



December 2011

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How Beautiful are the Feet

With St Andrew's Day falling this year on a Wednesday, we celebrated our patronal festival on the most convenient nearby Sunday. Our Festival was blessed with a perfect day weatherwise. The Choir, directed by Ian Gray, enhanced the worship at the 9.30 service, and sang the new hymn "Let Our Praise Resound." Due to illness and church duties elsewhere, we were rather short of men. At the 8.00am service, the congregation sang, "Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult" to the tune composed by our Rector.

During the 9.30 service, we had a visit from 'St Paul the Podiatrist', who inspected feet to see if they were beautiful from carrying the Good

News. When queried by the Bishop as to his qualifications, he retorted "BIHS –Calcutta, failed!" Our thanks to Dr Peter Thorpe for his 'podiatrical' (sic) performance.

The church was nearly full and it was good to see some unfamiliar faces in the congregation, but the problem ever remains of how to encourage a repeat visit. As Christmas is very near, we have our hopes!

We received an inspiring message through the sermon of Bishop David McCall, a new face for many of us, who tried to make clearer sense of "Deuteronomy" for us. He certainly

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Below is the art work made during Children's Time at the Patronal Festival on Sunday Dec 4. During the service, they brought it forward to decorate the front of the Altar.



From the Editor



The beautiful strelitzia blooms had finished for the year. The glorious flowers of purple and blue, orange and yellow, with highlighting touches of red, had turned to spiky brown dry heads that needed pruning. As I did that job I remembered the friends who gave me that plant in the first place.

I moved into my brand-new house seventeen years ago. The garden was bare and, when I had a housewarming party, I asked for cuttings and plants from my friends' gardens. Many of those original gifts are still here and the strelitzia came from Bill and Vera Hall, my son Jimmy's Godparents.

We had been in Australia less than four years so we had chosen Godparents from the local people we had met. Bill led the Elizabeth Field Scout Group we helped with, and Vera, his wife, became a close friend. I walked down the hill to her house for a shared cuppa and a chat every couple of weeks, the baby was in the pram and Miss 2 Years-Old sat on a board across the pram and held on tightly to the handles.

I often commented to Vera how good her coffee was. When I asked the brand, it was never the same. I expressed surprise at that and I have

never forgotten her response. "You don't realise that it isn't the



A Strelitzia plant

brand; it's the fact that someone else has made it while you have had time to sit down." I remember Vera as a model of true hospitality.

When we read of Mary delivering her baby in Bethlehem, most of the background comes from Luke's Gospel. Other than the lack of room at the inn and the need for a manger as a place for the baby to sleep, we really don't get much information. We tend to assume that, as shown in Christmas cards and model nativity scenes, the place was a wooden shed with a thatched roof. It's a 19th century and very European take on a place for domesticated animals in the Middle East 2,000 years ago.

Recently, I heard that the sheep pens then were walls over a metre high and made of rocky boulders. The entrance gap was narrow and the shepherd (the Good Shepherd?) slept across it to keep the flock safe.

There is a lack of historical detail about Jesus' arrival and, as people do, we make up what we need to complete the story. My personal contribution is to see Mrs Innkeeper doing what women would have done through the ages. I think she would have helped Mary in every way she could. She doesn't appear in the written record but she was there. I think Mrs Innkeeper was the Vera Hall-style helper for Mary and Joseph and the Baby in that mystic experience so long ago. There would have been no coffee of course, but a helping hand and a good chat go a long way to supporting and cheering up anyone.

Barbara Colbert



From the Rector

On the list of stressful life events, moving house is high on the list. Many people do move house around this time of year, as they take up new employment opportunities. People use the holiday break to do repairs and renovations to their homes. Renovating one's home is about as disruptive as moving, and many people (though not all!) who endure it have told me they never want to go through it again!

In the past year we have been doing a lot of work to God's 'house,' to this sacred space we call St Andrew's Church. Through the generosity of many, the building is well on the way to being restored. Skilled tradesmen have painstakingly re-pointed the exterior stonework, recast ornaments and crosses, re-rendered walls, re-laid cables, installed new plumbing and air-conditioning, transformed the appearance with new colour and fresh paint. So far the results have been wonderful and there is still a long way to go, both in terms of the physical work, and the amount of money we need to raise. Like many people, I can't wait until it is finished. But I don't want to do it again! And this has been the thinking of the Parish Council which is ensuring that the renovations are done well, so that nothing further will need to be redone in the near future. Their thinking is, 'let us do what we need to do now and do it properly, while we have the opportunity.'

But do we need a building to worship God? I often hear people say 'You don't have to go to Church to pray,' to which I reply 'Of course. But God knows we need symbols and aids to help us focus our prayer; we need monuments and sign-

posts that remind us of God and re-orient us towards God;' which is why attending Church regularly is considered so important for a follower of Jesus. So many come into the building and find themselves inspired to pray. It is why the building is there.

Do you need a building to worship God? was the issue Israel debated prior to building the first Temple in Jerusalem in the reign of King David (who ruled up to 970 BCE). Having built the Royal Palace, David wants to set about building God's 'house.' Nathan the prophet is consulted and God responds quite differently to how David expects. "I have not lived in a house since the day I brought up the people of Israel from Egypt to this day, but I have been moving about in a tent and a tabernacle," God reminds David (2 Sam 7:6). In other words, God cannot be contained in a building, or in our human constructs, our human imagination and thought, or in our view of history, our limited notions of reality. The Temple will only be built if it is used to point towards God, and not attempt to contain God. God is more than our human constructs.

In his recent book *And Man Created God – is God a Human Invention?* Robert Banks argues, 'yes-but.' Yes, all attempts to understand God are human constructs, but this does not argue against the reality of God. To those who argue that the notion of God is just human wish-fulfilment, he calls on the work of C.S. Lewis. Lewis argued that many human desires and wishes correspond to

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something real – such as an infant wanting food, a lover wanting sex, a person longing for knowledge – all have counterparts in the real world. Therefore, if there is a desire and hunger for God, then this is just as much an argument for the reality of God as for any alternative.

The Bible, too, is a human construct, humans wrote it. It tells of the human attempts to understand and respond to God. However, we claim, through the experience of the Holy Spirit, that the Scriptures are divinely inspired and trustworthy in their revelation of God's attempts to mould and redeem humanity. The Scriptures, like our building, point us to God revealed in Jesus

Christ.

At this Christmas time, we remember God making his place with us, in an obscure birth in Bethlehem, in the Word made flesh; we remember that Christ comes to be 'born in us today,' as the hymn puts it. God makes his home with us, so that we might find our home with God. God wants to renovate us, that we will be mindful of those who have no home or shelter. God's love in Christ provides the resources we need for renovation. May this Good News bring you a Merry Christmas and Blessed New Year.

*Your friend and Rector,
Chris Chataway.*

Restoration News

Exterior work repointing the stonework has progressed over the past few months. Removing the cement mortar had to be done by hand and chipping the cement out is painstaking work. Most of this work will be completed by Christmas.

Work will recommence on the interior, with the re-rendering of the Sanctuary walls and the West Transept wall. Again, this means removing the exterior organ pipes and sealing the organ chamber from dust. The consequence of this is

that we will be worshipping in the Parish Centre from mid-January to mid-February. On Monday 23 January we will need help to remove pews and prepare the organ. And then around Feb 21 we will need help to dust and clean the Church.

We have raised within \$10,000 of our anticipated total. However, a further \$60,000 worth of work is now apparent and will commence shortly. Donations towards the Appeal are tax-deductible. Contact the office for further information or take a brochure.



Examples of restoring the walls that have had the damaging cement mortar removed, and are now ready for the limestone mortar.

Belltower Background

Some notes concerning some of the history of the Tower, the Clock and the Bells during the late 40's and early 50's which have been supplied by Hervey Bagot

The original electric clock in the ringing room (a round white clock with black hands and black numerals) was installed as a memorial to David Stokes (a son of John Stokes, my form-master at St Peter's College in 1945.)

David Stokes had joined the RAAF and was killed in the Pacific in 1944. David had been a bellringer at St Andrew's. I believe the clock was in place in the ringing room (where the present brass clock is) when I started ringing in December 1949. At school I and other boys attended a chapel memorial service for David at the time, 1944.



The works of the tower clock were completely dismantled in about 1951 by G. R. Held, an horologist who had a business in Walkerville Terrace. Mr Held laid out the parts on the floor around the clock and renovated the various parts over a period of a few weeks.



The bells were rehung on ball-bearings in about 1951. A contractor had been engaged for the work, but for some reason was very slow on the job. In the end Fred Staude brought in a chain block and some of the ringers gave certain assistance in getting the rehunging done in a timely manner.



In about 1951 the steel tubular rope guides (from British Tube Mills) were installed between the ringing room and clock room, allowing for the creation of the present ceiling to the ringing room. Before that, the rope draught was too great, making it difficult for the ringers, especially for learners.

Hervey Bagot

Concerning the original electric clock described by Hervey, it is long gone – even my sister Catherine Hodge, who was a ringer at about the same time as Hervey, does not remember it. So what happened to it? It seems difficult to understand how such a memorable clock with its dedication to a former ringer, killed in action during the War, should have been lost so completely.

I wonder if there is any record of its installation and eventual fate in Church Records.

Another matter of some interest. My sister Catherine was the first woman to ascend the tower and learn to handle a bell, that was in the late 1940's. Old William Knight, who was Captain of the Bell-ringers up to the end of the War, would not allow any ladies up in the tower. It was strictly a male preserve.

Things changed after the War with the death of William Knight. Change ringing began under the guidance of Philip Cooper and has continued in this way ever since. Nowadays the band that rings the bells at all Adelaide's five towers is evenly split between males and females, with most of the girls choosing to ring the lighter bells, leaving the men to handle the back bells.

I hope these notes concerning the early events in the tower from the late 40's onwards will be of interest. Catherine and my late brother Dick were both at University at this time, Catherine doing science and Dick first-year medicine (he later switched to accountancy). I was nursing at the Royal Adelaide Hospital and did not start bell-ringing until 1960.

Philippa Lamphee

A Right of Reply

"In defence of Basil"

As a result of Judy Rischbieth's highly-entertaining article in last quarter's Parish Magazine it has been suggested that I might offer another thought or two about the Walkerville we can remember of about fifty years ago.

Judy's theme was 'Where have all the horses, dogs and children gone?' We have, I am afraid, run out of appropriate spaces in which to keep horses. We still have a few dogs and children but they are all kept safely housed and controlled. We don't see them roaming about as we used to. That is one of the prices of so-called progress.

Certainly I doubt if we have in our midst another animal even remotely as notorious as my beloved beagle Basil. He travelled widely around and beyond our suburb. He appeared to have no understanding of the purpose of gates and fences. They were just minor obstacles to his perambulations. He seemed able to overcome them quite effortlessly.



What place Basil's antics and exploits have in a parish magazine seems somewhat obscure but, Judy having

Polly Rischbieth with friend Hugh

started this ball rolling, I now feel I have, as it were, a right of reply.

Basil's girlfriend, (I suppose one of several), was Polly Rischbieth. But his dominant interest was always food. He was a regular caller, always at the right time, to collect what was discarded at the back door of the restaurant (now named Chennai) at the Walkerville Terrace, Smith Street corner (Mrosek's butcher shop in the 1950's). He once sniffed out where the children's lunch packets were kept at St Andrew's School. He brought one home once with a name 'David' written on it. I can only hope that some of David's friends shared a morsel or two with him.

He certainly saw himself as being a creature of superior standing to most other animals.

Basil's most daring and dangerous efforts, however, were his regular crossings of North East Road to visit the workmen building the now ABC headquarters. He liked his new friends there because they always seemed to feed him. The North East Road, even then, carried heavy traffic both ways and for an unescorted dog to survive the crossing, often twice a day, seems extraordinary, but it happened. He was a very tough and lucky beagle.

Vanity was another feature in Basil's life. He regarded himself not as inferior but of equal status with the humans whose family he shared. He certainly saw himself as being a creature of superior standing to most other animals. The one dog

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he seemed to acknowledge as an equal was a fine looking bulldog which lived in Hay Court, conveniently close to Basil's home in Burlington Street. They called on each other from time to time and seemed to show a mutual respect not accorded to other, lesser animals.

This is probably more than enough about Basil who was, after all, not at all a religious dog. Polly Rischbieth, I am told, sometimes went to

church looking for family members she thought should have returned home after a service. Basil, on the other hand, saw no percentage in visiting the church. He felt there were many more likely places to earn a reward. As Judy reminded us, he once even rode the lift to the third floor of the Highways Department Building!

Michael Cudmore

Reflections about God, Jesus and the Bible...

By Year 1 students at St Andrew's School 2011

"Jesus and God love us and we love them and God has made the world a better place." *Henry*

"God and Jesus love us." *Lexie*

"I think the Bible's message is God helps us to be good people, not bad people. He helps us help the community." *Christopher*

"God and Jesus love us and can save us too and God made the world for me and you." *Isabella*

"Believe in God. Love God. God loves us." *Alex*

"The Bible teaches us about Jesus and God. It also is about Jesus dying and helps us to be good Samaritans." *Hudson*

"By making us learn to be nice and caring, God can make the world a better place." *Claire*

"I think there is a Bible so people do the right thing and the world can turn into a better place and God and Jesus love us." *Archie*

"God and Jesus help people who don't know how to communicate." *Imogen*

"God and Jesus help the whole world if they're scared or sad." *Isabelle*

"They bring hope to the world." *Claire*

Four Prayers

As we approach the Christmas festival, what are you praying for? Below are what four Year 4's were praying for at a recent St Andrew's School chapel service.

Oliver (8 y.o.)

Dear God,

Please help people to have a happy Christmas and please help people to give and not take.

Posy (9 y.o.)

Dear God,

Please help the people who are homeless and abandoned. Thank you for all the charities which help, such as Anglicare, World Vision and the Salvation Army.

Athan (9 y.o.)

Dear God,

Let us think about the people who are less fortunate and who may feel sad at Christmas. Help us to make Christmas a better time for everyone.

Ashley (8 y.o.)

Dear God,

Please help make Speech Night a success and the last few weeks of term exciting. Thank you for all the teachers and for their support in 2011.

The World and its Drive Towards God

What is there to say after visiting the east coast of USA, driving over 3000kms in Spain and nearly 2000 in Rajasthan? Too much obviously! So is there a common thread worth developing in such a short compass? Yes, there is. Suthon Sukphisit, one of Bangkok's most respected social commentators, gave me the clue. He was writing in the Bangkok Post about the way in which migratory Chinese always manage to create for themselves a 'focal point of belief' wherever they go. All around the world their shrines are evident.

So it is the ineradicability of the 'drive towards God' I want to speak of here. In the past few months I have worshipped with the Episcopal Church, the Church of North India, the Province of Singapore in Bangkok, old and newish churches in the Anglican Church of Australia, Roman Catholic cathedrals throughout Spain and I have been hushed into reverence in Hindu, Bahai and Buddhist temples and transported by some of the most exquisite carving I have ever seen in the Jain temples of Mt Abu in India.

I am sure most of you would agree that one of the delights of being a Bishop is the opportunity to visit and worship with many and various congregations, enjoy their fellowship, admire their much loved buildings, share their hopes and sadnesses and go away amazed again at the variety of Anglican ways of doing things – always with that central core of faith and practice which brings us together as Anglicans.

In New York we were surrounded by speculation about the end of the world.

I have just read a sad book called 'Hitch 22', the autobiography of the very public atheist journalist, Christopher Hitchens, who died recently. No wonder he hated the Church and Christianity. The mother whom he adored and who greatly encouraged him (while his well-meaning but distant Royal Navy officer father could not communicate with him) ran off with a former Anglican clergyman and they committed suicide together in Greece. With his fellow atheist, Professor

Dawkins, Hitchens never wrote, it seems, without some barbed comment or aggressive attack upon the Church and religion of any kind. It would be interesting to know more about Dawkins' background... yet around the world, in every culture, in many and various ways, human beings' longing for God bursts out inescapably and astonishingly.

Our intrepid travellers, Bp Ian and Barbara, the Taj Mahal and some of the hundreds of other visitors



In New York we were surrounded by speculation about the end of the world. Judgment Day was supposed to be on 21 May – based upon the writings of a man I had never heard of called Harold Camping. Everywhere people were wearing T-shirts proclaiming this event. The media of course was full of it. I read that one New York retired bus driver had committed his entire lifetimes savings of about \$150,000 to mount an advertising campaign to warn every resident of the area. You will not be surprised to hear that it didn't happen.

On the Sunday previous I preached for my former seminary roommate at GTS who was doing a locum in the diocese of New Jersey. The very diverse congregation of African-Americans, Hispanics, Chinese, Filipinos and those from European backgrounds, showed a natural Anglican scepticism about such hysteria. They worship in an old timber church full of Tiffany windows given by the nineteenth-century railroad millionaire Jay Gould who once lived in the area. They should all now be in museums! The parish certainly cannot afford to insure them...

As many have pointed out those very art museums have undoubtedly become the cathedrals of today. In Washington, New York and Boston, Madrid

and Bilbao, they were teeming with people, usually quietly reverent (except for school groups). They were expressing (I suggest) a feeling for the numinous in the presence of great creativity (stimulated by the Holy Spirit) which they might not find elsewhere. God works in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform!

Bp Ian George



The glory of Santiago de Compostela at night

A Colonial Christmas Tree and the Clock

In the early 1850's Mrs Kent Hughes gave a small olive tree to St Andrew's Day School to be used as a Christmas Tree. It was later planted in the garden of St Andrew's Rectory in Warwick Street, Walkerville, where it thrived for many years.

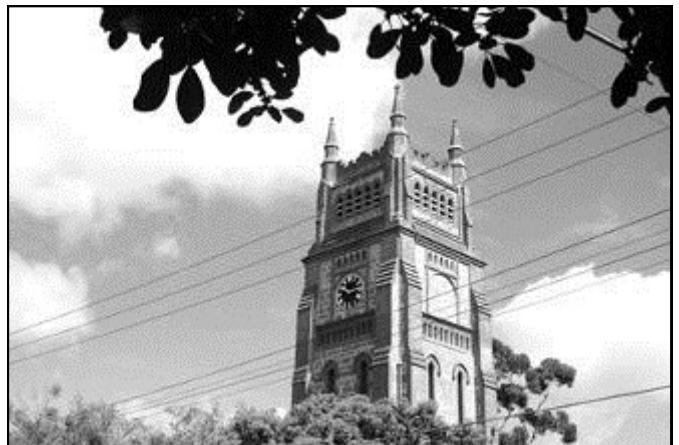
This olive tree was one of the earliest recorded in South Australia as a Christmas Tree. Prince Albert introduced the first Christmas Tree to England in the 1840's soon after his marriage to Queen Victoria. Later, Christmas Trees in Australia were made from native trees and bushes, for, of course, traditional trees were not available.

Mr Henry Kent Hughes, who lived in Avenel Gardens, Medindie, was an early benefactor of St Andrew's Church and gave £240 to-

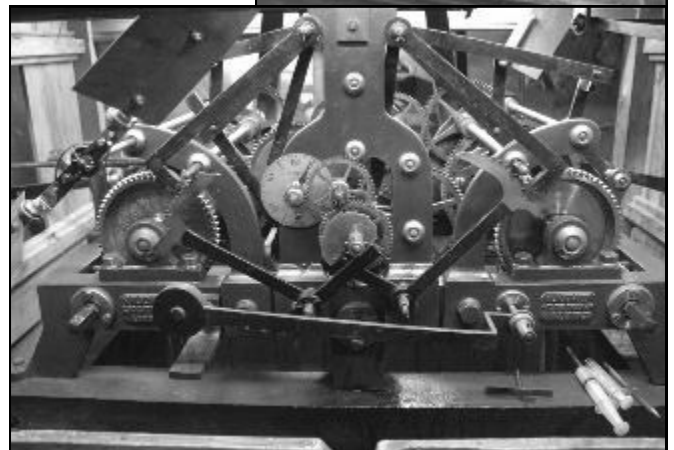
wards the erection of the church tower. After his death Mrs Kent Hughes gave the tower clock in his memory; we rejoice in the knowledge that this memorial lives on.

Rosalie Harding

With acknowledgement to: "From Early Christmas Decorations in Colonial South Australia (Mannix Index of South Australian History)"



St Andrew's Church Tower and Clock. Below are the workings of the clock



Cameron Dow as you've never seen him before! No, it is not some new liturgical style. He sent us this picture from America of him dressed up for Halloween. Truly frightening!!

The Day I Kissed an Elephant

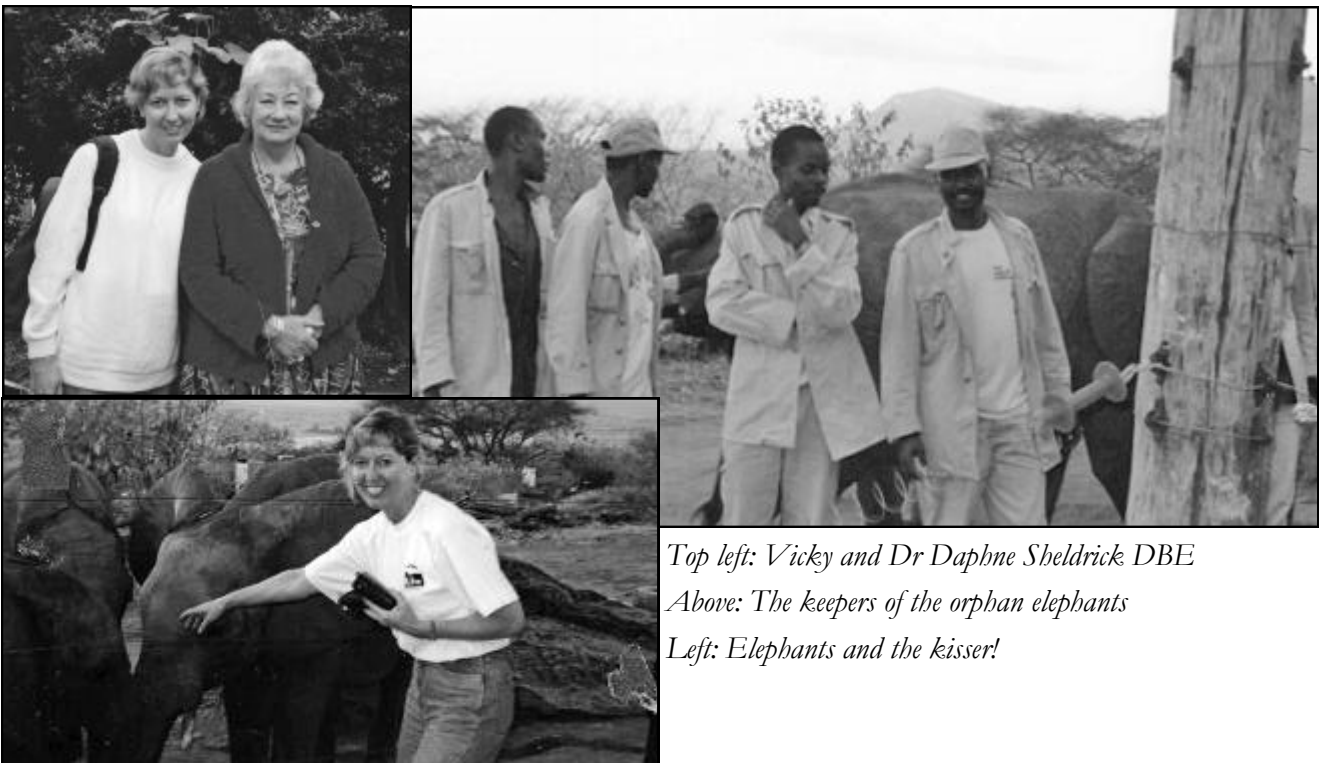
Quite a few decades ago my husband presented me with a book entitled 'African Elephants – a Battle for Survival'... and so began a passion. At the back of the book there were listed various ways in which individuals and organisations could help these gentle giants. One contact was the David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust run by Dr Daphne Sheldrick DBE. Dr Sheldrick runs an elephant orphanage in Kenya and Tsavo for young calves whose mothers have been slaughtered for their ivory. Over the years we corresponded and built up a friendship and, through her, I adopted an elephant, 'Emily'.

I started to think how wonderful it would be to visit my adopted baby. I had never embarked on a journey alone and especially to a country where there was so much unrest but I

pushed those thoughts aside and started to plan the trip. I left Adelaide in July 1998, just three days after the American Embassy in Nairobi had been bombed. Due to the bombing, security had been stepped up and soldiers seemed to be posted on every corner.

After a few days I arrived in Kenya and travelled to Dr Sheldrick's home in Nairobi National Park. What a delightful welcome I received! I was introduced to two orphaned rhinoceroses and was informed that all the orphaned elephants had been transported to the other orphanage in Tsavo East. With a personalised invitation from Daphne to be given to the Orphanage's wardens I set off on this trek. It was quite gruelling as the roads were in a terrible state but I did see amazing

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Top left: Vicky and Dr Daphne Sheldrick DBE

Above: The keepers of the orphan elephants

Left: Elephants and the kisser!

Good Tidings We Bring

Carols came from France round about 1300 and at one time were sung at all the feast days during the year: Easter, Whitsun, May Day etc. as well as Christmas. The word originates from the French 'carole' meaning ring, as early carollers would dance around in a ring as they sang.

Some of these carols had a religious significance, but in a volume published in 1550, the greater majority were ballads of the kind minstrels sang at feasts and banquets. Their use at such occasions went on into the next century, and in 1626 one Michael Breton wrote, 'not a cup of drink must pass without a carol.'

In England, during the puritanical régime of Oliver Cromwell in the mid-17th century, celebrations for Christmas Day were abolished. Shops had to stay open, churches were locked and anyone (priests included) found celebrating the Nativity was imprisoned. The only kind of carols permitted were dull dirges which had little of the 'tidings of comfort and joy' of their predecessors.

Following the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, Christmas became a joyous occasion once again, but the tradition of singing carols lapsed, apart from in a few country areas, until it was revived by the Victorians in the middle of the 19th century. With their desire to re-create Christmas as they felt it used to be in the good old days before Cromwell's Protectorate, they collected old

carols and Christmas hymns, wrote new ones and published countless volumes.

By the 1880s it had become popular to sing carols in church, as well as in the street, where bands of children would go from house to house singing, often being rewarded with mince pies and a warming drink. Christmas cards were illustrated



with pictures of people standing with a lantern, or by a gas lamp, well wrapped up with mufflers and hats against the cold. A piano was still to be found in every living-room, be it a grand in an elegant drawing-

room, or a small upright in a front parlour. On Christmas Eve many families would gather round the tree to sing carols, with mother or one of the daughters accompanying on the piano.

From 'The Art and Pleasures of a Traditional Christmas' by Jennie Reekie, Ebury Press, 1989.

As a current member of St Andrew's Choir for special occasions, I am comforted that the history of carol-singing continues to this day. There is great satisfaction in singing to the Lord, especially at the time of His birth. Modern carols of today are special, just as the originals were in 1300, so for all composers, please keep writing!!

Janet Martin

In Praise of Trees

*"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray..."*

Trees! Do we value them, **see** them, appreciate them? Just look how our streetscapes have been transformed by the stunning purple blooms of Jacaranda trees. Gnarled, grey, dead-like limbs have burst forth with an all-pervading purple mist of blossoms to delight and dazzle the eye.

A mantle of green emerges in Summer providing a softening of the landscape and precious shade to shield us from the fierceness of the searing sun.

Too often we treat these life-giving sentinels of nature with disdain. We don't provide water for them, we cover the earth around them with concrete and, if they are in the way, we chop them down.

Trees form the backbone of our natural heritage, with the vast Australian continent home to some 40 billion and yet, since the arrival of European settlement, 20 billion have fallen.

To quote Bob Beale from *If Trees Could Speak* – "We'd do well to take a humbler view of our own place in Australia's natural scheme of things and view our native trees more generously. Our relationship with them has always been an uneasy one, more pragmatic than aesthetic. Trees suffer from being useful; we take for granted the

many services they provide. Imagine your neighbourhood without trees and all that they supply: shade, cooling, oxygen, windbreaks, privacy, colour, bird roosts, fruits, flowers, and a visual feast of movement in the breeze. It is the wood from trees which provides the beams, rafters, joists and bearers that make up the sturdy backbone of your home."



Think of St Andrew's Church – the pews, the wonderful wooden ceiling of the nave, and the pulpit. And it was the trunk of a tree which bore the body of Christ as he was crucified. That wooden Cross has become the symbol of

Christianity. Trees... Let us pause and give thanks.

*"A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair...
Poems are made for fools like me
But only God can make a tree".*

Sally Zimmerman

P.S. The very popular poem 'Trees' was written by an American, Alfred Joyce Kilmer. He was the son of a clergyman, a devout Christian and died tragically on the battlefields of France in World War I at the age of 31.



Jacaranda Tree in bloom outside the Parish Centre

Refugees

We are being swamped with ‘boat people’, most of whom are terrorists and those who are not, are coming to Australia purely for economic reasons, realising that we Australians are a ‘soft-touch’.

That view would sum up the attitude of many Australians and so we need to ask - is this true?

During the past ten years or so, we seem to have struck a very low point in the political debates concerning refugees. The harsh approach we now see was first introduced by Labor and then deliberately made worse by the Liberals around the time of the Tampa incident and 9/11. Now both parties seem to be falling over themselves to see whose behaviour is worse.

Each side is deliberately trying to play on people’s fears and their xenophobia which is always simmering just below the surface. It is the same everywhere. It is such a cynical thing to do and can so easily get out of hand.

When I lived in Whyalla, I was a regular visitor to Baxter Detention Centre which was deliberately built in a remote location. “They” thought that whatever went on there could be carefully hidden away. Once again we see our political leaders trying to hide its awfulness from the public eye by building centres overseas. The next step, which is what happened before, is to prevent people from visiting these places.

Whatever the public relations people might like to say, some people (including children) were incarcerated in Baxter for a number of years in what was basically a high security prison. I remember a senior Immigration official once saying

to me on the quiet that most of the people could be released into the community. Apart from government policy, there was no reason to keep them there.

It was a brutal regime with people constantly living in fear that a call to the office could mean that they were to be instantly whisked away and sent home. In some cases they would then be tortured or at worst, killed. It was well recognised by everyone except the authorities, that mental illness was a serious problem. It was simply said that they were faking it. I met Cornelia Rau, who was clearly deeply mentally disturbed. The same was said of her.

It is little wonder that in frustration and despair, some inmates have taken extreme measures such as lip-sewing and destroying buildings. All that I have written above is well documented.

Let me now state some of the facts.

Firstly, we are not being over-run with refugees. People ‘in the know’ overseas are amazed at the way we carry on here regarding refugees. Last year 6,500 asylum seekers arrived. Mike Steketeer re-



A picture of a poster first printed by the Diocese of Southern Ohio in 1938 to raise support for refugees fleeing strife in Europe; later reprinted to support the Episcopal Church’s National Refugee Ministry. It was discovered recently amongst Bp Ian George’s papers.

cently wrote in *The Australian* that in the USA last year there were 500,000 illegal immigrants from Mexico. He went on to say that in the past five years 15,226 have arrived here in Australia. Compare that with Greece receiving 56,180, Italy 91,821, Spain 74,317. Who are we kidding that we have such a serious problem that it requires draconian measures to staunch the flow? Of all the immigrants who come to Australia each year, asylum-seekers amount to approximately 1.5%.

Secondly, they are not 'queue-jumpers'. There is no queue. With 15 million refugees in the world and the West accepting 100,000 yearly, the Refugee Council of Australia estimates that it would take each person 170 years to be processed. Further to this, the places they flee from do not have Australian Government facilities to process their applications. If they are fleeing, their own governments are hardly going to be cooperative! Arresting them would be the most likely scenario.

Many of the young men coming to Australia are Hazara from Afghanistan. Their families are sending them here to keep them from either being conscripted or killed by the Taliban. Wouldn't you do this for your sons or grandsons to get them out of harm's way?

Thirdly, we are squandering massive sums of money with mandatory detention and off-shore processing will cost even more. In the end, most people (90% or more) are accepted as genuine refugees. Why not release them into the community? After all, we don't lock up foreign tourists arriving by plane. Incidentally, I don't think there is any instance of a terrorist arriving anywhere by a leaky boat. They tend to fly first-class.

For those who come as economic refugees and this would certainly be a minority – is this a crime? After all, apart from those people who came here so long ago as convicts, all our fore-

bears were either fleeing persecution or, more likely, wished to better themselves economically. For Australians to lambaste them on these grounds is surely the height of hypocrisy.

Lastly, to respond to the statement 'We will decide who comes to Australia', we always have and always will. That has never been in question.

I don't have the answer, though I have many more thoughts on this subject. What I do know is that we are allowing ourselves to become prey to our political leaders' games and behaving in a dreadful fashion. This is an issue that will haunt us for years to come, when we will look back in great shame on our current behaviour.

Is there another way? John Menadue, former Immigration Department head, points out that since the Second World War 700,000 refugees have come to this country. They have been people who are intelligent, motivated and hard-working. They have made an enormous contribution to this country. Why do we think so differently regarding the latest group? We are being encouraged to be fearful because they are all Muslim. But is that true? In 2010 57% of refugees accepted to this country were Christian and only 27% were Muslim. And, anyway, should not Muslims come to this country?

Finally, if we are now not going to honour our commitment as a signatory to the 1951 Geneva Refugee Convention, then we should do the honest thing and withdraw from it. Yes, that will make us international pariahs, but at least we will have been honest and the current pretence of caring will be over. What do you think Jesus would do and why?

*Archdeacon Michael Hillier
Administrator of the Diocese of Willochra
and a former curate of St Andrew's Church
Reproduced with permission from
The Willochran, October 2011.*

Did You Know?

The Bible — Basic Instruction Before Leaving Earth

Enjoy this wonderful book. We at St Andrew's are currently using the New Revised Standard Version, completed in 1989 – an authorized revision of the Revised Standard Version, published in 1952, which was a revision of the American Standard Version, published in 1901, which, in turn, embodied earlier revisions of the King James Version, published in 1611...

I'm going to give you a few intriguing facts about this book – but by no means an exhaustive list – which I've collected through the Internet, some of which you will know, and some which may be news to you – as they were to me!!

1. All-time Best Seller. Most shoplifted book in America.
2. 66 books in 1 book - 2 Testaments – Old {39} and New {27}; 1189 chapters. Old Testament originally in Hebrew, with a little bit of Aramaic; New Testament originally in Greek. Now translated in 6,000 languages. The first translation of the English Bible was initiated by John Wycliffe in 1384.
3. The first words of the Bible are 'In the beginning'; last word is 'Amen'.
4. Written by about 40 people, from around 1500BC to 100 years after Christ. Written in many different places – wilderness, deserts, prisons, islands, and while travelling. Written by 'ordinary' people, including fishermen, kings, shepherds, a doctor and a tax collector. Paul wrote 4 letters while in prison.
5. It would take 70 hrs to read the complete Bible out loud.
6. Every form of literature – stories, songs, parables, letters, poetry and prose.
7. 500 verses on prayer; less than 500 verses on faith; over 2,000 verses on money and possessions.
8. Apart from the 10 Commandments found in the Book of Exodus, behaviour such as Evil, War, Peace, Happiness, Anger, Love, Hatred, Tolerance, Sin, Adultery, Jealousy, Suicides, and Prophecy are also mentioned in other parts of the Bible.
9. Other topics covered include gardening, history, geography, and music, so most topics are covered, except cricket!

I think a lot of the contents of the Bible should be translated metaphorically, and that the 'Wow' factor is a way of emphasizing something or somebody special and different.

For example:

1. The oldest person mentioned in the Bible is Methuselah, 969yrs old.
2. The wisest – Solomon – had 700 wives and 300 concubines (not sure how wise that makes a person, but there you are!)
3. The biggest and tallest – Goliath – was over 9½ft tall.

For your information:

1. The 10 most mentioned animals are – sheep, lamb, lion, ox, ram, horse, bullock, ass, goat, and camel.
2. The only domestic animal not mentioned in

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16)

the Bible is the cat.

3. 49 different foods are mentioned, as are wine and water, but no beer or spirits (except the Holy Spirit!).

Finally, proving that the Bible is a bit sexist, here are three controversial verses:

1. Proverbs 21:19 – ‘It is better to live in a desert land than with a contentious and fretful wife.’

2. Proverbs 27: 15 – ‘A continual dripping on a rainy day and a contentious wife are alike.’

3. Rev 8:1 (Proof that there will be no women in Heaven) ‘When he opened the 7th seal, there was silence in Heaven for half an hour’.

If you need to discuss these statements or comments further, please refer to any of our Clergy!

Janet Martin

(Continued from page 11)

African sights along the way. We passed through many villages and I was given the opportunity and privilege to talk to disadvantaged children at an SOS village where I distributed much-welcomed ‘goodies’ from Australia. I saw children suffering from malaria but their suffering seemed to be put aside for excitement as they showed me through their village and introduced me to their way of life. They were excited; I was humbled.

It is the wardens’ desire to not have the orphans return to the stockades. It may have been their desire but it was certainly not mine!

At this stage I had been away from home for ten days and because it was a third-world country there was no way for me to contact home to tell of my whereabouts. The telephone lines were either non-existent or just not working.

...I eventually arrived at my destination and handed the wardens the invitation from Daphne. A very friendly warden showed me the

stockades and explained that the elephants were out with their keepers. It is the role of the keepers to introduce the elephants back into the wild and it is the wardens’ desire to not have the orphans return to the stockades. It may have been their desire but it was certainly not mine! The disappointment must have shown on my face so, to appease me, I was invited to help mix and prepare milk for the calves in case they did return. It was about 3pm when we began preparing the milk and pouring it into bottles for hand-feeding. Around 6pm the ground started to shake and I thought there must be an earthquake – but to my surprise and delight, fifteen orphaned elephants came running and pounding into the stockade wanting to be fed their milk as quickly as possible. One baby, four months old, grabbed my arm with its trunk and suddenly there I was feeding this beautiful, hairy baby calf. Thank goodness there were plenty of bottles to go around as they gulped the milk down, still looking for more. I was amazed at their strength and as I continued to feed one, others came up to me and pulled at me for their share: it was impossible to stay steadfast and as I bent over ... I KISSED AN ELEPHANT!

Vicky Michels

Peroomba

It was a challenge to leave the old house. It had been a wonderful home when the family was all there, but now it was too big for two. It was time to go. So we headed to our house at Encounter Bay.

I had always dreamt of living by the sea, and here was the opportunity. After the trauma of packing up and moving, the sparkling sea, the cool breeze and the positive aviary of birds in the native trees around the house was refreshing, and I was delighted to be there.

Yet there are mixed feelings. I had always been interested in the history of the old house we were leaving. I was able to discover much of its history through references to it in a book the history of Burnside by Elizabeth Warburton*. I also met and spoke with a descendant of the original owners, and received copies of documents and old photos from him, and also some photos that had been passed on to us from a previous owner.

'Peroomba' in Beulah Park began life as a 4-roomed cottage built by Henry Greenham in 1856. It was bought in 1857 by William Whitam, an ironmonger, who proceeded to add to the cottage. Many times we have wandered round the house, trying to determine which were the original four rooms, but the old house kept its secrets. It reminded me of a verse I read somewhere –

*This wall must once have been an outer one
So now resolved into a late edition
Everywhere has its date, its style, its place.'*

I have no doubt that the decision to move was the right one, but I do find myself occasionally, in my mind, walking through the old rooms and the garden.

What is it that invests certain places with particular significance for us? What associations does a landscape or a building hold that sets it apart from others?

It is the association of the people and the occasions. I looked at the old photos of the original Whitam family gathered on the verandah in the 1850's, and a photo of what was obviously a huge celebration when, a generation later, they welcomed home two of their sons from the First World War.

Fast forward to the last 19 years when we celebrated birthdays, Christmases, New Year festivities (in the Scottish tradition), our daughter Catherine's wedding, and many other activities in between.

Now the old house looks sad and empty, but not for long. I am delighted that 'Peroomba' has been bought by a family with three children. It will have a new lease of life as a family home with people who have expressed great interest in its history and the determination to hand that history on, as it is also the history of the Burnside district. They have copies of the old photos and documents and see themselves as writing the next chapter.

I am sure that they will be very happy there, while we write more chapters of the house at Encounter Bay.

Helen Gibson-White

* *'The Paddocks Beneath – the History of Burnside from the Beginning'* by Elizabeth Warburton - published in 1981 by the City of Burnside; printed and bound by Griffin Press, Adelaide.

(‘How Beautiful are the Feet’ continued from page 1)

seemed to be happy to be with us, and with his wife, Marion, led the forum later on. They entertained us with hilarious stories of their flying adventures, Marion as the distinguished aviator and Bishop David as the praying passenger.

We had a visit from ‘St Paul the Podiatrist’ who inspected feet to see if they were beautiful from carrying the Good News.

Before the 9.30am service ended, we processed out to the front of the Church where the Rector dedicated a new seat in memory of Dick Rischbieth, who was a long-serving and enthusiastic parishioner of St Andrew’s Church.

Above: Mrs Marion McCall OAM cuts the St Andrew’s Day cake

Below left: The Rector, Mrs Judy Rischbieth and Bishop David McCall at the dedication of a new seat in memory of Judy’s husband, Dick.

Below right: The new seat dedicated by the Rector. Dick & Judy’s daughter, Anne Arnfield, made the wry comment that a seat in memory of Dick is ironic considering he hardly ever stopped in one place long enough to sit down!

We were tempted by an array of goods on the laden trading tables organised by Jennie Coleman, Rosalie Harding and the Guild, as we entered the Parish Centre for lunch.

The lunch was, as ever, catered free as a “thankyou” for everybody’s sterling efforts during the whole of the old church year. We are grateful to Sally Zimmerman and Frances Wilson and the many volunteers who worked so hard, also for the voluntary donations received on the day.

Paul Davis



St Andrew's Eve

Why it is a day of Prayer for Missions

The spirit of the Lord shall rest on him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord. His delight shall be in the fear of the Lord. (Isaiah 11:2-3)

He received the news as he was walking from the Bishop's Residence to his Cathedral Church in Lichfield. It was Saint Andrew's Eve, 29 November, 1871.

His mind stretched back to the young priest who had accompanied him 16 years before as he returned to New Zealand. Tears were in his eyes as he arrived for Evensong. Special prayers were offered for the missionary work of the Church, especially for the Church in Melanesia. So began a custom of praying for the missionary work of the Church on Saint Andrew's eve. It is a custom which has been widely adopted in many parts of the Anglican Communion.

In 1854 George Augustus Selwyn, who had been appointed the first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841, had visited the United Kingdom and appealed for people to offer for missionary service in the Melanesian Islands. A 27 year old priest, John Coleridge Patteson, a graduate from Oxford University, offered himself and travelled with the Bishop to New Zealand the following year.

He immediately travelled north to build on the work started by Bishop Selwyn. Over a period of five years extraordinary advances were

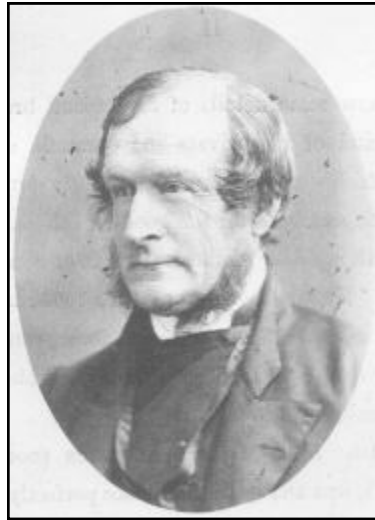
made. Patteson was a gifted linguist and mastered no less than 23 Melanesian languages. In 1861 he was consecrated the first Bishop of Melanesia.

Selwyn remained in New Zealand until 1867. By then he had divided his Diocese into four new dioceses and was the first Primate of the Church in New Zealand. In 1867 he travelled to

the U.K. to attend the first Lambeth Conference. With considerable reluctance he accepted appointment as Bishop of Lichfield. It was four years later that he received the news.

Patteson's episcopate in Melanesia can only be described as amazing. In the 10 years following his consecration the Church was well on the way to becoming a truly Melanesian Church. The mission headquarters were established at Norfolk Island, a school was established and the first Melanesians were ordained.

For the major part of his episcopate the Bishop was disturbed and distressed by the practice of blackbirding or kidnapping young Melanesian men for slave labour on sugar plantations. As early as 1862 he wrote about his concerns and noted that visits were becoming dangerous. The Melanesians were not easily able to distinguish between the missionaries and the slave traders, especially when the latter pretended to be missionaries sent by the Bishop, assuring Islanders that they came as friends.



Bishop George Augustus Selwyn

In 1870 and again the following year Patteson pleaded with the British authorities to take action against the traders and to deploy the navy to regulate the visiting ships.

At noon on 20 September 1871 the bishop landed on the Island of Nukapu. There had apparently been trouble there. The generally accepted version of events is that five young men had been kidnapped and that the uncle of one of them had vowed to kill the next white man to set foot on the island.

The Bishop and his companions rowed to the reef and were met by canoes from the shore two kilometres distant. Because the tide was low, they were unable to cross; the bishop boarded a canoe belonging to a chief named Moto, whom he knew from his visit of the previous year. The others were to come on later. He entered a palm-leaf hut in the village and lay down on a mat reserved for the use of guests, while his host went out to procure food. When Moto returned, he found the bishop lying dead, having been struck on the right side of the skull with a heavy wooden mallet. According to most accounts the assailant, named Teandule, hid in the bush and later fled to Santa Cruz.

Selwyn received the news just over two months later, on the eve of Saint Andrew's Day. Patteson's death had two significant results. The

British Government acted swiftly and in June 1872 the Pacific Islanders Protection Act became law. There was also an increase in support for the Melanesian mission as well as the establishment of the Day of Prayer.

Both Selwyn and Patteson were devoted to spreading the good news of our Lord Jesus Christ and establishing Christ's Church in the place where they had been sent. Today, we honour both men and we join with our sisters and brothers in many parts of the Anglican Communion in fervent prayer for the spread of the Gospel both in the developing nations and in our own nation. As Christians we believe that wholeness of life comes to us through Jesus Christ. We are called to open our hearts and minds to the risen Christ and to bear witness to the One who frees us from the power of evil and who enables us to live in communion with God and with one another.

The Lord be with you.

Bishop David McCall

*A Sermon preached at the St Andrew's Eve
Prayer for Missions' Service held at St Andrew's Church
on 29 November 2011*



John Coleridge Patteson

Two of our own—The Rev'd Rachel Chapman & Aaron Arnold (left) and Ann Hurst & Ron Robinson (right).

Ann's comment about this picture was, "though just minutes married, my husband was already on the grog!"

Ann is a Parish Council member and Rachel our Assistant Priest.



Sunday Worship

8.00am Holy Communion
9.30am Sung Eucharist & Children's Time
11.30am Andy's Open Door Family Service
[Last Sunday of the Month]

Weekday Worship

1st Wednesday
11.00am Holy Communion (BCP)

Walkerville Residential Care

2nd & 4th Wednesday
11.00am Holy Communion

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Rector

Archdeacon Chris Chataway

Associate Ministers

The Rev'd Helen Gibson-White
The Rt Rev'd Ian George
The Rev'd Rachel Chapman

Wardens

Mr Ian Gray
Miss Sally Zimmerman