

# 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 Feast of Saint Aidan of Lindisfarne  
(Aidantide)**

**August/September 2015  
Number 836**

*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

What a busy few weeks in the parish, not only have we just celebrated Saint Alban's Patronal Festival, we have welcomed some newly-confirmed to the Parish family and our truly loved and respected long-term rector has retired. How do we feel about that all?...shell-shocked?...traumatised?. It is possible that we have a number of different feelings at once. Whilst I feel the loss of Father John from our Parish, I am excitedly looking forward to who God will provide us in terms of a leader. I am confident that our prayers will be answered not necessarily in the time or way that we expect, but in the way that we need. I encourage everyone to pray for all involved in the nomination process (our nominators, the diocesan nominators, our bishop and potential candidates). Father John was fond of quoting Saint Theresa of Avila. Here are some words that are applicable to us at this time:

*"Let nothing disturb thee;  
Let nothing dismay thee;  
All things pass;  
God never changes.  
Patience attains all that it strives for.  
He who has God finds he lacks nothing;  
God alone suffices."*

## Our Vision:

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

*"a city on a hill"*

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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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Thank you to the authors of the various articles in this magazine, contributors of photographs and our proof-readers. **The deadline for the next edition will be Friday 4 September, 2015.** Contributions may be left at the parish office, or emailed preferably 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.

**Our Cover:** A photograph of the exterior of Saint Aidan's, West Epping

**Artwork (opposite page)** *An Icon of Saint Aidan of Lindisfarne. By Aidan Hart of the United Kingdom. Sourced from [www.allmercifulsaviour.com/icons](http://www.allmercifulsaviour.com/icons) on Tuesday 26 June 2012 at 01520hours*

# Our Weekly Services

## Sunday at Saint Aidan's

8.30am Holy Eucharist with Hymns

## 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 and 4th Sundays with  
Alban's Angels

6.00pm Evening Service. Between June and September the  
Choral Evensong is held on the 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday at 4.00pm



## Weekdays at Saint Alban's

7.00am Holy Eucharist - Wednesday

10.30am Healing Eucharist - Thursday

5.00pm Evening Prayer - Tuesday to Friday

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

The Acting Rector, Churchwardens and Community of  
Saint Aidan's invite you to share with us our



## Festival of Saint Aidan

on

Sunday 30 August 2015  
commencing at 8.30am

at the

Parish Church of  
Saint Aidan of Lindisfarne  
32 Downing Street, West Epping

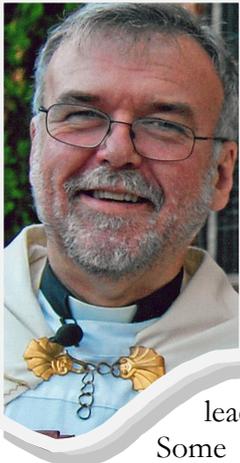
Preacher: Father John Sanderson,  
Senior Assistant Priest,  
Christ Church Saint Laurence, Sydney



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

Please join us for **Community Hymn Singing** at 4pm on Sunday 30 August at Saint Alban's.

# The Acting Rector's Letter



This is a very special time in our parish. This magazine contains some of the photos for the farewell of Father John and Christine and there is an underlying awareness of the great change we are about to go through. Many parishioners have seen clergy come and go in this parish and so they are keenly aware of the significance of what is happening at this time.

Of course many parishioners are aware of the great impact Father John has made upon this parish over the last eighteen year. During the last few weeks many speeches have been made describing the impact Father John and Christine have made upon us. So, this is my opportunity to have my turn.

One of the qualities you quickly learn about Father John is his keenness to show leadership. In parish life many issues arise which could be handled in a number of ways. Some people respond to this situation by not making any decision at all. But John rarely hesitated. Some of those decisions were difficult and had some tough consequences in spite of the wisdom that lay behind them. In those situations John was always fearless. He possesses a clarity of vision and sees no point in delaying when the path forward is clear. I think many people appreciated that. They may not have always agreed with him, but they recognised his thoughtfulness and his keen desire to get on with the job.

Another outstanding quality of Father John is his faithfulness, particularly faithfulness to the parish. It almost seemed as if the parish was always on his mind. Yet what is truly remarkable is that he sustained that faithfulness over those eighteen years. I remember the time when for months he suffered the agonies of an undiagnosed cracked hip. I cannot imagine the pain he endured. I remember some services where he seemed to be almost shaking with those agonies and I wondered if it were possible for him to remain standing. Yet he never missed a beat. Eventually, the problem was discovered and he was operated on for a new hip. Yet he was in hospital barely a week when my phone rang and it was John demanding in a loud voice, "Get me out of here!"

Yet in spite of the many pressures upon Father John and Christine they still managed successfully to raise three children who all now enjoy successful careers and have provided Father John and Christine with beautiful grandchildren. With all the demands made upon both of them they always achieved a happy home. The rectory has a prominent location providing little privacy. Yet it was always a joyful place to visit, where many many people were welcomed over the years. Father John and Christine maintained such a high standard of hospitality for such a long time and there must be a very long list of people who enjoyed so many happy hours in their company. How they could do that for eighteen years was a stunning achievement in itself.

I find I keep coming back to that phrase "eighteen years". In so many ways Father John and Christine were good for us. But the fact that they were that good for year after year after year is remarkable. At their farewell they were given several gifts and tributes were made. But the best tribute we can give them is to never forget their generosity, their openness and acceptance of all people, and their love shared among us over those many years.

So now for the future. Some people are worried. Some wonder about the many challenges we face and whether anyone will be willing to take them on with us. However, we should remember we are a strong parish with many people with a variety of gifts. Epping is changing and we will see some dramatic development. Yet, in spite of the many difficulties this will cause, our church is located in the middle of it, at its very heart. It is where the church needs to be as we think about the future. No doubt, Epping in five years will be a very different place. But we will still be here. We need to work through how we will respond to this change but we can do that from a position of strength, not weakness. Some in our church will remember many of the high points in our parish life. That can be a good thing to do but not if it is to conclude our best days are behind us. Rather we should remember the good days of the past and yet press on to an even more exciting future.

And finally we come to the religious bit. I guess I just couldn't help myself. People have all sorts of images of what the church is. There are many fancy doctrines and opinions. But I think the church can best be likened to that image we have in Mark 4 with the disciples in the boat, on the lake, weathering the storm. Sometimes church life is chaotic, sometimes the waves crash in, sometimes we can feel we are at the point of annihilation. We can worry. We can rush about. But at the end of the day, no matter what happens, we have Jesus in the boat and that makes all the difference. So as we face the future as a parish we have an assurance that can never be taken away.

*Ross Weaver  
Acting Rector*

## Magna Carta: 800 Years On

On Sunday afternoon, 14 June, the eve of the 800<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the sealing of Magna Carta in 1215, I represented Bishop Stuart Robinson and the Diocese of Canberra and Goulburn at a ceremony to mark this occasion. The service was held at Magna Carta Place near Old Parliament House. It is a reminder that Australia proudly possesses a copy of the 1297 version which is part of the law of England, and with essential elements incorporated into Australian law.

The ceremony was held in the presence of the 28<sup>th</sup> Australian Prime Minister, the Honourable Tony Abbott. It was a glorious sunny afternoon and the air was filled with the music of the Band of the Royal Military College and we saw the Australian Federation Guard. When the Prime Minister rose to make a very brief speech he began simply: "Well, it doesn't get any better than this!" The presence of the Band and the Guard reminded us all of the role played by the Australian Defence Forces in protecting the rule of law in this nation. The anniversary was hosted by the Magna Carta Committee of Australia.

How we came to possess a precious copy of Magna Carta makes a story in itself. Somehow a copy had come to be in the possession of The King's School, Bruton, Somerset. The School offered the copy for sale in 1952 because they needed the money. Sir Harold White, Parliamentary Librarian, was keen to obtain it and with the support of then Prime Minister Robert Menzies, Australia paid twelve thousand five hundred pounds to purchase it. Menzies had to endure bitter criticism for wasting public money on what some called a "scrap of old paper". As Tony Abbott put it, it was "Bob Menzies' Blue Poles moment", but today that document is worth perhaps 20 million dollars. It is priceless.

I am fascinated that recent research has uncovered close links between the charter and the medieval church. The sealing ceremony in 1215 was hosted by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. It used to be said that copies were sent out by the officials of the king to every county but historical research has shown that in fact it was the bishops who circulated the document. Cathedrals such as Lincoln and Salisbury still have copies in their archives. King John bitterly resented this limitation on his absolute power and tore up his copy, but he was dead the next year.

What the Magna Carta said in essence was that no one, not even the king, was above the law. Everyone had the right to a fair trial by peers and had the right not to be arbitrarily imprisoned or deprived of property. These are rights and freedoms that we take for granted as hallmarks of our democratic system of government. The rule that even the king is not above the law was forgotten by King Charles I and it cost him his life in 1649.

When I met the Prime Minister he said how good it was that the Church was represented at the ceremony. As far as I know I was the only church representative. Perhaps the fact that Magna Carta survived was due to the Bishops of the Church of England 800 years ago.

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

# What's Happening at the Hospital?



It seems quite amazing to realize that I have been Anglican Chaplain at Concord Hospital for over twelve years. Throughout that time I have found the ministry both challenging and fulfilling. It is a shared ministry: with a full-time Catholic Chaplain, a range of clergy to contact when people from their traditions want to see them, and a wonderful team of volunteers - including three from our own parish who visit people week by week. In some ways there has been not much change over the years. The wards in the main building of the hospital are much the same; a surprising number of staff who were there when I started are still working at the hospital; the basic principles and challenges remain the same; and even the Catholic Chaplain who was at the hospital when I started has returned for a second stint!

In many ways, my work has not changed much. The heart of my work is still visiting patients: sitting with them, listening to their stories and their concerns, praying with them and supporting them in whatever way I can. For some people, this is a time when they are ready to explore spiritual issues in a new way, and I am of course delighted to help them as they do this; but it remains vital that I go into this territory only if they indicate that this is something they are willing to do. "Forcing religion on people" is seen as quite inappropriate in a public hospital, and in any case it is likely to put up barriers to the Gospel message, rather than to help people spiritually. But it is a great privilege to guide people who are exploring faith in a new way, or helping them to find a church where they can find encouragement and spiritual care.

I work with a much larger team of volunteers than I started with. This takes a substantial part of my time: however, it means that a larger number of patients can be effectively contacted. The volunteers are often the ones who help me to locate people who would appreciate a visit from the Chaplain, and their ministry is much appreciated by patients. The training of volunteers has become an important issue, and Anglicare is reviewing the requirements for those who wish to become Anglican volunteers in hospitals: it is important that we provide ministry that is appropriate and genuinely helpful, and the more rigorous approach will strengthen this. One new development over the past year is the opening of a new 20-bed Palliative Care Unit, which is located very close to the Chapel. I spend some time in the unit most days, visiting patients and their families. Most of the patients are spending the last days of their lives in the unit, receiving professional support to make these days as comfortable as possible. However, a number will spend a period in the unit receiving help to deal with issues of pain and discomfort, and then return to their place of residence. Sometimes the patients are well enough to respond and hold a conversation, while others are too weak. Many of them will hear and appreciate familiar words like the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm or the Lord's Prayer (in its traditional form!). Often I spend time talking with the family, as they come to terms with the reality of their loved one's approaching death.

I am well-known to many of the staff, and often have opportunities to talk with them – sometimes in general conversation, sometimes about their work or about particular patients, sometimes in my role as a JP, and sometimes listening to them as they talk about issues which are troubling them. I am also involved in the Veterans' community which is so much a part of the hospital: spending an hour each week with a group of veterans and war widows, and taking part in various commemorative services. This year's Anzac Day service was a major occasion, at dawn on the Sunday before Anzac Day. It featured a new work by the Australian composer Elena Kats-Chernin for children's choir and the Australian Navy Band, with the Governor as the main speaker, and the release of 100 doves to commemorate the centenary of the first Anzac Day.

I appreciate the interest and support of the Parish in this ministry. I am grateful to those who pray, and those of you who give financial support to Anglicare's chaplaincy ministries. If someone you know is a patient at Concord Hospital, do let me know by ringing the hospital switchboard on 9767 5000 and asking to be put through to my extension: I may not always be aware of them. And do consider the possibility of becoming a volunteer pastoral visitor: a rewarding ministry that is greatly appreciated. Later in the year, I will be making an appeal for new people to train as volunteers: please keep it in mind. After twelve years, I still believe that this ministry is what God wants me to be doing. It is certainly challenging and at times demanding, but I count it a great privilege to be a Chaplain at Concord Hospital.

*Paul Weaver*

# The Gift of Pastoral Care in this Parish and Beyond

Many years ago, before leaving Epping to live in Bathurst, Bruce and I completed together an Education for Ministry course at Saint Alban's. In Bathurst we joined the Cathedral where we were made very welcome. I began pastoral care visiting at Bathurst Hospital with a senior member of our congregation.

Before leaving Sydney I had been privileged to be presented with a Pastoral Care Scholarship, available at Saint Alban's during Geoffrey Feltham's period as Rector.. I attended Royal North Shore Hospital and joined many women studying Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE) for one year. This was a wonderful learning curve in my life and very challenging. It involved attending lectures each day, visiting patients in many different wards, having to prepare reports etc, addressing the class on why I did "this" or "that" and understanding people. For example, keeping confidences: as I called by the room of a young female patient who had her mother and sister visiting, they said "come in". They were laughing as they said to me "Please don't tell anyone" and I was almost "sworn in" and without hesitation they pulled back the sheets and there was the most beautiful black cat looking at me! It was fretting for the owner and the young girl owner was fretting for this gorgeous cat. I said "the rules are very strict here – no animals!" We laughed and pussy cat went back home leaving a very happy young lady, full of apologies!

Often during this course of mine we had night duty, where one of us was available on call to attend emergencies at any time. It was a lonely and anxious time and that phone could ring at any time. It did – I was required to attend a ward where a beautiful young girl had died and the parents needed some loving care. Pastoral care has many faces and I gained confidence from experiences such as this one.

One Sunday at Saint Alban's the Reverend Paul Weaver gave a wonderful sermon regarding his Chaplaincy work at Concord Hospital, when he spoke of his ministry there and the work of the volunteers in visiting patients. I was absolutely captivated with this sermon and felt deeply moved to join his team. I applied for a chance to join this team in visiting patients and was greatly honoured to be accepted. I learned how to approach an ill person, be a good listener, never go into a room where the bed curtain is pulled around – perhaps a doctor or nurse is present with an emergency. A briefing and a prayer is given before setting out on our pastoral care duties each morning; often 40 or more patients of different religious denominations were on our list at any one time to be visited. With Paul's help and understanding I soon gained confidence myself in being able to enter a room, quietly introduce myself from Pastoral Care and to quietly chat, having been greeted with a smile. It was a very rewarding moment for me. Many patients are very ill and cannot speak but offer once again a lovely smile. Often they do not speak English and can feel very lonely – when we put our hands together in prayer or make the sign of the cross or leave a brochure, they soon smile and nod as they understood why we are there for them. The most important lesson for me to learn was to be a "good listener" and to pay attention to the patient who desperately wanted to tell me how they felt. It was lovely to see them try to smile as they shared stories. One young lady rings her neighbour very often on loud speaker mobile phone and she speaks to her dog every day. She is missing her much loved animal and he is missing her. It's wonderful for me to have this special time of listening and understanding – there's often tears. These are precious pastoral care moments.

In closing, to me, Pastoral Care - in its many ways at church, at home or hospital visiting- is a very special way to express God's love for us and his caring for people in need of reassurance. The Saint Alban's Pastoral Care team is a wonderfully caring organisation, full of energy and understanding in every day living within our Parish of Saint Alban's and beyond. We are truly blessed with their leadership.

*Pastoral Care is Everywhere.  
Just a Smile, a Visit or Sharing a Prayer  
Asking, How are you today?  
Can make a difference  
In someone's Life this way.*

*Marion Martin*

# A Set of Beatitudes for Friends of People with Dementia

God has given me a great love for people who are living with dementia. He has given me a passion for making life a little easier for them and for their carers. It is a love and passion that has grown from the job he has given me as co-ordinator of a social centre for people with dementia, run by ANGLICARE at Winmalee. Our centre is one of many programs in the mountains run by ANGLICARE to assist people living with dementia and their carers. Other ANGLICARE programs are less visible because they happen in people's homes/over the phone.

Suffice to say, at this point, that dementia is a general term used to describe problems with progressive changes to memory and thinking. It's a physical illness just as cancer is – and the damage is being done in the brain. I expect most of you will know someone with a diagnosis of dementia – a family member, friend, neighbour, fellow parishioner. Some of you may be or have been carers. There may be someone here coming to grips with a diagnosis.

How can we, as God's people, care for those amongst us who live with dementia? It's a topic that no-one really wants to talk about. Because we don't know what to do, we tend to look the other way. Life is full of confusion and anxiety for these people. Appearing 'normal' takes incredible energy. Communication becomes a major problem. Self-worth slides down the gurgler.

How can we care? I've written a set of beatitudes for friends of people with dementia. I'd like to share them with you. They are made up of caring techniques I have learnt while working at the centre and of thoughts from the writings of some people with dementia. I was inspired by Mother Teresa. Someone once asked her, 'How can you do what you do day after day, caring for these poor, filthy, disease-ridden people?' Her reply, 'I look into each face and see the face of Jesus. I do for them what I would do for Him.'

## **A SET OF BEATITUDES FOR FRIENDS OF PEOPLE WITH DEMENTIA**

**Blessed are you when you regularly keep in touch ...**

So many friends fall away  
and my carer and I need your friendship and support now more than ever.

**Blessed are you when you step in to give my carer a break ...**

I may be anxious when he leaves, but he will be so much more relaxed when he returns.

**Blessed are you when you learn all you can about dementia ...**

Then you may understand my behaviour and help me to avoid stressful situations.

**Blessed are you when you speak to me slowly and in short sentences ...**

It takes me longer, now, to process information.

**Blessed are you when you don't take over and do things FOR me ...**

I may be very slow, but I need to do everything I can for myself, for as long as I can.

**Blessed are you when you tell funny stories, share jokes, pull my leg ...**

I don't need a memory to have a good laugh!

**Blessed are you when you help me to remember times past ...**

It reminds me of who I am and of a life well-lived.

**Blessed are you when you find small ways that I can help YOU ...**

I feel useless most of the time, so it's great to be needed.

**Blessed are you when you remind me of the beliefs and values  
that have shaped my life ...**

I need the peace that these things bring, as life becomes increasingly uncertain.

**Blessed are you when you give me the time I need to express myself ...**

It is getting hard for me to find my words  
and hold my thoughts to the end of a sentence.

**Blessed are you when you greet me with your name and tell me how we are connected ...**

I SHOULD KNOW who you are  
and it is embarrassing trying to drag your name from my jumbled brain.

**Blessed are you when you invite me to SMALL family celebrations ...**

It restores my sense of belonging and helps me to stay connected.

**Blessed are you when you tell me how much I mean to you ...**

I like to know I have contributed to other people's lives.

**Blessed are you when you speak TO me, in my presence, and not OVER me or ABOUT me ...**

I am still here, with all my emotions in tact.

**Blessed are you when you understand that my reality may differ from yours ...**

As my memories of present times fade,  
I must live in the past, to make sense of my world.

**Blessed are you when you respond to repetitive questions  
as though you had never heard them before ...**

I don't remember that I have asked.  
Your patience preserves my dignity and sense of worth.

**Blessed are you when you lead me to quiet, peaceful corners ...**

I panic in busy, unfamiliar places; all the sights and sounds bombard me.

**Blessed are you when you consider me a person of infinite worth in the eyes of God ...**

That is what I am.

**Blessed are you when you treat me as an intelligent adult ...**

I am not a child even though my illness may lead to  
difficult or childlike behaviour.

**Blessed are you when you don't ask me factual questions ...**

I don't want to appear foolish when I cannot recall simple information.

**Blessed are you when you read and respect my body language ...**

I may not always be able to communicate  
that I don't want to do something ... or that I am in pain.

**Blessed are you when you give me happy experiences ...**

I will forget the experience, but the good feelings will remain.

**Blessed are you when you look at me, see the face of Jesus  
and treat me the way you would Him, if He had dementia ...**

Jesus says, 'In as much as you did it  
unto the least of these my brothers, you did it unto me.'

*Robyn McKinney  
Wentworth Falls Parish*

*This is the updated version of the beatitudes Robyn shared with Saint Alban's Mothers' Union in June 2015.*

# What is Spiritual Direction?

## Is it for me?



Spiritual direction (sometimes more appropriately called ‘spiritual counselling’) is a one-on-one process whereby a trained and experienced counsellor sits with another person and helps him or her to explore their relationship with God, and the activity of God-in-their-lives.

Most direction involves a session of varying length (20-60 minutes: dependent on the needs of the person at the time). The task of the director is to listen very carefully for signs of the activity of God in the life of the directee and – where necessary – to help that person discern the following:

- where and when in my life is God communicating with me?
- what is God saying?
- how am I receiving what God says?
- what are its implications for me in my prayer and in the way I lead my (total) life?
- how can I detect and interpret what God is “saying”?....and, *critically*
  - do I *want* to hear what God says or do I want to run away from it or repress it...and if so, why? and:
  - am I sure this is of God and not of self?

Looking at the above list, it becomes easy to see why a director needs specific training for the task, for spiritual direction and can be a critical activity in the on-going development of one’s prayer-life. The directee’s task is to ask and to reveal. The director’s task is not only to listen to the directee, but, critically, to discern the activity of God in that person’s life:

- what is ‘true’ and what is false (i.e. misleading of the directee)?
- what is God’s message?
- is this message truly being heard in all its implications for the directee and their prayer-life/relationship with God?

One of the things a director needs quite specifically to listen to is to sort out the influences that bear on the directee as they develop in their relationship to God. Is the directee enjoying the relationship with God and thus seeking to paying attention to God’s presence and God’s urging? Are they enjoying this or not?

The enjoyment (on both sides) of our relationship with God is *very* important. In discerning God’s action in one’s life, one needs help to explore such questions as:

- Is this truly God speaking?
- Am I willing to hear the message or do I want to block it? And why?
- How much do I welcome the message and how much *do* I block it?
- Do I trust this? Am I having myself on?

The last question is critical...and very much feeds into the task of the director. Hearing in truth what God is saying (as opposed to my saying it to myself, or even hearing the voice not of God but of evil) is an extremely important part of the director’s task. Because of this, the director must be properly trained. (There are available courses in direction. They, too, need to be open to the discernment of just how useful they are.)

Regular spiritual direction is a wonderful aid in our pursuit of truth-filled and enjoyable relationship with God. Occasional direction is also very useful, particularly to those who are hitting a rough patch in their prayer life. A director helps us see what is going on. Is it of me, or God, or even an intrusion by evil? Any interaction with God needs to have certain hallmarks that can inform us (and/or our director) about what is going on:

- we can feel challenged, but the challenged is tempered by love
- if love is absent, the interaction must be questioned
- sometimes discerning the above two, *needs company*...

...and that is what a director is for: company in our spiritual journey. It helps us not to be spiritually lazy; to deepen our relationship with God; to *explore* God (who is endlessly fully of surprises!). This last one is very important: something in our prayer-life that jolts us out of comfortable habit can be God inciting us into a new kind of relationship...*or* may be an intervention by evil.

In seeking direction, we are availing ourselves of another 'ear', a trained 'ear': to help us *discern* how God is speaking to us (or not!).

**Jane Chapman**

*Reverend Jane is considering offering one-on-one spiritual direction on Saturdays – by appointment, at Saint Alban's. If you would like to explore it, please contact her on 0412 353 010.*

## The Parish Register

### Holy Baptism

Olivia Harper Anne WILLIAMS on 28 June 2015

### Confirmation

Claire MADDOCK on 19 July 2015  
 Claire TAIT on 19 July 2015  
 Charlotte VON STEIGLITZ on 19 July 2015  
 Sophie SZECSDI on 19 July 2015  
 Eliza SZECSDI on 19 July 2015



### The Faithful Departed

Shirley Joy BROWNLOW on 27 May 2015  
 Graham William Howard HOSKIN on 20 June 2015



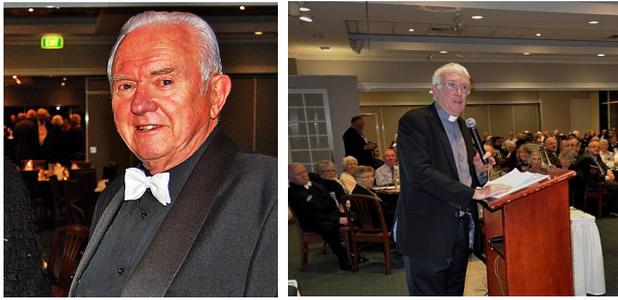
### Bequests

Over the years the parish has benefitted from the generosity of parishioners not only when they have been active members of the parish, but also at the time of their death.

Should you wish to remember the parish in your will it can be done by making a bequest. A simple suggested form of doing this is: *"I give the sum of \$ to the Wardens of the Anglican Parish of Epping to be used in their absolute discretion for the charitable purposes of the Parish"*.

# Farewell to Father John and Christine Cornish

Parish Dinner Photos



Photos from Farewell Presentation



*The parish said farewell to Father John and Christine with a Parish Dinner, a Choral Eucharist and a Luncheon - many speeches were made - what follows is that of David Tait (Rector's Warden) at the final luncheon on Sunday 5 July 2015.*

On behalf of the Church Wardens and Parish Council of Saint Alban's and Saint Aidan's I offer these reflections on our journey with the Cornish family. What a wonderful farewell service. A very fitting way to say thank you and farewell to Father John and Christine.

I would also like to thank a number of people involved in organizing the celebrations we have recently shared, from the Patronal Festival to the farewell service (including the Parish Dinner). I do want to name and thank the organizing committee: Peggy Sanders, Ian Arnold, Anne Lawson and Margaret Cummins. I would also like to mention Denise Pigot who has put up with our strange requests and tight time frames for several months, thank you Denise. I should also mention our soup makers: Ruth Shatford, Anne Lawson and Marlene Cachia and chief kitchen organizer, Lynette Skeoch.

Thank you to everyone who has played a part, there are too many to name individually. So thank you for those in the kitchen, the office, the choir, the sanctuary, working with photographs; for those making things, setting things up, cleaning up things, saying things, playing things, doing all sorts of things. Without every contribution, small and large; noticed or behind the scenes, we would not have been able to celebrate in such a fitting and wonderful way. Thank you.

When I became Rector's Warden a few years ago I did not think that I would farewell my Rector. As many of you know (and can attest) parishioners tend to stick around at Saint Alban's for a few years – a bit like rectors! Whilst I no longer might be thought of as half of that new young couple, I can claim that I have been in the Parish just slightly longer than Father John and Christine. So with just over 18 years here myself, I feel very honoured and humbled to be able to contribute in this way.

Having arrived during the last interregnum in the Parish, for me Father John is Saint Alban's at Epping. He has shared in my life. He shared when our children were born and baptised, one confirmation, their growing up. He has shared with deaths in the family, sickness and getting better. He has shared job losses and job gains.

Of course many of you have similar experiences over the years. John's sharing in your times of sadness, your times of sickness, your times of surprise, your times of gladness. He has been there in joy, support and encouragement. Each of you has unique and separate experiences of John in your life and yet we all share the experience of John in our lives. And not to be forgotten is that Christine has in her own way shared in our lives as well. Of course this experience is a two way street. The life of a rectory is often on public display and Father John and Christine have shared their life and family with great generosity. As John said the other night many significant events for his family have occurred at Saint Alban's; marriages, grandchildren baptised, parents ashes spread in our rose bed and Honey the dog buried in the Rectory garden.

Now John has said that he is no one special. But John like all of us has been uniquely created in God's image and it is this uniqueness that we shall miss. Others will come and do things similar, but it won't be the same as John. It is right that we miss John's uniqueness; that we are sad that things won't happen in just the way they had. But we have been extremely privileged to have experienced the unique John Cornish and his wife Christine. It is with joy we remember and celebrate the past 18 years and go on with making Saint Alban's the unique place it is.

John, you have been a good shepherd to all of us. Not only in Saint Alban's and Saint Aidan's but also in the local Christian community, indeed in the broader community of Epping. So thank you John and Christine for all you have done, all you have given all you have shared. We hope and pray that your retirement will be long and blessed.



# Never Again

*What follows is an address about anti-Semitism from a personal perspective given by Rosana Tyler on 13 May 2015, in the crypt of Saint Mary's Cathedral, Sydney during a service at which the Saint Alban's choir sang a psalm and motet. We thank Bruce Wilson from the Saint Alban's choir for sourcing this address from Rosana.*

Tonight is a solemn occasion as we remember those lost. The Holocaust is incomprehensible. There are few people within the Jewish community who have not been touched by the Holocaust, either as survivors, the children or family of survivors. There are many who do not understand why as Jews we are very sensitive when it comes of speaking about the Holocaust. I intend to speak about my great grandfather's family, and how what happened to him and subsequent generations of our family have had such an impact on me. The story I am about to tell will be familiar to many, not because they know my family, but because it is a story common to many Russian families.

My name is Rosana Tyler but that is not the name I was born with. My maiden name is Rosana Moisevich, or Rosana Sergeievna Moiseev in Russian. In Russian, vich means son of, and Moise means Moses, so my maiden name is a common Jewish Russian name, and it very easily identifies the person bearing the name as a Jew. That was the intention of the Russian bureaucracy when the family names were given. My father rarely spoke about his family, and much of what I will tell you has been gleaned from snippets of information given over many years. My great grandfather Moishe, or Moses, was born in Odessa, in the Ukraine. He was a close relative of the famous concert pianist Benno Moisevich. Benno's nephew wrote a biography, and is the celebrated author of the five Famous Trials. That part of the family is very well known in England, but this story begins before that time.

My great grandfather Moishe came to Australia in about 1885 as a 13 year old boy. He came with some cousins and remained in Ballarat for about 9 years before he returned to the Ukraine. I found this out recently when our family took a holiday to Ballarat and Bendigo. After we returned from holiday my father told me that his grandfather had been there and he sent some family pictures. I wondered why my great grandfather would have come to Australia then but history shows that in 1871 there was a pogrom in Odessa, and that pogroms continued in 1881 through to 1905 when, in that year, almost 1,000 Jews lost their lives, many were injured, and their homes and businesses destroyed.

The cause of many of these pogroms was words. We say that sticks and stones will break your bones but words will never harm you. That is not true. It is not true for Russian Jews who suffered as the result of rumours spread about them. One of the rumours was that Jews had desecrated a Greek Church in Odessa. That led to the 1871 pogrom, and after that time there was a question as to whether Jews could integrate into Russian society. The usual reasons for anti-Semitism manifested themselves during pogroms – that Jews controlled the Government, took jobs from locals, or were very wealthy during a time of recession. Whatever the reason, on many occasions the Russian authorities aided and abetted those taking part in pogroms. As a result, apart from death directly caused by violence, there were many suicides following a pogrom, as well as a wave of migration.

My husband worked for a Jewish lady in Hobart and she showed him a coffee table picture book about Russian Jews. He brought it home because there were a number of black and white photographs in it, with a caption that the people in the photos were from the Moisevich family, and she thought that it might have something to do with my family. The photographs showed locals with guns standing beside the dead bodies of men, women and children of the Moisevich family. These were taken as trophy shots by the locals, very proud of the number of Jews they had murdered.

My grandfather Alexander was born in Odessa in 1894. My great grandfather travelled to Georgia and established a winery in the capital city and he did so voluntarily. For those who do not know, a large proportion of Jews in Georgia had migrated from Babylonia in the 6<sup>th</sup> Century and were not Ashkenazi. The Russian Tsarist government had a pogrom of sending Ukrainian Ashkenazi Jews to Georgia in the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century. Shortly before the Russian Revolution and especially from 1905, anti-Semitism was again on the rise in Georgia, and my great grandfather joined the wave of migration overseas. The family could have chosen to go to California, but instead chose Argentina, a popular choice for Jews at

that time. My grandfather was so angry that they had to flee Russia, that he never spoke Russian again at home. And he refused to practice his religion. He instilled in my father a belief that as a Jew he was a target, and that he needed to integrate into the new society and blend in with the locals. He insisted my father speak Spanish like a native. Despite this, my father had some children at school teach him some Hebrew.

I remember watching a movie at home with my father, and the owner of a house moved a picture to reveal a safe hidden behind it. I commented to him that it was not a good hiding place, and he said that when they were first used no-one knew to look behind a picture. He then told me his father had one. I asked him why, was it to keep important documents there? No, he said. It was to keep jewellery and gold. A bank could not be trusted and might not be open if you needed to move quickly.

If my great grandfather thought he had found a place free of discrimination against Jews in Argentina he was mistaken. There were restrictions, such as where a Jew could be buried. My great grandparents and my grandparents are buried in the dissident section of a cemetery in Buenos Aires. Jews were not permitted a cemetery. A few weeks ago, a news story broke that various disused bunkers had been found in Argentina, and that they looked to have been set up for a Nazi occupation. This did not come as any news to me. When I was young, my father told me a story that when he was a young boy at school he had made very good friends with a boy whose parents were German. It turned out the Germans intended to annex Argentina, has appointed regional commanders, and drawn up lists of people to be exterminated. My grandparents family was high on that list. The father rang my grandfather, as a result of his son's friendship, and told him that on his signal he was to leave the country and never return. Although the signal never came, my grandparents were ready to flee.

My parents were still only young when the war ended, and Argentina become the home to orphans whose parents perished in the Holocaust. My mother told me some stories that affected her greatly and told me that we must never forget. Some of the traumatised children told that they had witnessed the deaths of their parents as a result of Mengele's experiments. The details were horrific and I will not repeat them here.

Unfortunately Argentina had a right wing government and many Nazis made their home in Argentina. We came to Australia in 1963, with barely more than the clothes on our back. My parents wanted to leave everything behind and start life afresh. My father chose Australia because his grandfather had instilled in him a curiosity about Australia and a yearning to live here. Australia was far away from the troubles of the rest of the world. I did not know until I was in my twenties that the family of my father's favourite aunt had perished in the Holocaust. I read a letter from her which I found in the leaves of a book, in which she answered one of his questions, that yes, she and her neighbour still received reparations from the German government.

My father insisted we had to integrate, and that meant we were not allowed to speak Spanish with him at home. We did so with my mother when my father was not around. But he could not hide the fact we were Jewish. From the food we ate, to the rituals we carried out, such as washing our hands, we continued a long tradition even though we didn't know why we were doing it. And we could not escape our name. My father refused to change it, even though so many people had difficulty pronouncing it.

My parents bought their first house in Queensland and we lived there for about 6 months. But the neighbours did not like foreigners and built a huge bonfire close to the fence one bonfire night. When my father called the police, they joined the neighbours, and we had to stay indoors as they laughed and shouted insults during the night. My parents sold the house and moved to Tasmania. We lived in a mining town for a number of years. But some Croatians realised our family was Jewish, and threatened to kill us. My father took precautions, and we prepared against an imminent attack. We moved to Hobart shortly after. In Hobart I went to school with David Polya whose father was a prominent Jew, a member of Hobart Synagogue and a Professor of Chemistry. I spent a lot of time at their house,

# Never Again continued

talking to Professor Polya, and he told me that as a young man in Hungary, he begged his father, a university professor, to leave the country, but that his father would not leave him and come to Australia. He was among the first to die when the Russians invaded Hungary. He died because he was a Jew.

All of these incidents had a profound effect on me as a child, especially during my formative years.

As a family, we have had a mostly comfortable life in Australia, and those bad early memories have subsided. We integrated and felt ourselves to be Australian through and through. My father told me, when I was young, that Australia was a land like no other, where else would they rotate the religion of the governors general, first a Jew, then a Christian, either Catholic or Protestant. The story of how I returned to Judaism is a story for another time. Briefly, we met Rabbi Blaivas of Parramatta Synagogue, who told me he and his mother used to have afternoon tea frequently with one of Benno Moiseiwitsch's sisters.

Now we come to my recent story. You can tell by my story so far that my family is very sensitive to undercurrents. My family has fled from several situations to preserve the life of family members. It is something that is always somewhere in my mind.

I am a councillor with Marrickville Council. I turned to politics because I was concerned that policies being pursued by the mayor in 2010 were anti Semitic and were turning people against Jews. My family never lists its religion on the census, and that is common for many Jewish families in the Inner West. As a result there is a large number of hidden Jews in the Inner West. I campaigned against a policy that I thought was disruptive to harmony in our society at the 2011 State election, that is, the Boycott, Divestments and Sanctions against Israel, known as the BDS.

I am a solicitor with a private practice and I put up a very large advertising sign in the overpass at Marrickville station at the end of last year. The sign is at chest height, contains a picture of my face, with a description of the legal services I provide. I expected the usual type of graffiti, teeth blackened and so on, just like any other advertising sign. The first defacement was horns on my head, and I had those washed off. I did not connect that with anti Semitism at the time. The following week, someone stuck what I thought was a piece of paper to my sign, and as I saw another piece of paper beside my sign I thought nothing of it. Two days later someone had drawn a Magen David, a star of David, on that piece of paper, with an arrow pointing to my face. Later, when I went to take photos, the piece of paper was actually a drawing of a scrotum.

At first I thought it was a joke, but later the shock hit me. I realised someone wanted me to feel hurt or afraid, which is a precursor to wanting you to run out of town. The persistent thought took hold that I had to run. My first thought was that I would pack up and go to Israel. This thought stayed with me for about 3 weeks. I could not go to Marrickville without looking at people and thinking "You want me to go, you don't want me here. Was it you?" And every day I was afraid that my windows would be shattered. So I complained very loudly to the council and to the mayor, calling these actions anti Semitic and telling them how hurt I felt, how shocked I was and they had to do something about it.

A week later a swastika was drawn on my forehead on the sign. By that stage I was very angry. The mayor and councillors rallied around me, the mayor issued a very strong press release and the matter was widely reported. The result of the attention is that it has drawn attention to the issue of anti Semitism: what it is, what it looks like, and that it is unacceptable. Had the mayor and other councillors not made a strong statement condemning this action, the perpetrator would have felt emboldened. To an ordinary person, my reaction to the graffiti may have looked disproportionate, but to anyone who understands how sensitive Jews are, this was a dagger to my heart.

Tonight we remember the lives lost in the Holocaust. We say never again. We are forever vigilant that the circumstances where entire societies unite to engage in an incomprehensible destruction of a part of their own society is never repeated.

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# A Year in the Life...(of a seminarian)



When I was a little girl, one of my favourite books was a *Year in the Life of a Young Gymnast*. Do you remember that series, which told about all kinds of dedicated young athletes, musicians, and artists? I spent hours studying the pages looking for the secret to following my passions. I cannot say I found the answer, except to realize that pursuing any dream requires commitment, hard work, and a spirit of courage and optimism in the face of uncertainty and the knowledge that there are no guarantees in life.

I thought of that young gymnast, daring to reach out for greatness, as I began studying for my Master of Divinity last fall. Twenty-five years after finishing college, my research skills still included card catalogues and hard copy materials, typewritten manuscripts and very rusty reading skills. Starting seminary became a crash course in on-line search methods, digesting heavy reading loads and remembering how to think and write critically and how to speak articulately. What an adventure it has been to dive into new ways to read the Bible, employing new lenses on feminism, racial identity, and indigenous culture; examining extra-biblical sources of near eastern myths, gospels outside the cannon, and fresh translations of theologians through the ages. I have delved into Phyllis Trible and the Africana Bible, reading from the margins to examine the perspectives of women and people of colour; I have studied Gilgamesh and Marduke and contemporary creation myths as I read Genesis; I have waded through Luther and Calvin to find surprising humour and compassion in men who are often portrayed in single dimensions without the richness and nuance they truly display.

As a learning community whose mission statement calls us to speak truth to power and to create learned, prophetic, compassionate leaders, we have wrestled with issues of race and violence, highlighted by the all-too-frequent and tragic shootings of black men by white police officers in our country over recent months. We have wondered together how we can address issues of systematic built-in privilege that offer some many more opportunities than others just because they are born with the right skin colour, in the right neighbourhood, to the right parents. These conversations are not always easy, but they are always fruitful. I have gained new insight and respect for my young black colleague who has dealt for years with built-in racism and police harassment, but who maintains a positive, welcoming attitude and is always willing to share his experiences so that we can better understand. I have listened with sadness to the stories of those who have been marginalized and discriminated against because of their sexual orientation. Their honest witness helps remind us that injustice against one, must be considered injustice against us all.

As an ecumenical school, we enjoy great diversity of worship styles and beliefs in our classrooms and our chapel services. As we listen to each other, we challenge each other's assumptions and perspectives. The process invites us to own our beliefs, to be intentional in our theologies and to really think about how and why we worship as we do. I have found the environment rich and encouraging. I love the beautiful preaching and warm energy of my Black church colleagues, I appreciate the quiet contemplation of my Mennonite friends, I settle gratefully into the peace of the evening prayer service offered by our Anglican cohort.

I think our seminary community, in all its messiness and diversity represents what our global church might look like today if we could all appreciate our differences and focus on the most important lessons our Saviour tried to teach us – to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind, and to love our neighbours as ourselves.

Every week, during our corporate worship service we recite together our creed – usually either the Nicene or the Apostles Creed. And each week, we profess to believe in the one, holy, catholic and apostolic church. This past term, in my theology class, we have been thinking about what *one* really

means in this context. For so long, we have often defined “one” to mean the same – uniformity of liturgy, expression of belief, form of governance - but I wonder whether “one” actually means something very different. Perhaps “one” is really about one focus – one God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Perhaps “one,” is about being one with all those marginalized, forgotten people in the world who suffer poverty, illness, warfare, slavery, illiteracy, and oppression. Perhaps “one” is about standing in unity with “the least of these,” understanding that their language of faith in worship, liturgy and detail of belief may not look like ours but can be as vibrant and legitimate as our own. Perhaps “one” is about listening to each other and receiving the richness each tradition has to offer the people of faith. Perhaps “one” is about being out in the world and doing the work of God to meet people where they are, to ask them what they need and to help them walk the road to freedom. Maybe we should stop worrying about whether we each worship correctly and start worrying about how we embody the church in the world. Maybe we should stop concerning ourselves with what goes on in the privacy of our bedrooms and notice which couples embody life giving partnerships that honour God and the commandments Jesus gave us to love the Lord and to love our neighbours.

As my family and I serve meals at a feeding ministry downtown or help out with a homeless shelter which our church hosts regularly, we are trying to live out what God calls us to be and do. It is not much, to spend time with people who have much less than we do, but it is something to stand with them for an evening or a meal, to be one for that moment, to show up and care enough to be present. I wonder what the new church will look like – what “one” will turn out to be? For surely, the church as we grew up in it is changing. If we want to be relevant and present in the fabric of our communities, we will have to really think about what it means to be one church and what that might look like for each of us individually and as congregations.

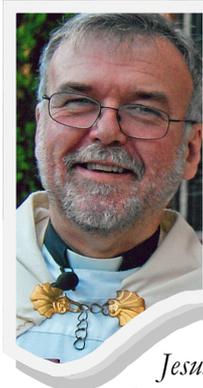
I do not know what the answer is, but I do know that I am passionately interested in finding out how God wants me to be one with my neighbour. Seminary really does offer me a challenging opportunity to step out in faith without knowing where exactly I am headed but in the energy of the Holy Spirit and the certainty and faith that God will show me the way.

*Laura Bachmann*  
*Seminarian at Colgate Rochester Crozer Divinity School, Rochester, New York*  
*and former parishioner of Saint Alban's*



Photo: Our 2015  
Confirmees

# Putting The Bible Into Practice



I found this parable on a recent social network page:

*Tony Shorten stood up and spoke to Jesus, saying, "Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus said to him, "What is written in the law? How do you read it?" Tony Shorten answered, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbour as yourself." And he said to him, "You have answered right; do this, and you will live."*

*But Tony Shorten, feeling a bit uncomfortable about how the electorate would understand this, (not to mention the caucus), said to Jesus, "And who is my neighbour?"*

*Jesus replied, "A group of dispossessed and persecuted people were going from the land of their misery to a better place, and fell among people smugglers, who took advantage of their vulnerability and desperation, took all their money, and abandoned them in the Andaman Sea, leaving them hungry and helpless. Now by chance a naval vessel was in that region; and when they saw them they passed by just over the horizon. So likewise a freighter, when it came to the place and saw them, also passed by over the horizon. But an Archan fisherman; a Muslim, as he went about his business, came to where they were; and when he saw them, he had compassion, and went to them and gave them food and water, then he towed them with his own boat and brought them to his own community, and took care of them. And the next day his own government said he had done the right thing, and promised to look after them for twelve months while they sought a regional solution to their plight."*

*Jesus said to Tony Shorten, "Which of these three, do you think, proved neighbour to those who had fled persecution?"*

I think you get the point.

The Bible is full of simple commands, "Do not steal, do not kill, love your enemy, do good to those who hate you, turn the other cheek." We can respond to them by saying they are naïve and simplistic, that life is more complex than that - that we need to be guarded about how we put these commands into action.

But sometimes our deliberations become an excuse not to act on these commands, to put them to one side and do nothing. Sadly, in fact, doing nothing is actually not doing nothing. When we do nothing we are saying we are prepared to live with injustice, with abuse of the weak, with the suffering of the poor and homeless, with high levels of domestic violence, with the rejection of those who come to us seeking asylum. As the past chief of our defence forces warned us, the behaviour we walk past is the behaviour we accept and are prepared to tolerate.

At the end of the Second World War the world was full of refugees. It was not difficult for anyone to grasp that concept. Back then Australia opened its doors and the refugees flooded in. Any screening that was done was more concerned with health checks and an attempt to limit the spread of TB and other diseases. But it is true to say whatever generosity Australia gave back then has been paid back many times over by the industry and the cultural enrichment these people brought us. Modern Australia was forged and shaped by these people.

It happened again in the mid seventies when after another war the Vietnamese took to their boats. In spite of the fact that generally the Vietnamese are not a sea-going people, in spite of their fears of the water, they boarded those leaky boats to face a frightening sea, made worse by the ever-presence of pirates to seek refuge in a safer place. What desperation must these people have endured for them to risk everything, even their lives, to seek a place of refuge and safety?

Thankfully, Malcolm Fraser provided the refuge they sought. Forty years on, as you travel round south western Sydney you find the medical specialists, the doctors, the lawyers, the physiotherapists and many other professionals are all racially Vietnamese. That great migration of the seventies has been a huge success. Those people have prospered and again Australia has received back many times over anything it gave.

Why is it then that people constantly warn us against multi-culturalism? Yes, it does mean change and that is always difficult. Of course, xenophobia lies in any human heart, along with a lot of other unpleasant motives that we can usually control. But the lesson in Australia over and over has been one of success, of

enrichment, of economic development, of an intellectual debate that is enriched by a variety of points of view.

In any war, how can you get your soldiers to kill? You use propaganda. You demonise the enemy. You depersonalise them. You discriminate against them - they are not like you. In the First World War the generals were shocked at that first Christmas when the opposing sides played a game of soccer and food was shared. It was never allowed to happen again. How could you ever get them to kill again after sharing a Christmas lunch?

But this is what we see over and over with refugees and those who come by boats. They are branded as illegal, or economic refugees or some other strange title. This is done deliberately to distract us from the truth that the bulk of these people are women and children who are fleeing the terrors of their own countries, where death is the least of their concerns otherwise they would never board boats that are little better than floating coffins. They are terrified, they are vulnerable, they are weak and no wonder they fall victim to those who exploit them. But does that give us an excuse to ignore a command we first received almost 3000 years ago to defend the cause of the widow, the orphan and the stranger who is within our gates. What right do we have to turn back their boats?

*Ross Weaver  
Acting Rector*

## Cricket at Saint Alban's

Cricket has long been a significant feature of parish life at Saint Alban's Epping. From as early as the 1920s Saint Alban's fielded teams in the New South Wales Churches' Cricket Union competition. In the 1950s the then rector, William Noel Rook (who was for some years president of the Cricket union) played with some success on the days that he was available. Stacy Atkin., the rector's warden was secretary and treasurer of the union for 50 years. The Parish Magazine records that on 19 December 1954 the noted cricket journalist, E.W. Swanton and the young English batsman, Colin Cowdrey were guests of honour at a parish tea and each gave 'interesting highlights on their cricket experiences and read the lessons in church afterwards'.

The English cricket team was in Australia for a (successful) defence of the Ashes and it was probably felt that there needed to be a far greater effort at public relations.

Michael Colin Cowdrey, CBE, Baron (1932-2000) made the first of his six tours to Australia in 1954 when he was just 21. He played his first tests on that occasion. In Australia, where the bright light, hard pitches and fast outfields suited his techniques, he played many of his best innings and was a tremendous favourite with the public. He became Chairman of the International Cricket Council 1989-1993 overseeing the return of South Africa to test cricket and the agreement of an international code of conduct.

Ernest William Swanton (1907-2000) was the most influential and durable cricket writer of the 20th century. For more than 30 years after World War II as the *Daily Telegraph* cricket correspondent Swanton carried an authority in print and in person that no other writer has surpassed in any sport. Before the war Swanton played a few games for Middlesex with no great success. During the war years he was a prisoner at Changi and on the Burma railway. His wartime experiences led to his changing from 'conventional C of E' to embracing Anglo-Catholicism. He considered Holy Orders and lived for a time at Pusey House, Oxford. However, journalism remained his forte.

The two men became good friends, despite the difference in their age and both had a church connection. This probably explains their visit to Saint Alban's over 60 years ago.

*Nigel Hubbard*

# The Final Service

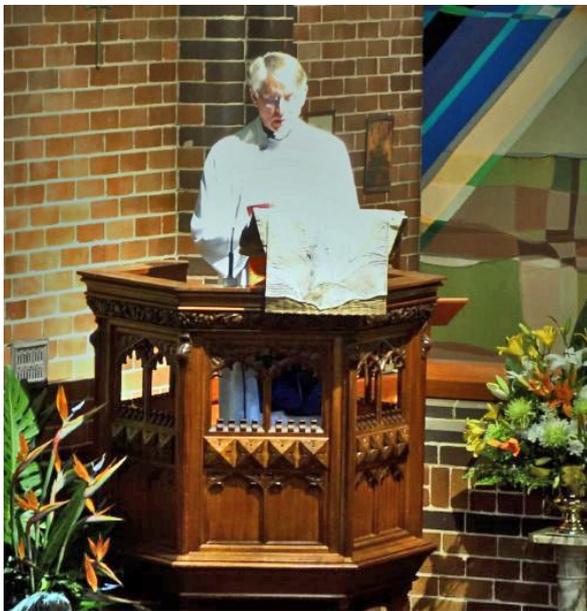
As we have now farewelled our Rector, we ask all friends of Saint Alban's to pray with us as we seek his replacement.

Please pray for our nominators, Robin, Peter, Graeme, Peggy and Ruth that they may be granted wisdom, guidance and good judgement in their search for a new rector. Give them help in discerning God's will. Please pray for the Nomination Board (Diocesan and Parish nominators), chaired by Bishop Chris Edwards, that God's presence will be evident, and there will be willingness to listen to each other.

*Lord God, you are our eternal shepherd and guide and the 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 or Lord.*

*Amen*





The images on this page are from the Farewell Choral Eucharist on 5 July 2015

# Parish Directory

<b>Associate Priest (Acting Rector)</b>	<b>The Reverend Ross Weaver</b> BA, Dip Ed, BTh (Hons), BSocSc (Hons) MCouns
<b>Honorary Priests</b>	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
<b>Licensed Lay Readers</b>	Ken Bock (Diocesan), Ian Burrows, John Noller, Ruth Shatford (Diocesan)
<b>Lay Assistants</b>	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, Damika Wickremesinghe
<b>Servers</b>	Stuart Armsworth (Master Server), Ross Beattie, Ian Burrows, Margaret Byron, Shane Christie-David, Phoebe Codling, Linda Deall, Bastian Dunn, Graeme Durie, Edward Findlay, Christopher Keast, Judi Martin, Michael Marzano, Jan McIntyre, Emma Noller, Jane and John Noller (Master Server), Sarah Noller, Darryl Smith, James Simpson, John Sowden, Susanna Sowden, Christopher Tait, Yogaraj Thiyagarajah, 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, Christopher Keast, Malcolm Lawn, Sarah Noller, John Sowden, 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 (0418 001 322) - Rector's Warden Graeme Durie - People's Warden Ruth Shatford - People's Warden
<b>Saint Aidan's</b>	Ken Bock (9871 6869) - 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
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