularly the young, may be more democratically minded in theory, but this does not apply to millions of others, most of whom live a subsistence existence, either in the town or country.

Egypt since its independence, has been ruled by strong men Nasser, Sadat, Mubarak and now el-Sisi. All CIC's of the Armed forces.

Compromise – which is an essential component of a democratic society, does not come easily, if at all to Arab society.

To sum up therefore the main problems facing the Arab world today are:-

- Religious fundamentalism – Ferocious struggles for dominance between Sunni and Shia.
- Refusal to compromise politically – therefore democracy cannot work.
- High percentage of people under 30, better educated, but few job opportunities available.
- Severely depressed and/or ruined economies.
- Ageing conservative hierarchies in control, but completely out of touch with the more liberally minded younger generations.
- High levels of corruption/nepotism. Is it any wonder that the current migration flood is taking place. It has been suggested that a higher priority and larger intake numbers should be given to Christian Arabs, many of whom have been subjected to long periods of severe and frequently deadly persecution in their own countries.

As previously said, the immediate future for the Arab world does indeed look bleak. Urgent radical changes are needed but these changes must come from themselves to be effective. Powerful nations from both West and East should be very wary of trying to impose their solutions on nations with a fundamentally different religious and social ethic.

We should pray to our God for his mercy and compassion towards them – for they surely need it.

Derek Jones



Image sourced from arabspring-news.com @1533 hours on 23 November 2015.

Walking the Labyrinth

On 23 May 2015 I joined Father Martin Davies from the Saint James Institute at the recently opened Centennial Park labyrinth, near the duck ponds off Dickens Avenue. The labyrinth was opened September 2014. It is based on the labyrinth at Chartres Cathedral in France.

What's a labyrinth? It's an ancient meditation tool, common to many religious traditions. People used to go on pilgrimage. When physical pilgrimage wasn't always possible, they came up with a substitute: walking the labyrinth.

When we met with Father Martin, there was a gentle introduction. We were to walk at our own pace. There is no one way to walk the labyrinth. It's a beautiful setting: a Tai Chi class were performing their movements at one side, and bird calls surrounded us. I started walking. On this cold, almost winter's morning I was most aware of the sun's warmth on the side of my face with each change of direction, and hearing the birdsong all around me.

I began last of the group, and went slowly – I took an hour. As we each finished, we stood on the bank facing the labyrinth and watched as each of us completed the walk.

I followed the path. One foot in front of the other. Eventually you reach the centre. I stayed a little while in the centre, then retraced my steps. Again, one foot in front of the other, being aware of each step. I felt disappointed when I realised I was only a few steps from the entrance/exit again. A feeling of calm. I could almost feel my pulse and blood pressure reduce as I walked. Of resurfacing at the end.

When all had finished the walk and joined us on the bank, there was a short debrief – we offered a word to describe our experience, then sentences and paragraphs tumbled out as we each contributed to try and encapsulate our experience that morning: warmth; trust; journey; joy; thankfulness.

There is no one right way to do it; each person's experience is different, and different every time, like experiencing a work of art.

The labyrinth itself is very beautiful to look at. It is constructed of Sydney sandstone, with Melbourne bluestone for the highlights. Stonemason Darren Finlayson who built it has been so profoundly affected by the experience of creating the labyrinth, and so moved by the beauty of what he has created, that he comes back each week to walk it.

On another occasion I walked the labyrinth with two friends, the experience was different. We smiled when the young man and his terrier joined the walk. It was touching to see the little dog following his master around and through. A young father with his three boys tumbled onto the labyrinth – boys running, laughing, pushing, shyacking, but gradually as they continued, something about the labyrinth slowed them down and quietened them. By the time they reached the centre they were walking. And it didn't disturb our experience of the walk. In fact it enhanced it. We smiled to hear and see the family enjoying the labyrinth.

Some people walk it quickly, some slowly. Some stay a long time in the centre, some stay only briefly. Some take their shoes off – it feels very different shoeless – a sense of standing on sacred ground. I want my yoga group to walk it together. Some in the group have no religion, some are Christian, our yoga teacher is Hindu.

Emily Simpson was the driving force behind the creation of the Sydney labyrinth. She invited leaders from many faith groups to pray and walk the new labyrinth at its opening: Buddhist, Hindu, various Christian denominations.

For more information, go to www.sydneylabyrinth.org. There are links to the ABC TV's *Compass* program with Geraldine Doogue, and ABC Radio National's *The Spirit of Things* with Rachael Kohn. They can explain it much better than I can!

I went to Chartres Cathedral when Paul and I travelled to France during July 2015. But they had just moved the scaffolding and had covered the labyrinth to protect it – so I couldn't walk it this time! But there is a simpler labyrinth out in the garden. So I walked it.

Kerin Brown

Kerin has been a parishioner of Saint Alban's Epping since 1991

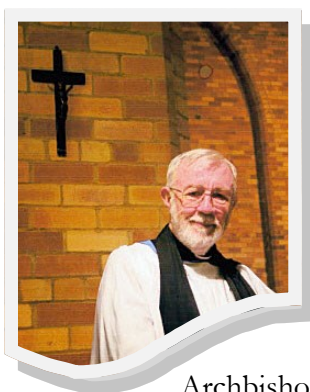


Image left: Kerin is walking the labyrinth in the garden outside Chartres Cathedral. It is a different design to the one inside.

Image below: The Sydney labyrinth (sourced from www.centennialparklands.com.au on 17 November 2015 @1037hrs)



The Archbishop and Patrick Bronte



For many years I have been researching the history of the Anglican Church in New South Wales and especially in the Diocese of Canberra and Goulburn in which I have been a priest for more than forty years.

In 2012 I wrote a piece about the consecration in Canterbury Cathedral of the first bishop of what was then the Diocese of Goulburn, Mesac Thomas. Little seemed to be known about this event until I discovered a full account of it in the London *Times* of March 26, 1863. Thomas was consecrated by Archbishop Charles Longley and I wonder if the two men ever kept in touch after the event.

Archbishop Longley had a passionate interest in the planting of Anglican churches in the new colonies of the British Empire which was then expanding rapidly. In 1868 he called the first “Lambeth Conference” of bishops from all parts of the Empire and I am researching to see if Mesac Thomas attended. I think it unlikely.

Charles Thomas Longley was born in 1794 and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he taught for several years. In 1829 he was appointed headmaster of Harrow. He was for twenty years Bishop of Ripon, followed by Durham, York, and finally Canterbury. It is his Ripon period that is of particular interest. He was a controversial figure there. E B Pusey, the great Tractarian scholar, supported the building of Saint Saviour’s Church at Leeds. Longley, like most of the Bishops, strongly objected to what were called “Romanising” tendencies in the ritual of that Church, and tried hard to suppress them.

Longley’s Archive

When Longley went to Canterbury he took his vast file of personal letters with him. He seems to have preserved every letter he received. After his death his family inherited these massive archives. A few years ago his descendants decided to donate them to Lambeth Palace Library. If he and Mesac Thomas corresponded then there would be letters from bishop Thomas in those archives, telling of his life in Goulburn diocese. I hope to do a search for such letters if they exist.

When the letters were catalogued about 2004 a great treasure was discovered. It was a 4 page letter from the Reverend Patrick Bronte, Rector of Haworth in the Ripon Diocese, and father of the most famous literary family in England. After the tragic death of his wife and five daughters and only son, victims of the filthy living conditions in Haworth, Bishop Longley had written to the Rector words of comfort. Perhaps by then the Bishop knew that three of the Bronte girls had become famous through their writings. *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and other novels by the Brontes were being read even in the faraway Australian colonies.

A Cassocked Savage

Patrick Bronte’s reply to the bishop is a major contribution to the study of the Bronte family, and is a most moving letter. Portion of it was published in the London *Times* in December 2006. Patrick Bronte’s reputation has been that of a Victorian bully. The novelist Elizabeth Gaskell gave a damning description of him. She had nothing good to say about him. In an article in *Blackwood’s Magazine* she wrote that Bronte was a “*cassocked savage who ought to have been taken out into the garden and shot*”.

But this letter by Patrick gives for the first time his anguish and his love for all his family. His last surviving daughter Charlotte had died ten days before and now he was quite alone.

The 78 year old priest wrote: “*I have lived long enough to bury a beloved wife and six children – all that I had. I greatly enjoyed their conversation and company, and many of them were well fitted for being companions to the wisest and the best. Now they are all gone – their image and memory remain, and meet me at every turn – but they themselves have left me.*” Bronte admitted to the bishop that his grief had challenged his Christian faith and made it difficult to pray.

He wrote: “The Lord gave and the Lord took early away. But I have often found, and find in this last sad trial, that it is often frequently extremely difficult to walk entirely by faith and sincerely to pray *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven*”.

150 years later we may still identify with the grief of that Victorian priest, and recall the Gospel words of the man who said to our Lord Jesus Christ: “*Lord I believe. Help thou mine unbelief*” (Mark 9: 24). As one Bronte scholar comments: The letter shows remarkable dignity and courage in the face of terrible suffering.

But Patrick Bronte did not just retreat into his sorrow. On the contrary he seems to have realised that the fatalities in his family may have been in part caused by the living conditions in Haworth. He worked hard to improve those conditions. The Television series *Walking Through History*, with Sir Tony Robinson, Series 3, has a fascinating programme on the Brontes with an interview with noted Bronte scholar Juliet Barker. (Available from ABC shops)

For further reading I warmly commend *The Brontes* by Juliet Barker (Revised edition 2010). My research into the convict James Thackray’s years in Australia was published in the last issue of the Epping Parish Magazine. Juliet Barker wrote to me a very helpful letter re my research. Her book is not only a literary history but also a fascinating picture of the Church of England at that time.

Reverend Robert Willson

Father Robert Willson has been a priest in the Diocese of Canberra and Goulburn for forty years

The Parish Register

Holy Baptism

Luca James BURGE on 15 November 2015

The Faithful Departed

Annapooranam CHELLADURAI on 26 September 2015

John David JEWELL on 1 October 2015



Our 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 |



Sunday at Saint Aidan's

| | |
|--------|---------------------------|
| 8.30am | Holy Eucharist with Hymns |
|--------|---------------------------|

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.

Christmas at Saint Alban's

| | | |
|---------|--|-----------------------|
| 10.00am | Sunday School Pageant | Sunday 13 December |
| 7.45pm | Nine Lessons and Carols | Sunday 20 December |
| 6.00pm | A Family Christmas Celebration | Thursday 24 December |
| 11.00pm | Choral Festival Eucharist of the Nativity (with Incense) | Thursday 24 December |
| 8.00am | Choral Festival Eucharist | Friday 25 December |
| 10.00am | Festival Eucharist | Friday 25 December |
| 10.00am | Feast of Epiphany (with incense) | Sunday 3 January 2016 |

Christmas at Saint Aidan's

| | | |
|--------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 8.30am | Festival Eucharist | Friday 25 December |
|--------|--------------------|--------------------|

Until the end of January services are limited to normal Sunday morning services only

For further information please telephone 9876 3362

At this time of the year there are those who wish to take the Rite of Reconciliation. Please contact the Parish Office on 9876 3362 to arrange an appointment. For our parishioners and friends who are unable to get to church over the Christmas Season and would like to receive the Sacrament of Holy Communion, this can be arranged by calling the Parish Office. Visitations may be arranged to homes, local hospitals, nursing homes and retirement villages.

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Saint Alban's Epping and the Great War



Mr T McGill of Epping parcel fame has turned out his horse, stowed away his telephone receiver and 'off to the war he has gone'. He has joined the expeditionary forces.¹

Neither Thomas McGill nor several of his Epping companions returned to Epping. He vanished in the battle of Lone Pine.

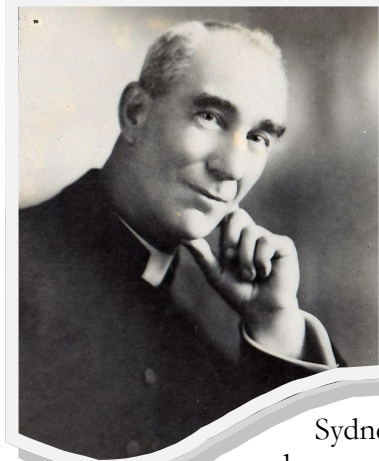
Epping in 1914 was a village beyond the suburban boundaries of Sydney. There was no electricity, little street lighting, limited access to water, gas or telephone. Settlement was confined to a few streets on either side of the railway line. Beyond that were rural properties, predominately orchards.

The concerns of the village were remote from the international situation at the onset of a great war. Foremost among these was the deplorable state of the roads and footpaths. 'What business man or woman cares to wade through the mud going home from office and shop and so get their clothing soiled?' demanded the local paper. Contact with the red clay left many peoples clothing in an unappealing state. Some roads became so slippery during wet weather that motorists and even heavy vehicles drove on the footpath. Sometimes residents responded by placing logs on the footpath at right angles to their property. There were angry confrontations. "On one occasion a J.P. was driving in a motor along a footpath with some swells when a local democrat stepped in front of the machine and stopped the whole outfit".²

A second problem was that of straying cattle. Many owners of small allotments were appalled by those neighbours who allowed horses and stock to wander at night seeking fodder. Sometimes a beautiful garden of flowers was destroyed and the owners seemed to regard this as a legitimate form of agistment.³ The Council was held to blame for not taking firmer action. Even after the Council began to prosecute the owners of straying cattle as well as motorists who made use of the footpath, it was many years before these problems were resolved.

A third issue was that of larrikinism. Since the 1890's, readers of the Cumberland Argus had been accustomed to reports of burglary and the activities of youths congregating about the railway station behaving offensively towards respectable citizens. This was part of a campaign to have a resident police officer and late in 1909 Constable Walsh was appointed. He left after only one year and the problem reasserted itself. The next decade saw another long agitation for a 'move-on man' since the larrikin element seemed to be active once more at the railway station. The authorities saw Epping as 'a peaceful place with plenty of parsons and no pubs' a permanent police officer, in the person of Constable A. G.

Dymond did not come until 1920. ⁴



Anglican services had been held in Epping since 1891 and the first Saint Alban's Church was opened in 1896. In 1914 Epping was still a conventional district, not a parish and the priest, Charles Mortimer Thomas (pictured at left) was Curate-in-charge not Rector. Thomas had obtained the position in unusual circumstances. His predecessor, Henry Bradshaw, had died in office in April 1908 and the position proved difficult to fill. Thomas was only appointed after 'the position had been offered to several clergyman and had been refused by them'.

Like all Epping's early clergy, Thomas was English-born. Ordained for Grafton-Armidale he had mostly temporary appointments since coming to Sydney in 1904. No doubt he was very pleased to receive a permanent position and proceeded to make a good fist of it. A kindly man, of pleasant disposition, he

¹ Cumberland Argus (henceforth CA) 5 September 1914

² CA November 1913; 4 July, 1 August 1914; 4 September 1916; 8 February, 24 May, 13 September 1919

³ CA 11 April 1914; 4 December 1920

⁴ Nigel Hubbard, 'Dealing with the Hobble-de-Hoy: a move on man for Epping', Epping Parish Magazine, June-July

mixed well with his parishioners. His speaking voice was loud but somewhat indistinct and he was not considered a great preacher. He celebrated the Holy Communion from the eastward position and his conduct of worship avoided ostentation. He was generally popular in the village and visited parishioners regularly in their homes. His wife Mary played a well-defined role in church life. In 1911 Thomas, a fine carpenter, constructed a new altar for Saint Alban's which remained in use until a new church was built in 1923. ⁵

The outbreak of war gave rise to a number of voluntary community organisations. These included the Red Cross, Voluntary Workers' Association (a male version of the Red Cross), War Chest, Soldiers' Comfort Fund and Universal Service League (conscription). The roles of these groups were often confused and they sometimes overlapped. Each sought to hold street stalls, public meetings and entertainments to promote their activities. Much was made of knitting socks, underwear, pyjamas and scarves for the troops. They also wrote letters and forwarded tins of milk, sweets, food, writing paper, pens among other gifts which were very well received at the front. There were farewells for soldiers and 'welcome homes'. Soldiers were often presented with tokens of appreciation – a fountain pen, a watch, a cigarette case. There were also regular recruiting meetings. Since the protestant churches all supported the war effort dissent was rare among the clergy. Almost without exception clergymen took their places on the platform at public meetings at the School of Arts and, after 1916, in the Cambria (later Epping Theatre). The presence of Charles Thomas at these occasions is often noted but rarely, if ever, did he speak. He was no orator and other people did the job better than he. The Cumberland Argus (CA) reported a typical function:

*The Pennant Hills and District Rifle Club held a Church parade at Epping on Sunday. The club mustered about fifty strong and, headed by Captain Thomas, marched from Beecroft to Epping. Near Cheltenham they were met by a brass band which played them to the School of Arts where the service was held. Dr Digges La Touche delivered an address in the course of which he appealed for volunteers. The hymns 'Onward Christian Soldiers', 'Eternal Father' and 'Fight the Good Fight' were sung. The offertory amounted to twenty pounds which is to go to the credit of the Red Cross Society. The local ministers were present at the service.*⁶



Everard Digges La Touche (pictured at left) was a quixotic Irish clergyman with a sharp intellectual mind. He had been a Moore College lecturer as well as Diocesan Missioner. In July 1913 he conducted a mission in Epping under the title 'Get Right with God' and appears to have stayed with his relative William Robert Digges La Touche in Essex Street. He attended some services at Saint Alban's and was asked to preach. In the absence of a service register it is not possible to say how often this happened. When war broke out he chose to see it as a 'holy war'. He was denied a chaplaincy and eventually enlisted as a private soldier. He was most persuasive in the pulpit and the lecture hall and was prepared to use his gift for recruiting purposes.

When Digges La Touche was transferred to the military camp at Liverpool he sometimes preached at Evensong at Saint Alban's. The service commenced at 7.30pm and the only train he could catch arrived at Epping after 8.00pm. If the train was late, a few extra hymns were sung but no-one left the church. His preaching was greatly sought after and appreciated. The visit in May 1915 may have been his last in Sydney. Very soon after, he embarked for the front and was killed at the Battle of Lone Pine on 6 August 1915. George White and Frederick Wellisch of Saint Alban's had been

⁵ Saint Alban's Parish Council Minute Book 23 July 1908. Nigel Hubbard and Stacy Atkin, Clergy of Saint Alban's Epping

⁶ CA 22 May 1915

Saint Alban's and the Great War continued

killed at Gallipoli, and like Thomas McGill, White simply disappeared.⁷

The Archbishop of Sydney, John Charles Wright, was an enthusiastic supporter of the war effort and almost all the clergy stood with him. It was the same in all protestant churches. Few Roman Catholic clergy opposed the war, although some chose to remain silent. 'The bloody prolonged nature of the war shook the early confidence that God was on the Allies' side. A period of introspection began and the awful question was asked, "Are we on God's Side?"⁸ The result was the General Mission of Repentance and Hope which was conducted in many Australian parishes during 1916. The basic theme was that for the church to be effective there was a need to bring people back to the fundamental realities of their religion. The Missioner to Epping, the Reverend George Frederick Belford Manning expressed it thus:

*The war is a great call throughout the world for a return of all people to God. Prosperity has led to a general decay in religious life throughout the world, and this war with its sorrows and anxieties is a solemn and awful warning that we cannot live without honour. War would have been an impossibility in a world devoted to Christ and obedient to his teachings.*⁹

It is impossible to assess the impact of the mission.

Church leaders invested much in the cause of conscription of young men for military service. When this proposal was unveiled in mid-1916 it caused much bitterness. Because the government did not have a majority in the senate it resolved that a referendum should be held on 28 October 1916. The ensuing national debate was pursued with great vehemence and acrimony. Newspapers and many prominent public figures enthusiastically supported conscription, as did most churchmen and women. In spite of all the pressures exerted, most Australians exercised their right to say no, and the proposal was narrowly defeated. The electorate of Ryde in which Epping was situated voted yes by 1,950 to 1,472. A second referendum in 1917 produced a similar result. There is little evidence that Epping was wracked by the divisions and ill feelings which affected other places. But there was no doubt that there was at least an undercurrent of tension.

The war brought out much apprehension concerning the activities of spies and saboteurs. People with foreign-sounding surnames were often objects of suspicion. It was reported that a Mr. W. H. Weirick of Armagh, Epping 'had a complete wireless plant so ingeniously installed that its use could never be suspected. Of course it was inferred that wireless messages were being sent to Kaiser Bill'. The result was a police raid which uncovered 'two ingeniously devised clotheslines which possessed many distinct advantages over the ordinary contrivance for drying clothes'. The local paper made light of the popular panic and embarrassment which it had helped to create and suggested that many local men could invest in a similar 'wireless outfit' for the benefit of their wives.¹⁰

For many people church life passed much as it always had and there were reports of bazaars, sales of work, continentals, flower festivals and special services. In June 1916 the Dean of Sydney, the Very Reverend Albert Edward Talbot came to Saint Alban's to dedicate the Roll of Honour which today is located in the south transept of the parish church.¹¹ The Honour Roll included the names of those who had died at Gallipoli: George White, Frederick Wellisch, Phillip Passmore and Everard Digges La

⁷ Nigel Hubbard, Almost a Martyr's Fire. Tony Cunneen, "Killed in Action", Epping Parish Magazine, October-November 2005. Australian Dictionary of Evangelical Biography

⁸ K. Cable and S. Judd, Sydney Anglicans p. 180

⁹ Saint. John's Balmain, Parish Magazine 1915-16. Manning was the Rector of Balmain

¹⁰ CA 27 October 1914

¹¹ CA 17 June 1916

Touche. Later a third panel was added and this includes the names of those who died in France in 1918: Thomas Lindsay, Ralph Bradshaw and John White.

At the start of the war, church leaders agreed to the clergy delivering telegrams on behalf of the Defence Department. Thus, families would be informed of a soldier's death. Many clergy had hoped to use this tragedy as a means of Christian ministry to the bereaved. They soon abandoned any such notion and the appearance of the parson on the street would have been a cause for dread. Charles Thomas would have



Photo above: The British and Australian flags dominate the sanctuary of Saint Alban's, Epping in 1918. Note the altar constructed by the Reverend Charles Thomas

provided an opportunity to rectify matters. This occurred on 5 March 1919, nearly three months after the war-weary village expressed its delight at the news of the armistice probably by shouting, banging kerosene tins and burning the Kaiser in effigy. Gallard, whose family lived in Pembroke Road, enlisted in

delivered seven such telegrams. Sadly he visited Mrs. Emily White of "Wendowie", York Street on two occasions. She lost both her sons, George early in the war and John near its end.¹²

Charles Thomas also rang the bell at midday each day to call for prayer for peace, a practice common in many parishes. On 11 January 1916 he officiated at a wedding between Private Bertram Webster, aged 25, and Miss Ella Austen, aged 21, late of Maclean. 'The soldier bridegroom left for the front on Saturday'.¹³ Neither bride nor bridegroom lived in Epping nor was a parishioner. Webster does not appear on the Roll of Honour.

The historian of Epping Congregational Church declares that 'although the attention of the world was focussed on the fighting overseas, the life of the Church went on as usual'.¹⁴ At Saint Alban's there are surprisingly few references to the war in the minutes of the Parish Council, but the sum of two shillings and sixpence per week was voted towards the work of the tent at Liverpool camp. No doubt Thomas referred to the war in at least some of his sermons, but no record survives. Charles Thomas' three surviving children all served overseas in the war. These were Margaret (Madge), Charles Clarence and Hugh Mervyn. This must have imposed a great strain on him but there is no record that he spoke about it publicly.

There were complaints that the Church was doing considerably less than other denominations to welcome home their boys returning from the front. The return of Roy Marston Gallard pro-

¹² Tony Cuneen *Op. Cit*

¹³ CA 22 January 1916, Saint Alban's Register of Marriages No. 53

¹⁴ Douglas Pulsford, *Minutes to Remember*, p.13

1915 at the age of twenty-two. On 20 December he embarked with the second battalion. He was taken prisoner after an attack on German trenches near Fromelles. The unit was instructed to capture a second German trench farther east. However the trench did not exist and the soldiers, caught in open country, were compelled to surrender. The captives were paraded through the streets of Lille, interrogated, then held in a German prisoner of war camp for two and a half years. Gallard was given 'a great welcome home' in April 1919.¹⁵ It was later reported that Gallard had returned to his employment with the railways as a ticket examiner on the northern line.¹⁶ Roy Gallard lived until 1974 and Gallard Street in Denistone East is named after his family who once owned a farm in that area.

It is sometimes claimed that the Great War diminished the Church's influence in society while placing great strains upon the Church. The absence of the breadwinner often led to reduced offertories while the demands of war charities often impacted upon Church work and giving. Attendances increased but so did demands on the Churches. Dealing with the bereaved and the disturbed increased the pastoral load.¹⁷

In Epping the income increased steadily, admittedly from a fairly low base. The stipend which was £200 when Thomas arrived in 1908, became £225 in 1914 and £250 in 1919. This was because of population growth. Throughout the war years there were a number of land sales and, despite war-time conditions, the population rose steadily. By 1920 Saint Alban's Epping was strong enough to gain parish status.

Epping seemed to have survived the war better than many comparable communities.

Nigel Hubbard

The author expresses his thanks to Mr. Max Boyley, archivist of Saint Alban's Epping, and the staff of the Mitchell Library. Also to Mrs. Julie Evans and Saint Alban's World War I Honour Board Project.

A version of this article appeared in the Anglican Historical Society Journal, December 2014.

¹⁵ CA 3 May 1919, Tony Cunneen, Beecroft and Cheltenham in World War I, p. 38

¹⁶ CA 7 May 1919

¹⁷ Cable & Judd, Op.Cit., p. 178-9

100th Anniversary of World War I

The Honour Board Project - Who were these men?



For over thirty years I have been a parishioner of Saint Alban's. Countless times I have walked back from communion, past the font and under the World War I Honour Board which hangs on the wall above it. What made me look up on a particular day? After the service I went back to read more carefully. Forty seven names. Forty seven lives disrupted by war and a desire to serve their country. Seven men did not return. Then I discovered that The Lectern was given by parishioners in memory of these seven men and they are separately remembered on a small plaque close to the communion rails.

Who were these men? Were they all parishioners of Saint Alban's? What were their full names?

Each one is recorded with just initials and a surname. Who was RR Bailey? W J Bayley? A S Beveridge? H L Bradshaw? T E Dence? C C Thomas? And all the others? Did they live locally and attend Church with their families? How old were they and where were they employed before they enlisted? For those who survived, was there a return to that employment or were their lives changed irrevocably by their war service? Did they stay in the Epping area or move away? Did they marry and have families?

What could I find out about them?

Wait a minute, what was that? What could I find out about them?

Before I had time to think about the enormity of the project, I had approached Parish Council and volunteered to research each of the names and prepare information which could be shared with the Parish through the Parish Magazine. The Parish Council gave its approval and the Project (with a capital P now) had begun. Until November 2018, Australia will remember and commemorate the events and sacrifices associated with World War I, one century ago, and I hope we can plan an event at the Church which could honour the memory of these men and to which we could invite their relatives.

Suddenly, as an ex-history teacher and long-term passionate family historian, I had big dreams – articles in local papers, a search for descendants or other relatives, a gathering of photographs, documents, war service records and stories. Especially the stories. There is easy access to facts in War Service records but I wanted more than that. I wanted to write about the men and who they were, their families and their lives before, and after, the war. I trawled through the online War Service Records in the National Archives of Australia to determine the Christian names of each man who was recorded on the Board only with his initials. For each man there had to be an Epping link. Fortunately most were straightforward. A next of kin had been recorded as a parent living in Kent Street, Cambridge Street or Oxford Street. Four men gave the Rectory, Pembroke Street, as the address for their next of kin.

Many parishioners were very supportive in the early stages of the Project. Robin Cummins gave me a booklet, prepared for the Anzac Day 2015 commemoration by the Epping Branch of the RSL, which had very brief biographies of the men who died during WWI and whose names are on the Epping War Memorial. Five of the names matched those on the separate plaque commemo-

The Honour Board Project continued

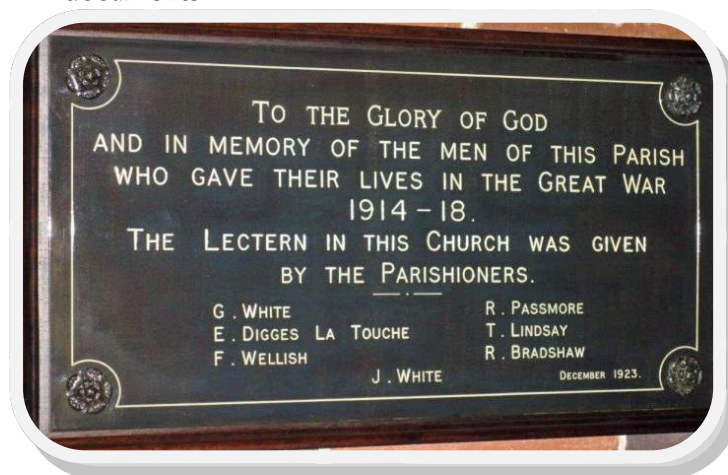
rating the war dead from Saint Alban's. Max Boyley provided advice, additional information and access to the Church Archives. Nigel Hubbard, Church historian and a previous Saint Alban's Church Warden, gave me permission to use any of the articles or books that he has written on Saint Alban's over the years. Everyone has been very encouraging.

A photo and article about the Project was published in *The Monthly Chronicle* and a similar one in *The Weekly Times*. *The Sydney Morning Herald* published an item in their RSVP column. Then Denise Pigot became involved, fielding calls and passing on names and phone numbers of members of the public offering assistance. Contact came from many areas of Sydney, elsewhere in NSW, Brisbane and Tasmania. People would say "A friend sent me the article", "My mother saw this in the Herald", "That list includes my grandfather."

A member of the Hornsby Shire Historical Society contacted me with suggestions and possible leads. A second contact came from a staff member from Hornsby Library. I contacted the Information and Local Studies Coordinator of Hornsby Council and we discussed the names already recorded on the Hornsby Shire Council website and he was able to add two from our Honour Board that the Council had previously missed. A man from Sutherland contacted me offering advice as he knew of a similar project recently completed. Everyone was eager to help.

The first people to make contact with me were particularly interesting because of a very strong link to Saint Alban's. Two of the names on the Board are Charles Clarence Thomas and Hugh Mervyn Thomas. These men were the sons of Charles Mortimer Thomas, Curate-in-Charge of Saint Alban's 1908-1920 and Rector 1920-1925. I was emailed by the daughter-in-law of Charles Clarence Thomas and then by his grandson. These two were very happy to provide pages of a family history and anecdotes about Charles Clarence. They also provided photographs.

Since then I have had contact with descendants, or relatives, of eighteen of the men whose names are on the Honour Board and have found quite detailed information on another four. I spend hours trawling through Trove, the digitised Australian newspaper archive of the National Library of Australia, looking for information on the lives and activities of the men. I search the web for relevant family history sites and consult many World War I sites which contain information about Army Units and their participation in the War. I lose myself in Australian War Memorial information pages and documents.



The plaque (pictured above) commemorates those from Saint Alban's who died in WWI.

It is no longer a dream - the Honour Board Project is underway!

In future editions of the Parish Magazine I intend to tell the story of one or more of these men, using the information I have gathered or which has been so kindly provided by others. Some stories will be very detailed as families have meticulously recorded their ancestor's life and times. Other will be only what I can glean from public records. Whichever way it is recorded – these men will be remembered.

Julie Evans, Parishioner

We will be publishing the fruits of Julie's research in coming editions of The Parish Magazine

Parish Happenings



As we search for our new Rector, we have been gathering as a Parish for prayer: the photo above is from one of these gatherings. One of the prayers used is reproduced below. Perhaps you could use it in your private reflections?

Lord God you are our eternal shepherd and guide and giver of every good and perfect gift. Be pleased to hear the prayers of your people. In your mercy grant your Church in this parish a shepherd after your own heart who will walk in your ways and wisely use the gifts you have graciously given him and with loving care watch over your people; a faithful pastor who may serve you in all diligence and lowliness of heart, that your name may be glorified and your will be done through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN



Photos left and below: candles and flowers from our All Souls service 2015, always a reflective and moving service.



Beggars I have met



My dear friend and Parish Priest Val Rogers once said *the only way the rich would get into heaven was if a poor person came out and led us in by the hand.*

I think about that sometimes, especially when I consider the beggars I have not dealt kindly with. There was the woman on the steps of my Moscow hotel in '98 at 1am, persistent and shrill in her pleas for help for her 3 children. Another woman I remember walking beside me in Darby St Newcastle.... I gave nothing to either of them, but they are permanently ingrained in my memory. Sometimes I am caught unawares – my coping mechanisms don't seem to be in place – and I just want to close the beggar out. This happened again in Beijing a few weeks ago as my friend Sally and I left Saint Joseph's Church after the English-speaking Mass. A man pushed forwards and thrust his two stumps – where once there had been forearms and hands – very close to me, and I recoiled in horror and walked away. Just walked away.

In Saint Mark's Square Venice there was a woman who asked for money. I gave her something, and was approached by another woman, well dressed and manicured. She stopped me and began to tell me why I should not give to the beggars. *They were employed by the Mafia*, she said. *They were all rogues and Gypsies. They were frauds and liars and I was wasting my money*, she said.

I pondered this after she left; what could possibly motivate a wealthy woman like her to accost a complete stranger and warn her about wasting her money on beggars? Looking around the Square I noticed people enjoying huge gelatos – they didn't need them; they were actually wasting their money on those gelati, but my 'friend' saw no need to reprimand them. In Istanbul a woman shopkeeper left her shop and crossed the street to utter the same warnings after I gave to a ragged Syrian boy whose shoes barely hung together, flapping as he walked away.

Of course there are tricksters and frauds amongst beggars, as there are amongst every social group; one memorable example was the woman with the horribly twisted and deformed leg outside St Peter's in Rome. I just happened to be around when she folded up her fake leg and popped it in a bag, stretching out the whole limb she'd had tucked under her skirt before rising from the dirt and walking away. *C'est la vie* I said ruefully to myself, thinking of the money I and others had parted with. Still, she'd certainly worked hard for it, sitting there in the hot sun all day with one leg cramped up beneath her!

The thing is, I can never tell the person in genuine need from the others. After a time when I had been duped and conned a few times at the Rectory door [and found out later] I gave in to cynicism. A fellow who knocked at the door received a cool welcome, although I did scrounge up some food and brought it out to him. That poor man stood right where he was and ate and ate – he was so hungry. Since then I find it better to obey the Lord's command to *give to everyone who asks of you*; at least when I have my wits about me.

My 10 weeks in Canterbury, UK brought me into contact with beggars regularly, as my walk home took me up Saint Peter's St which was lined with stalls and buskers and beggars. I loved the buskers: some were accomplished musicians, others scratched out doleful melodies on untuned instruments or sang tonelessly with one eye on the hat upturned in front of them, hoping for a few coins. How can I forget the girl who appeared to have got dressed in the dark out of the rag bag, with her hair stuck out in all directions and her baby in a pusher, singing *'I'm getting married in the morning....'* on one note? It seemed to be de rigueur to have a hat of some kind to collect money; a beanie, a cap; any piece of headgear. My favourite beggar had an old cap. He made no effort to

entertain the passer-by, just sat in the same place night after night huddled against the wall, his head drooping disconsolately, shoulders hunched.

One night when I dropped a few coins in his cap, they missed. I stood appalled as he scrabbled in the dirt to pick them up, a hot feeling of shame flooding me. What was I doing, throwing money at him like scraps to a dog? *I am so sorry*, I said. *That's alright*, he responded as he tucked his coins away. *Thank you, and God bless you*. Oh my! Here was I, the priest, being blessed by the beggar. I had not offered him a blessing, but he was blessing me. Like the drunk and Mother Teresa in Noel Rowe's poem *And so he says to her* our roles had reversed, the beggar was ministering to me. He taught me a lesson about our common humanity that I have not forgotten.

I resolved never to drop money like that again; and now whenever it is possible, I put the money into a person's hand, and look them in the eye. And I offer them God's blessing. And maybe there's time for a few words about the weather or the state of the nation.

Outside the Forbidden City in Beijing there was a long line of beggars sitting in the 36 degree heat without shade. There was no way to avoid them; it felt like running the gauntlet of human suffering. Ancient ones barely able to stand and clothed in rags, a person with a Downs Syndrome adult child doing little tricks all day for a bit of change, people with all manner of deformities. One man haunts me still; his horrific burn scars, and that missing arm that seems to have been ripped out of its socket – dear God! How can it be that he is left to beg for his food? Young, he was... is... What's to become of him?

Another sight never to be forgotten was a tiny girl of about 5 sitting very alone against a long stretch of the old city wall in Istanbul, a scrap of cardboard on the pavement in front of her for donations. A Syrian refugee no doubt, like so many we encountered, the first being another lonely child – a boy of about 13 huddled into a corner of a building, crouched there, head low, a picture of abject misery. How long, I wondered, would it be before these children fell into the hands of predators? We passed them in the comfort of modern transport, in the safety and security that is ours by chance.

As Luther famously said, *we are all beggars before God*. Everything we have is given to us; the very breath in our lungs, our Sister Mother Earth with her fruits and grains and her tender and sometimes rugged beauty which opens our spirits to the presence of God. Our innate talents, we call 'gifts'; of teaching perhaps, or painting, or organising – who but God is the Giver? Everything good in us, every rising hope or wave of generosity is God's work in us; each spark of Life, be it temporal or eternal. If God turned away from us, we would cease to exist. Personally, I am always begging God for something.

Saint Francis said *the only thing that is ours are our sins*.

Everything else rightly prompts expressions of gratitude and praise to the Giver.... And even our sins, if they cause us to run back into the forgiving arms of Christ, can bring a blessing in the end. Beggars are often on my mind. I believe there is some truth in what Val said - the only way a rich person like me will get into heaven is if the poor come out and lead me in by the hand.

The Reverend Pirrial Clift, tssf
The Resident Priest at the Monastery of the
Blessed Virgin Mary, Stroud

Christmas 2015

I expect Christmas will be celebrated with a greater degree of gusto this year. For some it will be a reaction against all the bad news but celebrated in a way to demonstrate that we will not be cowed nor frightened off from celebrating the good news of the birth of a saviour. For others, it might just be the making of a lot of noise in an attempt to drown out all the bad that pours from our news services on a daily basis. It is also not too encouraging when we see our government arguing among themselves about the best response to make in these worrying times.

So, when the news, both overseas and from home is so bad, what can we do? We could be like those protesters in Sydney and Melbourne, some wanting no more immigration and some wanting to open the doors to Australia even wider. It is sad when we see Australian fighting Australian on the streets of our capital cities. It is worrying when we are unsure who is right and who is wrong. And then we come to the much harder problem of working out what our response should be. What will we think? What will we do?

For many of us I think part of the problem is that we just don't know. We don't have all the facts and we may not know any Muslims ourselves. Fortunately, through Jenny I got to know some of the Muslim families in Chester Hill. Not surprisingly, what you find is nothing like what you expect. What you soon discover is that their hopes and fears for themselves and their children are no different to us at all. Why did these people come to Australia in the first place? Some Australians want to demand that these people should share our values and standards. But what we discover is that that is why they came to Australia in the first place. In general, they want what we want. The Australian Ideal is not a bad thing. We want to protect it and promote it. That is no different from our migrant communities. My grandparents escaped the grinding poverty of Birmingham 99 years ago. Do I dare condemn anyone else who does the same thing?

Back in 2009 I visited the town of Luton in the UK. This was the same town where the London bombers grew up. I was invited to attend a local mosque. I approached this invitation with some trepidation. I wondered what sort of reception I would receive. I soon discovered I had absolutely nothing to worry about. These men were charming, they gave me a very warm reception. They showed me around their mosque and they explained the elements of their worship and how things worked. It didn't take long to realise that if I was troubled by those bombers I couldn't imagine the grief and sadness it had caused this peaceful community who were now tarred with the same brush as those extremists. This was not how these gentle men expressed their Islamic faith.

So let's get back to that tough question of how we respond to this extremist violence both here and overseas. This is where it gets hard, not because we don't know what to do. Our faith has showed us what to do but the real problem is the discipline in doing it. On the Sunday of Christ the King we have that gospel reading where Jesus confronts Pilate. Pilate asked Jesus if he was a king. Jesus replied his kingdom was not of this world. Sadly, many people miss Jesus' point here. He is often taken to mean his kingdom is somewhere else, probably in heaven. But that can't be right. We can't conclude that there are places where Jesus isn't king. Surely, he must be king of Heaven and Earth otherwise he can't be king of kings and lord of lords. Jesus' point is that his kingdom is not of the same quality as earthly kingdoms. His kingdom is nothing like the Roman Empire which was ruled with the sword which was wielded too freely. We can be sure Jesus meant this because he went on to say that if his kingdom were of the worldly style then his followers would be out there attempting to mount a revolution. They weren't doing that not because they were scared but rather, this was not Jesus command.

We can be frustrated with the Easter story as we see Jesus behaving so passively, being whipped and scourged and then being crucified knowing all the time that at any moment he could have taken action. All the forces of heaven and earth could have fallen upon the Romans at that time. Rather, Jesus took the path of the suffering servant. He put into practice his own preaching, loving his enemy and doing good to those who hated him. In the end, Jesus response to the violence in the world was to love. His love was always greater than their hate. This is the path we are called to follow.

At Parish Council we have decided to provide some financial support to the parish of South Liverpool from some of the money raised through the sale of the puddings. South Liverpool has had experience in working with refugees coming to Sydney. Refugees go to South Liverpool because the rents are cheap and they usually stay for the same reason. When the Syrian refugees start coming to Australia early in the new year that is where many of them will be going. We don't know what their faith will be, some will be Christian, some will be Muslim, and some will be of other faiths. But surely our duty here is clear. Whatever we face, and whatever these refugees go through as they settle here in Australia surely our response must be love. Nothing can heal like love, nothing can transform like love. If Christmas is to mean anything, if our celebrating can have any meaning at all, surely it must start there.

Ross Weaver

Special Thanks for Special People

We give very special thanks to all the
people who make our parish what it is...

Choirs and Organists and Musicians,
Conveners of all our groups and our Archivists,
The Parish Administrator and her band of Helpers,
Sacristans, Servers and Crucifers and Acolytes,
Thurifers and Boat Carriers,
Cleaners and Polishers and Flower Arrangers,
those who care for the Altar linen,
Side-persons and Welcomers and Tea
and Coffee Makers, Book Stall Staff,
Gardeners and Handypersons and Caretakers,
Scripture Teachers and Sunday School Staff,
Wardens and Councillors and our Treasurer,
Readers, Lay Assistants and our Clergy, Visiting Clergy,
Honorary Clergy, Preachers and Speakers,
to our proof-readers and magazine contributors, and
to those who have no special role but just step in,
at a moment's notice, to do what needs to be done.

Thank you so much...
we hope the Spirit that is this Season
is with you
and all whom you love.



"Adoration of the Baby" by Gerrit van Honthorst (1590—1656). Painted circa 1620
Source: www.fineartamerica.com on October 26, 2011 at 1635hours

Parish Directory

Associate Priest (Acting Rector) **The Reverend Ross Weaver**

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

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 Dr Alan Friend MSc, PhD, ThL
The Reverend Valerie Tibbey ThDip
The Reverend Paul Weaver BA, BD, ThL, AMusA

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, Allan Griffith, Jill Gumbley, Christopher Keast, Anne Lawson, Tony Malin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Richard Moon, Jane Noller, Margaret Pearson, Lachlan Roots, Peggy Sanders (Senior Liturgical Assistant), Bill Sheather, 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, Christopher Keast, 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, John Sowden, 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 (0481 001 322) - Rector's Warden
Graeme Durie - People's Warden
Ruth Shatford - People's Warden

Saint Aidan's

Ken Bock (9871 6869) - 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

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