



# **The Parish Magazine**

**Epping Anglicans**

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

**with**

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

**The Feast of Saint  
Alban the Martyr  
(Albantide)**

**June/July 2017**

**Number 847**

*Epping Anglicans 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

I recently put out a call for thoughts on what Saint Alban's/Saint Aidan's means to parishioners - a few of the responses are included in this edition on page 20. As I have asked this of others, it is only fair that I should give my thoughts. Saint Alban's has a long history of rich liturgy and sacramental worship. I have heard others in this Diocese say dismissively that worship is not about liturgy and sacraments. That opinion misses the point. Liturgy and sacraments enrich my relationship with my God through our practices. I am able to open up my soul, free of the distractions of everyday life. Modern music and 30 minute sermons do not do it for me. Candles in the sanctuary remind me that Christ is my light. What Saint Alban's/Saint Aidan's is about is the people, accepting, caring and welcoming, prayerful, God-fearing. This has not changed in my 50+ year association with our Parish (from my Baptism until today). It is the quality of the people that will strengthen us to meet the challenges ahead.

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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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## *Our Vision:*

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

*"a city on a hill"*

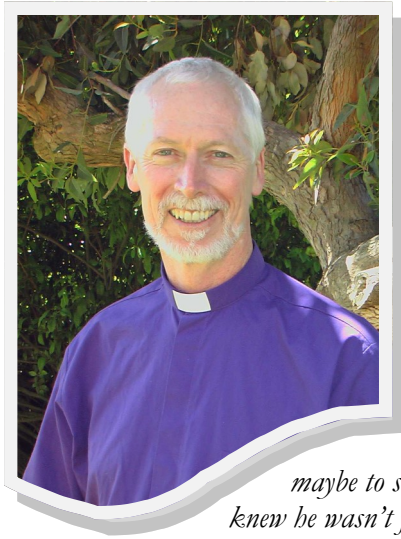
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Thank you to the authors of the various articles in this magazine, contributors of photographs and our proof-readers. **The deadline for the next edition will be Friday 7 July, 2017.** Contributions may be left at the parish office, or (preferably) emailed directly to Stuart Armsworth at [stundeb@bigpond.net.au](mailto: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, unless specifically indicated that names would not be published, for example with the gathering of '*what the Parish means to me*'.

Our Cover: The Bell Tower and Spire of Saint Alban's, Epping

# The Rector's Letter



## You Were Shaped For Serving God - 1 Peter 4:1-11

*"I ain't no saint, but I've tried never to do anything that would hurt my family or offend God...I figure all any kid needs is hope and the feeling he or she belongs. If I could do or say anything that would give some kid that feeling, I would believe I had contributed something to the world."*

That was a comment Elvis Presley made to a reporter in the 1950s. Yet despite enormous success, Elvis was an unfulfilled and unhappy man. He died of obesity and drug dependency at 42. Compare his words with this observation by his wife, Priscilla:

*"Elvis never came to terms with who he was meant to be or what his purpose in life was. He thought he was here for a reason, maybe to preach, maybe to serve, maybe to save, maybe to care for people. That agonizing desire was always with him and he knew he wasn't fulfilling it. So he'd go on stage and he wouldn't have to think about it."*

The great irony of course was that Elvis, a pretty religious man, didn't have a clue where to begin to look. In a sense, he was lost. But there are lots of people in our world who are exactly like that, they don't know why they're on this earth. They don't know where to begin to find their purpose. They don't know that God lays it out for us in his Word, the Bible.

Every person in this world is created for a purpose. We were put on this earth to worship and exalt God, to return the love we've received from God. We were put on this earth to enjoy fellowship with other believers, to love, to share, to play our part in the family of God. We were put on this earth to be disciples of Christ, to be conformed to the character of Jesus as we learn to trust, obey and forgive. We were made by God to help others hear the good news about Jesus, to share with our friends, relatives and neighbours the hope that is within us. And to cap all of that off, each and every follower of Jesus is shaped for serving God.

God's purpose for us in this world is clear, but we've got to be willing to listen for it and then act upon it. In Ephesians 2, the Apostle Paul wrote:

*"We are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do."* Ephesians 2:10

That verse is the answer to the big question, 'What on Earth am I here for?' We are here to do good works which God prepared in advance for us to do. We get to play a role in those plans. In fact he has made us to take part in those plans. That is why we are referred to as 'God's workmanship'- because God has these plans worked out for us and he has given us the requisites to fulfil those plans. It's what Paul said to the Corinthians:

*"There are different kinds of gifts, but the same Spirit. <sup>5</sup>There are different kinds of service, but the same Lord. <sup>6</sup>There are different kinds of working, but the same God works all of them in all men. <sup>7</sup>Now to each one the manifestation of the Spirit is given for the common good."* 1 Corinthians 12:4-7

God gives us, his family, the spiritual gifts needed to fulfil the tasks he's planned for us. Notice however that these gifts aren't for our benefit, they are for others. We have these gifts for the common good says Paul. When we are using these gifts, when we are serving as we were planned, then this is what's known as ministry.

If you hear the word 'minister' most people think of a priest or a pastor, but in the Bible the word 'minister' and 'service' are the exact same word. The Bible says every believer is a minister, every believer is a servant. Now just so we get the point, God sent his Son Jesus into our world to model this whole concept.



# Rector's Letter continued

*"Your attitude should be the same as Christ Jesus: Who being in very nature God, didn't consider equality with God something to be grasped, but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness." Philippians 2:5-7*

We were created to become like Christ. So if Jesus' attitude was that he came into this world to serve God and other people, our attitude should be the same as Christ Jesus. Therefore

*"Each one should use whatever gift he has received to serve others." 1Peter 4:10*

So how do I know what ministry to pursue? What guidance can I get to help me see how I can best serve God and the people he puts around me? Here's a little acronym that will help- your ministry will be determined by your SHAPE. Your SHAPE is

- Your **Spiritual Gifts**, those supernatural endowments given by God for building up the Church.
- Your **Heart**, the people, things or areas that you're passionate about.
- Your **Abilities**, those skills or attributes you've gained over a lifetime.
- Your **Personality**, how God has wired you up to relate to others.
- Your **Experiences**, all the events, people, ups and downs of you life.

As you look at that list, notice that your SHAPE is going to be absolutely unique. The bible lists around 29 different spiritual gifts. That in itself broadens the type of ministries that each of us could serve in. But then just think about all the different things people get passionate about, areas of life their heart beats faster for. Just think of the different abilities you have, the personality of each of your family members, can you imagine all the experience the person next to you has had in their life? Can you start to see just how unique you are if everyone else is so different?

Because of your unique SHAPE, God has prepared in advance good works for you to do, which are unique to you. No-one else is capable of doing what God has planned for you. Only you can be the person God created you to be. Only you can do the works God created you to do.

*Ross Nicholson*  
*Rector*



We recently celebrated our annual Ecumenical Pentecost Service at Epping Uniting Church where Bishop Ross was the preacher. This service marked the annual signing of the Covenant linking local churches in fellowship and shared activity.

**The artwork on the opposite page is an Impression of Alban and his attributed declaration of faith taken from David Nash Ford's *Early British Kingdoms*. [www.earlybritishkingdoms.com/bios/alban](http://www.earlybritishkingdoms.com/bios/alban). Sourced 13 May 2011 at 1330 hours.**

The Rector, Churchwardens and Parish  
Council invite you to share with us our

## 121st Festival of Saint Alban the Martyr

on

Sunday 25 June 2017  
commencing at 9.30am

at the

Parish Church of  
Saint Alban the Martyr  
3 Pembroke Street, Epping

Preacher:

The Right Reverend Ross Nicholson,  
Rector

*At the conclusion of the Eucharist  
all are invited to the fellowship of  
morning tea in Saint Alban's Hall,  
prepared by the parish community.*

*This will be the principal parish  
service for this day. There will not be  
any service at Saint Aidan's. There will  
not be an 8am nor an evening service  
at Saint Alban's.*



*"I am called Albanus  
by my parents and I  
worship and adore the  
true and living God  
who created all things."*

This edition of our Parish Magazine honours our Patron Saint, Alban.

### The Alban Prayer

Almighty God, We thank you for this place built to your glory and in memory of Alban, our first martyr: Following his example in the fellowship of the saints, may we worship and adore the true and living God, and be faithful witnesses to the Christ, who is alive and reigns, now and forever.

Amen

(Artwork: Saint Alban Protomartyr of Britain sourced from  
[www.occesussex.co.uk/Saints/St\\_Alban\\_comeandsee.jpg](http://www.occesussex.co.uk/Saints/St_Alban_comeandsee.jpg)  
on 11 May 2012 at 1705 hours)



# Remembering The Holocaust



*As a number of you know, I have for over 15 years represented Sydney Diocese on the Council of Christians and Jews. This organisation seeks to foster understanding and dialogue between people of these two faiths, and holds an annual service in the Crypt of Saint Mary's Cathedral, to commemorate the lives lost in the Holocaust, and to enable people to express their determination that such atrocities shall happen **"NEVER AGAIN"**. The speaker at this year's service in May was Francine Lazarus, herself a Holocaust survivor. I found her talk both powerful and informative, and with her permission, am presenting it for us to read. Many of us will have some general impressions about the Holocaust: Jewish people usually refer to it as the **Shoah**. I hope that this article will help us to take in something more about the reality of these events and their effects, and to understand more of why the Holocaust is so significant to Jews even today.*

*Francine's book of her story is "A Hidden Jewish Child from Belgium: Survival, Scars and Healing", which seems to be available from internet providers, as well as the Sydney Jewish Museum – itself well worth visiting.*

*Paul Weaver*

## A PERSONAL STORY

by Francine Lazarus

A quotation from the Mishnah Sanhedrin says: *"Whomsoever saves a life saves the entire world."*

I owe my life to so many selfless, brave, generous people. The Nazis applied collective punishment so that whoever helped a Jew was, if caught, not only severely punished but their family was too. They were risking so much! And yet, so many unknown people were involved in my rescue. Now, sadly and regretfully, I am not able to have them recognized as Righteous amongst the Nations. The only recognition I can give them is in my heart.

Some years ago, when I decided to undertake the Sydney Jewish Museum guide course one of our educators encouraged me to write my survival story.

It is so very important for us Survivors to tell and retell our story in the hope that the terrible events of what happened to the Jews of Europe is never repeated. We, the Survivors teach tolerance to audiences far and wide. I might here plagiarise Yehuda Bauer's 2000 poem, *Never again* :

*Thou shalt not be a perpetrator  
Thou shalt not be a victim  
And thou shalt never  
But never be a bystander*

What spurred me on was the knowledge that 1½ million children had been murdered, and that I was one of the few that were saved and therefore I had to publish. I am not presumptuous to dare say that I speak on their behalf; however, by telling only a minute part of Holocaust history I am perhaps giving them a voice, theirs having been so brutally extinguished.

Zachor! (Remember) it's an injunction to the Jews to remember what Amalek did to our people and so it is inculcated into our psyche. We must remember. Another tyrant rose in our time. We must never forget the memory of our lost people and the horrors perpetrated against them.

I researched archives in Poland, Germany, Russia, the Ukraine but the best treasure trove came from the Belgian authorities who kept obsessive records on foreigners. Both my parents had immigrated separately to Belgium but neither had obtained Belgian citizenship. Therefore, their every movement was observed and recorded: their move from one address to another, their applications for various permits, admission to hospitals, etc.

Unfortunately, I have no record of my mother's until she arrived in Belgium in 1929. I tried to obtain a birth certificate. She had various official documents stating three different birthdates. I was told that

Jewish records in Poland (where she was born) were usually kept at the synagogue and not at the official registry of the local town. During the war, the Nazis arrived in a town or village, gathered the Jews and forced them into the synagogue, barred the doors and set the synagogue on fire burning the Jews, their prayer books and their records and leaving no trace of them ever having existed. Many synagogues and countless innocent people were destroyed in this way.

I was born in Belgium on the day of the Anschluss.

The Nazis invaded Belgium on the 10 May 1940. I was barely two years old. They soon proclaimed a series of edicts, one harsher than the previous one. Each targeting and isolating the Jews from the general population. They were excluded from most professions, they had a curfew imposed on them, Jewish businesses could not sell to non-Jews, dramatically shutting off most avenues of earning a living.

It was those few Jews who managed to escape occupied countries who made us aware of the terrible ways that Jews were being treated and that the resettlement to the East was but a subterfuge. The Nazis' objective was to torture and kill all the Jews of Europe.

The Nazis had set up an organisation called Association des Juifs en Belgique,(AJB) which was completely under its control. Jews were ordered to register all details of their family, their homes, any properties, all their possessions in exact detail including silverware, musical instruments, rugs, jewellery, anything of value. Unbeknown to the Jewish population, these registrations made it easy to find them, come and arrest them and send them to the death camps. The Nazis or their helpers were then able to collect all their possessions following the inventory supplied.

Here started the first quandary: to register and get food coupons, or to go underground, disappear. Both my father and maternal grandfather registered. I have copies of the documents they completed courtesy of the Belgian Police des Etrangers.

The roundups started in earnest in Brussels in 1942.

Trucks would block off both ends of a street and the soldiers would run into the houses dragging out the hapless Jews; indiscriminately, families were separated. Some terrified people were beaten in this process, especially if they weren't fast to move.

They were then loaded on the trucks and transported to Malines, a little town conveniently located halfway between Brussels and Antwerp. It had a train line adequate for traffic to the East. It had a vacant barrack previously used by the Belgian army, very suitable for the Nazis' purpose.

It was almost impossible to find hiding places due to the ferocious reprisals if caught.

Somehow a place was found for me on a farm in Saintes where I stayed for nearly 18 months until the Gestapo (Nazi secret police) descended on the farm. Shots were fired, there was blood, and I never saw my rescuers again.

I was returned to Brussels somehow. I cannot remember how but I have a very strong memory of my father grabbing and hiding me in a doorway as we were walking along a street near my grandparent's house. It could have been at my return.

From then on it became a game of cat and mouse, of daily escapes, of many different beds and many different carers. In these so-called safe houses, being hidden in insalubrious conditions, I was riddled with lice and suffered from scabies and scurvy. My grandfather found a new hiding place for me with his accountant and there I stayed until almost the Liberation when my brother came to collect me.

My father had been arrested and loaded onto the very last convoy out of Belgium to Auschwitz and

murdered upon arrival.

It took much time until we became aware of this awful truth and even much longer to believe and accept.

Here is an extract from my book:

*Each day, Charly and I walked to la Gare du Midi, the main train station in Brussels, to scan the lists of names of returnees from the concentration camps. As he read each day's lists, I asked over and over again, 'Is our father on the train?'*

*Silently, we looked at the Survivors walking off or helped off the trains. They looked like living cadavers. Many of the 'weeping skeletons' were still in the tattered striped clothes they had worn in the camps.*

*To a young child, most seemed hideous and very frightening. Even for those reunited with family, there were no exuberant joyful reunions. One prisoner said after her arrival home from Auschwitz, 'I will not tell you anything, because you would not believe all that I could tell you'.*

*In adulthood, I read about the gas chambers, in which women, children, men tried to cling to life for as long as possible. I have had nightmares in which I see my father trying to breathe air as his lungs exploded from the poisonous gas.*

*Many Survivors returning from the camps had nobody to meet them at the station, as no one else from their families had survived. We did not spare a moment to greet them as we focused on looking for our father. We wanted him to return and hoped that our lives would become better. Gradually, day after day, there were fewer and fewer returnees and still my father did not arrive. Throughout childhood, I believed that he was only detained. Surely he would soon return and make the world a safe and good place for me, as only my father could.*

Of our family of 4, my Dad did not survive. Sadly, he was not the only one : my paternal grandparents, whom I had never had the joy of knowing, countless aunts, uncles, cousins. All gone without a name, a photo, a record to remember them by. On my maternal side, the family in Poland was totally destroyed.

Involuntary shipment to Australia, falling in love with Sydney and in Sydney changed my complete perceptions of life.

Sailing through the heads on that unforgettable morning I saw this beautiful city caressed by the first rays of sunshine and I knew I had at last found my harbour.

I created with my husband a beautiful family. I am so blessed that all live close to me. I love them dearly.

In middle age, I finally could study and acquire the knowledge that I had always longed for. I had the street know-how, but now I obtained a formal education. The framed degrees on the wall of my study prove it.

Given that I was the lucky one who survived, could I blame the Holocaust for having had no childhood and no youth, when one and a half million children had no life ? However I am sometimes sad that I became old without ever having been young.

... and still there is hope when I see my wonderful children and grandchildren. As Elie Wiesel said:

"Just as man cannot live without dreams, he cannot live without hope.  
If dreams reflect the past, hope summons the future."



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Rebecca Pincott

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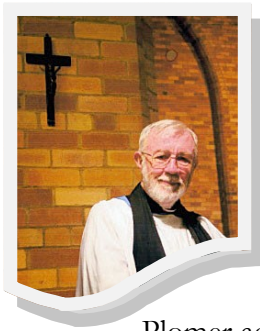
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# Lost Diary became a Literary Classic



In 1937, exactly eighty years ago, and with the shadows of war gathering, a London novelist and poet named William Plomer was handed two notebooks. At that time Plomer was reading manuscripts for Jonathan Cape, the London publishers. He was told that the notebooks, filled with spiky sloping handwriting, were part of the personal diary of a long dead Victorian clergyman named Robert Francis Kilvert. A nephew had found more than twenty volumes of the diary and wondered if a publisher would be interested. Plomer had links to the Church of England and was the appropriate one to examine them.

Plomer admitted years later that his heart sank when he tried to read the handwriting. However he took the volumes home for the weekend. A few days later he was back, filled with excitement. He said that he thought the diary was marvellous and demanded the other volumes. The fascinating story of the rediscovery of what is now regarded as one of the finest diaries in the English language, is told in the biography of Plomer by Peter Alexander.

Plomer pleaded with the publisher to let him transcribe and edit the full diary and prepare it for publication. Kilvert's diary covered the years 1870 to 1879, with a few gaps. Plomer calculated that if published in full the diary would fill nine volumes, so editing was essential. He consulted his friend Virginia Woolf and she was most excited about the diary. In the end the publishers showed their great faith in this diary and in the judgement of Plomer by giving us three volumes, the last one appearing during the London blitz. Perhaps this was a key to the popularity of Kilvert's Diary. As the British Empire stood alone against Hitler, Kilvert gives us a vivid picture of a vanished world. Like the novels of Anthony Trollope, this diary provided a mental escape from the horrors of war.

## Wadham College, Oxford

Who was Robert Kilvert? He was the son of a clergyman but was unknown until the discovery of his diary. He was born in 1840 and followed his father into the Church. I vividly remember making a special visit to Wadham College, Oxford, to see the chapel where he worshipped. His academic record was not distinguished and he became an assistant to his father in the parish of Langley Burrell, Wiltshire.

In 1865 he went as curate to the Reverend Richard Venables, vicar of Clyro in Radnorshire on the Welsh Borders, where he spent seven very happy years and started to keep his diary. The Venables family befriended him and he made many other friends in his parish. He loved and understood his people and was a very faithful parish priest. The wild beauty of the Welsh Border country appealed to him and I could understand his love for it when we visited Clyro in the late afternoon and saw the sun setting behind the mountains.

Sometimes Kilvert makes a casual mention of significant events in history. Those who have seen the British film Zulu will remember how the 24th Regiment in South Africa were massacred by tribesmen of the Zulu people and a small group made a heroic stand and won 11 V.C.'s in one night. Kilvert was attending a function with the Colonel of that Regiment and recorded that officer going out very upset when news came of this crushing military defeat.

## Why A Diary?

Why did Kilvert keep this diary? He wrote that life was such a curious and wonderful thing and that to be alive was such a luxury, that he wanted to preserve the memories of his own pilgrimage. So he recorded his daily round of ministry, preparing sermons, tramping across the hills to visit the sick and the poor, and occasional social outings. He enjoyed life and wanted to give thanks to God.

But underneath it all Kilvert was a deeply frustrated young man. Because of his humble position as a curate and his very limited income he was unable to get married, though he always seemed to be

falling in love. He recorded in voluptuous detail the physical charms of the young girls he taught in the local schools. Some of the most touching entries in the diary relate to his passionate love for Fanny Thomas, daughter of a local Squire. Finally the Squire firmly rejected the young man as a suitor for his daughter because Kilvert had such limited prospects in the Church.

In recording his daily round in rural England, Kilvert has given us a perfect piece of social history. It was a picture of the last years of Victorian England before the advent of the motor car destroyed it all. How Thomas Hardy, who was born in the same year as Kilvert, would have shared his passion. The novels and poems of Hardy and the diary of Kilvert whisper to us of a vanished age.

### **A Bumble Bee**

So much of his diary cries out to be quoted. On July 9, 1871, Kilvert wrote: "An intense feeling and perception of the extraordinary beauty of the place grew upon me in the silence as I passed through the still sunny churchyard and saw the mountains through the trees." One Sunday he writes how hot it was in Church and he noticed an enormous bumble bee crawling over the white cloth and everything else during Holy Communion. Another time he describes the cattle coming down to a stream to drink and the reader can see the scene glowing like a painting by John Constable. Kilvert's prose is magical.

Eventually Kilvert was appointed Vicar of Bredwardine on the Wye in Herefordshire. Now at last it seemed that his dreams would be fulfilled. He was now in a position to marry and he courted Elizabeth Rowland in 1879 and they were married in August that year. The couple went on a honeymoon in Scotland. They returned to Bredwardine and the villagers, we are told, erected a great arch to welcome them home.

Robert Francis Kilvert was stricken with peritonitis, a few days later. He died in agony. There were no children of the marriage and Elizabeth never remarried.

### **A Prophetic Text**

On a very wet afternoon I drove to Bredwardine with my wife and we visited Kilvert's grave. There I saw the text on the memorial stone: "He, being dead, yet speaketh". That text came true half a century later when this remarkable diarist was finally revealed to the world through his edited diary.

Sadly, however, the original manuscript has not survived. After the extracts were published and it became famous, the original manuscript fell into the hands of a relative of Kilvert. She too had ambitions to be an author but had no success. She burned the diary in a fit of jealous anger. Only a few fragments remain. Plomer, who had made a typescript of the diary, seems to have lost it during the War so that the three published volumes are all that remain. In their green binding they sit on my book shelves. To open them is to enter a vanished world. I have always loved the diaries of Kilvert. They are on a par with Pepys and they are a classic of English literature. Years ago the BBC made a television series of them but it was never shown in Australia and now the videotape of it has been destroyed.

But the diary as we have it is a social and spiritual treasure of the Anglican Church. Today in England a Kilvert Society is busy on research into this fascinating man and publishing their findings about him. If only that lost typescript were to come to light! One can always hope.

*Robert Willson*  
*Father Robert Willson is a retired Canberra priest and was for*  
*seventeen years chaplain at the Canberra Girls Grammar School*

REFERENCES: There is a paperback edition of the best of the Diary (Penguin Books) The full three volume edition is published by Jonathan Cape.



# The Honour Board Project: Roy Marston Gallard

This article is the ninth in a series of profiles written about the men whose names appear on the World War 1 Honour Board in Saint Alban's Anglican Church, Epping.

## Roy Marston Gallard (4 November 1893 – 8 March 1974)



Roy Marston Gallard was born in 1893, the middle child of Luke Gallard and Jessie (also called Janet) nee Muir. He had six siblings: John born 1888, Linda born 1889, Lily born 1891, Maggie born 1897, Joyce Elizabeth Crawford born 1908 and Robert Athol (always known as Athol), born 1909.

Roy's father, Luke Gallard had been brought up in the Cherrybrook area. His parents, Robert and Elizabeth Gallard had established a small farm in the 1850s on one of the area's original roads, now David Road, Castle Hill. Robert was the son of a highly-respected pioneer of the Castle Hill district, Matthew Gallard, a carpenter and sawyer, who came to Australia in 1838 from Tunbridge in Kent with his wife, Ann, and their four sons. Robert was aged seven at the time of his arrival. Their home was on the site of the present Mowll Village, part of the Anglican Retirement Village complex in Castle Hill.

When a child, Roy lived on the Central Coast of NSW and attended Gosford Public School. It is not known where he had his secondary education.

Roy Marston Gallard Service Number: 4291



Roy Gallard. Son of Luke & Janet Gallard. Brother of John.

about 1912-14. The actual regiment cannot be determined. The existence of this photo suggests that Roy Gallard was part of a pre-war training program.

On 12 October 1915 Roy, having been granted Military leave from his employment as a railway porter in Lismore, enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force. He was 21 years and 11 months old. His father, living in Pembroke Street, Epping, was given as his next of kin. Roy was 1.73m tall, brown haired with grey eyes and a fair complexion. His Unit left Sydney for Egypt on the *HMAT A60 Aeneas* on 20 December 1915. By February he was ill. After

The photo to the left, provided by the family, is said to include Roy Gallard but he has not been specifically identified. According to the Assistant Curator of Military Heraldry and Technology at the Australian War Memorial, the uniforms in the photo belong to the Universal Training period, which was in the years before the First World War. Apart from the officers (who are wearing an earlier style of uniform), all the boys and men in the photo are wearing the Universal Training pattern of uniform which is a heavy woollen green shirt, breeches and puttees and a forage cap. This photo would appear to be taken



HMAT A60 Aeneas embarking from Port Melbourne on another wartime voyage on 30 Oct 1917



periods in hospital with pleurisy he boarded the vessel, Caledonian, travelling to Marseilles with the eventual destination of the battlefields of the Western Front.

After arriving in France in June 1916, Roy, now part of the 54th Battalion, fought his first battle on the Western Front at Fromelles (Fleurbaix), on 19 July.

*"It was a disaster. The 54th was part of the initial assault and suffered casualties equivalent to 65 per cent of its fighting strength. Casualty rates among the rest of the allied contingent were similarly high, but despite these losses it continued to man the front in the Fromelles sector for a further two months."*

<https://www.awm.gov.au/unit/U51494>. Sourced 24 April 2017 @ 1328hrs



There were actually 4 Munster Camps during the war. One had previously been a race course and another was built on farmland. This has the look of a rural landscape but there are no markings to indicate which camp it was.

<http://temposenzatempo.blogspot.com.au/2012/11/a-ww1-prisoner-of-war-camp-orchestra.html>

Sometime on either 19 or 20 July Roy was taken prisoner by German troops. His unit had been instructed to capture a second German trench further east from their current position. However, there was no second trench and Roy and his fellow soldiers were caught in open ground and compelled to surrender.

The captured soldiers were paraded through the streets of the nearby French town of Lille. Lille's occupation by the Germans began on 13 October 1914 after a ten-day siege and heavy shelling which destroyed 882 apartment and office blocks and 1,500 houses, mostly around the train station and in the town centre. By the end of October, the town was being run by German authorities. After interrogation by the Germans, Roy

and the others were sent to a Prisoner of War camp, Munster 1, in Germany.

At home in Australia, it was almost a month later that the following items appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald

**Private Roy M. Gallard, son of Mr. L. Gallard, of Epping, late of Narara, has been reported as missing.**

and the Gosford Times and Wyong District Advocate.

**PRIVATE ROY M. GALLARD.**  
Private Roy M. Gallard, son of Mr. L. Gallard, Pembroke-street, Epping, has been reported missing since July 19-26. He was an officer of the Railway Department, and prior to enlisting was stationed at Lismore.

The Sydney Morning Herald (NSW: 1842 - 1954) Tuesday 15 Aug 1916, page 8

The Gosford Times and Wyong District Advocate (NSW: 1906 - 1954), Friday 18 August 1916, page 1

From the chaos that was the Western Front, Roy's family were told that he had been located but was wounded. Not until September did the family learn that Roy was in a Prisoner of War camp, Munster 1, in Germany. Roy was transferred to Munster 111. This camp was in the town of Wesel in North Rhine-Westphalia. The camp was in former army barracks and many prisoners were engaged in coal-mining.

The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate (Parramatta, NSW: 1888 - 1950), Saturday 30 Sep 1916 page 11

## Fighters of Parramatta and District.

### The Roll Call.

#### IN THE HUNS' HANDS.

Mr. Luke Gallard, of Epping, has received word that his son, Private Roy Gallard, who was previously reported wounded, is a prisoner in the hands of the Germans.

# Honour Board Project - Continued

Reports of this camp were not favourable with rumours of disease, malnutrition and forced labour. The press reported Roy's situation in the item to the right.

After the Armistice and the liberation of the camp, Roy was sent to England, arriving 4 December 1918. He returned to Sydney on the *HMAT Nevada*, arriving on 26 April 1919. He was discharged medically unfit on 18 June 1919.

Private Roy Gallard, son of Mr. L. Gallard, of Epping, received a great welcome home on Saturday. The young soldier was for 2½ years a prisoner of war in Germany.

The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate (Parramatta, NSW: 1888 - 1950), Saturday 3 May 1919, page 8

There had been some complaints that St Alban's Church, Epping, had not done as much as other denominations to welcome home soldiers returning from war. This situation was rectified on 5 March 1919 when the return of Roy Gallard was celebrated. Also in June 1919, there was a further celebration in Kenthurst.

Another welcome home was recorded in *The Mirror* (Sydney, NSW: 1917 - 1919), Sunday 7 September 1919, page 3. This article tells us a little of the conditions in the Prisoner of War camp where Roy was interned.

## PRISONERS OF WAR

Pte. Gallard, who is a son of Mr. Gallard, fruit expert to the Department of Agriculture, has just reached his home in Essex-street, Epping, after undergoing the tortures of two and one-eighth years a prisoner of war in Germany.

With twelve other Australians, who left Sydney in the 34th Battalion under Col. Cass in 1915, he fought at Fleurbaix

and was taken prisoner and placed in the Black Hole of Lille. From there they were removed to Germany, and compelled to labor on a smelting works, 12 hours a day, seven days a week, for which they were given the equivalent of a shilling a day.

"If it were not for the parcels from the Red Cross," Private Gallard stated, "it is impossible to see how we could have survived. The food the Germans served out would be turned aside by any self-respecting pig."

## KENTHURST.

Staff-Sergt. W. A. Davies, Corporal H. Naylor, and Privates E. Brennan and Roy Gallard, were tendered a welcome home at the Kenthurst Literary Institute last Saturday. The hall was gaily decorated with flags and ferns by the ladies of the committee. Mr. J. N. Griffin occupied the chair and Sir Owen Cox made the presentations, which consisted of an inscribed medal and cheque from the residents of Kenthurst and Annangrove to each soldier. Sir Owen, in welcoming the boys told some amusing stories. The soldiers on rising to respond were greeted with cheers. Each expressed his delight at being back in "Aussie" after being away so long, and also thanked the Knitting Circle for parcels forwarded to them while away. An enjoyable programme of music was rendered, as follows:—Piano solo, Miss Doris Thompson. Songs, Mrs. Driver, Mr. E. Langland, Mrs. Corby, Mrs. Sagar Risit, Mr. G. Muir, and Lieut. Owens. Dancing was indulged in till a late hour, and refreshments were provided by the ladies.

Windsor and Richmond Gazette Friday 6 June 1919, page 9



PTE. ROY M. GALLARD,  
of Essex-street, Epping, prisoner of war  
in Germany for 2½ years.



After the war, Roy returned to employment as a ticket collector with the NSW Railways, based in Hornsby. Within a few years, he became the travelling ticket examiner on the Northern Line between Strathfield and Hornsby and on the Milsons Point Line.

In 1927 Roy married Louisa Dugmore. Louisa was managing a boarding house in North Sydney where Roy was living and this is how they met. There were no children from the marriage. Roy and Louisa continued to live in North Sydney. They moved to 56 Lovell Road, Eastwood in 1938, after the death of Roy's father, Luke, a retired government fruit inspector and renown butterfly and moth collector. Roy had bought the house some years before for his parents. His mother, Janet (Jessie), lived with her daughters after her husband's death until she died in 1947.

Great-niece Virginia remembers a house with a large backyard, fruit trees, poultry, dogs and sheds. One of the sheds held Luke's butterfly collection which was donated to the Australian Museum in Sydney.

Roy and Louisa Gallard - Photo taken about 1961



TO: Melika, Dept Australia

FROM: 2331 Blenheim Ave  
New Westminster, B.C.  
Canada

April 6 - 4 - 1932

2nd District Registry.  
462 1 813

Dear Sir,

Would you kindly forward the address of Roy Gallard or Gallard of the 5th Bat. A.I.F. or his nearest relative.

I am put in my claim for part of the Reparation money Canada has received from Germany for the maltreatment etc. while being prisoner in their camps during the World War 1914-1918.

He was with me while being prisoner and we both escaped from the German camp but unfortunately we were recaptured again and taken back to camp which resulted in being ill treated and as I have to get information before the case can go before the commissioner I believe he is about the only one that can help me.

If you can locate his address or any of his nearest relatives I would appreciate it very much if you would forward same to me at the above address

Yours Truly,  
D. Dolga

1st Canadian C.F.A. 57422

RECEIVED  
4-MAY-1932  
REGISTRY

Service Record  
Dolga  
-6 MAY 1932  
10 MAY 1932

In 1932, this letter was received by the Australian Army, requesting information about Roy. The Canadian writer tells of spending time with Roy in the German POW camp, of escaping and then being recaptured.

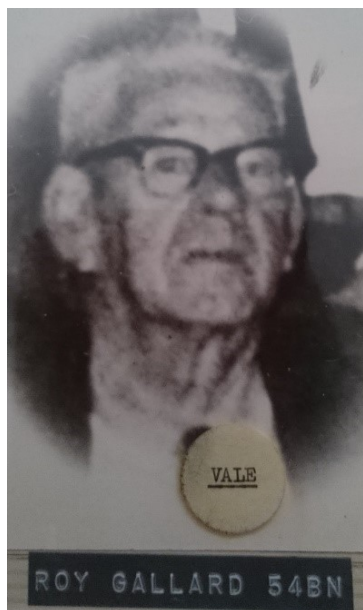
"I am put (sic) in my claim for part of the Reparation money Canada has received from Germany for the maltreatment etc while being prisoner in their camp during the World War 1914-1918."

"He was with me while being prisoner and us (sic) both escaped from the German camp but unfortunately we were recaptured again and taken back to camp which resulted in being ill treated and as I have to get information before the case can go before the commission I believe he is about the only one that can help me."

There is no way of knowing if these men were able to re-connect.

Service Record: National Archives of Australia: B2455, GALLARD R M Page 15 of 22

# Roy Marston Gallard concludes



Roy died on 8 March 1974 in the Lottie Stewart Private Hospital in Dundas. He was 80 years old. On his death certificate his Usual Place of Residence was given as 56 Lovell Road Eastwood which tells us that he had still been living in the family home. Roy's remains rest in the Rookwood Crematorium. His wife Louisa survived him and died in 1978.

Roy had been an active member of the Epping Sub-Branch RSL and is remembered in a 1970s photo album of Epping and District WW I veterans.

Roy's great niece, Virginia, remembers him with great affection as a quiet, serious and very conscientious man.

## Lest We Forget

*Julie Evans*

Photo from late 1970s photo album belonging to the Epping Sub-Branch RSL

## Acknowledgements:

1. Virginia Swindells, great-niece of Roy Marston Gallard – for personal photographs, information and recollections of her uncle.
2. Nigel Hubbard – Article in Anglican Historical Society Journal - December 2014
3. Robin Cummins and the Epping Sub-Branch of the RSL
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7. Chris Goddard - Assistant Curator, Military Heraldry and Technology, Australian War Memorial Email Monday, 25 July 2016 4:08 PM
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17. Munster POW Camp photo <http://temposenzatempo.blogspot.com.au/2012/11/a-ww1-prisoner-of-war-camp-orchestra.html> Accessed 25 Apr 2017 @ 1620hrs
18. The Sydney Morning Herald (NSW: 1842 - 1954), Tuesday 15 August 1916, p 8
19. The Gosford Times and Wyong District Advocate (NSW: 1906 - 1954), Friday 18 August 1916, page 1
20. The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate (Parramatta, NSW: 1888 - 1950), Saturday 30 September 1916 p 11
21. Windsor and Richmond Gazette (NSW: 1888-1954), Friday 6 June 1919, page 9
22. The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate (Parramatta, NSW: 1888 - 1950), Saturday 3 May 1919, page 8
23. The Mirror (Sydney, NSW: 1917 - 1919), Sunday 7 September 1919, page 3
24. Newcastle City Collection Accessed 12 Apr 2017 @ 1600hrs <http://collections.ncc.nsw.gov.au/keemu/pages/nrm/Display.php?irn=41553&QueryPage=%2Fkeemu%2Fpages%2Fnrm%2Fnmuseum%2FQuery.php>



# 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 - 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Sundays  
Sung Eucharist - 2<sup>nd</sup> (with Alban's Angels) and 4<sup>th</sup> Sundays  
6.00pm Evening Service (Between June and September the Choral Evensong is held on the 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday at 4.00pm)



## Sunday at Saint Aidan's

8.30am Holy Eucharist with Hymns

*Baptisms, Weddings and Funerals may be arranged with the 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 Rector.*

## The Parish Register

### Holy Baptism

Leon Alexander BRYNJARSSON on 7 May 2017

### The Faithful Departed

Diana Edith DODD on 9 April 2017



# Martin Luther after Five Centuries



On 31 October 1517 a seemingly uneventful occurrence took place in the quiet town of Wittenberg in the German State of Saxony. In reality this event was as momentous in its own way as the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, at Sarajevo on 28 June 1914. The assassination opened the path to World War I. What happened in Wittenberg unleashed forces which splintered Western Christendom triggered the Thirty Years War and divided Europe.

None of the drama and violence present at Sarajevo was in evidence at Wittenberg. All that happened was the nailing of a document to the giant door of the Castle Church by Martin Luther an Augustinian monk, theologian and scholar. The document consisted of a series of points questioning the teachings and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. It became known as the Ninety Five Theses but it would have been better to label them time-bombs. When eventually they exploded they did so with devastating effects that were felt thereafter.

This was not what Luther intended. He was attached to his church and after a lengthy period of soul-searching concluded that the time had come to rescue it from the path which he feared it was travelling to perdition. Yet he must have known that the church did not take kindly to criticism and that those who earlier challenged its teachings were invariably declared heretics and executed often cruelly. This was the threat that hung over him in the coming years when he was brought before theologians and forced to defend his stand. Neither side was prepared to give way and an impasse was reached. Summoned before the Diet of Worms in 1521 after being excommunicated, he issued his famous statement, 'Here I stand'.

What saved him from the fate of earlier heretics was the fact that his beliefs struck a chord in the German States and had spread widely. Nationalism was on the rise and princelings had become jealous of their powers. Resentment grew with a foreign church that interfered in the German States and threatened the powers of the princes. But there was much more. The teachings of the church had long been questioned and there were fears that it had become corrupt. Nothing did more to strengthen this conviction than the way in which the papacy was exploiting the sale of indulgences to raise funds for its own glory. Purchase of these documents freed the soul from purgatory for periods varying according to how much was paid for them. This was one of the practices that Luther condemned. As his ideas spread so did the risks confronting him recede as friends, including Frederick the Wise, elector of Saxony, protected him.

Eventually the stage was reached at which it was considered safe for him to appear in public and to join with followers in forming a new church which bore his name. Fundamental to it was his belief that it should be based on the teachings of the bible which he translated into the vernacular so that it was available to all. This opened a new pathway to God freed of the obstacles imposed by Rome on its followers. Faith and not works was what counted. But Luther had done more than found a new church. He had opened the proverbial bottle and there was no way in which the genie could be forced back. The bible was open to interpretation and others, prominent among them the French priest, John Calvin, founder of the Presbyterian Church, viewed the bible differently to Luther. Others more extreme appeared on the scene bringing yet more churches into being. Collectively they bore the name Protestant and together they constituted the Reformation.

But the Reformation was more than a purely religious event. It split Europe between the predominantly Protestant north and the Catholic south. Historians later noticed that whereas the south for long remained relatively backward in economic terms the north forged rapidly ahead

thanks to the emergence of modern capitalism. Books appeared examining the relationship between religion and capitalism and it was argued that Protestantism provided the key to what happened. In this sense, if one agrees with this view, the Reformation had economic consequences of a profoundly transformative kind.

Here are ample reasons as to why the 500<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the step Luther took at Wittenberg should be commemorated. Everywhere among reformed churches this is being done with the Lutheran Church setting the lead. Books have been written, lectures delivered, special services held and tours of German towns associated with Luther have been organised. One wonders, however, whether enough has so far been done in Australia at the national level by the Anglican Church. We too as Anglicans have cause to remember the Reformation because in some measure we are part of it. At the same time, however, the church which emerged in the sixteenth century stands alone. More than any other it inherited much from the church as it existed before the close of the Middle Ages. While veering in a Protestant direction it did not accept the doctrines of any one continental reformer, blending them in a way of its own. What came into being was a church better described as reformed than Protestant, one which allowed its followers considerable latitude where belief was concerned. This gave it scope to act as a bridge linking Catholic with Protestant. This is part of the glory of our church and deserves to be featured. That opportunity does not appear to have been fully seized. Much has been left to individual dioceses and those which have taken the lead are of evangelical persuasion who have seized the opportunity to affirm their own beliefs.

This stands out in contrast to what our spiritual leaders and parent body have done in England. A joint statement issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and backed by General Synod, while affirming the need to keep Christ at the centre of our lives and proclaiming the positive gains of the Reformation has criticised it for creating a legacy of persecution and suspicion and above all flying in the face Christ's injunction to his followers to form one flock. The call is for repentance and the focus has been on bringing Christians together. A week of prayer for unity was held earlier in the current year and Archbishop Justin Welby has followed the lead of his predecessors by holding out the hand of friendship to the papacy. Pope Francis, who participated in the Lutheran Church's celebrations, has responded in similar vein the two prelates issuing a joint statement calling upon the two churches to recognise that they are brothers and sisters in Christ.

Much has already been accomplished in Australia by way of furthering the cause of ecumenism, not least by Saint Alban's as a result of the covenant it has formed with neighbouring churches of other persuasions. A new spirit has entered church and nation pushing to the background the bitterly divisive sectarianism of earlier years. This has become all the more necessary given that Christianity is at present confronted in Australia by threats far greater than ever before and to counter these more effectively Christians need to draw closer together if they are to survive.

This may appear to suggest that we should regret Luther and the Reformation because it fractured and weakened Christianity. But that is far from the case. As was pointed out in England the Reformation in addition to being divisive also led to renewal. It made the bible available to all, recognised that the laity had a calling to God and promoted the Gospel of Grace. It opened new pathways to God and shed fresh light on Christ's life and message. That has greatly enriched our own spiritual life.

But there is also something very special about Luther which serves as another source of an enriched faith. Some of his beliefs are highly contentious but no one can deny that he was a man of the most profound conviction and immense courage who was prepared to act against the odds and challenge the greatest force in western civilisation. The Anglican Church surely needs that

spirit to permeate its life in its present hour of need. At a general level and setting religion to one side it is also the case that Luther has universal importance because he was one of those rare figures who appear on the world scene from time to time and change the whole course of history.

All this should be brought into the public realm and proclaimed to all, bearing in mind the contribution which the Reformation made to society. The opportunity is there still waiting to be seized. At a personal level it also provides the rationale for placing high on the agenda of a visit to Europe a pilgrimage to Wittenberg. There, after leaving the train and passing the building which once housed the Nazi SS, the epitome of evil, one moves into Holy ground along the main street redolent of Luther until arriving at his church to the door of which is screwed a permanent replica of the Ninety Five Theses. A brief service is held every week day at noon allowing the visitor to savour more of Luther. No one can come away without being deeply moved.

*Emeritus Professor Brian Fletcher OAM*

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Recently, the editor asked parishioners “what does Saint Alban’s mean to you?” Here are some of the responses I received.

**What Saint Alban’s means to me:**

*Saint Alban’s has been my spiritual home for just on 61 years.*

*My family moved from Haberfield to Epping and I attended Sunday School when the War Memorial Hall was packed to capacity with long rows of children, each sitting with their teacher. This was in the days when Epping was in the heart of the Bible belt. I then later was confirmed, and eventually was married here. Our children were baptised and confirmed, and it was our family church. There are still a few of those attending from those early days, and it will always remain a very special and sacred place for me. My parent’s ashes are interred in the Memorial Garden, at which I was present for the dedication many years ago.*

**What Saint Aidan’s means to me:**

*Saint Aidan’s is an oasis – it is a little known fact that it holds a very dignified, reverent service every Sunday at 8.30 am. It has no parking problems and it is set amongst leafy suburban homes.*

*It is my usual place of worship every Sunday, and the memories of years gone, and the faces of those who worked tirelessly to maintain it, are as fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday they were there.*

*I hope we can encourage more to discover this little church – we are an ageing congregation.*

*I love the simplicity of the services, and look forward each week to the time of worship in these serene surroundings.*

**What Saint Alban’s means to me**

*I value and appreciate Saint Alban’s as an inclusive Christian community. As a refugee from the austerity of a Sydney diocese upbringing, I am grateful for this non-judgmental and welcoming community with its diverse membership. We experience together the life of the church, with the Eucharist at its core, as we live through the events of the Christian calendar. We worship the God of creation and beauty, helped by the best of liturgical practice, music and flowers. We listen to sermons which subtly combine nourishment for the heart as well as the mind. We are blessed with many different voices heard and contributions made, in areas such as pastoral care, teaching, and modelling the contemplative life. Saint Alban’s is a place where all parishioners have opportunities to participate and are valued, which was especially noticeable when we recently undertook the Strategic Plan, under the skilled leadership of Michael Gumbley, in a process of listening, considering and recording our hopes and intentions.*

*I pray that we can continue to flourish as a place of traditional Anglican worship, respectful of each other, open to growth and welcoming to all.*



# Genesis of Our Memorial Garden

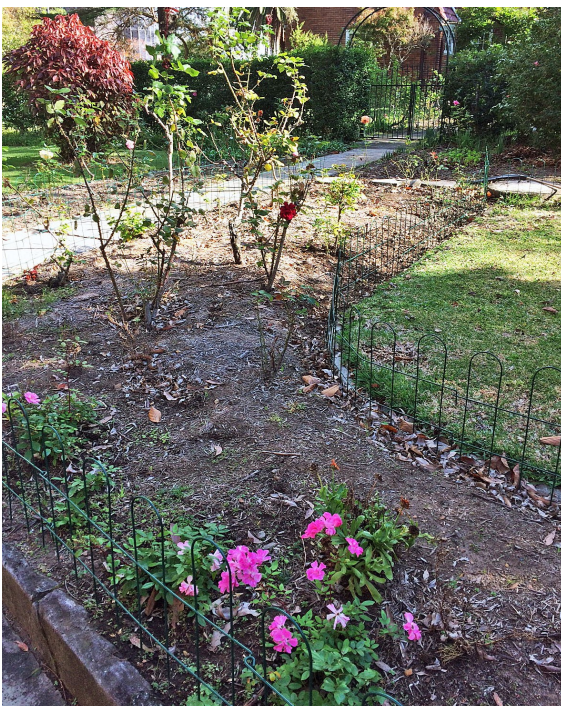
From the closing of World War II until the end of the 1980's, our gardens were the home-base of the Saint Alban's Garden Lovers' Club. This enthusiastic band of both parishioners and non-parishioners employed their horticultural skills to prosper the churchyard gardens and to utilize our church hall for major public displays of garden blooms (roses, gladioli, dahlias etc).

When, in the late 1980's, the Garden Lovers' Club terminated, so too did care for the gardens and grounds. In 1989 the Parish Warden, Helen Cooper, called for a plan of action and a draft review was drawn up at the closing stages of 1989. Responding enthusiastically to this review, Les McGregor called for parish action, concluding his report with *"we need to include memorial features as we go along too"*. Establishment of a Memorial Garden appears to have its genesis in this early 1990 report by Les McGregor.

Over the next 26 years our present Memorial Gardens evolved rather than being instituted by parish edicts. Increasingly, scenes were played out where the clergy intoned the formal prayers of burial service while mourners consigned the ashes of the departed to the bottom of the prepared site: covered these lightly with soil, before planting of the selected rose-bush and registering of the location as a memorial to the departed. Additionally, on some occasions, memorials without formal prayers or incorporation of ashes of cremation were solemnly established. Altogether, some 86 registered sites are known to exist in our gardens.

Following the proposal in 2014 that our church buildings and grounds be re-developed, the issue arose as to what was to become of the memorial sites and who was to preserve and manage such of the gardens as still remained. This issue remains to be resolved by present and future parish councils.

*Bill Greenhalgh*





# A New Rector for Saint Alban's



The photos above and immediately below are from the service to celebrate the commencement of ministry of our new rector, the Right Reverend Ross Nicholson. The service was held on Friday 24 March 2017 and was conducted by the Regional Bishop, the Right Reverend Chris Edwards and assisted by the Reverend Paul Weaver, who had been our Acting Rector.



The photo immediately above and right are from our New Rector's first service in the Parish on Sunday 26 March 2017, where he preached and the Associate Priest, the Reverend Paul Weaver, was the officiant.



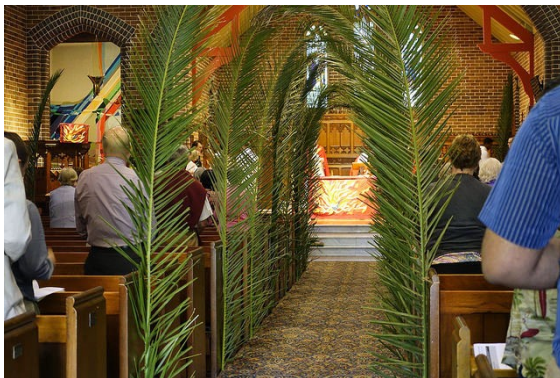


# Parish Happenings



The photo to left and above are from the Palm Sunday Service at Saint Aidan's.

The Photos below are from Palm Sunday at Saint Alban's including our Ecumenical Palm Sunday Procession through the streets of Epping



# Parish Directory

<b>Rector</b>	<b>The Right Reverend Ross Nicholson</b> BCom, BTh, Dip A, MA The Reverend Paul Weaver BA, BD, ThL, AMusA 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
<b>Associate Priest</b> (Part Time) <b>Honorary Priests</b>	
<b>Licensed Lay Readers</b>	Ken Bock (Diocesan), John Noller, Ruth Shatford (Diocesan)
<b>Lay Assistants</b>	Godfrey Abel, Sue Armitage, Stuart Armsworth, Noel Christie-David, Margaret and Robin Cummins, Linda Deall, Graeme Durie, Jill Gumbley, Anne Lawson, Tony Malin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Jane Noller, Margaret Pearson, Lachlan Roots, Peggy Sanders (Senior Liturgical Assistant), John Sowden, David Tait, Amanda and Kim Turner, Ian Walker, Sarah Weaver
<b>Servers</b>	Stuart Armsworth (Master Server), Ross Beattie, Margaret Byron, Shane Christie-David, 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
<b>Parish Administrator</b>	Denise Pigot Telephone 9876 3362, or by email - <a href="mailto:office@eppinganglicans.org.au">office@eppinganglicans.org.au</a>
<b>Honorary Parish Treasurer</b>	Noel Christie-David
<b>Parish Councillors</b>	Glyn Evans, Michael Gumbley, Malcolm Lawn, Kent Maddock, John Noller, Peggy Sanders, Penelope Thompson, Sarah Weaver
<b>Parish Nominators</b>	Robin Cummins, Peter Deall, Graeme Durie, Peggy Sanders, Ruth Shatford
<b>Synod Representatives</b>	Anne Price, Graeme Watts
<b>The Church Wardens</b>	
<b>Saint Alban's</b>	David Tait - Rector's Warden Graeme Durie - People's Warden Ruth Shatford - People's Warden
<b>Saint Aidan's</b>	Ken Bock - Rector's Warden Margaret Cummins - People's Warden Richard Ryan - People's Warden
<b>Choir Director</b>	Kent Maddock Jnr
<b>Assistant Choir Director</b>	Anne Price
<b>Organist</b>	Neil Cameron
<b>Assistant Organists</b>	Lynn Bock, Stanley Gilling, Tony Malin, Richard Simpson, Bruce Wilson
<b>Caretaker</b>	Oscar Sichez
<b>Editor</b>	Stuart J. Armsworth - email <a href="mailto:stundeb@bigpond.net.au">stundeb@bigpond.net.au</a>