

Parish Magazine

Anglican Parish of St Stephen & St Mary Mt Waverley



As I sit down to write to you, there are two events foremost in my mind. The first is my forthcoming ordination to the priesthood, which will take place at St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday 28th November. (By the time you read this, it will have taken place!) The second is Advent, which begins the following day, when we prepare for the coming of Christ.

I think that these two events have much to say to each other. Christ comes to us in (at least) three ways. First, as a human being in the person of Jesus Christ, born to Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem over 2,000 years ago. Secondly, at the end of time, however that will manifest itself (a topic for another article!). Thirdly, in every person we meet everyday. Each of us is created in the image of God, and we can learn something about God by getting to know and love each person we meet.

As I journey towards priesthood, then, I am conscious that the person of Jesus Christ, as depicted in the Gospels, is the one whose voice I follow. He calls us to love God and

to love each other. He calls us to re- envisage our enemies as our neighbours, to embrace the outcast, and to serve one another as he serves us. As a Deacon I have had the privilege of learning from you, the members of this Parish, how these things can look. Now, as I prepare to become a priest, I am beginning to learn what it means to bring the body and blood of Christ to you in the Eucharist, as well as what it means to be the mediator among you of God's forgiveness and blessing.

I am also conscious of the fact that, together, you and I work for the coming of the kingdom of God here on earth. None of us knows when the Second Coming of Christ will be, whether that will happen before or after our own calling back to our Creator at our death. But we do know that, as we pray each day in the Lord's Prayer, "Your kingdom come", we are to be God's agents on earth of the inception of that kingdom. I hope to learn how that looks as priest, as I work among you, the community that gathers in this

place to bring about the kingdom of God.

I have also learnt much this year about the love and generosity of our God through my interactions with you. Each person we meet is an encounter with someone who bears the image of God. As your Deacon, I have endeavoured to serve among you and to bring God's love to those on the fringes of parish life, and have had glimpses of the glory of God in so doing. How this will change when I am a priest I am yet to find out! But I will count on you, the gathered people of God, to continue to be the daily coming of Christ into my life, as you are for each other, and I pray that I will be the same for you.

Hope, peace, joy and love be yours as you, too, journey into Christ this Advent.

*The Reverend Kate Lord
Assistant Curate*



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Acknowledgment and thank you for photos in this edition of the Parish Magazine to Irene and especially Rowena and Graeme.

Any suggestions and feedback to helenedur@netspace.net.au

From the Registers:

Baptism:

16.08.15 Georgia Rose Barton

“By Water and the Holy Spirit”

Deaths:

06.07.15 John Hugh Hobbs

07.09.15 Cynthia Caryll Molineux

16.09.15 Mavis Rose Schubach

“May they rest in peace

And rise in glory”



New Contact Number -:

Gavin and Jenny Bowers:

Phone: 9887 2389

Ever considered making a bequest to the Parish in your Will? Need more details, then please speak to one of the Wardens.

A Chance Encounter, or Not?

My wife and I visited Washington D.C. in September this year. We took with us two poppies which had been made for our April Anzac Service and which I had promised to lay at the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial Wall in Washington; the Wall is engraved with the names of the American military personnel who were killed in action, or were missing in action.

As I was approaching the Wall a woman, realising I was a Vietnam veteran because of the cap I was wearing, came over and gave me a big hug saying, 'thank you for your service'; this is not an uncommon occurrence in America.

When she realised I was an Australian veteran she called over her husband, who had been a Special Forces soldier in Vietnam and who had worked in Vietnam with our own SAS soldiers.

As it transpired, he and his wife and daughter were there because on that day 45 years ago, his older brother was killed in action in Vietnam. On September 27th each year, they place roses beside his brother's name engraved on the Wall, as well as a letter which he writes each year to his brother and this year his daughter had also written a letter to the uncle, who she had never met. Together with their roses and letters, I placed our poppies beside his brother's name – Robert O'Hill Jr.

Robert was a medevac helicopter pilot and was killed evacuating wounded soldiers under enemy fire;

a Vietnam War equivalent perhaps of the Anzac's Simpson and his donkey.

The two of us embraced at the Wall and I told him that the children of our parish, on the other side of the world, would see their poppies resting alongside his brother's name; it was a very moving moment.

So perhaps here we have reflections of: 'love does not weary', and pledging to a ministry of remembrance; a ministry where the remembering of a loved one takes on a life of its own, even for a niece who writes to an uncle who died before she was born and for a daughter who stands with her father to share her father's loss.

VALE, Robert O'Hill Jr



Vietnam Veterans Wall in Washington DC.





Christmas Service Times

Hamilton Place

ICC Ecumenical Carol in the Village, Hamilton Place, – Mount Waverley

Friday 11th December at 6.30 p.m.

Carol Service

Sunday 13th December 5.30 p.m.

Christmas Eve – 24th December

Contemporary Eucharist 5.30 p.m.

Midnight Mass 11.00 p.m.

Christmas Day – 25th December

Holy Communion 7.45 a.m.

Sung Eucharist 9.00 a.m



Fete Photos

Introducing our new Organist & Music Director—David Cundy

Growing up on a sheep property at Glenthompson, near Hamilton in the Western District and completing his secondary studies at Ballarat and Clarendon College, David Cundy has been playing organ, piano and harp for over 40 years, as well as composing, arranging and typesetting music for many years. He has absolute pitch and is an excellent improviser.

David has sung in a number of choirs in Melbourne, including the **Canterbury Fellowship, Trinity College Choir, Scots Church, Tudor Choristers, Ormond College Choir, All Saints East St Kilda** and **Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir**.

In 2014, he completed six years as organist and choirmaster at **Christ Church Brunswick**, playing for weekly services on the neo-classical Pogson organ.

During his time at Brunswick, David set a complete three-year cycle of plainsong propers type Music at St Oswald's Anglican Church, Glen Iris on the neo-baroque Smenge organ.

David was, for over 15 years, one half of the popular **Lyrebird Duo**, a harp and flute duo featuring the wonderful Ann Cecil on flute. During the time together the duo recorded nine CDs with the **Australian Broadcasting Corporation**, made several television appearances and played for literally hundreds of weddings as well as concert tours around Australia and New Zealand.



David also worked as a freelance producer for the ABC and continues to play for weddings and funerals as an in-demand organist throughout Melbourne and country Victoria.

He holds various musical qualifications, including a Bachelor of Music from the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music at the University of Melbourne and has worked with the Melbourne City Ballet as a freelance collaborative artist. David also sings part time with the choir of St Paul's Cathedral under the direction of Philip Nicholls and has written some works for the choir.

Introducing our Student on Placement—Garry Deverell

Garry Deverell is a Pairebeenener man from North-East Tasmania. Although he misses Tasmania lots, he has lived mostly in Victoria since 1992. Having started his working life as a school teacher in Hobart, he came to Melbourne with his partner, Lil, to study theology in the early 90s. Ordained in the Uniting Church, he has worked as a parish minister, chaplain, and theological academic for the past 18 years. Over the past few years,

Garry has come to believe that his more natural home is in the Anglican Church, a church in which his highly developed skills as a liturgist and spiritual teacher might be better welcomed and appreciated.

So, with the support of his wife Lil and daughters Erin and Gretel, Garry recently resigned his ministry in the Uniting Church in order enter a process of discernment towards taking holy orders within the Anglican diocese of Melbourne.



A Conversation on Terror.

ISIS carried out suicide attacks in both Lebanon and Paris this November. These areas of Southern Beirut are no stranger to death and disaster. They were also heavily shelled and areas levelled in the 2006 War between Israel and Lebanon, or more correctly Israel and Hezbollah. However, the recent level of public sympathy with France and Lebanon is glaringly disparate. Is this because while westerners can see ourselves in the French, the Lebanese seem too foreign and we can't see ourselves as easily in their trauma? Our home in Beirut is about 4ks from the scene of the attacks. So I can see myself in their situation and I remember being too close to the past war.

Notes on my diary entry July 2006 Beirut:

... it was the phone call with Vola that upset me. Normal people like us should never have that kind of conversation. Vola is a fashionable Lebanese working mum with energetic two-year-old twin boys. Her artistically furnished apartment looks at a church/monastery on the next pine covered hill and past that to the CBD and the Mediterranean Sea. She always has little gift-wrapped chocolates for guests in a silver bowl to tempt you one last time before leaving. As for our apartment we grow roses in window boxes and basil on the kitchen balcony. We also see the Med. Sea and a little mosque on a pine covered hill and the airport. And we overlook the southern suburbs. But that was last week when the southern suburbs still existed.

I hadn't recognised bombs when smoke columns first started rising from the airport runways which announced invasion, but I had never seen exploding bombs before.

Everybody was jumping to their

phones, so naturally Vole and I spoke and lamented that both her brother and our son would now lose their planned weddings. Her brother decided to marry in a quiet church ceremony with close family and hopefully, if things return to normal this year, there will be a party. Vole will make it happen as she is a wedding planner. She helped me with arrangements for my son's international wedding that was supposed to be held this weekend. The reception place in the hills actually had a war clause in the contract, which we laughed about at the time. I reckon the deposit that we lost covered the six-tier cake that was never cooked. I picture the couple holding the decorative sword in their hands and joyfully cutting that amazing (admittedly over the top) cake. I don't know why I have fixated on the cake. Fancy thinking about a cake that never was when your house may not be standing anymore. But if my house is gone then so are all the displaced persons sheltering with friends and families in our building.

The day we become displaced the Israeli military dropped 23 tonnes of bombs a few kilometers from our home. We fled to the port area and were taken in by an Australian embassy official. We passed parks full of displaced people who could not evacuate. I had never seen that before either, and at first I thought they were all out of doors because the electricity was down and their apartments were too hot. I later realised I should have given them something, anything at all. But I only had my permitted 8 kilo evacuation lap-bag containing my computer and a toothbrush. It was so erratic being displaced and then two days later evacuated. Yet before we left, we managed to see our son get married in the interim between bombing raids.

We went out on a manned British warship, HMS Bulwark, with a blanket space on the crowded floor with 1300 others. It took 12 hours overnight to travel the 207 ks distance to Cyprus. My nephews would have really been impressed with that warship which the sailor explained was an amphibious-something-or-other rapid response (?) vessel.

So I telephoned Vola from Cyprus. She was at the comparative safety of her parent's house in the country. She told me that bombs fell near her sister's house in the crowded idyllic town called the 'Jewel of the Bekaa'. It's in the middle of the Bekaa Valley mentioned in the Bible and famous for grapes and wine. On summer days the lush green vines surround the gurgling river running through the centre of the town where outdoor cafes abound. "Maybe", she said in a quizzical tone, "the Israelis think wine growers have connections with Hezbollah?"

Then she told me too quietly that Bint Jbail, the town deep in the south near the border with biblical Galilee, stank. "No one can get the bodies out and dogs and cats are surviving on them."

So if Vola and I are not the sort of people who should have this sort of conversation who are?

Christine Mallouhi is co-founder of Alkalima Publishing in Beirut, Lebanon (www.al-kalima.com) and author of *Waging Peace on Islam* and *Miniskirts, Mothers and Muslims*.

She is a member at the Parish of St Stephen and St Marys', Mt Waverley.

Liturgy of the Heart in High Church.

While I sympathise with concerns that high church ritual sits in danger of being cold and formal it does seem odd that warm inviting candles can be suspect. In any case it's all living sign and life giving for me at our church. The gathered church becomes a beating heart with the central aisle of today's saints a thick aorta of movement towards the central laid table. Individually, but moving together as one, our feet put faith into action responding to the invitation to "Come". This action makes our response real. We actually need to get up from wherever we are sitting, or stuck, and leave that place and with holy intention move towards the grace and new life proffered. And we walk with our community, not alone. Jesus always called for a response and didn't allow sitting on any fence, even a liturgical one, and he put people back into community.

The Liturgy carries us through the Great Thanksgiving in ever circling crescendos of praise in recognition of our connection with the unseen world present around us. We join with the angels and archangels, saints and prophets and our faithful departed loved ones, until we proclaim in communion with all of them, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Blessed is He who comes!" And blessed are we who come to Christ in this life and blessed are those who have gone to Christ. We declare that we are embraced within the great communion of saints. This is not a moment of my private worship.

All the senses are involved and finally that of smell when tendrils of incense briefly caress skin and the ancient sages aroma of worship mingles with the pungent warm candle wax assuring, "All is well and all will be well." The candles burn warm light

reminding that our prayers are held in the light of Christ and

no darkness can ever separate us from God's love.

We move with the flow in the great beating heart up and around to right and left where we are nourished with rich wine and humble bread. This is more than a sacred remembrance ceremony. We are participating in the Presence of Christ made present to us in a special way. We return to where we started, but now nourished in the going and receiving with the words of affirmation. "We are the body of Christ."

No darkness
Can ever separate
us from God's love

Like blood to the body this sacrament at the heart of the church's worship has the same function; to transport, protect and regulate. Blood is the vehicle to move nourishment and oxygen through the body, to protect from infection and regulate core temperature and blood pressure. Think of how this translates into the spiritual life of the church. Blood also removes waste. We begin the liturgy by confessing sins and with faith let them go ready to receive a new blood transfusion. Blood is a connective tissue. In this ritual we celebrate our connectedness to God and each other and thus renewed we are sent out to serve others to live in the power of new life received.

In the liturgy we stand with John in his revelation of the worship around

the throne transported for a short time into the reality that we are usually too pre-occupied to see. It's why we need to celebrate this in sign and symbol at least weekly to take with us into the working week.

The liturgy are times when I touch God at Stephen and Mary. And also when bright sun warms the red-glass window crosses and liquid love moves over the altar scene as if the great pulsating heart has come alive visually. When wild wind whips the outside trees crimson fire flickers down. It's easy to imagine them burst into Pentecostal flames and join the saints in a dance of exultation. I love to sit watching my community in movement enacting the pageant of our great faith. Moving in the circle of love around the altar area they stand, sit or kneel with beaming smiles or deep contemplative silence, with blessed children playing at our feet and Dianne's and the servers benedictions pronounced over our heads, "You are kept in eternal life". So while I sit ever so still in my skin my heart and mind are whirling in the mystical moment and with no further speech adequate, can only glow "Wow! How blessed are we".

Christine Mallouhi attends the 10.30 CE service.



The 150th Anniversary & the Fete



Carrying the stone

Prepared for the ACW World Community Day 30th October 2015.

Dr. Irene Donohoue Clyne

Some years ago, as I was coming home from Europe, I noticed three young women at Singapore Airport. They were tall, thin and very beautiful. Immediately I knew that they were Dinkas from Southern Sudan, probably coming via a refugee camp in Kenya. I knew this, because at the time I was working as Co-ordinator of Cross-cultural Ministry for the Anglican Diocese of Melbourne and much of my work involved helping newly arrived refugees like these young women settle into Melbourne. And also helping ordinary people in parishes around Melbourne, do extraordinary things to assist refugees. These ordinary people tried by their actions to live out Jesus' gospel message, by helping refugees find accommodation, learn English, taught them to drive, to read, to sew and develop survival skills in this new land and to form community around their church. I have always been encouraged by the positive ways in which most people reach out to help refugees.

Each young woman was carrying a large plastic bag labelled "International Organisation for Migration" (IOM is an organisation employed by governments to facilitate the migration and deportation of migrants and refugees). At Tullamarine Airport I watched as they were shepherded past the luggage carousel, their only luggage was their plastic bags. I wondered what it must be like to travel so light and to leave every material possession behind. Almost everyday we see images in the media of refugees escaping from their war-torn countries. Draw on your inner television memory. Who do you see? ... What are they carrying? I see tired and hungry people carrying their most precious possessions, usually their children or sometimes their frail parents. I see the exhausted queues for food and water. I see Mary and Joseph with their precious child fleeing a murderous king walking to Egypt. If I tried to walk in their footsteps, I would collapse by the side of the road as my body gives up. Yet these are also my people and

I must walk with them.

One thing I am sure you do not see is the large stone each refugee carries. This is the stone that represents their memories...their pain, their suffering and their loss. These Dinka young women may have seen their families massacred, sisters taken into slavery, their churches bombed and famine engineered by their government to drive them from their mineral-rich lands or to forcibly convert them to another religion. Rohingya refugees from Myanmar (Burma) may have had their villages burnt by the army or been denied basic human rights and the Syrian families we see on TV are escaping a terrible civil war and years of intimidation by a corrupt regime. Driven from home and family, by friendly and unfriendly bombs, each refugee is aching with loneliness, paralyzed by fear and choking with grief. They carry their suffering like a heavy rock. Despite what our political leaders might tell us, they do not choose this road, for as refugees they have no choice.



Well perhaps to choose to stay and be killed. As they walk the friendless roads of a foreign land or reach the shores of our country in a rickety boat they struggle to be understood by people who do not speak their language and who do not believe their story. The stone grows and becomes heavier, heavier. But we still do not see it. We who say, "isn't it terrible?" or "something must be done!" Sometimes we say even meaner things... "Why didn't they get in a queue?"... "We'll choose who comes here" or "We'll lock you up in detention centre to punish the people smugglers". And the stone grows heavier and heavier. Maybe it is even too heavy for any one person to carry,

but there is nowhere for them to put down this burden of suffering and pain. As long as they carry this burden, they will never achieve peace, they will never be reconciled. One group of refugees I know well, Chollos from Malakai in Sudan sailed for weeks around the Mediterranean Sea, rejected at every port until finally Malta accepted these exhausted people from the ship. They have since settled in Australia and are very grateful for the welcome and support they received as refugees.

Every stone carried by a refugee has potential. It can be thrown at those who have persecuted them... but this action may result in even greater punishment as we have observed among Palestinian refugees throwing stones during the Intifada. Or they could just drop the stone, leaving their grief unresolved and walk into depression and mental illness, if there is no one there to help them work through the pain. Perhaps they are strong enough carry this stone to a new home in a new country and use it as a stepping-stone to a different life. Or maybe they will bury the stone and with it their memories of all the traumatic events they have suffered.

We are not personally responsible for their suffering, nor for the wars, which drive them from their homes. But collectively we need to offer more than words of sympathy. We may feel helpless at the suffering of God's innocent people. What can we do? How can we bring peace and reconciliation? How can we help these refugees and other distressed peoples to put down their stone of pain and fear? As Christians we are called to help. What can we offer them? ...I think that as a beginning, we are called to offer compassion. This is such a powerful word and it means more than deep sympathy or sorrow... it has a desire to alleviate suffering built into its meaning. Its origins in Latin or Old French mean "to suffer with", alongside not from a distance. Compassion calls us to action, to walk with the refugees. An alternative

understanding of compassion is *Do not do unto others, what you do not want done to yourself*. I think we call this the Golden Rule.

Recently the children of the Anglican schools in Aotearoa, (New Zealand) and Polynesia prayed through the night as part of a 24 hour vigil for the refugees streaming from Syria, from the hell that has engulfed their homeland, to safety in Europe or into the camps of Lebanon and Turkey. The children prayed in many different ways... some had prayer walks, others lit candles and prayed in silence, many wrote letters of support to children of their own age as a visible sign that someone cares, others created litanies of intercession or prayer chains. OK skeptics might say “prayer is not enough” and it isn’t, but prayer changes people. Out of these students’ experiences, their small sacrifices of time and sleep, plus their research on the issues, have come young people empowered to walk alongside refugees, they have become people of compassion. Who is mostly likely to take effective action ...those who pray or those who doubt? ...those who act or those who just watch? We can learn from the compassion of children too. Like them we need to be informed and aware.

I regularly visit a Refugee Women’s Sewing program, in which many volunteers work on a one to one basis with refugees from Southern Sudan, Rwanda, Afghanistan, and Rohingyas from Myanmar. The women are being taught how to make clothes for themselves and their families, but they are also making friends in the wider community and learning their rights as new citizens. Some are generating a small income from other sewing projects. Their children in the childcare program have acquired many new grandmothers who watch their socialization into pre-school activities. These volunteers are living examples of compassion in action.

If we are genuinely seeking peace and reconciliation not only for our own community and the challenges we currently face with refugees, but also for God’s people in other places, we might do well to listen to the wise words of St. Paul we have heard today. In Romans (12:9-21), he is writing out of many years

of experience as missionary and pastor. He is offering us a vision of how we might transform the world, by following the rules of reconciliation (or what the NRSV calls The Marks of the True Christian), and not the laws of economics or the popularity polls of politics. Paul talks of real actions...love, hospitality, forgiveness, patience... and holding fast to what is good, opening our homes to strangers. In Philippians (4:8 & 9) Paul suggests, *fill your minds with those things that are good and deserve praise... Put into practice what you have learnt and received from me*. Note **he does not** say, put your own interests first! So here perhaps is the answer to the question... How can we bring peace and reconciliation? Listen to St. Paul, you will find a way!

Firstly Paul does not distinguish between people, according to race or religion or country... *be eager to **show respect** for one another ... **share your belongings** ...**open your homes to strangers***. If we welcome refugees, we can give hope and peace to traumatized people. We cannot prevent their past suffering for that is out of our control, but we should acknowledge their pain. Paul believes that love and respect and prayer will overcome evil.

*St Paul says ...Be eager to **show respect** for one another ... **share your belongings** ...**open your homes to strangers**...*

Translated into practical terms it means we must seek to support refugees to find a safe place, assist them to find work to support their families and encourage them to form community in a new land. This we have done well in the past, with other refugees from Europe, Asia, Africa and the Middle East. We did not send Lebanese refugees to detention camps or send the Vietnamese boat people to live in a tent on an island somewhere. We cannot solve the refugee crisis with three word slogans, unless it is...**love your neighbour**. We need to be active and courageous in this work, for it is God’s work. And we have nothing to fear from refugees, not in our

multicultural society.

Secondly, vengeance and punishment belong to God. I find the image in the NRSV, of heaping burning coals upon the evildoers, quite appealing. (let’s name these evildoers cruel dictators, corrupt politicians, misguided terrorists, religious fanatics, armies under bad leadership, thieves and bullies...) But the more modern translation we have used today, suggests that such people will *burn with shame*. We hope so! Shame is the mechanism in many societies that reminds people that they have broken the moral rules of a society. No false invocation of God’s name excuses this. Our hatred of the perpetrators of evil does not help bring peace or reconciliation. We must encourage refugees to put down their stone. Leave the evil ones to God.

Thirdly, all the language of Paul’s writings in today’s readings is about the positive energy of love, hospitality and prayer. We are strong. We can do this! We can witness to our belief in a loving compassionate God. One refugee woman I love dearly, offered a glass of water to a visitor on a hot day, saying “Let us thank God that we have water to share”. We have even more to be thankful for. We serve God when we take compassionate action and respect the worth or sacred value of all human beings. We have been given the skills and resources to work towards reconciliation, to bring peace to people from whom peace has been stolen by circumstances beyond their control. We can help refugees lay down the stone of their pain and fear and walk safely into the future.

On our behalf I lay down their stone.

Picture on page 8
Refugee Sewing Group
Photo—Mike Brown

Ladies Guild

Our monthly meetings usually take the form of a relaxed get together for our members. They are most enjoyable. In June the Guild celebrated a special milestone – our 80th birthday.

Altogether the Guild raised a total of \$1,593.00 from our week at the Lions Club Opportunity Shop which is located in Wadham Parade Mount Waverley and our special morning tea. These funds were given to the church.

Kate Lord, our curate, spoke to us at our May meeting. Our special morning tea was also held in that month. Our guest speaker was Dr. Sue Schofield who enlightened us on the Orangutan Project which does such wonderful work in preserving these remarkable creatures in south-east Asian countries.

During the year members of the Guild of attended functions at neighbouring churches.

We have also assisted with the ACW services held at St Stephen and St Mary's. In addition we provide sandwiches for the worship held on the third Thursday of each month.

With the help of so many parishioners who baked we manned the cake stall at the Parish Fete. A pleasing \$902.80 was raised through this effort.

Our office bearers remain the same for 2015/2016.

Janice Miller – President

Marj Collis – Secretary

Di Scrivener – Treasurer

I wish to thank them for their great support during the year.

Sincere thanks also go to all those who assisted the Guild throughout the 12 months.

Our end of year breakup lunch was held in November at the Waverley RSL. It was a pleasant event with members and some of our other

supporters attending.

On behalf of the Guild may I wish all Parishioners a Blessed Christmas Season and a Happy New Year.

Janice Miller



Third Thursday Eucharist

10.00 am

followed by a special morning tea in the Parish Centre

All welcome.

Future dates in 2016:

February 18th

March 17th

April 21st

Jill de Lacy

**Diary Date:
Jazz Night ...
Friday 19 February 2016**

Mothers' Union



As part of the celebrations of Mothers' Union's 120th anniversary in the Diocese this year, representative members from parish MU groups were invited to a Garden Party held at Bishops Court, hosted by Archbishop Philip and Mrs Joy Freier. The garden setting and warm sunshine contributed to a most pleasant afternoon. Sandwiches, scones, jam and

cream were served by our hosts and an anniversary cake was cut by a member of 65 years. We were welcomed by the Archbishop and the Revd Canon Libby Crossman, National President of MU Australia spoke to the gathering.

From Dr. Irene Donohue Clyne

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Faithful in Service

When so much has happened over the last 150 years it is easy to miss recording many of the stories of the footsteps created by people along the way. In particular I am referring to Barbara and Russell Payne who commenced worship here in December 1954.

The congregation was small and welcoming. Our Vicar, Fr Esmond Leaver was based in Ashwood. Most parishioners had similar problems; unmade roads, mortgages, septic tanks and a shortage of certain building supplies. Indirectly this formed the basis of friendships and voluntary assistance in helping neighbours with fencing, concrete paths, driveways, etc.

Some time later Father Leaver received a request from the Anglican Church of St Albans North Melbourne; adjacent to the high rise housing commission units. The request was to door to door knock the residents to learn their religious beliefs. Barbara and other parishioners completed this task.

Barbara learnt they were having problems running their "Op Shop" located within the Church complex and she pondered this for about a week. Having some experience of running the Brotherhood of St Laurence shop in Mt Waverley she agreed to assist in the running the operation in St Albans. Volunteers were obtained from St Stephens, rosters drawn up and two



Barbara Payne

volunteers attended on a regular basis for many years and only ceased when age/illness caught up with them. A chance remark by a member of St Albans to the effect "it would be nice to have flowers in the Church at Christmas time" was noted by Barbara. And this happened!

Barbara had a large garden—Russell had a big car with a copious back seat. Flowers were cut and delivered to the church on the day prior to Christmas Day!

This arrangement continued for twenty-five to thirty-five years and

ceased when Barbara and Russell downsized to Glen Waverley (a much smaller garden and Barbara's health deteriorated).

In addition to the St Albans' project Barbara and Dorothy Poke joined forces to create a weekly sewing group "The Friendly Threads" whose aim was to advance friendship and to produce articles/items which would be put to good use by organizations dedicated to caring for members of the community.

A group of twenty-five ladies met in homes on a weekly basis (St Stephens' was well represented). With attrition in the last few years, members only now meet on a social basis.

Apart from the above, Barbara was active in the Ladies Guild, Flower Roster, Linen Roster and a member of vestry—all this as well as raising sons, Timothy, Nicholas, Richard and Philip on the home front.

Sadly, Barbara passed away on 6th April 2011 after a battle with a neurological disorder.

Barbara was an "active Anglican".

(Contributed by Russell Payne.)



Confirmed or
Admitted to the
Anglican Church
at the 150th
Celebration
Service



ANGLICAN PARISH OF ST STEPHEN & ST MARY

Vicar: The Revd Dianne Sharrock
Assistant Curate: Revd Kate Lord
Clerical Assistant: Barbara Aghajani
Parish Office: Tuesday/Thursday/Friday/10am-1pm)
Email: parishoffice@stephenandmary.org.au
Pastoral Care Ministry:
Home Communion and
General Visiting; Ian Smith
Aged Care Chaplaincies: Bruce Chugg
Hospital Visiting: Sue Retschko
Contemporary Eucharist Contact: TBA
Funeral Ministry: The Vicar
Pastoral Associate (Emeritus): Trevor Bickerstaff

If undelivered return to
St Stephen's Anglican Church
383 High Street Road
Mount Waverley VIC 3149

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December 2015

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